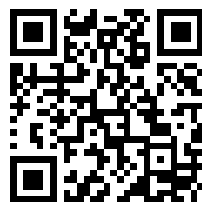
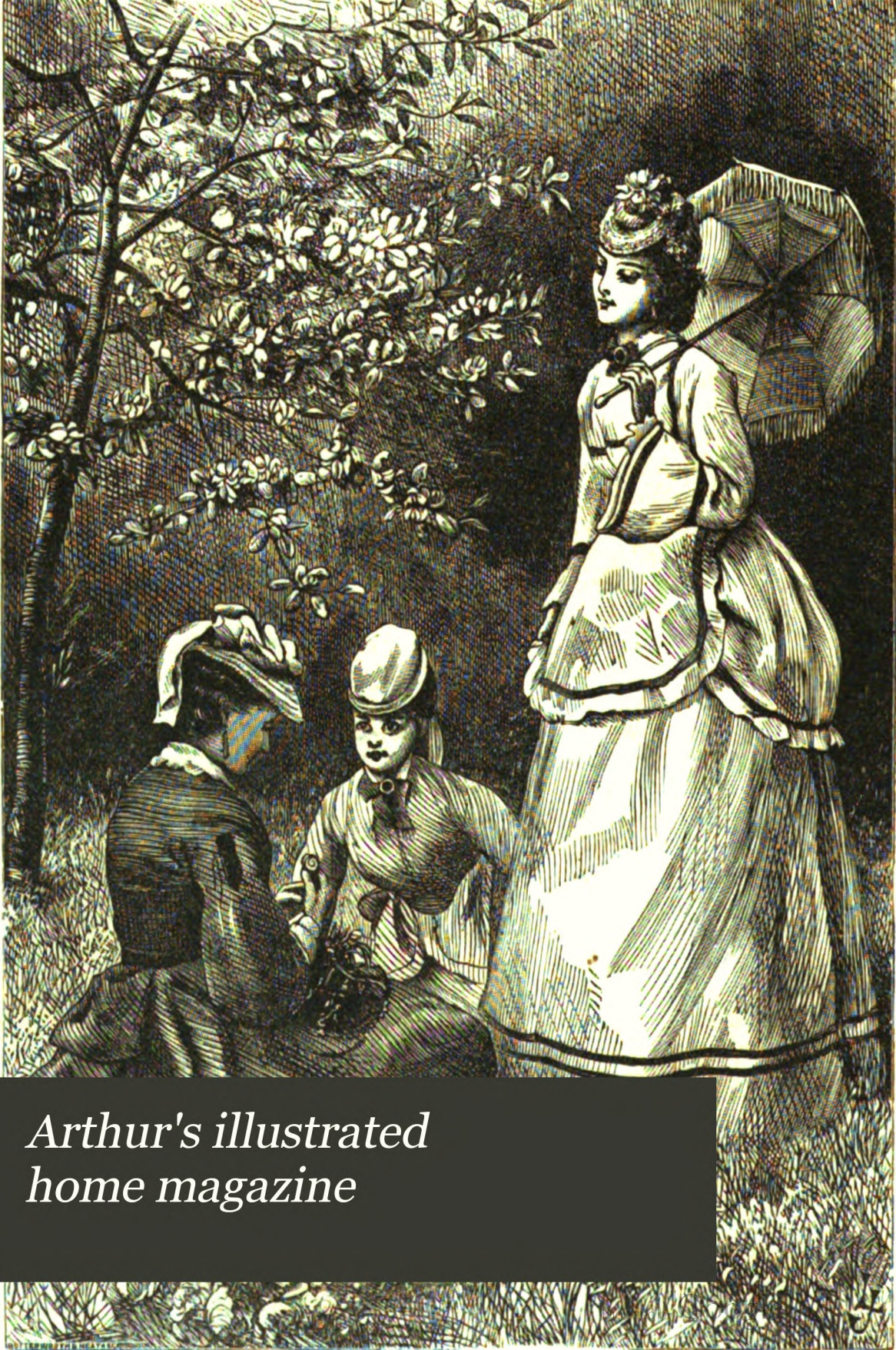

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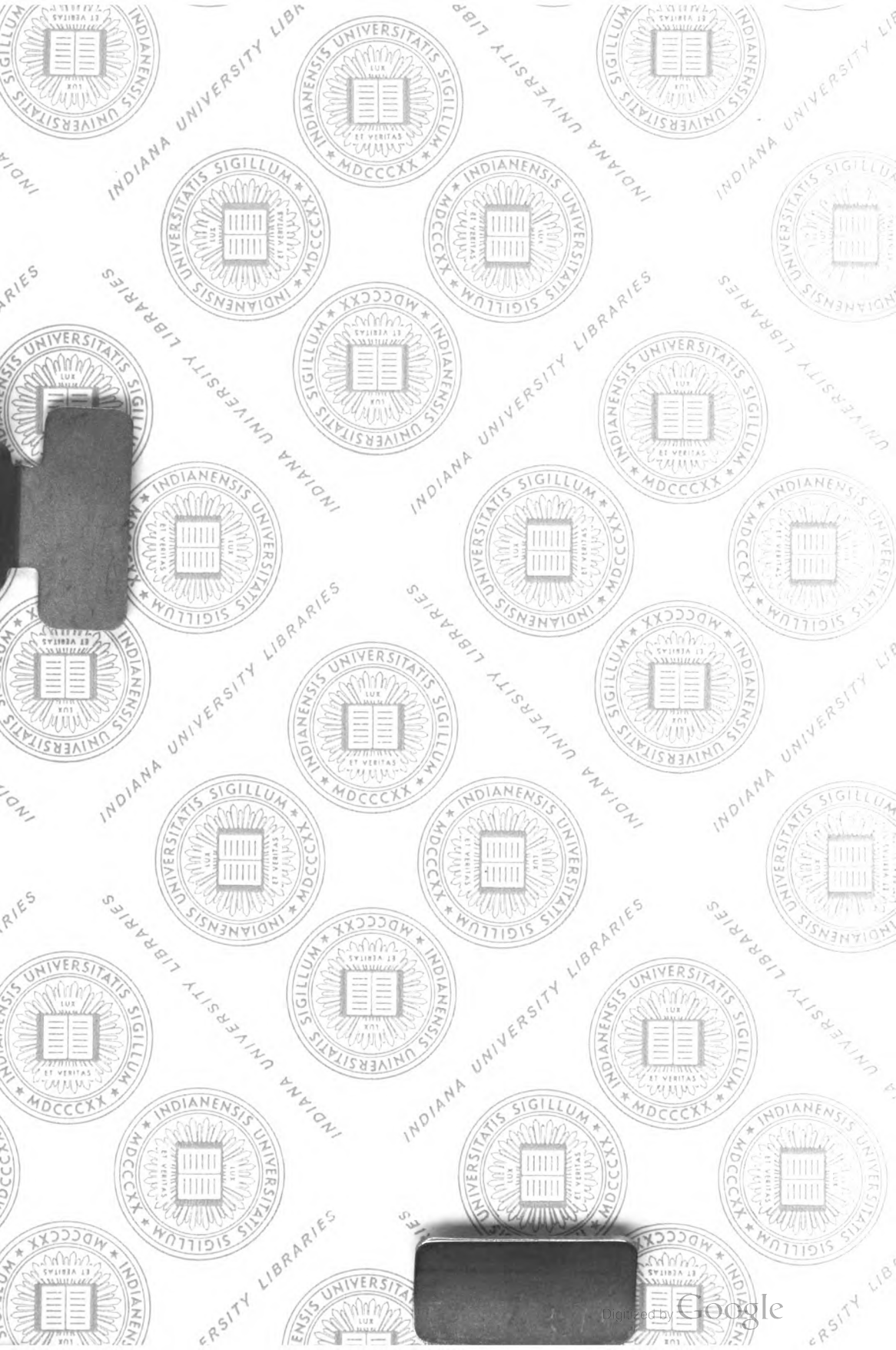
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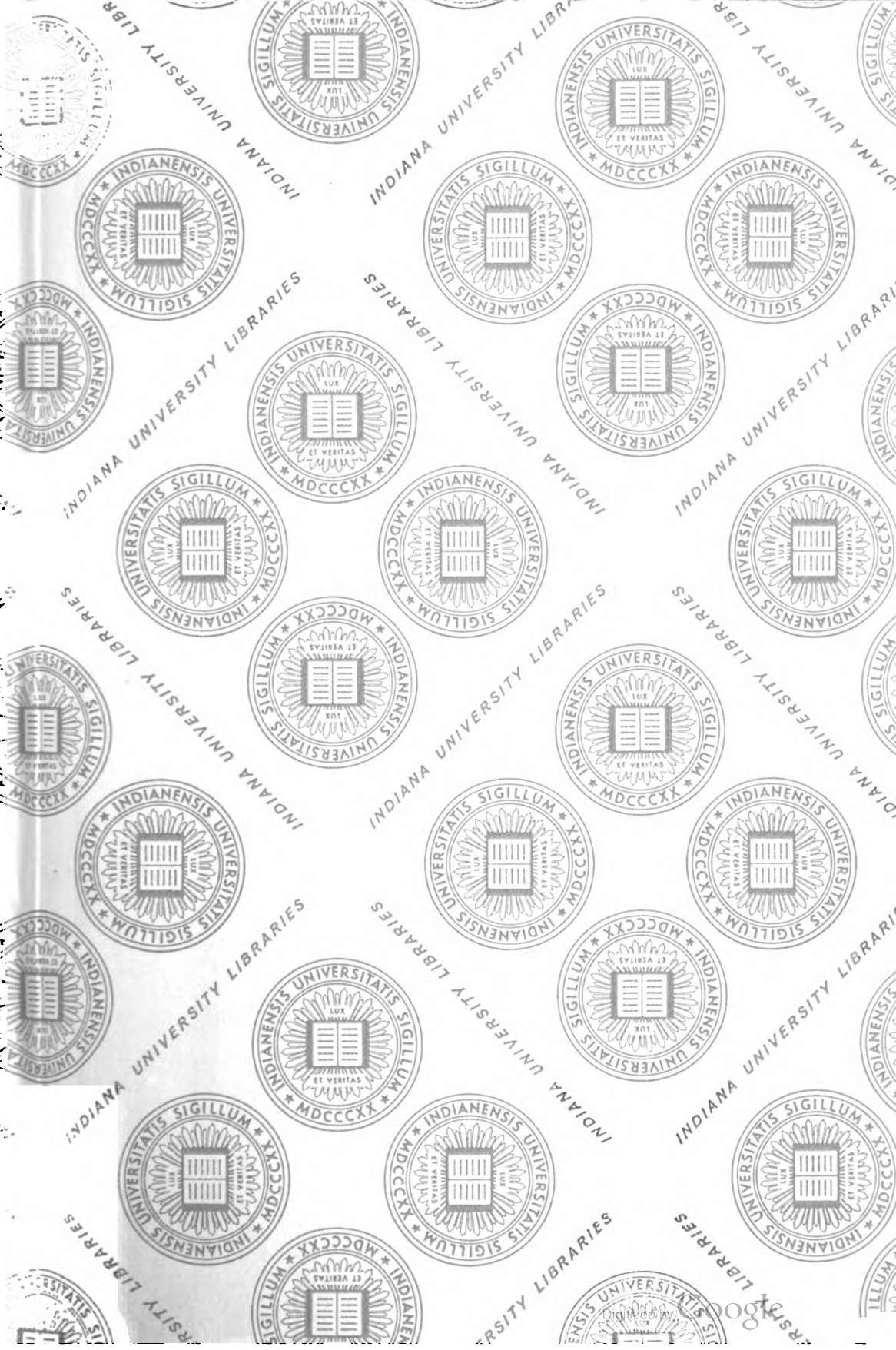
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*Arthur's illustrated
home magazine*





ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR.

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A SONG OF SUMMER.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLI.

JANUARY, 1873.

No. 1.



DEALI CLIFF IN THE HIMALAYAS.

THE HIMALAYAS.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

A CROSS the north of India stretches a solitude magnificent in extent—a solitude whose mountain peaks are the loftiest, whose waterfalls are the highest, whose landscapes the sublimest the world possesses. Here are glaciers exceeding those of the Alps; mountain torrents, wild ravines, fertile valleys, green pastures and barren wastes. This solitude is seldom trod by the foot of the explorer, but given over to be the habitation of wild beasts and wilder birds. Here the elephant is secure in his mountain

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fastnesses, and here the treacherous tiger finds his lair. Here, too, are a few semi-savage tribes, a pastoral race of hardy mountaineers, who tend their flocks on the mountain slopes, and till the narrow strips of ground which these same steep slopes afford; who possess no knowledge of the outer world, and look upon all strangers with entire distrust. This region, occupied by the chain of the Himalayas, is alike the region of perpetual snow and of frightful malaria. Here are found all climates, and the productions of all climates. In the valley lying south of the mountains is the burning heat of the tropics; on the northern slopes the climate and products of the temperate zone; while upon the mountain brows a perpetual winter reigns.

The Himalayas extend along the whole northern frontier of India, separating it from Thibet. A recent traveller thus speaks of these mountains: "The climate of these regions is so extraordinary, the atmosphere so dry, that the line of perpetual snow which extends down to about four thousand yards on the Hindoo slope of the Himalayas, rises on the Thibet side to six thousand yards. The grand and imposing appearance of these mountains arises less from their apparent height than from the space they occupy. This is a feature of which the Alps do not give us the slightest idea. The diameter of the belt occupied by their summits is comparatively very narrow, and the eye runs over their open valleys as it does over a plain. But in the Himalayas, on the contrary, the eye is always attracted to their summits, and when the spectator rises still higher, it is only to discover new heights still more distant. It is a labyrinth without end of black peaks, and gaping chasms, and eternal snows intermingled in a thousand ways. Here are steep, isolated ridges, unmarked by a single ravine, like broken prisms placed on one of their faces; then, the ridges, equally isolated, are curved or bent like an elbow. In other localities they are pyramids piled one upon another, and these project in every direction angles which meet other angles coming from other similar masses. Sometimes they rise higher at the point of junction, and sometimes descend abruptly, forming a narrow gap."

Dhawalaghiri, near the source of the Gunduk River, and Kinchinjanga, or Kunchinganga, further to the eastward, are rivals in height, each approaching, or possibly exceeding, twenty-eight thousand feet above the level of the sea—the highest points upon the earth.

One of the most magnificent views in the whole mountain range can be obtained from the top of the terrace at the Darjeeling, a sanitary station. "The Kinchinjanga, about sixty miles distant, is the principal object in this picture. Rising above the Alpine level on which the spectator stands, sixty-four hundred and eighty-eight yards, the enormous mass seems to rest on an undulating ocean of woody mountains; the eye runs along the line of everlasting snow, and plunges at the horizon into a gaping gulf, where, seven thousand feet below, the Runjeet flows, white with foam, a silver furrow through a tropical forest."

Tradition and superstition have done what they could to add to the interest which attaches to these regions. It is believed that somewhere in these mountain ranges, drained by the Indus, or beyond their barriers in Hindoo Kooh, that the human race made its first appearance upon the earth. Here, among the pinnacles of Mount Himavan, the Hindoos believe their great patriarch, Menu Vaivaswata (the sun-born), to have disembarked with the seven famous sages from the ark, where those eight persons had been preserved by Vishnu from the universal deluge in which all the rest of mankind had perished. Here Menu and his family took up their abode on Mount Sumera, or the "Holy Meru," from whence, when considerably multiplied, his posterity descended to the plains. And it is somewhere in these untrodden solitudes that the Hindoo places his heaven on the summit of Mount of Meru. The site of this mountain cannot be exactly ascertained, but it is popularly placed somewhere between Baumian, Cabul, and Chizni, where the abundance of those cavern dwellings, which were among the earliest abodes of men, would seem to countenance the idea.

"In the midst of the mountains," says Abul Fazl, "are twelve thousand caves cut out of the rock, and ornamented with carving and plaster-work. These places are called *Summij*, and in ancient times were the winter retreat of the natives. Here are three astonishing idols, one representing a man eighty ells high; another a woman fifty; and the third, which is the figure of a child, measuring fifteen ells in height. In one of these *Summijes* is a tomb, where is a coffin containing a corpse, concerning which the oldest man can give no account; but it is held in high veneration." These twelve thousand caverns constitute what is called the City of Baumian. There are also recesses hewn out of the solid rock of such extraordinary dimensions that they are supposed to have been temples. Many of the apartments are adorned with niches and carved work, with paintings half obliterated by smoke and time, and with figures in relievo, barbarously disfigured by the Mussulmans. Persian tradition also points to this region as the abode of the progenitors of mankind. The Brahmins turn with superstitious reverence toward the north in every circumstance of life, as the Mohammedan turns toward Mecca.

In the Himalaya Mountains are the favorite abodes of the Hindoo deities, especially in that portion of them where the sacred river Ganges takes its rise. Though the Ganges has many tributaries, all of which drain the southern slopes of the Himalayas, the especially sacred spot is the fountain head of the Ganges proper, which is found at or near Gungootree. "A pilgrimage to Gungootree," writes Emma Roberts, a recent traveller in this locality, "is accounted one of the most meritorious actions which a Hindoo can perform; and in commemoration of his visit to this holy place a Ghoorka chieftain has left a memorial of his conquests and his piety in a small pagoda erected in honor of the goddess on a platform of rock about twenty feet higher than the

bed of the river. The Brahmins who have the care of this temple are accommodated with habitations in its close vicinity; there are a few sheds for the temporary residence of pilgrims, many of whom, however, are content with such shelter as the neighboring caves can afford."

The same traveller, in describing the route to this place, says: "The next point of great interest is the summit of a ridge, whence the first view of the Ganges is obtained, a sight of which never fails to raise the drooping spirits of the Hindoo followers, and which excites no small degree of enthusiasm in the breasts of the Christian travellers. The sacred river, as seen from the height, flows in a dark, rapid and broad stream, and, though at no great apparent distance, must still be reached by more than one toilsome march. From a height about two miles from Gungootree the first glimpse, and that a partial one, is obtained of that holy place, which lies sequestered in a glen of the deepest solitude, lonely and almost inaccessible, for few there are who would persevere in surmounting the difficulties of the approach. Considerable distances must be traversed over projecting masses of rough stones, flinty, pointed, and uncertain, many being loose, and threatening to roll over the enterprising individual who attempts the rugged way. Sometimes the face of the rock must be climbed from cliff to cliff; at others, where there is no resting-place for hand or foot, ladders are placed in aid of the ascent, while awful chasms between are passed on some frail spar flung across. These horrid rocks would seem indeed to form invincible barriers to the approach of the holy place, but religious enthusiasm on the one hand, and scientific research, stimulated by curiosity, on the other, renders the barriers inadequate for resisting the invasions of man. The difficult nature of the access, however, prevents the concourse of pilgrims who resort to more easily attainable places esteemed sacred on this hallowed river.

"The grandeur of the scene which opened upon us, as we at length stood upon the threshold of Gungootree, cannot be described in words. Rocks were piled upon rocks in awful majesty, all shivered into points, which rise one upon another in splendid confusion, enclosing a glen of the wildest nature, where the Ganges, beautiful in every haunt, from its infancy to its final junction with the ocean, pours its shallow waters over a bed of shingle, diversified by jutting rocks, and every leaf shadowed by the splendid foliage of some fine old trees. The devotee who undoubtingly believes that every step he takes toward the source of that holy river, which, from his infancy, he has been taught to look upon as a deity, will lead him into beatitude, is content to seek its origin at Gungootree, but the real source of the sacred stream lies still higher, in more inaccessible solitudes; and it was reserved for the ardor of those who measured the altitude of the highest peaks, and penetrated to the utmost limits of man's dominion, to trace the exact birthplace of the holy river. Captains Hodgson and Herbert, in 1818, found at the height of

thirteen thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level the Bhagarati or true Ganges, issuing from beneath a low arch at the base of a vast mass of frozen snow nearly three hundred feet in height, and composed of different layers, each several feet in thickness, and, in all probability, the accumulation of ages."

The route between the Jumna and the Ganges is described by the same traveller: "Descending to the Bini-ke-Gārh, a torrent rushing down a high ridge to the northward, the glen which it watered proved of surpassing beauty; nothing could exceed the loveliness of the foliage which clothed this summer valley or rather vista; for, opening on a view of the precipitous heights of the Unchi-Ghāti, it contrasted its romantic attractions with the sublime features of the mountains beyond. Reaching the junction of the Bini and the Bhagarati, the holy name given to the sacred river, the travellers found the Ganges a noble stream, much wider and deeper than the Jumna, at the same distance from its source, but not so tumultuous.

"Descending to Nangāng by a different route to that already mentioned, we also were compelled to encounter many difficulties; the prospects, however, repaid them. Equally grand, though different in character to those last described, at a very considerable depth below, we looked upon a cultivated scene—the hanging terraces common to these hills, waving with grain, and watered by winding streams, and running along the base of high, woody trees. Beyond, again, were the eternal mountains in all their varieties; snow resting on the crests of some, others majestically grouped with venerable timber, and others bleak, bare and barren, rising in frowning majesty from the green and sunny slopes which smiled below. Between these different ranges ran deep ravines, dark with impenetrable forests, rendered more savage by the awful music of the torrents roaring through their fastnesses, while presently their streams issuing forth into open day, were seen winding round green spots bright with fruit trees.

"Travelling westward we came to the Setlege, a river rising in the most picturesque and interesting part of the vast mountain range—if one part can be said to be more picturesque and interesting than another—and pursuing a tortuous and divergent course through high and narrow banks, rushes onward in a mad course until it reaches the plains of Hindoostan."

Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, who recently made a pilgrimage into the heart of the Himalayas in the region of this river, setting out from Simla, thus describes the beginning of her journey: "You are surrounded on every side by very shapeless hills, in the springtime all of one dull red earth, though a little later clothed with vivid green like velvet drapery. Here, too, though the depth of the khuds is very great, and the slope so rapid that you can scarcely find footing when once off the beaten road, they have none of the beauty of rock or precipice, and the long interminable lines in continuous sweep,

become very wearisome to the eye. Moreover, every hill facing the south is utterly barren, and when our route lay along these, the dreary expanse of red earth was truly hideous. On the other hand, as we turned to face the north, we found ourselves surrounded with a wealth of vegetation that made amends for the bleaker side—a stunted lilac acacia clothing the whole khud so thickly as to give the appearance of heather, while masses of very sweet roses (red, pink, white and yellow,) covered every tree with their long, graceful clusters. Clematis, also, and the sweetest white jessamine made the air fragrant.”

Speaking of the inhabitants of this region, Miss Gordon Cumming says: “Their dress is altogether like that of the Lowland Scot. At Simila we bid adieu to turbans and white drapery, and to women clad in breeks. Henceforth all the men are dressed alike, in a warm blouse and trousers of sonsy gray homespun, with similar plaid over the shoulders. The women are dressed in bright striped woollen material—a long petticoat and plaid, caught in a heavy fold at the back, and leaving one shoulder bare, showing a good arm and quaint bracelets.”

Of the religious faith of these people the same writer says: “It is a very small proportion of the children trained in the [missionary] schools who show the slightest tendency to become Christians in after years, the most that can be hoped being that gradually prejudice may melt away, and the people may lose faith in their own superstitions. Already very many are ashamed openly to call themselves devil worshippers, as, in fact, they are; but the more unsophisticated point out their temples as being ‘Sheitan Ka Bungalow.’ Their faith varies greatly from that of the Hindoo of the plains in more ways than merely abstaining from ablutions, which is the most palpable difference. They say there are thirty-three millions of gods, and that it is quite impossible to worship them all; therefore, they omit the good spirits, who will not harm them, and devote all their energies to propitiate the evil spirits, who are always on the alert to do mischief. So every here and there along the route you see a sacred bush covered with rags, as votive offerings to the spirit of stream or forest; and here every passer-by halts to do obeisance, or make ‘pooja,’ as they say.”

These people cultivate the tiny, narrow ridges of the hills, sometimes not four feet wide, which are artificially levelled and act as fields.

Another writer describes as a peculiarity of the Himalayas a malarious line which extends, during a certain season of the year, nearly the whole length of the range of mountains. At the foot of the mountains, both before and after the rainy season, may be seen a dense line of fog called the Teray, signifying a noisome vapor. Even the animals, without exception, abandon this belt about the middle of April not to return until the middle of October. The tigers and elephants betake themselves to the mountains, and the monkeys and antelopes to the plains. Human beings who are obliged to traverse this re-

gion report that not a sound can be heard in this immense solitude given over to malaria. The only practicable pass through the Teray is formed by the Setlege, which, issuing from the sacred lakes, it takes a rapid and tortuous course through high black walls. It is not more than fifty yards wide, but its great depth and rapid fall, estimated at over thirty feet in a mile, makes it a powerful watercourse. It takes high rank among the streams deified by Sanscrit mythology, in which it was known under the name of Satadrore.

Miss Gordon Cumming gives an interesting account of her journey, from which we make further extracts: “From Wangtu to Urni the road lies close to the roaring Setlege, from whose wearisome noise we were thankful to escape, and hurry on to Rogi, where the real grandeur of the march begins—for many miles the path is cut along the face of tremendous cliffs—in many places sheer perpendicular. Far below rushes the swollen river, full of melting snow from the grand range which towers above us. Three peaks from this group—Raal Dung, in the centre, twenty-one thousand feet, and on either side the greater and less Khylas, both over nineteen thousand. The Khylas is regarded by the Paharis as the dwelling-place of the Great Spirit, chief of all the gods, whom they reverence greatly, and serve with exceeding fear, as a Being of infinite terror. As to anything in their faith that can gladden life—anything like love or companionship, or daily help, that is utterly unknown and quite incomprehensible. The only idea is fear of a mighty power that will send all manner of famine and disease unless they are forever striving to propitiate it. One means hereto is the perpetual offering of prayers by machinery. The priests and many of the people walk about always with a small prayer-mill in their hands, turning it as they go. It is engraven with the words, ‘O mane pad me han’ (to him of the Lotus and the jewel), an ascription which is carved all over all sacred places. Inside the mill is a strip of paper, on which a short but very comprehensive prayer is written in Thibetan—and which Mr. Pagell, the Moravian Missionary, assures me is said by the people to be a prayer for the six classes of living creatures, i. e., the souls in Heaven, the evil spirits in the air, men, animals, souls in purgatory, and souls in hell.”

The same traveller crossed the Setlege at Chergaon on one of the native bridges. These bridges are nothing more than a cable stretched across from one bank to the other. A large wooden ring is attached to the cable, and to this ring travellers suspend themselves and their baggage, and are drawn quickly to the opposite side. Below them roars a furious torrent, into which they must inevitably fall if the cable gives way.

In these mountain regions a curious change in social customs occurs. We have it upon the authority of Miss Gordon Cumming, that while below this point polygamy prevails, men buying and selling their wives at pleasure, “farther up the valley, where the people are very poor, and the tiny ridges of cul-

tivation will not support large families, polyandry is common. The elder brother of a family chooses one wife for himself and all his brothers—the children are common property, and seem equally beloved by all the family.”

On the above-quoted lady's return to this point, at the approach of the rainy season, she found a great change in the appearance of the landscape: “A march along very precipitous cliffs next brought us to Wangtu, whence we merely retraced our former steps, though often almost wondering whether the scenes so altered by the rapid growth of vegetation could really be the same. Every mossy stem was now clothed to the topmost bough with every species

the sea, and shut in by a mountain wall, reaching sometimes to a height of fifteen thousand feet, is regarded by the Hindoos as a kind of terrestrial paradise. Its seclusion from the outer world is complete, as of the few openings the greater number are impassable during the winter, and even the main gateway does not admit of the passage of wheeled vehicles.

Tradition says that this valley was originally a lake shut in by mountains; but some convulsion of nature made an opening through the rocky walls, and the pent-up waters escaped, leaving only lakelets and streams behind. Fields of perpetual green, where violets, roses, narcissuses, and other delicate and



CROSSING THE SETLEGH.

of graceful form in wonderful luxuriance, while the ground below was brilliant with large white anemones. The hills we have left so dreary and brown were now one vivid green, with deep-blue shadows running right up to the snows, and showing red and purple cliffs, the whole half-veiled by soft, mysterious 'clouds of dewy steam,' which one of our men pointed out, unconsciously reminding me of an unscientific translation of King David's words: 'See,' he said, 'how the mountains do smoke!'

At the northwestern limit of the Himalayas, surrounded by a protecting arm of the mountains, there is found "the happy valley," the Vale of Cashmere. This valley, elevated nearly a mile above the level of

fragrant flowers grow wild, meet the eye at every turn. Around, on all sides, rise ranges of low, green hills, dotted with trees, while the peaks of the Himalayas, pointed, jagged or broken into a thousand fantastic forms, pierce the clouds with the dazzling lustre of their eternal snows.

Still, in spite of its name, the "Happy Valley," during a period of less than ten years' duration, lost by famine, pestilence and earthquake, three-fourths of its inhabitants, reducing their number to one quarter of a million.

Including the mountains which form its boundary, Cashmere is about one hundred miles in length, by sixty in breadth.

Serinagur (City of the Sun) is the chief town, and situated upon the banks of the Hydaspes, a rapidly-flowing river. The city is intersected by numerous canals, which give it the name of the Venice of India. A recent French traveller thus describes this city: "The vast city, with its innumerable gardens and parks, lay spread out before me, and, towering out of its central portion rose the tall rock on which is erected the ancient citadel. Winding through the midst of this scene, the rapid current of the Hydaspes contrasted strangely with the still waters of twenty canals, where hundreds of light barques flitted to and fro, reminding me of the caïques of the Bosphorus. And on the outskirts of the city, instead of those filthy suburbs which disgrace all our great capitals, I saw gleaming everywhere, amid the dark green of the gardens, and of the avenues of plane trees, light and coquettish wooden cottages, whose balconies, overhanging the river, were adorned with carvings almost as delicate as lace itself. At my feet terminated the famous avenue of poplars, broad as the widest street in Paris, and more than a mile in length, and the trees forming which average more than a hundred feet in height. On my right was the lake, fast becoming overgrown with reeds, from which rose three or four untenanted palaces, with their many-hued pavilions. There was an indescribable charm and enchantment in the scene. I could now easily comprehend why this magnificent jewel had been named the Indian Venice."

The first evening of his stay at Serinagur, the traveller whom we have just quoted was invited to a private entertainment, where he witnessed a dance performed by a party of bayaderes, or dancing-girls. "No entertainment," he states, "is complete without these. On this occasion there were present some fif-

teen or twenty women, the pick of the bayaderes of Serinagur. They glittered from head to foot with gold and jewelry. Their beauty, plastic and cold, harmonized well with their dance, which was simply a series of statue-like attitudes, wholly antique in character. They advanced two by two, gliding rather than stepping, moving slowly, softly, and with highly-studied and even correct art. I could easily have fancied them figures from a bas-relief on one of the Grecian temples of the age of Phidias. A sort of trembling of their naked feet set in tinkling motion the little golden bells and rings with which their leg-

gings were heavily ornamented, and the metallic or cadenced sound thus produced had a strange and peculiar effect on the ear and the nerves."

There is one singular fact about the inhabitants of this valley. The original Cashmere tongue and characters are now abandoned and forgotten by the present inhabitants of the Vale of Cashmere, while they are preserved in all their purity by a colony of shawl-makers, who, leaving their homes to strangers have settled at Loodianah, an English town in the Punjab, at least two hundred miles distant.

The principal industry of Cashmere is the manufacture of shawls, whose reputation is world-wide.

These shawls require for fabrication an average of four months of labor each.

The present principality of Cashmere, which includes not only the celebrated valley of that name, but smaller Indian provinces, contains a population numbering about eight hundred thousand. It has a fine army, created and commanded by an American by the name of Gardner, who figured more or less conspicuously on the Confederate side in our recent rebellion. When the rebellion was quelled, he retired from his native country in apparent disgust,



WATER-WOMAN OF SERINAGUR, CASHMERE.

and seeking the antipodes, found a home and good fortune awaiting him in the "Vale of Bliss."

Cashmere, surrounded by snowy peaks, like an emerald in a setting of crystal, marks the furthermost extent of the Himalayas toward the northwest. The Indus, gathering its waters from the northern slopes, circles a long, lone stream without a single tributary around the northwest extremity of the range, and traversing the Punjaub (the country of the five rivers), enters Scinde, and from thence discharges itself through many mouths into the Indian Ocean.

From a remote period the inhabitants of Cashmere have possessed a high reputation for their ingenuity and industry, as compared with the rest of the Hindoos. The arts and sciences flourished amongst them, and their various manufactures, especially of cabinet-ware and inlaid-work, were renowned all through the Orient. But what most tended—and, indeed, still tends to give them a widespread reputation was, and is, their exquisite shawls, those soft and delicate fabrics, the delight and desire of the fairer sex throughout the world.

"It is difficult for me," writes M. Lejean, "to speak of Cashmere without saying a word in regard to the

fabrication of those famous shawls which are at once the wealth and the pride of the principality. It is well to know that the goat which furnishes the hair of which these shawls are made is not indigenous to Cashmere. It is found principally in Thibet, from which country the hair is carried in the rough to

Serinagur. There it is first cleansed—a difficult operation, inasmuch as it contains nearly fourteen parts in thirty of foreign substances, as dust, fragments of wood and the like, and only ten parts of hair available for shawls. It is then spun, a labor which occupies about a hundred thousand women, of whom perhaps one-tenth spin on their own account. They work steadily all day long and a portion of the

night, those who cannot afford to buy oil for their lamps profiting by the light of the moon. The thread having been spun, the next process is to dye it, and it is here that the ingenuity of the Indian dyers shines conspicuous, especially in the number and variety of the shades of color they are able to impart to the material put into their hands. After it is dyed, the thread is given to the manufacturer to be woven. The manufacturer always works to order. He has his designer, who furnishes him with a design. This he hands over to his European correspondent or agent, who suggests improvements or corrections, if any are needed, and he design is then placed in the hands of the weaver."

I have found it impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to give anything like an adequate description of these



NAYADERE OF SERINAGUR.

wonderful Himalayas ("the abode of snow"), but I may have awakened interest concerning them, so that my readers will seek elsewhere for that information which may be obtained in the records of travellers who have climbed their fastnesses and traversed their wilds.

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN."

I.—HER FATHER'S DARLING.

A TINY, happy face,
Six sunny tumbled curls,
Two rosebud lips apart
Disclosing milk-white pearls.

Two wondering wide blue eyes,
Now bright with baby gladness;
Beaming on some small prize,
Now wet with some small sadness.

Plump shoulders, soft and white,
For kissing surely meant;
Rumpled and crumpled muslins,
With here and there a rent.

Dimpled little fingers,
Everywhere they fumble;
Restless, little active legs,
Now and then a tumble.

Saucy little stampings,
Pretty little rebel!
Saucy small expressions
In a silvery treble.

Ringling shouts of laughter,
Sobs of deepest woe;
Going to see wee piggies,
Hurt a tiny toe.

Now naughty wilful ways,
And most indignant glances;
Anon her stick a racer,
She caracoles and prances.

A little sunbeam ever,
With very softening power,
Oh! how her father loves her,
His sweet unopened flower!

II.—THE FATHER'S ANGEL.

A tiny, weary face,
A hot, flush'd cheek and brow,
"Nurse me, papa, I'm tired,
I don't want dolly now."

A tossing, restless head,
The red lips parched and dry,
"Drink some nice water, darling:"
"Papa, what makes you cry?"

The bright hair like a halo,
A little gasp for breath,
The gentle moaning ceases,
"Doctor, it can't be death?"

A tiny, quiet face,
A rounded cheek of snow,
Her "Father's little darling"
Is her father's angel now.

No gleesome merry shouting,
"Papa is at the gate,"
No hurrying little footsteps
For fear she'd be too late.

No rosy lips upheld
To get the look'd-for kiss,
No clasping little arms—
"Was ever pain like this?"

No fondling soft wee hands
To soothe away the care,
No blue eyes glancing bright
Because "Papa is there!"

No sunny, tumbled curls,
One has her father now,
Cut from the little pallid face,
From the little icy brow.

Dear Lord! I know 'tis well,
I know Thou heard'st my prayer,
But home and heart are empty
Without my darling there.

III.—HIS DARLING'S HOME.

They say "he has forgotten
How hard it was to part,"
But the wound is not quite heal'd
Yet—in her father's heart.

Although once but a name,
Heaven's very real now—
Since the golden curl was cut
From the little icy brow.

Since the small white thing was laid
In the little coffin-bed,
And home and heart were desolate
As word hath never said.

Yes—Heaven is real now—
His loving darling's home;
A tiny hand is beckoning,
A tiny voice says "Come."

A tiny face is gazing
When he kneeleth down to pray,
To beg the Lord to keep him
To walk the narrow way.

For the father of an angel
Must be good, and pure, and true;
Keeping the better country,
His darling's home, in view.

This world was all too dear,
Now the bright gold looks dim,
And that was why his darling
Was taken up from him.

Because in paths desiling
Weak, erring feet might roam,
The Lord made Heaven real,
Made Heaven "Nellie's home."



THE AURORA BOREALIS.

BY E. CHARDON.

EVERY one is familiar with the appearance of the Aurora Borealis as it illuminates the the northern sky during the autumn and winter months. Sometimes it is in the form of an

plays are, according to Baron von Humboldt, the closing act in a magnetic storm. They usually precede and portend cold weather. To view these displays in all their beauty and magnificence, one needs to approach the Arctic regions.

In the picture we see two ships lying in the midst



arch, sometimes in stationary rays, and again in irregular streaks which dart and flash like tongues of flame. Sometimes it lights up the whole northern horizon like an immense bonfire. These auroral dia-

of icebergs and broken ice. Overhead is a brilliant arch of electrical light, which illuminates the whole scene, and presents a weird beauty, its brilliancy and color reflected from the smooth surfaces of the ice.

There is nothing else in nature which can equal a display like this.

Charles Francis Hall, who made an expedition to the Arctic regions several years ago, recounts in his book of travels a number of beautiful auroral displays. One of these he describes as follows:

"On November 2d, at 6 P.M., there was another magnificent display of the Aurora. From east to west—south of us—was a beautiful arch of living gold. The eastern base rested, to all appearance on the high land, as did also the western, and the centre of the arch was ten degrees above the horizon south.

"The wind was blowing strong, and the aurora truly appeared as possessing life. It danced to and fro from one extreme to the other. Its colors rivalled the rainbow, the pea-green predominating over the other hues. At the east a bank of golden rays shot up far above all the rest. The stars were obscured as the 'merrie dancers' swept along in piles of coronations. The arch continued to recede, falling lower and lower; the reverse is the usual course of the Aurora; as far as my observation has extended not a cloud could be seen.

"At 7 P.M. the Aurora was lifting its arches zenithward; there were now two reaching from east to west, and for some portion of the way there were three. The wind was blowing almost a gale, the thermometer being six degrees above zero. The stronger the breeze, the more beautiful was the Aurora, the brisker its races and dancing, and the more glowing its colors."

Baron von Humboldt gives the following general description of the Aurora Borealis:

"To group in a single picture all the features which characterize this phenomenon, we must describe the different phases which mark the development of a perfect Aurora Borealis. At the horizon near the magnetic meridian of the place of its appearance, the sky, which was quite clear, begins to grow darker, and a sort of nebulous veil is formed, and mounts slowly upward, to about the height of eight or ten degrees. Across this dark segment, which varies in color from brown to violet, the stars are visible as if seen through a thick fog; a little later a larger arc appears on the border of this segment, which is white at first, and then yellow, but always of intense brilliancy. Sometimes this luminous arc seems agitated for hours together, by a sort of effervescence and continual change of form, before emitting the rays and columns of light which mount toward the zenith.

"The more intense this polar light, the more lively are its colors, which pass through all the intermediate shades, from violet and bluish white to green and purple red. It is the same with electric sparks; the intensity of their color is in direct proportion to the force of their tension and the violence of the explosion.

"Sometimes the columns of light seem to shoot up from the brilliant arch, mingled with dark rays resembling a thick smoke, and sometimes they rise simultaneously from different points of the horizon, and merge in a sea of flame, of which it is impossible

to represent the magic splendor, for the rapid undulations cause it to vary in form and brilliancy every instant.

"At certain moments the light, which is increased by the rapidity of the magnetic whirlwind, is so intense as to render the play and undulation of the Aurora Borealis perfectly visible even in bright daylight.

"Around the point in the heavens which corresponds to the direction of the magnetic needle, when freely suspended by its centre of gravity, when the display has reached its highest development, the rays unite and form what is called the crown of the Aurora Borealis, a sort of celestial canopy, shining with a soft, quiet light. It is rare that the Aurora is complete, or continues long enough to form this crown; but when it appears it always indicates the end of the display. The rays begin to rarify, contract and lose their color. The crown and luminous arches dissolve, and very soon nothing is seen on the celestial vault but large, motionless, nebulous spots, very pale or ash-colored. These vanish in turn, as well as the dark segment which marked the commencement of the display, and soon nothing is seen but a thin, whitish cloud with ragged borders, or divided into little dappled spots; the last traces of one of the most dazzling spectacles that can be offered to the eye of man, in the high regions of the atmosphere."

WINTER.

IT was Wordsworth, we believe, who said, on looking at a tree in winter, that, if it were not for fact and experience, no imagination could reach the possibility of its being clothed again with blossoms and verdure. Life seems gone forever. We have all felt something like this, in looking at a tree stripped by the frost of every sign of life. The coarse, hard bark has in it no prophecy of soft green leaves, or tender blossoms of grace and beauty. All seems dead.

But we know that, after a short sleep, the tree will awake to a new life, and put on its beautiful raiment again. Our thoughts go beyond the present to the coming spring, and we can say, in the language of Mrs. Barbauld:

"O Nature, beautiful Nature, beloved child of God! Why dost thou sit mourning and desolate? Has thy Father forsaken thee? Has He left thee to perish? Art thou no longer the object of His care?

"He has not forsaken thee, O Nature! Thou art His beloved child, the eternal image of His perfections; His own beauty is spread over thee, the light of His countenance is shed upon thee. Thy children shall live again, they shall spring up and bloom around thee; the rose shall again breathe its sweetness on the soft air, and from the bosom of the ground verdure shall spring forth.

"Shall the rose and the myrtle bloom anew, and shall man perish? Shall goodness sleep in the ground, and the light of wisdom be quenched in the dust; and shall tears be shed in vain? They also

shall live; their winter shall pass away; they shall bloom again. The tears of thy children shall be dried up when the eternal year proceeds. Oh, come that eternal year!"

Of the many aspects of winter, that presented by snow is the most attractive and beautiful. There is an indescribable charm in the first soft falling of the flakes, dropping down so gently, and silently, and gracefully. "The poem of the air," as Longfellow calls it in his "Snow Flakes:"

"Out of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

theme. Her picture of the weird changes wrought in a few hours by a snow storm is exceedingly fine:

"Lo, what wonders the day hath brought,
Born of the soft and slumbrous snow!
Gradual, silent, slowly wrought,
Even as an artist, thought by thought,
Writes expression on lip and brow.

"Hanging garlands the eaves o'erbrim,
Deep drifts smother the paths below;
The elms are shrouded, trunk and limb,
And all the air is dizzy and dim
With a whirl of dancing, dazling snow.

"Dimly out of the baffled sight
Houses and church-spires stretch away;



"Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

"This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field."

With her usual grace of style and beauty of description, has Florence Percy written on the same

The trees, all spectral and still and white,
Stand up like ghosts in the failing light,
And fade and faint with the blinded day.

"Down from the roofs in gusts are hurled
The eddying drifts to the waste below;
And still is the banner of storm unfurled,
Till all the drowned and desolate world
Lies dumb and white in a trance of snow.

"Slowly the shadows gather and fall,
Still the whispering snow-flakes beat;
Night and darkness are over all:
Rest, pale city, beneath their fall!
Sleep, white world, in thy winding-sheet!

"Clouds may thicken, and storm-winds breathe;
On my wall is a glimpse of Rome—
Land of my longing!—and underneath
Swings and trembles my olive wreath;
Peace and I are at home, at home!"

In a volume of poems by Mrs. E. H. Barker, entitled "Marguerite, Baroness of Leichenstein, and other Poems," published by Lippincott & Co., there is one called "The Frost Spirits," which, for delicacy, finish, and beauty of imagery, is scarcely equalled by anything we have seen. There is not a lover of poetry among our readers who will not thank us for giving it entire:

"Beautiful Spirits of Frost and Snow,
I hear your wings flutter as on ye go—
Ye change the drops of the wintry rain
Into castles and groves on my window-pane:
Castles and groves, and knights with plumes,
Scenes from the tropical climes of balm,
Carriage and steeds with liveried grooms,
Monks in cathedral singing a psalm;
Fern leaves growing near silvery lake,
Laplanders skimming the glittering snow,
Fleet reindeers the light sledges take,
Sending the diamond dust to and fro—
Wide is the reign of your scepter'd hands,
Ye gather your spoils from earth's many lands.

"One winter eve, as he looked at home
On the panel'd glass from the dashing rain,
Saw, did not Angelo see the dome
Of St. Peter's grow on his window-pane?
For, on mine, a Gothic doorway opens,
Inviting my fancy to enter in,
It seems to look on the sunny slopes
That surround the palace of Conradin:
Crowds are there (who throng the street)
Entering in at the open door;
I almost think I see their feet
Tread on the tiles of the marble floor—
Here ye spread, in Honiton lace,
The mazy wet, more delicate now,
Than ever a queen, in her queenly grace,
Wore in a veil on her stately brow.
Deep set edge, with tracery rare;
Not the gossamer gauze, nor the fabrics light,
The dark-eyed, gemm'd sultanas wear,
Those robes that float on the summer air
Of the Persian's cloudless night,
Can with thy textures, O Sprites! compare—
For Dacca's thread was ne'er spun as fine
As the one that forms your fairy line.

"Surely, spirits unseen, ye bring us
All that is lovely to mortal eyes,
Ye wake the mystical songs within us,
That keep tune to the march of the starry skies:
All that is beautiful, just, and true,
Comes from the Veiled Universe, where
There spreads through space a most delicate air,
And perfect types, upspring and new,
Are made indigenous there:
From those come, as now, from the frost and rain,
Original sketches stamped on our brain,

Thus photograph'd here from above;
But verily, earth can copy but faintly
The glory of forms, angelic and saintly,
Invoked to our pillows, by prayer or by love.

"How do we enter the Land of Dreams?
Is there an angel with ivory wand
To open the gates of its palaces fair,
To lead us on by its crystal streams,
To drink of the joy we find only there?
By the light of the earth, unseen they stand—
Like the wonderful city, 'neath Araby's skies,
That Golden City, whose gates were closed
Forever to mortals' longing eyes:
And then, when closed, came a mighty cloud,
Dark and dense as a demon's shroud,
That circled the beautiful city, and hid it
Evermore from him who bid it
In the desert of Aiden rise:
The Arab prince, who thought to make
A Heaven on Earth, and had daringly plann'd
Each Palace of Gold in its mirror'd lake,
Its gardens fair, and its castles grand;
Pillar'd porticoes running along
Perfumed rivers that flowed in song,
Banqueting halls, and towers high,
With turrets lost in the cloudless sky—
In that City of Arem, so vast and fair,
The treasures of earth were gather'd there.
All that the soul of man could ask
Did the Arab prince supply;
And there, when ended his pleasant task,
It vanished from his eye.

"Was this a dream, or a story told
With a moral, by Arab sages old,
To teach us how vain is a city of gold
Built in the desert here?
For the clouds of Earth, and Time's whirling sands,
Cover the cities of earthly lands,
And our hopes, like Sheddad's, have found their bier.
Spirits of Air, with your silver wands,
Open the gates of your hidden realms,
Touch our closed lids with your magical hands,
Take from our eyes the earthly films:
Through the winter's frost and summer's heat,
Come, with the pat of your dainty feet,
And still in the dash of the gusty rain,
Stop, as you go by my window-pane."

CHEERFUL.—Emerson says: "Do not hang a dismal picture on your wall, and do not deal with sables and glooms in your conversation." Beecher follows with: "Away with these fellows who go howling through life, and all the while passing for birds of Paradise. He that cannot laugh and be gay, should look to himself. He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light." Talmage then takes up the strain: "Some people have an idea that they comfort the afflicted when they groan over them. Don't drive a hearse through a man's soul. When you bind up a broken bone of the soul, and you want splints, do not make them of cast-iron." After such counsellings and admonitions, lay aside your long faces.

PEARLS AND DISH-WATER.

BY KATHIE KEENE.

"Oh, dreary life!" we cry, "Oh, dreary life!"
 And still the generations of the birds
 Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
 Serenely live, while we are keeping strife
 With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife
 Against which we may struggle."

"NINE hundred and sixty-three women, and five thousand seven hundred and forty-one children!"

That was all the major said, when he opened the kitchen-door, and saw three of his little girls taking a bath in one corner of the room; little Dodie in another, devouring the doughnuts which rosy-faced Hallie was frying over a very hot stove; while Bessie sliced apples in a very little closet, and Mrs. Major superintended the whole, and darted to and fro so swiftly that I think the major must have counted her four or five times to make out his number.

Hallie looked up and caught the look of dubiouness on her father's face.

"Why, Papa Major, you're too bad! there's only mamma, and Bessie, and Dode, and Lily, and Jen, and Millie, and myself, and we can get along very comfortably in this dear, little place, by going sideways." And then papa had to laugh at Hallie's red face and beaded forehead.

'Twas in the middle of July, girls, when, you know, every effort costs a perspiration-drop, and she *did* look funny, but her spirit was up, and she went on: "I know it's warm, pa, dear, but I take a spiteful satisfaction in proving to myself that we girls, that's mamma and I, cannot cook over the stove with hands and face as white as 'Mrs. Holabirds,' or cheeks as pink as 'Rosamond's.'"

She was obliged to raise her voice at the last, for the three little girls in the bath-tub had kept up deafening screams for papa to "go 'way! we're washing us—'tis not proper! Oh, go 'way!"

After vainly trying to hide behind each other, they had apparently collapsed into the bottom of the tub, but their yellow heads kept bobbing up, to see if the coast was clear, and so the major, looking very much shocked, retired behind the door, and talked through the crack.

"You know it's about dinner time?"

"Oh, why no! it can't be—we're not nearly ready!"

"But it is, and what's more—" Here the door opened a little wider, and bob went the three "Graces" in a state of nudity. "What's more, General Trefethen's come to dinner."

Everybody dropped everything and screamed. Nobody *says* anything *instantly* after a thunder-clap, you know; there's a second's silence, before the confusion comes. Dode clutched theatrically at her long-sleeved apron, and spoke first.

"Good land of Goshen! The butcher and the baker haven't been near us to-day, and there isn't a scrap of meat for dinner."

"Well," frowned the major, "this is the beauty of living in a country village, where we have no market. If I was only a farmer, independent of meatmen! anything but a poor lawyer, in a place where I don't belong! What *shall* we do?"

Then Mrs. Major began to give hurried orders, and Hallie dropped her doughnuts, spattering her bared arms with the boiling fat, and just darted out of the room, and up, over the stairs, into her own little chamber, and down on her knees. Please don't laugh at what she said. I insist that 'twas a prayer, only kitchenish, instead of prayer-meetingish.

"Oh, dear God, we're in such a fuss down-stairs! Nothing for dinner, and he's come! Oh, please do send the meat-man or something, and oh, do help us hurry quick! Amen!"

Then down-stairs again went the brown calico and flushed face, and reached the foot just in time to answer a knock at the porch-door. Of course we know it was the butcher, and we should have done the proper thing, but Hallie, in her excitement, held out both hands to him, and, with a beaming countenance, told him she was "so glad to see him! Why didn't he come before? Sit right down! She would take ten pounds of nice steak!" and then climaxed the poor man's astonishment by bringing a chair for the dripping slices.

The kitchen looked encouraging. Children and doughnuts had been expelled, and mother was preparing the fresh vegetables, with a little, amused smile on her face, which Hallie's extravagant order for beefsteak had produced. Hallie began to stir up one of her favorite puddings, exclaiming, "Mother Nell, you're the wonderfullest woman for an emergency! I believe you would be perfectly at home in an earthquake," when she found that Bess was entertaining the general in the parlor, and Dode was arranging the china on the table in the great, cool hall. "Thank Heaven for one shady place in this dove-cote," she said.

That pudding was beaten feverishly. Hallie fairly ran with it to the oven. Then she turned round, and seeing there was no more to do till the potatoes were soft, deliberately sat down and began to cry. Mrs. Darton smoothed the little, fluffy curls off her daughter's broad, white forehead, a very fair forehead, too, notwithstanding its "steaminess" a little while ago.

"Is my Hallie so very much agitated by a late dinner?"

"Wait a minute, till I've weeped my little weep; Mother Nell, then I shall make some remarks," and Hallie choked with a great sob, that wanted to be a laugh.

"Mother, this is the way we shall tell of it: We

had unexpected company to dinner, and because the hall-clock was slow, and the meat-man late, we were very much hurried when we learned the time. Now, wont that be a mean way of expressing how much I've suffered in this little while? Wasn't it the whole world to me whether the butcher came or not? Didn't I feel terribly guilty because dinner wasn't ready, and experience just as deep emotions of despair, joy, anxiety, and the reaction, as any girl who had accidentally murdered somebody, and then found that her victim wasn't dead, after all? Yet *she* would think she had cause to have hysterics for a week—and—and—what I mean to say, is, that we Bridgets, Lady Bridgets, like you and me, ma, who take an interest in things, find the most of our hard work in the anxiety—the 'for fear,' the hurrying one minute, and waiting the next. Some people may do housework like automaton—maybe that's what they mean by taking work easy; but we go heart-deep into it, you see, and carry all our emotions and reasonings into making pies, or settling the childrens' quarrels. You provoking woman! You shouldn't laugh when an experienced person like me discourses to an innocent like you! You've only done housework for forty years, you know! Now, if it had been anybody but you, your education and accomplishments would have got crowded out. How did you keep them up? How shall I? Father's given me every advantage, and Mrs. Grundy says Hallie Darton is an accomplished young lady, and has finished her education. But I know better; for I'm deep in the 'art culinary' now, and I confess that it does seem a little absurd for us to try to keep up our music and literature in the midst of so much dish-water! Don't you think there's danger that our struggles for Mrs. Browning and Shakespeare will grow fainter and fainter, and—and—oh! here's a striking figure, Mother Nell, entirely original, and our science and poetry will get so diluted with dish-water, that, way up on this Vermont hill, where we cannot get help, we shall submit to being flooded with dish-water; in short, dish-water will beat."

Hallie's eyes were big and shining now. They had shot out her idea, before her hyperbolic, little sentence could half convey it. Mrs. Darton was an experienced lady. She herself had dreamed dreams, and sighed for a life to which she was fitted, and at last learned to be content with what she had. But now there was no time for much of an answer to Hallie's indignant appeal, so she only sang lightly,

"Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?"

and began to peel the potatoes.

Hallie peeped into the oven.

"Oh, my pudding looks like a great gold puff-ball! Mamma, isn't General Trefethen that man with the curly mustache, who used to call me 'Nellie's blue-eyed baby,' when he came to see you and papa? and wasn't he the nice boy you've told me about, who used to play 'little brother' to your 'sistering,' when you was his teacher in Boston?"

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Darton, poisoning a potato on

her fork, and standing still, with a happy, far-away look on her worn face. "I am proud to claim Irving Trefethen as an old friend. He was a frank, generous boy, and is a brave, noble gentleman. I wonder if there'll be any silver in that brown mustache of his?"

"Hadn't I better put on my white muslin before dinner?" asked Hallie, blushing.

Mrs. Darton looked her over, as mothers will, in their kindly "What-can-make-you-prettier?" way.

"That dark calico suits best your rosy face, daughter," was all she said, but Hallie knew by the look that her face was not too rosy, nor her dress too dark, and by a sudden impulse mother and daughter turned and kissed each other.

Oh, you mothers and daughters who talk of "proving your love by deeds," and "being sickened by sentiment over a cook-stove," can you think of this kiss, this confiding, impulsive love-kiss, without a tender throb in your heart of hearts? Oh, mothers, these girls would love you all, where now they love you half, if you were not ashamed of any interest in their girlish sentimentalism! Oh, girls, these mothers are not staid and sober matrons, caring only for your dress and manners! They have warm, girlish impulses, and sometimes a great yearning to have you girls talk love to them.

While they were taking up dinner, Major Darton brought the general out into the dining-room. Mrs. Darton wiped her hands and went forward to greet him, saying, cordially, "Irving, I am very glad to see you here."

"Thank you, Nellie," he said, and she noticed that his mustache was as brown as ever, and his face only a little paler and thinner than it used to be. "I have wished, for a long while, to visit your home in the mountains."

Here little Dode came in, with the three children following. She had made a great effort on this extraordinary occasion to exercise some motherly care over her little sisters, and they really looked very sleek and demure; but the poor child had forgotten herself, with her uncombed hair and long-sleeved apron, and as she marched in with such an important look on her little tanned face, Mrs. Darton laughed—she couldn't help it. She hadn't intended to present the little ones until after dinner, and this move of Dode's amused her. But the general kissed them all, and said something pretty about them, and Dode found confidence to blurt out one of her dreadful little speeches, as Hallie knew she would, for the child was irrepressible on all occasions.

"Why, Mr. Trefethen, I thought you were a soldier, but you haven't got any gun, nor any *pantakts* on!"

"Epaulettes, you mean, Dode; now take the children into the other room, until we are through dinner," and Mrs. Darton, who had learned that wise lesson—never to be surprised—smiled again at her daughter's smothered "Hush, Dode!"

Hallie was bringing in the feather-pudding—she held it high over the childrens' heads, as she stood

still to let them pass her. General Trefethen thought he had never seen a more beautiful face than Hallie Darton's was then. Her cheeks were just flushed; her eyes were large and clear and blue; and turned full on him for an eager, little instant; her ripe-red lips were just parted—for she was a little out of breath with a run up-stairs, a little sweep of the brush over her braid, and a little dash of cold water over her face. This same braid of yellow, glittering hair wound crown-wise round her head, and the little, fluffy curls fell out from under, and shaded her forehead. It was such a pure, open face!

He thought instantly of these lines, in "My Kate:—"

"And when you had once seen her forehead and mouth,
You saw, as distinctly, her soul and her truth."

He turned from her to Mrs. Darton.

"She is yourself at sixteen, Nellie."

Hallie said: "Oh, thank you, sir," in a clear, pleased, girlish voice, and came forward to be introduced.

In the midst of the bright flow of dinner-talk, Hallie touched her father's arm, and said in a little "aside," "Isn't it enchanting to hear them? Mother looks twenty years younger to-day. It's like—why, as if a pearl had been dropped into our dish-water, isn't it?"

The general heard her, and turned quickly. "Do you often find them, Miss Hallie, these pearls in the dish-water?"

"No, sir," very bluntly; and then seeing the smile in his brown eyes, she spoke slowly and thoughtfully. "Maybe—it's—because—I—never look for them there."

And she stopped eating to think of it. It was a new idea to her, so, after all the little ones had been fed, she drove every one out of the kitchen, saying, playfully, that she didn't know why, but she wanted to wash the dishes "all sole alone" this afternoon. There was a large pile of china for one pair of hands, but, you see, she wanted to think. So she opened the south window over the portico, and filling the dishpan with steaming suds, she bared her round, dimpled arms, and began bravely and cheerfully. The dripping goblets were just ready for the dry towel, when Hallie felt somebody looking at her through the south window.

"It doesn't look so dreadful, this washing dishes," he said.

"No, sir."

Hallie was blushing under his steady, brown eyes.

"It's nice, when one forgets that one is actually washing dishes. But we always speak of this life, sir, this cooking and clearing away, and sitting down, only to look at the clock and find that it's time for the next meal, this fussing for the 'wherewithal,' that's never done because you can't gain on it any—that's what we call our 'dish-water life.' If it's all I'm good for, then I'll make the best of it, but it never will satisfy me, never, never!"

Then, remembering who her listener was, she looked very much embarrassed and prettier than ever, and General Trefethen said something which

sounded funny, very funny for such a proper, cavalier-looking general as he.

"May I wipe those dishes for you, Miss Hallie?"

Hallie laughed a little ripple of a laugh.

"Of all things in the world!" she began, then, with an air of offended dignity, "I didn't intend to grumble so that mamma's visitor should feel obliged to offer his assistance."

He just swung himself in at the low window, and began to wipe those dishes in a charmingly off-hand and graceful manner. With demure gravity Hallie handed him an apron, and with an air of perfect solemnity, he tied it round his neck. She laughed, and they began to chat more easily and sensibly than they could possibly have done in a drawing-room, and never did a tall man with an apron round his neck, and a smiling lassie with a dish-mop in her hands, make a more delightful *tableau vivant* than these two.

She looked up, at last, like a surprised child.

"We're all done! Why, I think it's perfectly beautiful to wash dishes!"

"Let's wash them all over again," said the general, putting two plates back into the dish-water; but the twinkle in his brown eyes sobered a little, as he looked down into hers, and said, gravely: "My little girl, you are half right, it does seem wrong that your lady-mother and her 'blue-eyed daughter,' should be obliged to do all this. But if you must, and Major Darton tells me that 'tis a necessity, until he can remove his business to the city, if you must, wont you let it do you good? I need not ask you to do it cheerfully, for I see you have given your own father the impression that you rather enjoy it, but I do not want to go away, my little dish-washer, and think it's hurting you. I want you to take comfort in doing it lovingly. I think God would like to see you wash this pretty china with a heart full of love to Him, who spares the life in all these bodies you are feeding, and gives you strength to do so much."

"So much!" said Hallie, "why, I always had a vague idea that when God's little girls were washing dishes, He was looking the other way, and answering other folks' prayers!"

He smiled, and answered: "Our worship of Him is not all praying, you know. The most of it is the glorifying; and wont it help you in the drudge-y work here, Miss Hallie, to think that this is your part of the glorifying, just for a little while, and wont the love make the labor light?"

At the end of that hour these two were very good friends. I sha'n't tell how Hallie hid the greasiest dishes under the sink, out of his sight, the same to be washed to-morrow morning, nor how two little teacups lay all shattered, because his big, man's hands couldn't manage the wee, slippery things; for this talk had done them a world of good. The weary sickness and bitterness against the vanity and frivolity of the world, went out of Irving Trefethen's heart, as he stood by the side of this sapphire-eyed maiden in brown calico, wiping the dishes which she washed; and she was all aglow with the earnestness of the

thought which he was making clear, and with another thought, by which she was almost frightened—that this brown-eyed man was gradually assuming the look, and speaking the words of the ideal hero whom she had worshipped all her life, as some girls do worship their ideal heroes. And it is a good thing for them, too, Sir Doubtful, for this high-hero-worship sometimes carries them through their romantic girlhood without any of this imaginary falling in love with what Timothy Titcomb calls “posts with ope-sticks on their heads.”

As General Trefethen was going away that night, Mrs. Darton and Hallie shut their eyes to what they would otherwise have thought absolutely necessary to do, and went up-stairs to dress, together. It was a pleasure to watch them. They made such pretty work of “beautifying each other,” as they called it.

They braided each other's hair, and Hallie “wished hers was brown,” and her sister-mother “thought golden much prettier;” and they pinned each other's bows, and tied each other's sashes, and looped each other's skirts, and then came down-stairs, with their arms around each other, ready for a twilight stroll with the gentlemen.

They all stopped on the west balcony, to look at the sunset. Hallie spoke softly, in a voice that seemed hushed with admiration: “Oh, wont somebody make a poem of it? That shimmery green border, just billowing into those crimson heaps, and purple and gold above it all?”

The general looked down at her. Her dress was white, with rose-colored streamers, a pale, pink, gauzy thing floated over her shoulders, and a little white hat, rosebud wreathed, was tucked down upon the ripples of her hair, which shone like spun gold.

“You look as if you were a pink cloud yourself, Miss Hallie, and belonged to the sunset! Who did it?” he said, and touched lightly the floating gauze.

Hallie smiled brightly. “Mother is my dressing-maid, and I am here,” she said, simply, without taking her eyes away from the west.

Mr. and Mrs. Darton had started down the street, and called to them to come.

“Yes,” Hallie said, and lingered to catch the fading glory. Meanwhile her father and mother turned the corner, and were out of sight.

Just then Dode came running from behind the house, followed by the three little ones, crying dismally. They were covered with mud, and dripping.

Hallie colored with vexation, and set her teeth hard.

“You will have to go with father and mother, Mr. Trefethen, and excuse me. These children have been in the bog, and I must stay and change all their clothes!”

She said the last words wearily, and the lip quivered, with which she tried to smile, and she grasped Dode's arm, to lead her into the house, a little harder than she meant. Honest Dode jerked back indignantly.

“I knew you'd scold and cry, because you always do, Hallie Darton, when we fall in anything, but I

didn't s'pose you'd pinch me 'fore that man, when you've been dressing all up and nigglecting us, on purpose for him!”

Poor Hallie was scarlet, but she acted on a sudden impulse, and stood the children all up in a row, and said, hurriedly: “Please look, sir; they are disgusting! Dode said the truth—these things happen every day, and I am naughty and angry with them. I thank you for what you have said about making ugly tasks pleasant, but it wont do for me, I'm too wicked—I shall just go on doing my duty every day, and hating it, and hating it!”

So she went in, and did it all, with a convulsive fierceness; and her fingers tore the fastenings nervously, and sharp, little words kept spattering out, and the little wretches would persist in saying they “didn't get into the bog a-purpose,” and they “spised such a crosspatch as she was;” and when she asked why they called her cross, when she hadn't scolded them yet, they answered, provokingly, “Well, we know you're awful mad!” and so on, and you can imagine how highly delectable was the state of Hallie's mind, when she walked out on the piazza, to get cooled off. General Trefethen stood talking with her father and mother at the gate. He was saying “Good-bye,” he must go, for the party with which he was travelling over the Green Mountains would expect him that night; he had started to Allan Hill very hastily, finding he was so near; he had been fully repaid for coming; and a great many other pleasant things. At last: “I shall come again, Nellie, as you tell me I may, when I come back from over the seas.”

Then he left them, and came and stood by Hallie.

“They're pretty little things, your sisters,” he said, softly, as if to himself. “Didn't they remind you of weeping little mermaids?”

“Not in the least; I saw nothing but muddy children.”

“I wonder, Miss Hallie, if you couldn't have found as much poetry and beauty in that scene, if you had looked for it, as in that sunset, which lighted your face so, just now! Did you notice how wistful and pleading their eyes were? Wouldn't a single, little love-word have won them at once, and made such repentant sinners of them, that one hour more of grace, and tenderness, and beauty would have come to your life.”

Then seeing the regretful flush of pain on her face, he added: “We all wade through the dish-water part of our lives with eyes looking away from it, and hands stretched out to ‘better and nobler things’ which we cannot reach, while there are pearls right at our feet, if we would stop to gather them.”

“You mean that if I love them, and love it, this clayey sort of life, I shall find the pearls in it, and that it wont drag me down, after all?”

The sheer clearness and wideness of her eyes told him that she understood.

For answer, he took her trembling hand, and held it in his, and told her that he should think of her as his little heroine away up on these Vermont hills,

not buried here, but placed here—as his little heroine, who would not fail, because she was too brave, and who had power to make a perfect love-palace of her home.

Her face, pure and tender now, was raised thankfully to him. Her lips said simply and earnestly, "I will be good," and he kissed her hand and mounted his horse; and with a low "Good-bye, my little heroine," was off and away.

Three years is a very long time to a little girl. Saturday forenoon, with its doughnuts and children, has just come one hundred and fifty-six times to Hallie. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," and Hallie's heart and she are "so tired, so tired!" She is thinking it over now, as she sits darning stockings by the west window, and basting patch-work for Dode and the three little yellow-heads. Dode, who is Hallie's devoted slave, and especial favorite now, exclaims suddenly: "Hallie Darton, you're about twice gooder'n you used to be! You never grit your teeth when you wash dishes now, nor pinch us when we're naughty, nor hate to peel potatoes; and you sing when you're doing everything, whether it hurts your hands or not! and you're a real comfortable person to have round—you always look warm when we are cold, and cool when we are roasting; and I heard papa say you were the light of the house—and I don't see why you aren't good enough to have a lover!"

As that was the superlative of the adjective "good" to Dode, Hallie appreciated the compliment, and answered sweetly, "Thank you, Dode. My dear little sister, you have all helped me. My naughty heart used to hate all these things, you know; but God has been very good, and now it just—just—jibes in, and I'm very happy and proud of you all."

They look bright love to her from their honest, little child-eyes, and Hallie's face is very strong and pure in the quiet and womanliness which three years have brought to it. She is thinking of how much, in this time, God has helped her to "do and bear." Mother Nell has had a long sickness, and is now away on a visit with the major, whose brow, when rumpled with care, has often been smoothed very tenderly by the little girl, who is learning to do all things for love. The little yellow-heads have been carried through innumerable diseases of the measles-species; Dode, freakish as ever, has been cried with, and laughed with, warned and praised, until Hallie has come to be her very heart-confidante; bashful Bess has been patiently initiated into the mysteries of French verbs, and the proprieties of a young debutante; Hallie herself has been wooed, but not won, by good men, who have all carried away the same answer: "I love my home, and will not leave it. I belong to it."

But her head is throbbing, and she feels strange and restless, for she has worked steadily all day, and there has been no mother to kiss away the weariness; and as she sits thus, half-dreaming, she hears the children's voices rising angrily.

Lily, the wee lady in crimps and earrings, produces a note from Dode's little boy-champion in school. Dode, with the old, theatrical air, reads indignantly:

"DEAR LILLIE.

"I want you to be my girl I have got tired of your Sister she promised to curl her hair up on papers, if I woud, but I wunt, because I had rather have you—besides she's got a Cold, and I think your Nose is the prettiest shape than hers.
"Your in life and death.

"JOHNIE.

"P. S. I'll find a place to Hide your rubbers in, just as I used to hers, and bring you a lossenger every day."

Dode stamps and burns the note, and shakes her little brown fist at her treacherous sister—treacherous sister, very much frightened, uses the point of her needle in self-defence. Dode, squealing, shakes her in a highly, superior way; and Lily, like a revengeful, little cat, jumps at Dode and pushes her down. This rouses Hallie from her unusual fit of dreaming, and she starts up with a thoughtless, angry, "You naughty child, Lily Darton! Can't I have a little peace?"

Lily leaves the room, and Hallie, strangely excited over this child's quarrel, runs after her. A breathless chase follows, and the others stand still and watch them, wondering "what can be the matter with Hallie to-day?"

Swiftly they run, Hallie flushed and angry, Lily rapid and defiant, through the room, up the front stairs, down the back, through the hall, round the table, up-stairs and down again—and then it strikes Hallie, what a foolish thing she is doing; and, turning suddenly on the front stairs, she twists her ankle slightly, and falls in an exhausted heap. The pain brings out the cry, which she has stifled all the day, and she lays her head on the stair-carpet and sobs aloud, and cries as only a tired woman can cry.

The children, melted now, of course, all gather round her, sobbing and crying, too; and, just at this interesting crisis, when five pairs of eyes are raining down tears on the front-stair carpet, and when a fresh chorus of "oh, ohs!" bursts from the doleful quintette, somebody stops at the open hall-door, and General Trefethen's voice, grave and pitying, says: "What a very rainy day!"

Poor Hallie! the color leaves her face, and starting up with a stifled cry of pain, she never stops till she reaches the farthest corner of the attic chamber. There she sinks down, and begins to moan piteously.

"Oh, it was cruel, it was cruel, dear God! Why did he come then, why did he come then—and I was weak and naughty—all weak and naughty! and I've failed—oh, he will think I have—and he trusted me—but he won't any more—never—any—more. Oh, I have been good. Dear God, you know I have been good; but he will never know—oh, never know."

Then she lay in a kind of apathy, and Hallie's God must have known what she suffered, with the thought

that all her long dream had ended; for soon his little girl, looking very pale and heavy-eyed, in a soft-falling black grenadine, was going to meet "her hero" with these thoughts whirling in her head.

"I must do my duty, and entertain him till mother comes. These three years have not been a failure—they have been full of pearls! I wonder how God will help me talk, with this lump in my throat!"

She did not know how the hours ever passed; but when the greeting, and the berry-supper, and the children's twilight talk were over, she remembered dimly that it had all been very gay, and they had all been laughing and chatting very merrily. She had a recollection of a feeling of shame that made her draw back the little hand she had offered to General Trefethen, when she met him; a tingle of shame for the burns and scars and rough places which house-work had made on the hand she put out, and the thought that, of course, all his friends had soft, pretty white hands, which would be pleasant to take. Then she remembered the sudden resolution which had made her hold it out again, and keep back a blush, and deliberately draw her sleeve back a little and expose the new-made scar on the wrist. She was almost reckless to-night. Her head whirled so!

After she had carried the little ones to bed, and heard them say their good-night to God, she came back and began to play and sing with a wild pathos in her voice and manner, which didn't seem at all like her old, frank, childish self. Carelessly she took up "The Rainy Day," the sweet, sad "Rainy Day," and began to sing.

"Some days must be dark and dreary," she sang, and wondered if hers would ever be bright again.

On the last verse her voice grew fainter and fainter.

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining!
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.
Thy fate is the common fate of all.
Into each—life—some—rain—"

and then the pallor deepened on her face, a whirling faintness took her strength away, and she would have fallen had not General Trefethen caught her in his arms. He drew her down beside him on the parlor sofa.

"Hallie, dear, those blue eyes must not look so grieved. Dode has told me all about it. Were the three years any longer to you than to me, my little heroine?"

"I'm not your heroine," said Hallie, feebly, trembling in his arms. "Heroines don't pinch, nor have red faces, nor cry on the front stairs."

"Mine does. Why, you were a perfect 'Venus smudged in tears,' Hallie!"

Then she laughed; and when she was quiet, with his strong arm around her, and his deep, true eyes looking down into hers, he said, gently, "Why, I loved you all the time, little Hallie!"

And the old love-light shone over her face, and, with the old childish air of wonder, she asked, "And you will trust me, after all?"

"Yes, darling, we will go and hunt for pearls together."

"Oh, my own, own hero!" she murmured, and the weary head rested confidently on his shoulder. Then they looked up and saw Mr. and Mrs. Darton at the door; and when, after Hallie's first rapturous mother-kisses, Irving Trefethen said slowly: "Nellie, I have waited, as you wished. Major Darton, may I take her away? Your little sunbeam?"

They loved her too well to refuse.

So, when Dode, gorgeous in her scarlet wrapper, darted in, she comprehended the whole thing at a glance, and exclaimed, in her high-tragic way, "I told you so! Why, it's just like a story book! Mr. Trefethen, when did you fall in love with her?"

"When she was washing dishes, my lady," laughed the general, holding Dode tightly by the wrists, and glancing at Hallie.

"Then, besides the little pearls, I found my very biggest one in the dish-water—didn't I, Dode, dear?" and Hallie's voice was one low thrill of gladness.

"Well," said Dode, "I mean to write to all these girls, who have so much dish-water, and 'hate it,' and tell them all about how you found your pearls in it, Hallie."

"Be sure and give them my recipe for '*Dish-washing made easy*,'" answered Hallie. "It's *half the quantity of dutifulness and twice as much love*; and I should advise them, when they wash their dishes, always to stand at an open window that looks out on a portico; and I wish, with all my heart, that the dear things might find their heroes standing there," she added, generously.

Then, for the first time, he stooped and kissed her lips, and after she had stood still by his side for one moment, she left him, and nestled down by her mother's chair.

There, as she laid her golden head beside the chestnut braids, she whispered softly, "Isn't it a beautiful world, Mother-Nell?"

POETIC IMPULSES.

BY S. J. D.

YE visitants from far-off song-land, filling
My soul with ecstasies I may not tell!—
For, when I fain would catch the cadence thrilling,
And emulate your speech—I break the spell.

Ye hover o'er me, sweet suggestions bringing
Of harmonies celestial—notes divine,
Like distant joy-bells through my soul are ringing!
Oh, may I never hope to make ye mine?

Why do ye beckon me on with shadowy fingers;
Then skyward soar away on mocking wing?
Yet, life is sweeter, since your echo lingers;
Ye thrill the soul ye cannot teach to sing.

Perchance, in the fair land that we call Heaven—
When the true life hath crowned this earth-worn brow;
Perchance to me sweet utterance shall be given
To speak the thoughts that only haunt me now.

RUINED AT HOME.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

IT is at home that the ruin of a soul begins.

"At home!" We hear the response in tones of pained surprise or indignant denial from many voices. "It is a hard saying—and cruel!"

It may hurt like a blow many sad hearts; but if it be true—what then?

"It is not true! I can point you to a dozen cases within my own range of observation to disprove the assertion—to young men who have gone astray in spite of the careful training and good example of religious homes—in spite of all the best of mothers and wisest of fathers could do."

Yes; we hear such things said every day; but feel certain there is an error somewhere—a defect in your observation. Were you in the homes of these young men from the beginning? Were you familiar with their early training? Did you observe the personal bearing of their parents toward them—know their walk and conversation? If nay, then you are not competent, with your instances, to disprove our assertion.

A small error at the beginning of a series of calculations in applied mechanics, may lead to a great disaster; the slightest variation from a right line at the beginning will throw a projectile hundreds of yards away from its object. It is in the little things at home; the almost unnoted departures from order and good government; the neglects arising from parental self-indulgence; the weakness of love that fails to nip a fault in the bud; and many other things that might be instanced, which turn the young feet into ways of life that, as the years go by, lead farther and farther from safety and happiness.

The Bible, experience, and reason, all declare that the future of a child depends upon his early training. If this is bad, the chances are nearly all against him.

"But," we hear it said, "children raised under the worst of influences often make good and useful men."

The cases are exceptional, and stand out in strong contrast with the rule. And so we go back to what was declared in the beginning, that the ruin of a soul begins at home. How many instances crowd upon the memory! Let us take a few at this time for their lesson and their warning.

Not long ago, in one of our principal cities, an almost broken-hearted mother parted from her son in the court house, and was taken fainting to her home, while he was thrust into a van and conveyed to prison. His crime was stealing. Society held up its hands in pity and amazement, for the young man's father and mother were highly respectable people, and good church members, as the saying is. The father's business reputation stood high. People said of him: "His word is as good as his bond." And yet his son was a condemned thief. He had stolen from his employer.

Did the ruin in this case begin at home? Yes. It was at home that the son learned to be dishonest;

and he learned it from his mother! Let us rehearse a few of the lessons, in precept and example, that were given to the boy. We begin when he was just five years of age. He was standing near his mother one day—we will call her Mrs. Omdorff, and the boy Karl—when he heard her say to his aunt, in a tone of satisfaction: "Barker has cheated himself. Here are four yards of ribbon instead of three. I asked for three yards, and paid for only three; but this measures full four yards."

The boy listened, and waited for what was to come next. He loved his mother, and trusted in her.

"What are you going to do about it?" inquired the aunt.

"Keep it, of course," answered Mrs. Omdorff. "Barker will never be the wiser. He makes enough out of us, dear knows!" And she rolled the ribbon about her fingers.

Karl was a little surprised. It did not seem like his mother; nor in agreement with what she had often said to him about truth and honesty. But he had faith in her, and was sure that she could do nothing wrong. His Aunt Ruth, of whom he was very fond, and who had great influence over him, was a weak woman in some respects, and much more inclined to take the current of other's opinions, than to give herself the trouble of opposition. Her innate sense of honor was a little disturbed at her sister's view of the case; but she failed to say the right words that were in her thoughts, and which, if spoken, might have helped the boy to see what was just and right.

A day or two afterward, Karl heard his mother say: "I saved a car ticket this morning."

"How?" inquired her sister.

"The conductor forgot to ask for it."

"Why didn't you give it to him, mamma?" asked Karl.

"It was his business to look after his passengers," replied Mrs. Omdorff, who felt rather uncomfortable at this question from her little boy. "It will teach him a lesson."

Karl thought a moment, and then said: "But he won't know anything about it."

"Oh, you're too sharp!" exclaimed his mother, with a laugh. "I wasn't talking to you, anyhow."

"Little pitchers have big ears," said Aunt Ruth, echoing her sister's laugh.

And so the matter was pushed aside, neither mother nor aunt imagining that the bright and beautiful boy they both loved so tenderly had received a lesson in dishonesty not soon to be forgotten.

"I do believe," said Mrs. Omdorff, not long afterward, as she sat counting over some money, "that Poole has given me the wrong change."

Karl was in the room, and heard her remark.

"Let me see," she added, going over the money again. "Two and a half, three, four and a half, four

and three quarters. It's a fact, I gave him a ten-dollar bill, and here are four and three quarters change."

"What did the goods amount to?" asked her sister.

"There were eleven yards of muslin at eighteen. That's a dollar and ninety-eight cents. Two yards of silk at a dollar and a half, and an eighth of a yard of velvet, one dollar; making just five dollars and ninety-eight cents. If it had come to six dollars my right change would have been four. But he has given me four and three quarters."

Then in a tone of satisfaction, she added: "I'm that much richer, you see, Ruth."

Her sister smiled; but did not utter the disapproval that was in her heart. Karl listened and took it all in. A little while afterward Mrs. Omdorff got up and rang the bell, saying, as she did so, with a short, gurgling laugh that seemed ashamed of itself: "I guess we'll have a little ice cream—at, at Poole's expense."

Aunt Ruth only shook her finger, and said, feebly: "Oh, that's too bad!"

But Karl was not able to see whether she approved or disapproved. The ice cream was sent for, and enjoyed by the child. While the sweet taste was yet on his tongue, he heard his mother say: "I'm very much obliged to Poole for this treat—it's delicious!"

Is it strange that the boy's perception of right and wrong should be obscured? or that, in a day or two afterward, he should come in from the street with an orange in his hand, and on being questioned about it, reply: "A woman let it fall from her basket, and I picked it up. She didn't see it drop, mamma."

"But why didn't you call after her?" asked Aunt Ruth.

"Cause I didn't want to," answered the child. "She dropped it. I didn't knock it off."

Mrs. Omdorff was not satisfied with the conduct of her child; and yet she was amused at what she called his 'cuteness, and laughed instead of reproving him for an act that was in spirit a theft.

So the child's education for crime was begun—his ruin initiated. The low moral sense of his mother was perpetually showing itself in some disregard of other's rights. A mistake made in her favor was never voluntarily corrected; and her pleasure at any gain of this kind was rarely concealed. "He cheated himself," was a favorite saying, heard by Karl almost every week; and as he grew older, he understood its meaning more clearly.

Mr. Omdorff was a man of higher integrity than his wife; and just in dealing to the smallest fraction. "Foolish about little things—more nice than wise," as she often said, when he disapproved of her way of doing things, as was sometimes the case. Mrs. Omdorff had learned to be guarded in her speech when he was at home; and so he remained in ignorance of the fatal perversions going on in the mind of his child.

As the boy grew up his father's supervision became

more direct. He was careful about his associates, and never permitted him to be away from home without knowing where and with whom he was. He knew but too well the danger of evil association; and guarded his boy with jealous solicitude.

Alas! he dreamed not of the evil influences at home; never imagined that the mother was destroying in her son that nice sense of honor without which no one is safe; nor that she had taught him to disregard the rights of others; to take mean advantages; and to appropriate what did not belong to him whenever it could be done with absolute certainty of concealment.

We do not mean to say that such were the direct and purposed teachings of his mother. She would have been horror stricken at the mere suggestion. But she had so taught him by example. In heart she was not honest; and in many of her transactions she was as much a thief as if she had robbed a till. Retaining what belongs to another, simply because it has come into our hands by mistake, is as much a theft in its spirit as purposed stealing; and the fine lady who keeps the change to which she is not entitled, or the yard of ribbon measured to her in error, is just as criminal as the sneak thief who gets into her hall through a neglected door and steals her husband's overcoat. The real quality of an act lies in the intent.

Is it any wonder that amid such home influences, the boy did not show, as he advanced toward maturity, a high sense of honor? That he should be mean, and selfish, and dishonest in little things? "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Evil seed will produce evil fruit.

Society punished and execrated the unhappy young man, and pitied his wretched mother; little dreaming that by her hand his prison doors had been opened.

Another instance of the baleful influence that may exist at home is to be found in the ruin of a young man who recently died in one of the lowest and vilest haunts of the city. He had been well educated, and grew to manhood with a fine sense of honor. His mother was a woman of rare culture, and beloved by every one in the circle where she moved. All the moral sentiments of her son had been carefully fostered and developed, and when he reached manhood no one showed a fairer promise.

But, it was not long before a shadow fell across his life. He had learned one thing at home that was destined to work his ruin—he had learned to love the taste of wine.

His father belonged to a class of men who consider wine-drinking as a mark of good breeding. He knew all about wines; and had a weak vanity in being thought a connoisseur. If he had a friend to dinner, he would bring out two or three kinds and discuss them through half the meal. He called the men who were ranging themselves against the terrible evil of intemperance, and seeking to stay its baleful course, "poor fanatics." He talked of pure wines and liquors as harmless, and gave them to his son at

suitable times and occasions, *moderately*; only guarding him by warnings against excess.

But these warnings went for nothing, as appetite increased. At twelve years of age, the boy was content with a single glass of light wine at his dinner. At eighteen he wanted two glasses, and at twenty-one three. By this time he had acquired convivial habits, and often drank freely with other young men of his age. His mother was first to take the alarm; but his father was slow to believe that his son was in danger. The sad truth broke upon him at last in a painful humiliation. At a large party in his own house the young man became so badly intoxicated that he had to be removed from the company.

From that unhappy period, wine was banished from the father's table. But it was too late! The work of ruin had progressed too far. At twenty-seven the wretched young man died, as we have said, in one of the lowest and vilest dens of the city.

We could give many instances like this. Here, at home, is the chief source of that wide-spread ruin by intemperance, that is every year robbing society of thousands upon thousands of young men, who, by education, culture, and social standing are fitted for useful and honorable positions. They are ruined at home. Here they acquire a taste for wine, and here they learn to think and speak lightly of temperance. Not in one case in ten does a young man acquire the taste for drink in a saloon or tavern, but at home—if not in his own home in that of some friend. We fear that the drinking-saloons men set up in their dining and drawing-rooms, and to which they invite the young and old of both sexes, do more to deprave the taste and lead to intemperance, than all the licensed taverns in the land. It is here that the appetite is formed and fostered—here that the apprenticeship to drunkenness is served. Year by year, the sons of our wealthiest and most intelligent and influential citizens are tempted and led astray by the drinking customs of society—ruined at home. How few of the sons of successful men rise to the level their fathers have gained. How many, alas! sink so far below this level that the eyes ache to look down upon them!

Worse than dishonesty and drunkenness, because more hidden and subtle, and more destructive of moral and spiritual life, is that home influence which springs from perverted ideas of marriage and its sanctities. If sons and daughters grow up in a home where the moral sentiments are low; where departures from virtue are spoken of lightly; where prurient gossip and vile scandals are indulged in with manifest pleasure, their corruption is almost certain. Chameleon-like, they will take the hue of what is around them; and when they advance to manhood and womanhood will, in most cases, be found practically false to the high and pure standards of Christian morality.

It is from this corruption at home, growing out of the essential impurity of the sphere in which children are raised, that society is cursed, in each new generation, by unions called marriages, but in which there

is no true essential of marriage. Hence come infidelities, divorces and all the evil consequences with which we are too sadly familiar.

Let the sentiment at home be pure and Christian, and the children will grow up pure. Starting, then, on the journey of life, with minds unperverted by false ideas, and hearts uncorrupted by actual evils, they will be strong for the battle that each must fight ere the natural mind, in which lie the germs of evil that all receive as their inheritance when born, is brought into subjection to the spiritual.

This is the battle that all must fight—the battle between the false and evil things that lie hidden at birth in the natural or lower region of the mind, and which at maturity, when reason becomes active, assert their power, and strive for mastery over the human soul, and the higher or spiritual mind, where truth, and honor, and purity, and God have their dwelling-place.

Think at what disadvantage they will be in this great and momentous warfare, who have, during childhood and youth, had the lower things of their nature—the false, evil things—stimulated into activity; who come to the verge of manhood and womanhood already corrupted, and with the memory full of what is vile and false, instead of with things pure, and true, and good. Alas for them! If they overcome, it will be after long and fearful struggles, in which the odds will be terribly against them!

Lay it up in your hearts, all ye who love your children and desire their happiness, that it is the home-influence that more than everything else goes to determine their future. If that is healthy and good, all the elements are in their favor; if it is not healthy and good, the chances are all against them.

IMPROMPTU.

BY H.

DEAR Lord! Oh, let me lean myself on thee,
For I am weak, and faint—oh, comfort me!
In all this world there are no lips to bless
With gentle words, or with a soft caress,
This tired one, so tired I fain would creep
Into some lone spot and weep myself to sleep.

Upon the altar of self-sacrifice
I try to lay whatever I most prize;
Love duty for its own sweet sake, and bear
My cross without a moan, and love my care,
Looking for no reward, wishing for none,
Yet now I faint the battle just begun.

It still is morning, if I faint so soon
How shall I bear the burning heats of noon?
If my parched lips so early long to press
An overflowing cup of happiness,
At midday can I dash the cup aside,
And all my life be thus unsatisfied?
Hungry for bread, receive instead a stone,
Longing for home and yet abide alone?
Yea, Lord, I leave the future all to thee!
My prayer is heard, for thou dost comfort me.

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.

INTRODUCTION.

EVERY life keeps one or two secrets of experience which it might be well for its fellows to know. In those mysterious times of solemn visitation or thanksgiving, when the gates of the heart are set open, that its "Miserere" or its "Te Deum" may pour forth, have you never noticed that though the scoring may vary wildly, the tune is always the same? We poor human beings are so strangely prone to forget our common resemblance, that we only recognize it in a sort of joyful wonder. Yet just dare to whisper to another how you felt in your day of weakness or of loss—not your mere conventional feeling, nor yet the great capital letter of your anguish, but the little secret pain that nestled nameless in your bosom, and that other will, in ninety cases out of a hundred, stretch forth the warm right hand of brotherhood, whilst nine at least, out of the remaining ten, will store your confidence in secret, and go on their way rejoicing.

But we are such perverse creatures that, slightly altering our words of confession, "we speak what we should leave unsaid, and are silent where we should speak." So many of us are doomed to go through life without being able to utter the pangs and the fears that lie in our very heart of hearts, our only hope being, like that of the woman with the issue, to follow in the crowd behind Jesus, and haply be healed unawares. Thus, how many a preached or written word, which seemed as nothing to him who uttered it, has been as a drop of dew under which some poor scorched heart once more lifted its head to God's blue sky, or as a friendly hand-clasp to some weary soul, alone in the crowd of life?

There is a sadness about this strange silent secrecy of our lives; yet to name a pain is often to fix it; and in many of the straits of life, one walks the braver for not measuring exactly how narrow they are, nor how deep is the gulf below. The visible hand of human help would often lie heavy on us, where the unseen hand of God upholds. And no pointed counsel, nor personal consolation could ever come to us with such force as the unsuperscribed message of warning or comfort which our own heart appropriates to itself.

And let nobody say that his own life has been too blank and humble to have any such uncoined gold to spare for others' stamping. Have we not seen what treasures some people can work from what others cast aside as rubbish? How many of the truest pictures of life have been limned by men or women who lived quietly among common people, and left no outward history that might not be told in two or three simple dates? Could we have found such wisdom in such homely places? Perhaps not; nevertheless it was there, for those to whom God gave eyes to see.

It is not our strength, but our weakness that de-

mands wide social circles, varied and stirring experiences. It takes a more complicated educational machinery to teach a blind child than a "sighted" one. We often cannot read the histories that are going on before our eyes in our own dull street. Our spiritual sight is too weak for such small caligraphy, though we can see the same stories afar off, brought out by the lurid flames of some long past martyrdom, or written large in gold and red, with crowns for initial letters, and margins illuminated with battle fields and victorious cavalcades.

It has often struck me that it would not be a bad idea to study the history of every individual member of a family. I think writers are rather unfair in this respect. They pick out the picturesque "bit," the beauty, the genius, or the prodigal, and treat the good grandmother in her arm-chair, the steady father in his counting-house, the patient mother, or the trusted servant, as if they were only useful backgrounding. Writers are not altogether to be blamed for this partiality. Most forms of art demand a central figure, and I am no admirer of that grotesque Pre-Raphaelitism which makes every leaf on a tree as prominent as the lovers who are whispering beneath it. But it seems to me that these people who are never seen but in their supernumerary parts, must each have a history of his own, which may be worth even more than the picturesque "bit," not perhaps for its intrinsic value, but for its closer interest to that larger section of the world, who (thank God!) are neither beauties, wits, nor prodigals.

Now, I have lived a very bounded and ordinary life, and do not understand æsthetics, and I write, half to keep myself company in a world where few old friends remain to "talk over" the matters which interest me most, and half in hopes that sometimes I may drop a word that shall bind up some hidden wound, or cheer some heart to its battle. It seems to me that such as I may find only too wide a field of labor in faithfully etching one after another of a certain group of family faces. Some of them I have known with that true knowledge which is born of love, and of every one I have such ample sources of information, documentary or oral, or both, as might well fill professed biographers with despairing envy. I have slighted no scrap of information as too trivial to bear on my studies. My mass of collected material includes all sorts of things, from delicate miniatures on ivory to worn-out fragments of fine needlework, from dainty old love-letters to scrappy washing-bills.

It touches me strangely as I turn over these simple, used, useless things. They seem so like withered leaves—swept off the hewed-down trees of life, as they were carried away to the building of the City not made with hands. Pitiful, it seems at first thought, how little of its very own a full, strong, busy life leaves behind it. Most of what it leaves has other

uses beyond it. The chosen furniture, the selected pictures, the favorite books, live on in other service. Even the loves it cherished, bear fruit for other hands. Only here and there, in perfumed, seldom-opened drawers, lie a few crumpled papers, a few faded ribbons, and here and there, in the shady corner of the household circle, is a face which people say "has never been the same since." And yet this is not grievous, but joyous. Life, and not death, is the end and aim of creation. Life here and life beyond. God's way of marking graves is not to lay barren granite boulders on them, but to make the grass and flowers to grow there more freshly and abundantly. God's way of keeping the dead in remembrance is not to stay looking into the open grave, but to go the way that they have gone before us, where we shall see them (Mark xvi. 7). And so I tenderly turn over my heap of relics, and, in the sure and certain hope of the coming spring of Immortality, am cheerfully content to know that all such poor withered leaves must first be swept away.

I mean to show you these dear lost friends of mine more especially in their "crooked places," because every life has such, and indeed, without them, life would be a long, straight, easily-forgotten road. It does run so sometimes. There are whole years which we don't remember much. If such a smooth highway opens to us after we have been sifted and shaken round a sharp corner, then let us thank God, as those should thank Him, whom He has made the blessed of the earth. Nevertheless, it is the crooked corner we have passed that gives the level all its beauty. It is well for us when we come upon it soon, for we find more flowers, and hear more singing of birds, and enjoy a wider prospect ever after. Christ is often nearest to us when we are in our "crooked place." As artists give to their dearest a copy of their masterpiece, as most men make sacred love-gifts of pictures or symbols of what lies nearest their secret life, so our Lord gives us our "crooked place" as the similitude of the cross under which He lived, and on which at last, He died, that our sinful natures might there be crucified with Him. And presently, as the tender mosses of time and memory clothe its sharpness, our hearts will love to return to it, like birds to their accustomed tree, and we will build our Ebenezer there, and sing with the quaint old poet, that the breast—

"That is possessed
Of earth without a cross, has earth
Without a rest."

PART I.—A JUST WOMAN

CHAPTER I.—MRS. HARVEY'S HOME.

OUR story begins about sixty years ago; and it commences in a quiet, dark room, with a young woman sitting at its window. Her fresh widow's cap showed out wide and hard in the twilight.

There was a glimmer of fire in the grate, and the heavy plated candlesticks stood ready on the table. Mrs. Harvey had long been accustomed to light her candles herself.

The place was profoundly quiet, though it was in

the heart of London. Sixty years ago people found out such places and lived in them. The front door of this house opened into a street, not unfashionable, and decidedly genteel. The window where the widow sat looked out—over a tree-shaded promenade—upon the broad cool river. There was plenty of life in the Willow Walk on fine summer evenings. Mrs. Harvey had enjoyed many opportunities of watching it. For herself, she had not gone there for many years, except in the very early morning with her children.

It was too late for the gay company now, and the great willow-trees were left to sigh and whisper to each other. And all the boats were gone off the river, except here and there a lighterman's hoy, or a red-sailed, hay-laden barge.

The widow had sat there alone all the while the light faded. She had not been a widow a month yet, poor thing, and neighbors where still whispering as to how she was "left," and how she seemed to bear it.

She had wept, but not vehemently, rather those slow tears that come with a bitter, aching pain—the tears of those who have long learned to mourn inwardly, while going about with a smile on their faces, and a cheerful word on their lips.

She had been an only child in her own home, and a very dainty pet. There was an old portrait of her over the mantel of that twilight chamber—the presentment of a pretty sprightly child with fair hair curling over an elaborately embroidered muslin dress, which it must have taken months to make, for there was no clipping machine-work in those days.

They had left her no fortune, those dear kind parents, both dead now. Her father had been but a civil servant, with an income not sufficient to allow much saving. The shrewd mother had not quailed before her darling's possible future. "We've given her a good education," she used to say, "and if that don't keep a woman on her feet no fortune will. Only one woman of my own set ever died in a work-house, and her father had left her ten thousand pounds only twenty years before. If a woman can't make money, she'll not be able to keep it, for it's a carrion that draws vultures."

But the father had not been quite so courageous, and he had been very profoundly satisfied when young Mr. Harvey, a merchant in a fair way to make a sound and substantial competence, had laid his fortune at pretty Bessie's feet.

Now, there had always been a form of godliness in the girl's early home. The family had gone to public worship, and honored the vicar, and eschewed all who mingled in masquerades, or other of those looser junketings then so fashionable. In after years, Elizabeth, who had lived nearest to her father and mother, was not afraid to believe that there had been much better things in their hearts, albeit somewhat faded and checked, like misunderstood flowers, shut up in damp and darkness. But she remembered well enough that though she had thought more of the bridegroom's open face and frank manner than

of his fortune, and that her parents had congratulated themselves upon his character rather than his prospects, still neither she nor her parents had ever once reflected whether these fair fruits were the genuine outcome of a soul deep rooted in the love of God. They were victims of a heartless state of pseudo-religious thought, in whose creed respectability and goodness were synonyms.

So the girl Elizabeth was married to Peter Harvey, and went home to his snug, semi-luxurious house, and took a young matron's pride in cookery-books and housekeeping accounts, and gave her first dinner-party with satisfaction to herself and all parties concerned.

In those dreary days of the false wit and wild license of the regency, the ideal woman of more respectable life was she who filled most jam-pots, who could not have slept on unfilled pillows, and who kept her kitchen red with burnished copper. The spirit of household love and mercy and peace, was neither the beginning nor the end of this fashion of "notableness." The husband might miss his companion while she performed feats of pickling and preserving, and the boys might run to ruin while their mother was mending their socks, so that none could detect a darn. All her ambition ran in the groove of the Pharisee's thanksgiving, that she should not be as others were. A hideous image of vain-glory and self-righteousness was set up in the temple of domestic virtue. Alas, that when the iconoclasts came, as they always will come, they not only overthrew the idol, but demolished the shrine!

Young Mrs. Harvey, with her inbred exactitude and energy, her lofty standards of kitchen, pantry and linen-closets, her moderate yet ample means, seemed certainly doomed to develop into one of the most flourishing of these stolid, intolerant mothers, whose life in reality was as much a life of sense and selfishness as that of those poor women, the goddesses of a widely-different clique, who were then fluttering like half-burnt butterflies in the glare of Carlton House.

Her father, in his sleepy satisfaction, would not have hoped anything better for his Bessie. Her mother, who was shrewder in her spiritual insights, would yet have said, with a half-sigh, that there was nothing better to be hoped for.

But the heavenly Father, who was so little remembered at that decorous, bountiful, wedding-feast, had other purposes toward the youthful life that lay, unconscious, in his hand.

She had not learned to see Him in the sunny little waves of her existence. Like the rustic who mistakes the porter for the prince, and thinks that the vestibule of the palace is the royal chamber, her heart was quite at rest among its outside treasures. The God who was watching over her, and loving her with a love beyond her husband's or her parents', was an unknown God.

Just once, her heart swelled toward Him, when they laid her first-born son on her breast, and left her alone to read the divine secrets of motherhood.

But she could not understand her own thankful yearning. The earth, earthly, closed round her so soon. They said hers was the most beautiful child in the parish. The doctor pronounced it the finest boy he had helped into the world for twenty years. The most elaborate preparation had been made for its coming, yet every day her jealous pride was busy supplying some discovered gap. She did not love other babies more for its sake, though she observed them curiously to see that none surpassed it.

Then the Lord put forth his hand and took back his own gift. Not in judgment; but because He loved both the mother and the child. It had just grown old enough to twine little clinging hands round her fingers, and to make a sweet crowing whenever she took it in her arms. But she could not hold it back from God.

She took her loss very quietly. There was this good in the life wherein she had been trained—that if it did not foster the purest and tenderest sentiment, at least it discouraged the shrieking semblance thereof.

"I never lost one," her mother said to her, following her about the house, with the half-reverent wistfulness of a parent who sees her child pass above her on the heights of experience. "I never lost one. I don't think I should have borne it so well as you do, Bessie."

But in her heart, Bessie knew she was not bearing it well. She was silent because there was no use in crying out. She was dumb with despair. She had never thought about death. She had known it, only as an ugly fact, to be turned from as quickly as possible. Be gentle to her, reader. Don't judge that her mind must have been utterly dry and dead, but remember that she lived in an era when they carved skull and cross-bones over churchyard gates.

But a woman's mind must follow her heart. While her darlings are under her own roof, the mother does not heed that all the vast continents are to her but names and mist. But let her boy go out to the stranger's land, and how she will hunger and thirst for information! Bessie's thoughts went after her baby into the shadowy region they had always shunned before.

Poor thing! poor thing! It was to her only the land of charnel houses. She would sit and shiver before her fire to think how the rain was falling on her baby's grave in St. Martin's churchyard. She went every day to look at it. And she shrank from meeting her next-door neighbor, who had a little living babe of the same age as her dead Peter.

Kindly gossips warned Mr. Harvey that he must begin to take care of his wife. The good man did his best. He took her to Bath and to Cheltenham. She did not refuse to walk with him on the Parade, and she accepted all his proffered amusements with a piteous gratitude.

She was fading, and fading, and even her mind was losing its old bright energy of grasp. What would be the end of it, nobody knew—except God.

When her husband told her that he must leave

her awhile at Bath, and return to his business, she cried a little, and begged him to take her back too. But he was fain to flatter himself that she was benefiting by the fresher air and varied scene, and perhaps thought it might not be an unkindly experiment to throw her a little on her own resources. So he was firm, and came away. And then she cried a little more to herself, and thought of the final separation of death, and only looked at the sunshine and the trees to remember that they would go on when all who were enjoying them were turned to dust.

She sat still day after day, with her active white hands folded on her black dress, and her kindly landlady said to herself that this sort of thing had gone on quite long enough.

Was it chance that had sent Elizabeth Harvey to the house of a woman who had known almost every sorrow under the sun, who had buried husband and children, who was a weakly woman and a poor woman, who had to slave for daily bread under the whims and fancies of her thoughtless fine lady-lodgers, but who knew God, her Father, and carried such a bright face, and such a merry heart, that many a puling madam was fain to pay her the compliment of unreflecting envy?

We cannot stop to tell how it happened—indeed, neither of the two women could have detailed it themselves. But Elizabeth found that the homely widow had sweet secrets to impart. She never spoke of her "loss," but of her "dear ones with God." She no more thought of them as in the humble graves on which she sometimes snatched time to plant a rose-bush or an evergreen, than as in the stiff, jerky old drawers where she had folded away their poor garments. She did not look at life as a drama to be hastened on ere the curtain fell, but as a work to be diligently done ere the curtain should rise.

It was a mode of thought which had such attractions for poor wrung Elizabeth, that she would have gone anywhere to find the key to it. Her good landlady only invited her to accompany her to Mr. Jay's chapel.

Now, as we have said before, Elizabeth's whole training was not favorable to self-revelation. She said very little. But she went to the chapel again and again, attending week-day services for which her hard-working friend could find no opportunity. And she took to reading the Bible. It was wonderful how little she knew of it. It had been kept in her father's house, wrapped in green baize, as if its mere presence was a sufficient charm, though to be sure her mother had an old black-letter edition, over which she sometimes pondered on Sunday evenings.

She said very little, but presently bands of white were introduced among the dense mourning which she had hitherto cultivated in morbid vanity of woe. And she took her little baby's miniature (painted after death) from the black-grape bag where she had kept it, and went out and bought a purple-velvet frame for it. And she wrote to her husband, and told him that she was quite well enough to return

home, and was only sorry she had been so selfish and troublesome already, but at any rate she would not bring him out of his way to fetch her, but would take courage and travel by herself.

Peter Harvey was glad to have his bonnie Bessie again, still more glad to find that she could once more venture to open the piano and softly play him some of the sweetest of his favorite songs, even though his favorites were nearly all pathetic. She had improved in her singing too. She welcomed back their old acquaintances. She embroidered a little frock for the birthday of the baby next door.

In the face of this soft sunshine Peter Harvey was fain to wink at some other changes of which he did not so heartily approve. Elizabeth seemed somewhat seceding from the ways which he thought best for a woman. She was as delicately neat as ever, but she did not seem to cultivate being as "fine" as other women. She began to ask her mantua-maker how soon she "could" execute her orders, instead of issuing them, to be obeyed, whether or no. Her dinners were as punctual and as dainty as ever, but she developed curious inclinations to include another class of guests—people who did not always give invitations in return. As for her gentle persuasions that they should attend a more faithful and devout ministry than that they found in their genteel chapel-of-ease, Peter Harvey was quite willing to accede to them, for it was a matter of indifference to him, and certainly their former clergyman was very much given to attend operas and balls, and to absent himself at his brother's, the country squire's, with whom he followed the hounds, and Peter Harvey was a man who thought there should be some limits to license, and that clergymen, at least, would be better within them.

But altogether Peter Harvey was well satisfied with the restoration of his handsome, gracious wife, and though at first he was inclined to say to himself that some of the minor changes to which he took slight exception would be sure to pass away when other children came to enliven the house, presently Peter became aware that these very changes had a subtle charm of their own. Not in the least that he learned to understand their origin or their spirit. But he found Elizabeth more at his service than when she had been engaged in laborious vanities to outshine her neighbors. And among their new and poorer guests Peter not only found people more kindly and entertaining than the pragmatic aldermen and their pompous wives, but presently some of these humble visitors did him better business service than the richer ones had done.

Elizabeth started in her upward course in all humility and trembling, too doubtful of her own Christianity to begin straightway to question that of others. Her sweet womanly nature was ready to infer that as she had looked up to her parents and husband in all worldly ways, so they were probably before her on this. But by and by, the truth forced itself even on her humility.

It is one of the saddest experiences of human life

when, even socially or intellectually, we pass before those with whom our heart dwelleth. It is a pang which balances the pleasure of prosperity or fame. But it is nothing to the agony, when crossing the line which divides the renewed man from the old Adam, we suddenly discover that we have left our nearest and dearest at the other side. This is a nameless anguish. The heart that really feels it never dares to clothe it in words, even to itself. It would be its own death blow.

Elizabeth instituted no bravado parallels between her own yearning affection and the mysteries of the Divine Love. She simply clung to her new-found faith that God was good, and pitiful and full of tender mercy, far beyond human imagining. But she did not try to draw hard and fast lines as to how such goodness and tender mercy must exactly manifest themselves. She was wiser than many sages, inasmuch as she was wise enough to know that the working of the moral attributes of the Almighty, like his secret ways in earth and ocean, might be quite above her comprehension.

She had her hopes. How can any of us mistrust a God who has provided that these shall spring, like fresh grass, in every barren place? One hope was that she might be mistaken in her own judgment of what seemed to her as hard and selfish and worldly. Another, that the way was open, by which she herself had escaped from bondage. And a halo of trustful confidence rose like an incense out of these simple hopes, and mounted far beyond them.

Morning and evening she prayed fervently for her dear ones. Nay, every thought became prayer, and shaped itself into the beautiful life that was as a witness and a testimony before them. As we said before, Elizabeth had been trained to silence, and was a shy woman naturally. But science tells us that the dumb have sometimes articulated under the pressure of anxiety and alarm about their darlings. And so Elizabeth found her spiritual speech.

It was—as spiritual speech generally is—of a sort with her natural speech—discreet and gracious. Her father and mother first listened, then she thought they encouraged it. Sometimes her mother would stamp her thoughts and aspirations with a hearty endorsement. Sometimes her father would ask her to repeat a remark, and would observe that “there was something in it.” Elizabeth noticed that her mother became less impatient with her run of stupid servants—she could not quite check the old habit, but she pulled it up very often with a word of commendation.

“I’m thinking we ought to bear with one another, for the Lord bears enough from all of us alike,” she said to Elizabeth.

Her father left off smoking in the best room, and put his pipe away altogether on Sundays.

“Your mother never liked the smell among her curtains, Bessie,” he observed, “and it’s time I gave her her own way, at last. And if I put the cost of my Sunday pipe into the Bible Society’s box, I gain more than it does, for I needn’t drowse away any

more Sundays, when I don’t know how few may be left.”

The mother died quite suddenly, the father also, after a long illness, which almost wore all his mind away. But their lives did not go out, to return no more, without first leaving a sweet olive branch of hope and promise with their daughter.

As for Peter Harvey, whenever his wife ventured to bring her new interests before him, he listened with respectful, dubious silence, and thought to himself that she was becoming a clever woman. Nor was he wrong. God’s sunshine in the heart quickens the mind. A Christian, however slow and stupid, is brighter and acuter than he would be without his Christianity. And the highest unconsecrated genius has missed that finest point of intelligence and sympathy, which only intimate contact with the divine nature can impart. Peter and Elizabeth had once been very equally mated. Both were well educated, according to the education of those days, and both were fairly endowed by nature. But her soul had undergone a refining and elevating process, through which it had passed out far ahead of his. She did not in the least notice this herself. But even mere gossiping acquaintances whispered that “Mrs. Harvey was very superior to her husband.”

Children came round the Harvey’s hearth, and for a long time their quiet domestic happiness might have seemed to give the lie to scriptural declarations as to the enmity of the natural heart against God. But the longest time is not forever; and the best wild fruit of human nature always falls rotten to the ground before the gathering season.

Just as family cares were thickening round Peter Harvey, he met with severe and unforeseen losses. He was a man of sanguine temperament, soon depressed, and rash and reckless in his schemes of recuperation. He fancied he saw a way to speedily retrieve his losses. It only involved him more and more.

He was certainly unworthy of his wife Elizabeth; for he had never attained the wisdom of the “virtuous woman’s” husband, whose heart “safely trusted in her.” Only from his look and manner, never once from his words, did she gather that things were going wrong. Now she had always been severely economical. Her establishment had cost at least a fourth less than most houses of its elegant and fitting appearance. But straightway Elizabeth hinted that she could manage perfectly with one servant, and that sundry simplicities, quite compatible with health and comfort, might be immediately introduced into their table arrangements.

That was the only occasion that Mr. Harvey ever spoke harshly to his wife. He rebuked her interference. He scoffed at such paltry retrenchments. He straightway hired a boy to assist the maids with the knives and boots, and that very evening he brought home a huge Chinese chest of tea at twelve shillings a pound.

Elizabeth was a wise woman. That night as she was storing the week’s washing in the linen-closet,

perhaps a few tears fell on the fresh garments. But she remembered a homely saying of her mother's, "that the cow was never brought home by the man pulling its head, and the woman its tail." She had to obey her husband and to serve his best interests, too. So her quarterly allowance for dress went unnoticed into the housekeeping. She dropped her single glass of wine for dinner. That would save a whole bottle in a fortnight. She thought no more of a good teacher for her little girls, but quietly continued to instruct them herself.

But nobody can save a man's soul—or his fortune—against his will. Elizabeth soon became sorrowfully aware of new expenses that swallowed double the value of her meek savings. The wine went faster than ever, and Mr. Harvey repaired slowly and sulkily to his office in the morning, and often returned far too late for any plea of business.

Alas, alas! but when moral declension can turn success and prosperity into an apple of Sodom, what fearful bitterness must it add to the sour cup of loss and sorrow! How sad when the character falls beneath the fallen fortune!

We have said before that Elizabeth Harvey was a wise woman. She gave no word to her wifely anguish. Only she was glad with a bitter sweet gladness that her parents were gone from her before this trouble grew out of the very dependence and protection for which her father had been so thankful for her sake. And she was thankful, oh, so thankful! that she knew One to whom she could tell her troubles without rending her heart anew by shaming the man that she loved so tenderly.

The end came. Peter Harvey lay down to die in the prime of his days. He had shortened his own life. Well, he shrunk from seeing his boon companions. He said to his wife, "I should have done better if I had taken your counsel." Over and over again, he asked her to read her favorite hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." He bade his boy to "mind his mother in everything;" and not long before he died he said to Elizabeth, "I've no right to leave my widow and fatherless children to God; but He'll take you nevertheless." That was all.

But it was enough for love, which can keep hope alive and strong on very scanty food. Nevertheless, when their children looked back, after long years, they remembered that it was on the day of their father's death, and not in any of the troubles which came after, that their mother lost the last bloom of her beautiful youth.

And thus she came to sit in her widow's cap in the twilight, thinking over all these things, as we first saw her.

CHAPTER II.

CICELY BROOK'S MODE OF HELPING A NEIGHBOR.

MRS. HARVEY was waiting for the arrival of a distant relative and a lawyer who had spent the whole of that day, and of many days before, in her dead husband's office, and who had engaged to come that

night, and bring her a final report of her pecuniary position. It was a dull waiting of fear, for she knew it was only a question of how bad matters would be.

She roused herself from her reverie at last, and lit the candle, for she only lit one, though there were three in readiness in the heavy old candelabra. The reaction of the mere act of rising made her feel unable to settle down again. She went out upon the stairs, looked into a bed-room, and then into the little breakfast parlor opening from the hall.

There had been a light there for a long time, for her eldest child had not yet gone to bed, and this was the room where he learned his lessons. He was sitting at the table, with his feet tucked up on the rung of the chair—a delicate boy of about twelve, who looked almost transparent in his deep mourning. He started when his mother opened the door, for the house had been awfully soundless since the little ones retired. He was one of those children who are constantly getting into higher classes, almost against their teacher's will, and at this instant he was busy translating Homer pages beyond his appointed task. He knew nothing about coming trouble, and had private dreams of going to college in two or three years' time.

"George, dear," said Mrs. Harvey, painfully struck by his pale, thin face, "what has kept you so late with your books? They should have been all put away long ago."

"Oh, mother, I only wanted to know how Menelaus and Paris got on in their duel. But I've done now." He had been trying a few stanzas on his own account since he had ceased the translation. He did not mention these.

"It's right for you to like your books well, my child," said his mother, with her hand resting fondly on his shoulder. "Still, there are other things beside books. It would be sad and wrong for you to pore over them till you hurt your health. Such learning does not make a really wise man. I should like to see you heartier and more active. You've had your own ways too much for these last few weeks, and it mustn't be any longer. Go off to bed now, and wake up in the morning bright and early."

"Oh, you needn't fuss about me, mother," said the boy, with a boyish horror of anything like "muddle-coddle," which is often at least as strong in the fragile and studious, who require some of it, as in the hale and stout, who sometimes even seem to like it for a change. And with a good-night kiss he obeyed, and had scarcely gone before a sounding knock warned her to retreat to the best room and receive her dreaded guests.

The lawyer looked the kindest of the two. The second cousin seemed hoarding his civilities like a man who is afraid lest such may be mistaken for promissory notes, payable at some future time.

"Well, madam," the solicitor began, blandly, "we have got through our work at last. It seemed a very complicated matter when we began. But we have got through." There he paused, and somehow poor Elizabeth suddenly and inconsequently remembered

a smooth-speaking old surgeon, who, in the days of her girlhood, had once performed a painful operation on her hand.

"We hoped for better things, though," said the second cousin, gloomily.

"Ay, to be sure we did," the solicitor responded. "I am sorry to say, madam, that things might have been a great deal better."

"They couldn't be worse," decided the second cousin, bluntly.

"Well, well, that's hard to say," interposed the lawyer, pitying the strained, worn face that he had known so fresh and bright. "Of course, we will give you any details that you require. But the plain fact is there are no assets to speak of, and a good many debts."

Elizabeth sat silent for a moment, and then asked in a dry, harsh whisper, "Do you mean there is nothing even to pay the debts?"

"Well, I'm afraid it amounts to that," admitted the solicitor; "there is little money owing to the estate, and there are really no effects except the good-will of the business, the stock—which is very limited—the lease of this house and the furniture, and if they are all most favorably disposed of they will not cover the two thousand pounds, which it appears must be paid out of the estate before the other creditors can claim anything."

This referred to the deceased merchant's settlement on his wife, but the words had no meaning to her. She knew there had been certain legal processes gone through at her marriage, but she had never thought of them as securing her comfort amid the general ruin. She had taken Peter Harvey "for better for worse," and had long made up her mind for the "worse" without dreaming of evading it.

"It's very fortunate for you that Peter made so liberal a provision," said the second cousin, reproachfully, for he was thinking. "She didn't bring a penny with her; and I dare say she's been extravagant, and all the poverty is her own fault."

The second cousin was of Mr. Harvey's side of the house.

Elizabeth looked at him, half-mystified for the moment, but just then memory gave one of its singular dives into the dark, and brought back the old marriage-settlement.

"Do you mean that the money meant for me takes precedence of the just debts?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed," said the lawyer, "the property settled on you at your marriage is regarded as yours, distinct from your husband's."

"It certainly don't seem quite fair," observed the second cousin, who had lent Mr. Harvey £20 on an I.O.U.

"Is it mine to do what I like with?" Elizabeth inquired.

"It is yours," returned the lawyer. "The deed, whose draft I have, reserves to you power of absolute disposal. It is singularly brief, and, I should say, was made at the last moment, and was only intended to be temporary, and then got left as it was."

"Just Peter's way," groaned the second cousin,

with the inward addition, "She'll get married again, and let the poor children go to ruin, or drift upon their father's relations."

"Then I can pay the debts with it; at least, so far as it will go," said Elizabeth, with a bright flush spreading over her wan face.

"She's so unpractical that she thinks she and the children can live on air; she'll expect us to keep the whole lot," thought the second cousin again.

"Why, madam," said the lawyer, "deeds like this are actually made for the protection of wives and children in such contingencies as the present. In this instance most of the creditors are wealthy men; and, considering the efforts your late husband has recently made to straighten his accounts, in spite of the great depression in his branch of business, I am sure they must all feel they have been honorably dealt with. You have no reason to indulge in the least feeling on their account."

"Certainly not," said the second cousin, briskly; "men in a large way of business calculate on such losses. But I can understand your feelings, cousin, and after you have realized your property, which is really a very handsome provision, and some little time has elapsed—say three months or so—you might quietly pay any smaller sums that may be due in any private way. As you are not obliged to pay any, I don't suppose any one could interfere with you paying who you like. A small debt is a greater loss to some people than a larger one to others. If I had a little free cash just now, I ought to be taking my poor little pale children for a breath of fresh air."

"Mrs. Harvey must not be allowed to pledge herself to anything in such a sudden way as this," said the lawyer, peremptorily. "The sum she can claim is by no means more than sufficient for a very simple maintenance of herself and her young family."

"But I cannot touch it, it is not mine," protested Elizabeth, repeating her words to every argument that they brought forward, till, at last, they rose and said it was time for them to depart; they would not go into any papers to-night, and there need be no hurry—she would think better of it when she had a little time for quiet consideration.

Elizabeth lighted them to the door, and said good-night mechanically, and then returned past the parlor, and went on to her own solitary bed-room. There were no sounds but the weird sounds of silence, the clock ticking on the stair, the flicker of the candle, the river lazily lapping the terrace below. She had a curious disembodied feeling. She lifted a chair and set it down sharply to wake herself.

Her soul turned a forlorn gaze over the dead level of the long-past years. What had there been in them to train her for this conflict? Marked decisions and active efforts had never come among her duties. It had been hers to submit, to persuade, to endure. How could that prepare her for this? Ah, Elizabeth, the tender Father—God—knew best, and the patient doing of one duty can never unfit for the brave doing of another!

"Why should you give it up?" asked the Temp-

ter. "Who would do as much for you? These creditors would not have been paid up as well as they are but for your caring and sparing. If you had been but a hired housekeeper all these years, you would have had something of your own; why should you have nothing because you have been more than a housekeeper, have given more than faithful service, have strained your very soul in this behoof?"

"You are going to plunge yourself into a poverty you don't understand," the Tempter went on, "not such a poverty as your aunt Mary's, with even her little pension of thirty pounds. She used to say that she knew her cloth, and cut her coat accordingly; but what cloth at all will you have? You will be as badly off as your mother's old charwoman, who worked from six on Monday morning till twelve on Saturday night, and was very glad of an extra loaf or blanket from the parish. What can you do for a living? How much are people paid for needle-work, and what would your drawings fetch? What will you do with children? You'll sink to the lowest, and then fall sick and die, and they'll be turned into the street. It's only the common lot of such as they'll become. And when they're in workhouses and jails, a disgrace to themselves and a curse to society, shall you have done the world a service? Why should you fancy that you and your children will be above the ordinary temptations that come to destitution? You are on a level with the rest of humanity, and only need the same candle to reveal the same dark places in your hearts." (The devil's best lies are made of half-truths.)

"Two thousand pounds," pursued the beguiling voice, whispering at the poor wrung mother-heart, "why, you could go and settle in the country, and live the quiet life that has been your ideal in these latter days of anxiety and moil and terror. You can live near some endowed school for the benefit of your dear, frail, clever son" (and against the blank wall of the chamber the Tempter conjured a phantasm of the child, with his transparent hands, bending over his books in the yellow candle-light). "Then, between scholarships and exhibitions and such like, you need have no fear for his future. Verily likely your boy will be a great man, and will be able to pay off old scores quite easily, with something over to the people for waiting. And you can bring up your little girls at your own side, and, well-kept and well-bred, you need be under no stress of fear for their establishment in life. You will be poor enough, but you will be genteel, and not lack friends. You will have leisure, and you will be able to do so much good among the villagers. You may become a spiritual Lady Bountiful."

The Tempter seemed tugging at her heart—tempters are generally very eager and exigent—and the Something that should have answered him seemed to Elizabeth to stand far off, silent, with reproachful gaze.

Seemed, we say.

For who was it that upheld her, as with one strong shudder, like the shaking off of a physical weight,

she crossed the room to the ebony bureau, whose every pigeon-hole she had learned by heart during the last few days. There was but one which she had not looked through lately. It was the farthest to the right, and it held a single yellow deed.

It was her marriage settlement. With other papers, it had returned to her husband's hands, on the death of her father, who had been sole trustee. It should have been in other custody, but these were simple people, who avoided legal interference as much as possible, and the new solicitor had only seen an old draft copy.

As she drew it forth, a little withered flower fell out and dropped to the ground. An orange-flower. The document had never been opened since the time of bridal-trappings.

She clutched it in her hands, as if to hold it away from some unseen Presence that might grasp it from her. She looked round the room. There was no fire in the grate, bright with its summer polish. There was no tinder-box on its usual stand, the negligent servant had forgotten to place one there. "May not this be a check sent from Providence to curb you?" the Tempter began again.

She threw the deed behind the bars of the fireplace, and thrust the candle through them. How hard it was to get rid of that thick parchment! What a many opportunities it gave the Tempter to whisper, "It is not too late yet!" But she only thrust the candle further in. It would not have cost her so much had it been her own hand. Before the deed was ashes the whole candle was used, and it was in utter darkness that she dropped upon her bed, with one convulsive sob—

"My God, thou hast saved me from myself!"

Let those who toss sleepless or dream-haunted in their troubles try one safe recipe before they resort to the baleful poppy. Let them walk straight into the darkness of their woe, and grapple with its worst phantom. Let them make their souls wholesomely weary with active exercise in the fresh air of God's precepts and promises. We nearly all sleep soundly in the midnight of our tribulation, when God's rod has struck us so sharply that we forget to beat ourselves with our little pricks. It is in the twilight afterward, the hour of dim forms and nameless shadows, of doubt and weakness, that we lie moaning and staring.

That night Elizabeth Harvey slept like the dead.

She did not wake till she heard her servant's footstep on the stair, and pleasant familiar sounds of life on the terrace beneath. She woke slowly. Her soul seemed to have a long way to return.

She bathed her face and tidied her hair. She remembered what she had done, and was glad she had done it. But she was glad with a humble joy. For she feared she could not do it again.

Then she went to her boy's room. She passed her serving damsel in the passage, and spoke cheerfully to her.

George was already up and dressed, and at his books again. It smote her to see it.

"Put them away, dear," she said, "I want to talk to you. I have something to tell you. You are my right-hand man now, you know, George."

The boy pressed up to her, half fondling, half proud.

"You wont mind when I tell you that we are very poor now, George."

His face fell a little, for the college was uppermost in his mind. Scarcely daring to look at him, his mother hurried on. "We shall have to leave our dear old house and go away somewhere else, and we shall all have to work very hard and go without many things that we like, at least for the present. You'll be my brave boy, and help me all you can by being bright and cheerful, wont you, George? Then I shall not mind anything else."

It troubled her that he stood so quiet. It need not. Life hangs before children like the sheet of a magic lantern, and as each new view supplants the last, the last is forgotten, and the present one seems the prettiest. But there are some scenes that return often. The college will come back to little George's longing fancy, but never mind, at present it is blotted out for quite a new and fascinating design composed of notes of interrogation. Poverty meant that they must leave this house, said his mother. Where would they go? Would it be into the country? George only hoped it would be away from the river. He had never liked that. As a baby, he had cried when taken to the windows overlooking it, and though brave enough in every other respect, for as frail as he was, he was still frightened to be in a boat. George rather wished the new home might be farther east, somewhere deeper in that great, unmeasurable wilderness of bricks and mortar, on whose margin he had hovered once or twice, and in whose mysterious precincts his imagination played at a perpetual Arabian Nights.

She fancied she guessed his thoughts. "As God wills that we shall be poor, He will take care of us," she said, gently. "He will give us all we need. He will teach you Himself, my Geordie, as you are not able to go to school any more."

"School!" Why, George felt already far beyond that elementary formula. It is not from his first glimpses of practical life that any healthily made boy recoils to his books.

When the lawyer next saw Elizabeth he thought that she had become quite reconciled to her small, sure provision, she looked so calm and happy. He was very angry when she told him what she had done. That came of clients keeping their papers in their own hands, he said. He told her that her rashness need not inevitably stand good. It might be a fair case for an equitable settlement if there was anybody to take it up. But he was a kindly-hearted man, and appreciated her motives, though his admiration found its only expression in blame and grumbling, and he indignantly repudiated the widow's only suggestion that the creditors need not know the sacrifice she had made.

He told them. And they each and all said, "Well,

it was really fair that a man's own should suffer first in his misfortunes. Still, not many women would have done as Mrs. Harvey had, and they honored her for it." Apart, Mr. B., whose debt was thirty pounds, said that if he was Mr. C., whose claim was four hundred, he should be ashamed to take it all, that he should, a rich man, keeping two carriages and three hunters, and giving away ever so much in subscriptions to charities. In Mr. B.'s opinion, Mr. C. should only take half, and think himself well off to have got that. But it never struck Mr. B. to set the example by commuting his own claim to fifteen pounds.

Mr. C., on the other hand, observed that for his part he thought the widow had behaved like a heroine, and that certainly something should be done for her. He had heard some whisper about commuting their claims. He did not think that would be pleasing to a lady of her highly independent mind. But she should not be allowed to want, and her children should be looked after in some way. He could not do it himself, he lived so far from London, but he could trust the two next largest creditors—Mr. A. and Mr. D.—to do everything that was right and considerate.

Mr. A. thought her rather a fool for her pains. Didn't believe she'd have done it unless she'd got some money put away safe somewhere.

Mr. D. was always very busy. Thought a man had a right to his own, without the burden of any moral obligations to the person who paid it to him. But was ready to do what he could. Would give his five pound if a subscription was organized.

The creditors all received their money, and they all made their professions, but everybody's business, as usual, proved to be nobody's, and they each passed on their way and forgot all about it.

All but one. There was a poor old maid, a Miss Brook, who had earned a scanty living as agent for some of Peter Harvey's goods, among his poorer out-lying customers. A small sum, something like six pounds, had been due to her for commission. She had trusted to it for her rent, and when its payment first seemed doubtful, she had gone to the Harveys' solicitor, and pleaded her peculiar case and her great poverty very forcibly. He had engaged that she should not suffer much in any event. Finally, of course, Miss Brook was paid in full. She gave one or two inarticulate grunts as she took the money. She had to pay it all over to her landlord that very evening.

Next day she "took the liberty," in her own phrase, of calling on Mrs. Harvey. She was a tall, gaunt woman with bushy eyebrows and wispy bonnet-strings, and she carried a great gingham umbrella, which she clasped about its waist.

"If there's anything to do that I can help you in, I'll do it," she said, fiercely, with a frown. "I'm used to most things."

"It is really very good of you," said Mrs. Harvey, with grateful sincerity (whereupon the old maid frowned fiercer than at first). The fact is, there are

so many things to do, that I scarcely know where to begin."

"You'll have to get lodgings and to pack," observed Miss Brook, with a decisive definiteness that was more strengthening and comforting than any amount of wordy sympathy. "I can help in that. I know all about lodgings, and having 'em got into good order before you go in, and all that. I won't be put upon by landlords—I know 'em."

Grim Miss Brook had neither silver nor gold to give, but she had all her own hard-earned experience of life, and all the courage that she had learned in her loneliness. She helped Mrs. Harvey greatly, by being the first to name every necessary hard fact. It did not seem so cruel after she had spoken of it as a matter-of-course.

"Don't you go and be afraid of living in very lowly places," she said. "There's no need to be. There's good and bad of all sorts in them as well as everywhere, only there's more of both. While you've got to be a poor woman, my dear, be one, and don't break your back with straining to be anything else. Keep as close in everything as you can, that you may have the more to spare in bread and beef, for that's blood and bone to the children. There's all sorts of nice clean places cheap enough for the poorest. Little old cottages belonging to monthly nurses, and watchmen, and the like. I'll soon look out and find you one."

She did. It was in a mean, broken up, old street, just at the beginning of the Mile End Road. The lodgings were two tiny rooms with sloping roofs and projecting windows. The stairs were narrow and cracked. But the place was respectable, and the rough, cheerful landlady—forewoman at a neighboring laundry—was quite prepared to re-whitewash, mend broken panes, etc., at Miss Brook's suggestion.

The very extremity of the change made it easier to be borne. It was like going out into a new country.

"You'll never repent it, my dear," frowned Miss Brook, "there's nobody about here that knew you before, to be breaking your heart with their pity. It'll go quite the other way. The woman of the house says she can see you're the thorough lady, and so will the other folks, and that will put you on your mettle to keep yourself up. Ah, my dear, Cicely Brook knows by experience, that one way of life is about as good as another, if you look at it right down to its bottom."

Mrs. Harvey took away but little of her furniture. In her determination to pay all the debts possible, she let it all go. And the debts were paid. A glorious and comfortable conclusion which enabled her to endure the sight of the second cousin's wife cheapening her own dear mother's treasured stock of lace. The second cousin and his wife were very punctual at the sale, and carried off a good many of the little Harvey's toys for nothing, because "it was such a pity to leave them where they might be kicked about and destroyed." However, as they did not plunder Hatty Harvey's armless doll, or her Sister

Milly's broken kaleidoscope, Mrs. Harvey forgave them, these oldest playthings being the more particular personal favorites.

CHAPTER III.

IN MILE END.

SO when they "moved" to Mile End, it was with the servant's bed, an old couch, a damaged crib, a few cane chairs, a painted table and a dozen pieces of willow-pattern crockery. Elizabeth saved the black *silhouettes* of her parents and husband, but her portrait in oil was sold, in a lot with the initialled silver, and the family crest in wools. Some furniture dealer bought them all. Well, it is pleasant and honorable to have family heirlooms and specialties, but sometimes it is even more honorable to have lost them!

And after all, the little slapping rooms did not look so bad. They had a few green plants for the window-sill, and a bit of red glazed cotton for a curtain. They put the willow-pattern china on the mantelpiece, the dish in the middle, and the plates at the side, with the cups and saucers in front, just as the *Sèvres* set had stood in the cabinet in the old home. They hung up the *silhouettes*, and George's common bedroom book-shelves, on which they ranged their Bibles and Prayer-books, and a few old favorite volumes, which they had been able to keep partly because they were so old and worn. And then the two little girls clapped their hands and said it was "as good as a game."

But George was quieter, and his mother's heart was yearning tenderly over her boy. What did all this mean for his future? Ah, me, she knew that it meant that he must take to hard, early toil—he, poor lad, young, half-trained, innocent, must mix with rude, rough, vulgar people, and either break in such a fierce crucible or pass through it, leaving behind something of his own. Then, again, how, oh, how, was she to tell her child that he must find out some way by which to earn a few shillings a week, and must not mind hard, dirty hands, and coarse, soiled clothes? Miss Brook never hinted at this. She feared to touch the torn tendrils of the mother heart. This was a winepress which the good woman had not trodden herself. And to Elizabeth it seemed harder to bear than to put that document into the fire as she had done. The widow had not yet proved the blessed truth that when we take one determined step on the steep ladder of righteousness and self-sacrifice, that God himself comes and lifts us over many succeeding rungs.

She never needed to speak to George on the subject. He spoke first. The boy had not been learning nothing in these few weeks since he had left school. He had fathomed what poverty meant, that it meant one did not get food and clothing without knowing exactly what they cost, and where the money came from.

"Mother," said he, in the twilight of that very first evening, amid their pathetic novelties, "you always said I read writing well, didn't you?"

"Yes, dear," she answered, wondering.

"I could always make out the queer handwritings that came to father, couldn't I?" he asked again.

"Yes, dear, often better than we could ourselves," she said.

"Do you know that they hire boys to read writing in printing offices?" he inquired.

"Yes, I know they do," she replied, with a jump of the heart.

"I used to know the reading boy at the *Apollo Press*, which I passed on my way to school," George went on. "I never spoke to him, but I always saw him. He was a nice, decent-looking fellow. Somebody told me his father had been a dissenting minister." A pause. Then suddenly, "Mother, a reading boy is wanted by a printer just round in the main street, here. Will you let me go?"

"Do you think he would take you, darling?" she asked, in fond, unreasoning despair.

"I know he will," said George, proudly. "I've been in already and spoken to him. He gave me a paper to try me, and I read it right off without a blunder, and he said I'd do finely. But I said I must speak to you first. He'd give me six shillings a week to begin."

"I suppose you must go, George," she said, with a smile that would not be sad.

He jumped up and kissed her. He was quite as happy as he could have been had he won the first prize for Latin verse.

Now, in the earlier days of her poverty, before her eyesight weakened and her hands grew unsteady, Miss Brook had got her living by waistcoat making. It was not so very badly paid in those days, when domestic service absorbed so much female labor, and machines were unknown. Miss Brook advised Mrs. Harvey to try it. She could get her work from her own old employers, and she would teach her and help her till she was able to give full satisfaction. Elizabeth was only too glad to follow her advice.

It may be remembered that Elizabeth's worthy mother had spoken as if the good education her daughter had received would stand between her and want, and it may be superciliously thought that it must have utterly failed her before she was reduced to such an humble resource as this. Not so. Elizabeth could have kept a school, and a good one, and she possessed capital to start with. But she did not. She could have gone out teaching. But she wisely preferred anything that kept her at her own hearth, and gave her own little girls the benefit of her society and instruction. And do you suppose there was any one part of her education which did not help her now? Was it not her well-disciplined mind which made her such a quick learner that Miss Brook held up her hands in astonishment? Did not her skill in delicate needlework stand her in good stead when it enabled her to throw herself into the gap caused by some sick embroideresses at the very moment when a large fancy order was driving her employer to despair? Was her drawing quite thrown away, when at last new patterns were suddenly

wanted, and she revealed that she could supply them, although she had not been prepared to starve till that genteel work came in her way, and although that genteel work not being very constant or trustworthy, she contentedly returned to her stitching in its intervals.

All her rare gifts of economy and "household good" found worthy service now. She could make wholesome and dainty dishes at less cost than her neighbors' unsavory messes. These neighbors were not unwilling to learn of her either, for she was no despised "French madam," suspected of frogs and grass. She could also teach her own little girls. She knew, too, the most effective and simplest modes of cleanliness.

Do not think that her life was all sunshine.

It takes an inward struggle before eyes that have been used to rich carpets shine contentedly on bare boards. (And bare boards continued the fashion with the Harveys for many a day, for even when little odd prosperities came to them Elizabeth would not spend any perceptible sums on luxuries until they had made a little hoard against a possible time of sickness and adversity). And it takes a great struggle for a delicately-bred lady to accept that it is her duty to God and man to go out bare-handed, and store her one pair of gloves for Sunday wear. And it takes a greater struggle still for a mother to pass in and out among words and scenes which she would die to keep from her children's ears, and yet to believe that God's angels close their wings over them and shut them in from harm.

Neither think that her life had no galas.

There was a genuine merriment in their Saturday evening marketing, with sometimes a penny over for a bunch of flowers or a brace of ruddy apples. [N.B.—No apples are so good as those which must be divided.] The tradespeople were always in a good humor when that little family came in. Hatty had a pet cat in every shop she frequented, and the grocer's wife always lent Milly the *Youth's Magazine* before it was two months old.

They had two or three "whole" holidays in a year, fixing them for the whole family when George got his. When the weather was wet they went to the British Museum, and when it was fine they sometime got as far as Epping Forest, and brought home bundles of roots, and pine-cones to make fancy baskets to plant them in. Elizabeth never forgot the glad uplifting of her heart when their good landlady came to the door to wish them "good luck" on the very first of these excursions, and added that George "didn't look as if he needed change of air nowadays, for he was a sight fatter and rosier than when he first came." Elizabeth knew that it was true.

And the Sabbath was always such a blessed day in the little home—when they went to church together, and read the Bible aloud and sang hymns, and had nothing to think about except how God loved them all, and made them love one another. That was the time when Elizabeth's soul sat down at its Father's feet. On other days a care for the far future would

sometimes crop up among her very thankfulness for present mercies. But on that holy day her heart had leisure to note how the sunshine of God's promises shimmers all down the vistas of life, and is overhead always, even when the boughs are so thick and dark as to obscure it for a while. On that day, too, her heart had time to get nearer the inner hearts of her children, and somehow, the more utterly she loved them, the stronger she felt to trust them to His care who had brought her through her own "crooked place," and turned its wilderness into water-springs.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Harvey," said Miss Brook, as they once walked home from evening service together, with George and his two sisters in front, "you paid a high price for your independence, but it has turned out a good bargain for every one of you; and, mark my words, it will be the best fortune you could leave your children. You'll see if it isn't."

So shall we.

CHAPTER IV.

A CONTRAST.

DESPITE the manifold trials of her hard-working, poverty-stricken widowhood, Mrs. Harvey might have been almost as happy as she had ever been in her life, but for her children. They were good children, and she had faith that God could preserve them in the path where He had placed them. But, just as we often feel that we may trust His providence that our bread and water shall be sure, yet trouble sorely whether He will always grant us milk and butter, so Mrs. Harvey grieved lest they should lose the dainty, delicate ways of her own youth, and of their former position. They were different now from those around them, although they were no richer. But would they be as different ten or twenty years hence? She could bear it for George. He was older than the girls, and more formed already, and, with his present fund of information, and his thirst for more, she had little reason to fear his falling into the coarse pleasures that degraded too many about him. The mother had a curiously boundless faith in her boy. It had been the habit of her life, as well as the instinct of her nature, to look up to the stronger sex. There might not have been very much in either her father or husband to justify it, but the ease and happiness with which some of the strongest and noblest women reverence and obey very ordinary men, is one of the sweetest and most touching hints of woman's true place. Elizabeth was one of those women who see in men not only all they are, but all they ought to be. It may be fairly discussed whether such reverence is not more honorable and wholesome to her who gives, and him who takes, than the modern feminine consciousness of "purifying and elevating influence."

It was about her daughters that Mrs. Harvey pondered. She taught them and lived with them, but not all her maternal anxieties had worried her into any unnatural shutting up. Among the visions of her own youth, she remembered several "come-

down" genteel people, friendless and antedated, with bloodless faces and ghostly tones. To her sensible judgment this horror was greater than any other. Better that Hatty and Milly should grow up red-handed, bouncing and cockneyfied! And yet it seemed such a pity!

To tell the truth it was Hatty that troubled her most—Hatty, who was always spoken of up and down the lowly street as "the young lady." Unless Hatty belied her promise, she would be a beauty. The rough, outspoken neighbors said so to her face. It was a comfort to poor Mrs. Harvey that Hatty did not seem to care much either way.

Little brown Milly was in no danger of flattery here. Her angular figure and white face were mere foils to her sister's lithe form, sweet-pea complexion, and blue eyes. Hatty's charms were those which appealed readily to uninstructed eyes, while it required deeper physiognomists than those poor neighbors to appreciate Milly's noble head, and grave dark eyes. It was the same with their characters. There were times when Mrs. Harvey, in her vexation, was almost ready to say within herself that her eldest daughter's very beauty and graces, physical and moral, must have something innately vulgar in them, they were of such a sort to command popular notice and applause. She was an universal baby lover. Had crèches been the fashion in that day, she might have been said to be as good as a crèche in the locality. She was always leading home some lost child, or volunteering the charge of some infant. Whenever Hatty was missing, she was to be found in the local dairy, where there were twins. She could keep a dozen children amused, for she had an endless fund of "stories," such being mere recapitulations of the ways of life in her old home, which Hatty grew to regard as the fairy land which it seemed to her auditors. Milly Harvey was of quite another disposition. She made few friends among the neighbors, shrank from children, and rarely entered a stranger's room, however invited, and spoke so seldom to anybody but her mother and George, that she was in little danger of catching the colloquialisms which infected Hatty's speech, and shocked her mother.

Hatty was also what is called "clever at her needle." Yet it was not she, but Milly, who went down the patient stitches of the family darning and sewing, and was oftener and oftener trusted with a straight seam in what they called "mamma's pay-work." But Hatty could put a ribbon across a bonnet, and a flower upon the ribbon, in the right way. She became an authority and a benefactress at Whitsuntide and Boxing-day. Hatty's idea of beauty was gayety of color and fulness of form. And for either of these she was ready to despise soundness of material or neatness of workmanship. Mrs. Harvey's own quiet taste had descended to Milly, after whom the boys in the street would sometimes call "Quaker." But Mrs. Harvey's prim purchases always grew smart the moment Hatty put them on. And horror of horrors, the dairy wife, out of gratitude for her kindness to the twins, presented Hatty with a pinchbeck

brooch, which Hatty herself had admired in a shop window!

"Never you mind," said sage Miss Brook, on some occasion which had brought out an expression of the mother's anxiety; "God made gay cockatoos, as well as sweet nightingales and useful hens. You've not got to fuss yourself about what isn't in Hatty, but to find out what is, and make the best of that. God has got a use for the very ways that puzzle you, so long as the devil doesn't get 'em first. And mark me, Mrs. Harvey, your wise-like Milly, who is safe from most of Hatty's dangers, will have other hard passes of her own, of the sort that's too narrow for any hand to help her in, except an angel's."

The truth was Hatty was lonely in her own home. There is a great deal of that loneliness even in the most united and loving families. And, while we have always much sympathy for the genius who goes ahead of his fellows, too many of us simply slight and condemn the simple lowly nature that is left farthest behind. Could Mrs. Harvey but have known it, she had conferred a priceless boon on Hatty by the act of unconscious heroism, which had changed the level of her children's lives. Hatty was not a girl to be improved by what is called "education." She was far too sweet-natured to have become pedantic, which is the revenge that some shallow minds take for being sown with too heavy a crop. But she would have been disheartened. Only her beauty and grace would have saved her from constantly filling the demoralizing place of universal inferior, and these would naturally have assumed undue proportions in her eyes. In cultivated society her companions would, too frequently, not have been of the highest type. In a word, unless her mother had possessed the uncommon judiciousness to see and counteract these temptations, Hatty would probably have become an idle, gossiping, sentimental, fine lady. And Mrs. Harvey had no claim to uncommon judiciousness; except, perchance, that greatest claim of all, the will and the power to do the plain right thing, which is, after all, the imperial sword that can cut through all Gordian knots of social difficulty. In the present instance it had placed Hatty where her powers of lowly kindness and helpfulness came to the front, and given her friends whose roughness and ignorance were not necessarily connected with any moral taint, and who honestly respected and admired her.

Naturally enough, as time passed on, the household means increased. The day of sickness and adversity, carefully provided for, did not come. George rose rapidly in his printing-office, and expressed no wish to leave it. Often his mother almost hinted that he might procure some kind of counting-house work with shorter hours and a healthier atmosphere. For, though he was certainly far stronger than he had ever seemed likely to be in his earlier boyhood, he was still a slender, delicate lad, who grew very fast, had a slight appetite, and a strange inclination for abnormally long and rapid walks. As for Milly, she had proved such an apt pupil, under her mother's sole

tuition, that she was presently in constant work as designer to a small manufactory near, and only needed to fill up her short leisure with the less remunerative stitching. "It was no trouble to teach her, except that she soon got beyond me," Mrs. Harvey would say fondly, "and that's always the way with the good scholars."

So they were able to leave their old rickety lodgings, and take a quaint, ancient four-roomed cottage down a quiet "Providence Place" hard by. This removal was not so easy as the last one had been, for of late they had odd shillings to invest from time to time, and the product of these, joined to the invention and ingenuity that they had all learned when there was no money to spend, made the new home look a very bright, snug place. Hatty filled the two tiny parlor windows with flowers, mostly raised from seeds or sickly shoots bestowed upon her by some of her friends.

"If you wouldn't buy the red carpet that I chose, and look grave when I put on my red ribbons, you can't object to the red in my flowers!" she said. "Twasn't me that made the geraniums!"

There was real housekeeping for Hatty now, and Hatty did it. She scrubbed down the whole house once a week. She went down on her knees at six o'clock in the morning and whitened the tiny courtyard in front of the door. She kept the windows so clean that you couldn't see there was glass in them. And yet, in her own homely phrase, "she was not above" keeping friends with people who were content to live in a constant "muddle."

"You may be as particular as you like with your own ways," she said, "but you needn't be so over-particular with other people's. And there's no use in disliking dirt so much that you can't even clean it up."

One thing Mrs. Harvey fervently desired, for all her children, that they might be God's children as well as hers. They had been brought up in a very different atmosphere to that of her own youth. They had lived under the warm shelter of a life to whom God, and Saviour, and eternity, and duty, were much more real than any material realities. And yet Mrs. Harvey's keen maternal sympathies could feel that they were all just what she had once been. She could bring them up in the courts of the Lord, but her hand could not raise for them the veil of the holy of holies. Only God Himself could do that. And the mother prayed and hoped. Her noble-minded, right-feeling George, her patient, thoughtful Milly, often seemed so near, so near. Theirs was the nature that can of itself appreciate so much of religion, from its side of moral and spiritual beauty. Milly was one of those who delight to clothe themselves in bands of strictest discipline. She had her morning and evening portions, her regular times, when her mother noticed that she sought solitude. Her favorite religious reading lay among books which were not then so popular as they have since become—writings of old Anglican divines, whose solemn precepts, clothed in stately English, had an echo as of a

(Gregorian chant pealing down the tinted sunlight of an old cathedral. Mrs. Harvey sometimes found scraps of her daughter's writing, such as sets of "Resolutions for the New Year," or "Rules for daily devotion." It was actually these which dampened her hopes. They were of "the letter which killeth," rather than "the spirit which maketh alive." They were full of self-education and self-mortification, but they never once reached the true Christian idea of self-sacrifice. Their very asceticism and discipline were the mere self-indulgence of such a nature as Milly's. Mrs. Harvey sorrowfully owned that her darling was still on the wrong side of that mysterious line which divides the natural from the spiritual man—that she had not yet passed through Leviticus to the glorious Gospel of Christ.

And still Hatty seemed so much farther off. She read her Bible—the historical books and the Revelation. She seldom read anything else on Sundays. Hatty was no great reader at any time. On Sundays she would go about singing, "Oh, that will be joyful," or, "There is a land of pure delight," instead of the "Poor Mary Anne," and the "No, we never mention her," which she was given to lilt on week-days. It was a peculiarity of Hatty that she always sang sad songs and joyful hymns. Hymns had always been easy lessons to Hatty, while catechism had only represented tears and failure. She had been first tried with Watts's "Mother's Catechism," and had got on well through the simple facts at the beginning, and there stuck. She had been tried with the "Shorter Catechism," and the Church Catechism afterward, for Mrs. Harvey's creed was truly catholic in its breadth. In the first Hatty knew the first answer. "Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever," and in the second she could reply to two questions, "What is your name?" and "What is your duty toward your neighbor?" That last subject she learned like magic in one Sunday afternoon, and never forgot it, and became greatly addicted to quote it in conversation. Mrs. Harvey was sorely afraid that her Hatty would be one of those good-natured, utterly careless people, whose status for time and for eternity is one of the sorest problems with many thoughtful people.

But He who brings the last to be first, and perfects His wisdom in the mouths of babes and sucklings, had ruled otherwise. Among these Harvey children, the first plain active decision for God was destined to come from this perplexing Hatty.

CHAPTER V.

HATTY DECIDES.

IT was a bright, dancing June morning; George was at his office—Millicent was out, taking home some of her patterns. Mrs. Harvey was at her needlework, and Hatty was sitting at a side table, shelling peas from a wooden bowl into a willow-pattern vegetable dish. She wore a piece of washed red ribbon in her hair, and a house-apron of bright-green print, with a frill at the bottom.

"Mother," she said, rather suddenly, "you wouldn't mind me being a member at Zion Chapel, would you?—I want to."

It must be explained that Mrs. Harvey and Milly attended church, and then kept house together. As George chose to go all across London to hear a celebrated preacher, Hatty was obliged to go alone, and had got into the habit of attending Zion Chapel, where most of the neighbors went, who attended divine worship at all.

Mrs. Harvey stuck her needle in her work. "You know I regard all Christian sects as aisles in the same house of God, my dear," she said. "And I shall thank our Father very much if He has given you the right to call yourself the follower of Him. I feared you didn't think very seriously of these solemn matters, Hatty."

"I don't see there's much to think about, mother," said the girl, simply. "It's just does one mean to be good, or wicked; and if one means to be good, how is one to be it? I couldn't make a goodness worth anything if I tried ever so. Of course, nobody can, but then one like me is in no danger of fancying I can. So I should have to go without being good at all, unless somebody else would give me his goodness, and that's just what Christ does. But I haven't taken it, unless I make up my mind to keep in His way and do what He says."

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, "that is the root of the matter."

"And I should like to belong to Zion Chapel, not because I see any difference between it and the church—I'm too stupid to notice the sort of things that George talks about, schism and apostolic succession, and such like—but because I got to care for these things through people that go there. They are not clever people, mother. They are mostly like me. I'm not far forward enough to understand the things that puzzle and interest George and Milly. The parts of the Bible that I can understand at all, are plain and straightforward enough, and have more in them than will last my lifetime. But old Uncle George at the dairy, and Mary Smith, the sempstress, knew the sort of feelings that I had. They knew how one is likely to shuffle on, from day to day, just doing one's work, as if it were nothing for God to notice, and meaning to think some day, but never thinking, and dropping off at last, like the beasts that perish. Old George at the dairy used to tell me that he believed I thought religion was a plaster to be stuck on when one was sick. And he was right. At least, I thought religion was separate bits to be pricked into one's life, and that some people, like ministers, should have a great many, but that such as me couldn't have more than one or two, a prayer at night and morning, and a sermon on Sunday. I remember when Mary Smith was converted. It's near two years ago. She always had sat at her work all day long before, and been a steady girl that went to church, and didn't gallivant. And there she was, just the same. And said I to her, 'Mary, what does being converted mean? What difference does it make to you? Ain't

you doing just the same as you did before?' And she said, 'No, indeed, Miss Hatty, there's many a time when I've been pressed, that I've sent home seams scarcely fastened, so that they'd be sure to rip; but, please God, my seams will never rip again.' And that made me see how religion could come into such a common life as mine, cleaning and cooking, and just making things as pleasant as I can. And from that day, all these two years I've seen a difference, I've noticed myself in ways of work—getting off it, or getting over it, that have showed me what I wasn't, and what I ought to be. And so," said Hatty, simply, "I want to join Zion Chapel, because it began there."

Now the minister of Zion Chapel was an old devout man, who did not spare himself in his Master's service. He was doing a work of which no one took any heed, and which to his humility, seemed to himself, but poor and insignificant. In those days the East end of London had not become a focus for the seal, philanthropy and sentiment of the West. Foreign visitors were not taken to Ratcliff Highway as to a disgusting peep-show. This old minister would have shrunk from the very mention of scenes which are now drawn with Fuseli-exaggeration to make effective background for the supposed sweetness and light of the other end of the town. His gentle, tremulous hands were far too weak to let down the cup of salvation into that black dungeon of spirits in darkness. But he could stand and plead, and hold others back from going near its perilous archways. He had been a widower for nearly forty years—a childless widower. No dream of promotion would have taken him from the humble, common people, whose welfare, temporal and eternal, had happily and usefully re-filled his emptied heart. But he took no thought of self-sacrifice therefore, for no promotion was ever likely to come to him. He could only say very plain things in a very plain way, and superficial sharp people would have pronounced him an "unpractical man." But his poor flock could have told such, that somehow, obedience to their pastor's unworldly advice always led them farther and farther from the workhouse, the mad-house and the prison.

Such was the man, under whose direct personal ministrations Hatty Harvey sat, week after week, with about half-a-dozen other young people, for nearly two months before their admission to church-membership. Was it any marvel that, at the end of that time, Hatty had grown much more subdued and womanly? The hoyden was reined. The fine animal spirits, the indomitable lightness of heart were not destroyed, they were rather fenced about from the destroyer, and taught to preserve their powers, sweet and fresh, to lighten the labors of a humanity which left half its laughter in an empty Eden.

Hatty became a Sabbath-school teacher, and soon had the largest class. Mr. Webber, the superintendent and chief man of Zion Chapel, said she was "an invaluable young person." She found no difficulty in keeping up the "home visitation" of her pupils.

It was the most natural thing in the world to her. The parents used to ask her to take tea with them. One enthusiastic dustman engaged her for a whole hour hearing about the secrets of his profession. The folks at home couldn't help laughing when she told them.

"Never mind," said Hatty, "one thing is pretty near as good as another, only we could get along easiest without those that think themselves finest."

But next Sunday, the dustman was sitting with oiled hair, on a back seat in Zion Chapel.

And so Mrs. Harvey was greatly set at rest about Hatty. For Mrs. Harvey had the wisdom which is thankful for every good thing, even though it may not be the good thing that exactly fits our own taste.

"Mother likes pears best, but she don't think apples have no right to grow," said Hatty.

It was no wonder that Hatty was a very attractive woman. She grew up even lovelier than her childhood had promised. She was sometimes taken for a little above her age, on account of her tall, full figure, and even the stately outline of her features might have contributed to the mistake. More than that, she had a quaint, homely wit, essentially womanly—the precise sort of wit that used to be the pleasant fashion among great ladies, before female education was carried on in the dangerous style of "high farming," the kind of wit that a queen can enjoy, and a servant-maid understand. Hatty dressed very neatly now, rejecting flimsiness and flauntiness as "not becoming or consistent." (She had once seen the old minister glance, while speaking of the adornment of "a meek and quiet spirit," at a flounced barege that she was wearing). At the same time she vindicated her natural tastes by a single bright ribbon and delightfully fresh white ruffles. But how surprised Hatty would have been to be told she was witty! As for her good looks she heard enough of "that nonsense," as she called it. The only compliment that ever moved her was to be told she was "like her mother about the face." Then she blushed, asked, "Do you really think so?" and shook her head.

(To be continued.)

SICKNESS OF THE SOUL.—Says a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*: It is rather interesting to see how even with some very benevolent people a moral taint is a bar to charity. Is he honest? they ask first. If that question is answered satisfactorily, their generosity knows no bounds. But if the poor fellow has the double misfortune of a light purse and a slim conscience—then he must move on! If he is sick in body, they help him, O how tenderly! If he is sick in soul, they cast him off without compunctions. If a pile of bricks falls and breaks his leg, how quickly they run for bandages; but if a sadder accident overwhelms him in moral misery, they think they do well to abandon him to his fate. They appear never to consider how brittle the legs of their own virtue; how fortunate for themselves that their ways lie not alongside of tottering moral brick-piles.

A WHISPER FROM ST. NICHOLAS TO THE LADIES.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

[This whisper from St. Nicholas to the ladies was published a year ago in the *New York Independent*. The warning sentences should be spoken again, and above a whisper.]

I AM the patron saint of Christmas and New Year's Day. I set out on my tour this week, and expect to visit during the coming week several millions of homes, which I shall make happy with the contents of my inexhaustible knapsack. The youngsters believe in me with a faith as unquestioning as that of all Mussulmans in the miraculous coffin of Mohammed. I never deceive them, and I never debauch them. In my wallets this year are numberless toys and trinkets, books to be read and trumpets to be blown; but not a single bottle of *tipple* have I got, even as big as a thimble. I occasionally see in a fashionable liquor-shop window a row of fanciful little bottles, which are labeled, "*For Children's Parties.*" But I should as soon sprinkle arsenic over my candies, or drop a rattlesnake into a lad's stocking, as put one of those vials of poison into my pouch. No, my good friends, the crop of tipplers is increasing fast enough without putting one of these stinging serpents into the hands of your boys and girls.

But, as my Quaker friend, Broadskirt, says, "I have a concern on my mind" to whisper a word to the mothers and the sisters of my bright-eyed flock. Let me tell you what I spy every night before New Year's, while I am on my tour from one chimney and hearthstone to another, all over the land. As I slip down the chimney, and am peering about for the stockings, I often, yes, very often, see the mistress of the family preparing the table for the next day's entertainment. Sometimes Bridget is washing out the big punch-bowl, to be filled next morning with a tempting mixture; or slicing the lemons to mix with the toddy. The lady of the house is counting the number of champagne bottles, and I overhear her say: "The young Mushrooms, and the Toodlees, and the Shoddie brothers, and the Rapide, and Ben Dives, who is a beau of our Fannie's, will all make calls; and we shall want a dozen bottles, at least." In one house where I called last year Mrs. Highfire was making out an order for a dozen of brandy and two dozen of wine; and just then her oldest boy, Rob, came staggering into the hall, with an ugly gash on his cheek, where he had fallen against the doorsteps. As I flew up the chimney of the mansion, I saw the poor woman wiping the blood from Bob's face with her fine lace handkerchief. That woman has helped to make a half-dozen toppers every New Year's Day, and now "her own chickens have come home to roost."

As I stopped to fill the stockings at *Lovetrade's* the cotton-broker's, I saw his dashy wife arranging a row of "Johannisberg" bottles on her rosewood table. Her eldest daughter was just asking her: "Ma,

can't I drink with all the young fellows who propose my health?" "Of course, my dear, if you don't take too much; but last year your tongue ran like a bell-clapper before the evening was over. You know that Dick Field told us that when he called for the Jenks girls to go to the opera they were downright fuddled."

I always make a visit at Will Lordly's house, for his children are the rosiest cherubs that ever were tucked into a crib. I unload a big wallet in their stockings. But last year I missed them from the splendid mansion where they always had lived. I peeped into a fourth-story room, to see if any one there was waiting for me; and there I saw the four poor Lordly children lying on a coarse bed on the floor, and their mother sat sewing beside them. *Lordly* died of delirium-tremens last year, and his goods were sold out by the sheriff. His hollow-eyed widow won't give any more wine-suppers.

And now, good ladies, if you could only go with me on my midnight rounds, if you could see the poor wives who moisten their pillows with their tears while their husbands are off frolicking in their clubs; if you could see the miserable mothers who are sitting up till toward the daybreak, for their wild boys to come home; if you could hear the horrible oaths and curses that I have to hear in the drunkards' homes I visit; if you could see *where* all the young men go after they have got light-headed with your choice wines, and what haunts they enter, you would never put a drop of the accursed drink on your New Year's tables again. There is a little verse in the Bibles I carry in my pack which says, "*Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor!*" There is another little verse that I once pinned on a decanter of rosy Madeira: "*At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.*" If you will go with me into some houses where raving madmen are shrieking in the delirium-tremens, I will show you the *adders*.

I am growing old, kind ladies. My beard is frosty, and age brings experience. Let me tell you that I never saw a New Year begun over a bottle of liquor that *turned out well*. And I never saw the husbands and the sons perfectly free from habits of drink when the wife or the mother is accustomed to set out the glass. And another thing I have seen, and that is, an army of tipplers who got their *first glass* from the hands of a lady! You have no moral right to tempt another woman's husband or beloved boy to ruin. Our Heavenly Father has given you enough good things for your hospitable boards without bottling up *damnation* for your guests.

But my reindeer are harnessed. My wallets are packed.

"A Happy New Year to you all, and to all a good-night!"

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSEIWAY POTTS.

No. I.

I PIPSEY POTTS, pride myself on being rather sharp in household matters, and, though it is no credit to me, I will own up that I found something this morning I had not learned before. It was dark when I rose—the deacon wanted to go out to his chopping on the hillside, and I rose a little earlier than usual on his account. Since his attack of rheumatism I make the fires, and had laid the kindlings, and chips, and small wood, and the pine to make shavings close under the kitchen stove, but forgot to place the knife on the window, to whittle the pine. I searched for it everywhere, and at last had to use the carving-knife instead. That was annoyance number one.

I had set the table the night before, thinking how much time I would save and how few steps I would take getting breakfast. The cold potatoes were already in the cupboard, the butter on the table, and I was getting along nicely.

But the deacon must have meat for breakfast, and there was not enough to warm over. I had been down cellar and strained the milk, and this bit of negligence made another trip. It is not safe to carry a lamp down the breezy cellar-stairs, so I keep a candlestick with a piece of candle in it, down there hanging from a hook overhead.

I made the second trip down the cellar-stairs, then, with a half-dozen matches in my pocket, but it happened that not one of them would ignite. This was vexation number two, and another trip up and down; then there was one more before we sat down to breakfast, for bread, butter and cream.

This set me to thinking how careful a woman should be to try and save steps. When we were all seated at the table I was so tired that I spread out my arms and sat like an old, brooding hen. My breath seemed gone. I had meant to save all my vitality and use the surplus to-day, in writing a story about the time when I worked out. I tried to laugh, but it sounded like a wheezy croak, or a rickety buggy crossing a culvert.

Well, let us reason together. I didn't get angry and allow the wrinkles to come in my face, and be sore for all day, but you tired women know that this might have been the consequence.

I'm only one of thousands, but as I have the floor, I'll speak first about saving steps.

I have found it an excellent plan to wash a peck or a half-bushel of potatoes at one time, say on washing-day, in the tub of rinse water when I am done with it. Let them drain until they are dry, then put them in a closet, or out-of-the-way place. I keep mine in a box in the pantry with a cover over it. This will save many and many a step for a woman when she is in a hurry. Of course, this plan is not so good in mid-winter, when there is danger of

hard freezing, but in moderate weather this way will be found excellent.

It is not much trouble either, while your hands are about it, to prepare steak enough for two or three meals, or to cut pork enough to last through the day.

Whenever your cloak, or any garment is to be carried up-stairs—if you have a place for everything—lay that cloak or garment on the stairs, and let the first one who goes up carry it and put it where it belongs.

As to the matter of catching chickens, why half the women with whom I am acquainted think nothing of running down a chicken an hour or two before it is needed.

I have seen more than one gray head bobbing, now here, now there, under a burdock, among the thistles, through the raspberry vines and sprawling over tumble-down fences, running after a chicken; a leg-and-wing race—one of the most ludicrous and ridiculous sights I ever saw. The first thing I think of is the foolish waste of nervous energy—one's precious vitality wasted on the air. That same nervous force if rightly applied could have been spent in giving a glowing, earnest, strong talk to one's growing daughters, or to the little boys who will "make men" in the years to come.

Sometimes I fear we will be held accountable for the energy we trifle away in a foolish manner, the same as for spending money or talents in a way that benefits no one.

The way to catch a chicken is to pick it off the roost after dark, put it in a tub until morning and when the tea-kettle comes off, put on a kettle of water to scald it.

A little sixteen-years-old Dutch girl lived with us once from whom I learned a good many new things, and one of them was to lay a chicken in a pan of water after picking and singeing, and wash and rub it with a rag, well and carefully.

All housewives know that it is impossible to pick a young chicken to look clean, the pen-feathers leave it looking blue and dirty. Katie always rubbed down in a case of this kind, and the blue stain washed out and left the fowl clean and nice.

I hope young housekeepers will remember this, it will save them a great deal of time and annoyance.

It is an excellent plan to keep a pound or so of lard, with all bits of broken butter, and scrapings off the butter-plate, on an old cracked plate on the lower shelf of the pantry cupboard for common use, such as frying potatoes, or steak, greasing bread pans, and for mixing with marrowy skimmings to cook hashed beef and potatoes. This little item may save many a hurried run down a cellar-stairs of twelve or fourteen steps.

In bringing some crocks home from the store lately one of them got a piece broken out of the side. They were shallow crocks—just the kind I always wanted, and I was sorry. I said I would mend it and it would do to put scraps or grease in, and would save using a good one.

I put it under the stove to warm while I worked a bit of putty into a soft roll, then I laid it on the broken place, fitted the piece into it, pressed it together, and set it away to dry. When I looked at it a week later I found it just as good as new, and have used it the same as though it had never been broken.

We had a large white plate, too, with a piece broken out of the side. The ware was fresh and clean as new; I mended it the same way, and though it would look meanly on the table, it is the very thing on which to take out a kettle full of boiled pigs' feet, back bones and ribs, or any meat that has to be set away.

Plates make such clean covers for crocks that I don't see why a provident housewife shouldn't mend all her best broken plates for covers. Buy twenty cents worth of putty, with orders that it be put up to keep from drying out, and it will be wrapped accordingly. If putty is hard to soften, dip it in and out of hot water a few times, work it, and it will become as soft as if newly made.

Putty can be used to mend tinware, if it is inconvenient to go to the tinner's when a leak comes suddenly.

There is nothing a man dislikes to do more than putting up a stove. He always makes such a fuss, and puts on such an air of superiority and feels so injured that it makes a woman feel her physical inferiority most acutely.

Last summer when our men folks moved the stove out of the kitchen to the back porch, we resolved with sundry sly winks and blinks and grimaces, that after this time we'd try and manage without their assistance; they might "open gates" for us, and assist us out of the carriage, and such little courtesies—nothing more.

Well, we shivered on until into October before both the deacon and Rube happened to be away from home at the same time, but at last the day came.

We rolled up our sleeves, put on wide aprons, covered our hair, and went to work. We rather liked it, it was funny. First, we moved the small parlor-stove out of the kitchen, took up the carpet, washed the floor, and woodwork and windows, and then came the "tug of war."

The kitchen stovepipe had been put up in an honest, gentlemanly manner, fastened with wire and made safe every way.

We took it down and cleaned it—not anywhere, like a man would have done it, but in an old boiler, that the soot and ashes could be carried to the garden and not tracked back again into the house, then lifted the oven off and cleaned it, took off all the plates, tacked down the zinc, and by good management, and

lifting all together, we carried it into the kitchen and put it up nicely.

But our stock of patience became exhausted before the many joints of that dreadful stovepipe would fit together. One place troubled us more than language could express—it would just fit here, but not there; how we did wish for a man's brawny palms to grasp it and press it until the refractory places would go together! It was too bad! Just as we despaired, and said, "Oh, for the kind hands of a man!" and as Ida's soft, little, determined hands reached themselves vainly about it, one of my gentle taps with the edge of the hatchet made it fit in, and the job was done, and the deacon said, when he surveyed it with round eyes, "better'n any man could have done it."

I wouldn't advise women to go about putting up stoves; it is not a woman's work, and she would be quite sure to skin her knuckles, smash her fingers, or let a corner of the stove fall on her feet.

There is a sleight in lifting that women would do well to learn, not to lift suddenly, or while standing at a disadvantage, and always to use good judgment.

Even if we never move another stove, we learned one thing that will be of great use to ourselves and to others, and it is, that before a stove is taken down in the summer the joints should be numbered, marked in figures with chalk, then the one great difficulty will be removed, and the men will not get angry and run in and out over the carpet with muddy boots, and aggrieve themselves and the women too.

This is Ida's proposition, and it is a good one, and I hope it will not be forgotten.

One of the faculty in a medical college said to me lately: "You leave one important item out of your homely, honest talks to women, Miss Potts, and I am a little surprised at it."

I blushed at the bare hint of any dereliction of duty, and asked what it was.

"You should say to women," said he, "that the one fruitful source of disease and sickness arises from improper attention to the feet. Tell them they must keep their feet warm and dry if they would have good health."

"Change the stockings frequently, and when they wash their feet they must rub them until they are all aglow, and perfectly dry, before going to bed."

"Wear shoes large enough to allow a free circulation of the blood, let there be no compression whatever."

"If the feet are dry and hard, bathe them in warm suds, or in tepid water in which a little sifting of ashes has been thrown, take them out, rub them well with a coarse crash towel, and put them back in the water again; bathe them, take out, rub briskly—doing this several times over."

"Sometimes, if warm water is inconvenient, and the feet are cold, rub them with a coarse towel or a piece of flannel until the blood circulates freely."

I was so fired up at the doctor's words and their importance that I felt like proclaiming it from the housetops to the poor, half-sick women I meet every day.

It does seem weak to stand at the window and fight disease while we allow it to come in, full-handed, at the open door, without so much as saying, "Away," or raising a hand to prevent it.

I begin to think that mothers whose children have "out-mouths" are not aware that this uncomely feature can be rendered pretty in the hands of a skillful dentist.

A mother is culpable who permits her child—more especially a daughter—to come up to womanhood with a homely, over-jutting mouth, caused by crooked teeth. The operation will give no pain, and in years to come the mother will have the gratitude of her child.

A neighbor of mine, who has been afflicted with dyspepsia for several years, and was pale and cross and sunken-eyed, has, within a few months, grown very hearty, with cheeks as ruddy as Spitzbergens.

I said to him the other day: "You don't seem like the same man, Dicky, that you were one year ago. Do you mind you and I had a little spat about your cutting down a fine young maple at the roadside, and you just as good as told me to mind my own business; and you said trees 'didn't look beautiful to you, and that you cared no more for flowers than you did for 'Jimson' or May-weed."

"I was a mean fellow, that's just so, Pipesey, and I've been going to beg your pardon ever since, but I did hope you'd forgotten that ungentlemanly act of mine. Fact is, I was sick—had the dyspepsia, worst kind, and I felt like snarling and showing my teeth all the time; but now I'm cured, and I eat heartily and work well, and whatever my wife does is right, and my babies, that used to look like little brats, are little darlings now.

"A man out on the Reserve sent me his cure, and though it does seems really foolish, I'll tell you what it is.

"The first thing when I get up mornings, after I am dressed, I give myself a real good pounding all over my breast and stomach, including the whole chest. I rub with my open hands and inhale all the air my lungs will hold, and then I pound with my fists as if I were in dead earnest. One must begin gradually at first, throw back the shoulders, inflate the lungs, and work with a will.

"At first I could hardly stand it, it hurt my breast and stomach, but now I couldn't do without my daily pounding any better than Coley could do without her oats. I tell you, it has made a healthy man of me."

I give Dicky's experience for what it is worth—at any rate, this morning exercise would do no one any harm.

I believe I never saw a woman yet who handled warm bread just taken from the oven like my mother used to. She always laid a clean towel or a newspaper back on the table or shelf, and tipped the warm loaves up on it on their sides, and laid a cloth over them. Now, all the women I know of flip their hot loaves out of the oven, and lay them down flat on a ta-

ble or shelf to cool. Of course, that table or shelf is made of cherry, walnut, pine, poplar, or ash, and it cannot be otherwise than that the lower crust will taste of the wood. All of us have found that unpleasant, liniment-y or turpentine-y taste in the bread, and it is not a bit good.

I can hardly stand it sometimes, when I go into a house and see the hot loaves lying flat on an old black table, that is used every day in the year to wash dishes on, and for the commonest kitchen purposes.

Pies should be baked hard enough that they can be slipped off while warm upon a folded paper or fresh cloth; if they stand on the plates or tins until cool, they will generally be soggy in the under-crust. Pie-plates should not be used after they become old and the glazing become cracked, for they absorb grease and dish-water, and are hardly fit for the children's play-houses.

Here, at the deacon's, we have a good deal of fun about "princes." Now, with us, a prince is no other than any one of these miserable old stragglers who go travelling about over the country; if a young man, he is generally on his way to "Chicaugy" or Pittsburgh, is a machinist by trade, and longs to reach his journey's end, so he can get to work again. If he is an old man, he is going away East or away West to his "brother-in-law's" or his "cousin's"—has not eaten anything for three days, and sleeps in barns and straw-stacks, and has the old cheesy, greasy smell of an emigrant who had been a steerage passenger.

If we hear a sneaking, muffled rap at the door, Ida will open it and hear the unintelligible jargon mumbled, not understanding anything except, "A little piece o' bread."

"Here is a prince of the House of Hapsburg," she will sometimes say, turning to me; "his wants are limited to a piece of bread; what shall I give him?"

"Oh, the best the house affords—we have heard of people entertaining angels unaware," I reply, as sanctimoniously as I can say it. We always call them princes, even if speaking in their presence—sometimes they belong to one line of royalty, and sometimes another.

A few evenings since an old prince came to the front-door, spread out his hands and bowed graciously, saying, "Madam, I am unfortunate. I am stricken with poverty. Can you assist me?"

"What will you have, sir?" I said, very much amused, but self-possessed.

"I stand the most in need of money and tobacco," said he, with the utmost assurance.

"I cannot give you money, and no gentleman will use tobacco, much less, ask for it from the hands of a lady," I said, coolly. "Anything else, sir?"

"I am hungry, too, madam."

"Sit down," I said, "and you shall have something to eat."

As I came out of the dining-room door, with a plate containing half a pumpkin-pie and a slice of

jelly roll, he waved me back with a kingly hand, saying: "Before I accept your hospitality, I wish to ask a favor, and it is that you will make me a nice lot of good, strong, black, hot coffee."

I was so amused at the prince's impudence, that laughing wasn't half expressive enough.

I put the plate away, saying: "My dear sir, I am sorry that you cannot be accommodated, but the fire is dead in the kitchen stove, supper is over an hour ago, we have worked hard all day, and are just ready to sit down and rest and look at our day's mail. You will positively have to excuse us."

He bowed, and rose to depart, saying in his softest tones, as with bared head he made his best bow: "I bid you good-night, madam, and may the Lord bless you, and may you have good luck."

This was the most ludicrous farce I ever played. He seemed to feel flattered by the deference he deemed shown to him. I like to treat these princes ceremoniously, and see them try to show off.

I said to one once: "Your language is good. You should be teaching school. Why not go to Hoop-pole County, in this State, and teach?"

"They've bin a wantin' me down there," said he; and then when he left he turned around, and, thinking to display wonderful educational acquirement, to dazzle me, he said: "I wish you would allow me to gather up a few of them apples that lay dilapidating out in your orchard."

It was through Lily that the tribe of shacks first acquired the name of princes.

We had been gathering flowers in the swamps and meadows along the railroad, and were coming home at sunset laden with our treasures, when we overtook a young man carrying a big satchel. I talked to him; and, among other motherly questions, asked him if he had money enough to bear his expenses to Pittsburgh. He said he had if he allowed himself to go without eating much, and sleep outdoors.

Just before we parted Lily whispered: "I believe he is a prince in disguise, and that he carries his family jewels in his satchel; do please ask him to stay at our house to-night; why it would be an honor to us, you know."

Lily was old enough then to delight in fairy love and stories of poor girls marrying the king's son, etc., and I thought this would be a good chance to teach her a lesson, and to disabuse her mind of all such folly. So I invited him to tarry at our house, and that would save paying out money for supper and lodging.

I introduced him to my family, and told them why I brought him home with us; and at Lily's urgent solicitation, I let the stranger sleep in her pretty room among her dolls, and toys, and pictures, and little books.

She talked so much about his jewels, that after he retired I reached in at one side of the satchel and drew out the old, dirty, patched, muddy leg of a pair of sheep's gray pantaloons, saying: "Lily, here is a diamond of the first water, second only to the Kohi-

noor in beauty and value; it has been in the Bourbon family over two hundred years."

She said she knew the stranger's name was Clarence Fitzgerald, or Montrose De Alembert, or something of that kind, and, to gratify her, before he started the next morning I asked his name.

"My name is Jacob Snyder," said he, with the utmost pomposity.

My heart was touched with the pitiful words of a poor, shivering prince one cold day. He had stayed here all night and in the morning—the mercury almost down to zero, his old ragged clothes, fastened here and there with pins, and nails, and strings, hung on him like loose shingles. I got the button-box, and everything necessary, and told him to sit down and wait until I had put buttons on his clothes—honest ones on his coat, a row on his vest, and replaced the missing ones on his pantaloons. While I was sewing a suspender-button on his waistband, a tear fell on the back of my hand. I was afraid he'd blubber right out, and I chatted away, and never stopped to even put in a comma. I was telling him that one man was just as good as another; no matter how shabby or patched he was, he had it in his power to be all that any common man was—that

"Many a lad born to rough work and ways
Strips off his ragged coat and makes
Men clothe him with their praise."

"What made you do this for me?" said he; "no woman ever did the like before; they're afraid o' me, they hate me, and wouldn't touch me or my clothes. What made you do it?"

"I did it because I pity you, and wish you well, and I'll feel so much better now in my good warm home when I remember that you, out in this bitter cold day, are made more comfortable from the little work of my hands this morning." And so I did.

These old stragglers are a trouble, and when we do take them in and care for them, sometimes they are very ungrateful, and *take us in*. Though they do leave our beds dirty, and our rooms smelling like a sheep-pen, still I believe we ought to care for and make them comfortable, if only one out of ten is really an object of charity and a worthy but unfortunate man. So I'll stick to them, and patch up my old theory about "entertaining angels unaware," even if they do impose upon me and go away leaving me with a two days' headache.

Oh, I can do this in remembrance of a thin, haggard, half-starved face that looked sharply up into mine long ago after a wild, adventurous trip home from Denver City, and in answer to my inquiry of, "Why didn't you beg rather than suffer?" said: "Beg! Why even women are sometimes incarnate devils, and will drive a sufferer from their doors as though he were worse than any thief! You don't know what some women are made of."

My lips were white and sealed, and every half-mute face that looks up into mine since then seems stamped with his vain appeal for bread.

At this season of the year the growing boys will

want their crullers for dinner at school, and for lunch after they come home from singings, hungry and excited and full of news.

It is a bad plan to eat before going to bed, but not so bad for the young and vigorous if they eat in moderation. Still, it is not advisable to eat after supper.

To make good crullers take one cup and a half of sugar, two eggs, ope heaping spoonful of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda, flour to make it as stiff as pie-crust, roll thin and fry in hot lard.

By changing this recipe, taking sour cream instead of sweet milk, you can leave out the butter and cream of tartar, and then they will not be at all greasy, and I think more wholesome. If you put no butter or shortening in they will not absorb the lard in which they are fried.

If in any kind of cooking your recipe tells you to dissolve soda in hot or boiling water, don't you do it, it injures it, let the water be merely warm.

As I write this I find myself smiling, and by the time I get through with the recipe I ha, ha, ha! aloud. And this was why I laughed—I don't know when I've thought of that incident before.

I was fourteen years old when my mother died, and though I knew nothing at all outside of my few school books, I put on a great show of authority and tried to be quite like a mother to the four younger children.

My sister, two years my junior, was a real little Martha to make coffee and poultices and mash potatoes, and to give good teas and good advice to the three little boys.

I had read enough to know that over-eating, or eating at untimely hours was injurious, and I essayed to abolish the usual half-peck of walnuts, and crullers, and cider, and apples before bed-time. One time my sister, whose nickname was "Joel," read a pitiful little story about a child crying for a piece of bread and butter before it went to bed, and the mother, from good motives, refused it. The next morning the child was found dead in its bed, and the poor parent's anguish was intense.

After this, if Ruhe wanted a piece before he went to bed he would go (until years afterward unknown to me) to my sister, and say: "Now, Joel, just get me something to eat—if you don't, by Jimminy, I'll up an' die before morning, like that poor little boy did, and then how'll you feel?"

Poor, little, unsuspecting Joel! she has been a mother these many years and her family discipline is marked and marred by the same over-tenderness of heart that characterized her in her childhood.

[There's a kiss for you, Joel, to bridge over this breach of confidence.]

Here is a new thing. I saw the other day and I like it very much and hope others may be benefitted by it. Back of a cooking-stove which stood perhaps three feet from the wall, was a stout shelf covered with zinc, on which to set pans of bread to rise, or

buckwheat batter, or to lay covers on while one is cooking.

Many a good batch of bread is spoiled in cold weather because there is no warm place of even temperature to stand the loaves while they are rising.

Women will find it an excellent plan when they have a good deal of sewing to do to take a whole day and cut out a lot at a time. As each garment is cut roll it up by itself with the buttons, lining, thread and trimmings that belong to it, and lay it in a basket kept for that purpose.

One can accomplish a great deal more by following this plan and by keeping each garment separate.

A great deal of time is lost by careless housewives in rummaging around searching for mislaid patterns, a lost thimble or the very spool of thread most needed.

I have told you that a good housewife always carries her thimble in her pocket, and I believe she does.

For my part I always have to carry a small knife, too, and as to going without a bit of wrapping-yarn in my pocket—couldn't think of it! Hardly a day passes in which I do not need a bit unexpectedly to tie up a swinging trumpet-vine, a spreading althea, a vicious rose-bush, or a gadding little grape-vine that has crept away from its ma.

That's a good plan—I read it somewhere—after sheets are pretty well worn out to make window curtains of them.

Now, it is really in better taste to have old sheets, white as snow and neatly ironed, made into window curtains than to have these frail cottony shams called lace curtains. They are honester and then they don't look scanty and pinched.

If old sheets are burnt or stained or patched make ironing cloths of them, but take the well-worn, best ones for up-stairs, dining-room or bed-room curtains. We have that kind in our kitchen this winter, and when they are let down at night they add the touch of cosyness that without them would be lacking.

I've seen some girls pass the meat-plate at the table. They do that way at Sister Stout's, and they're nice Baptist folks, profess sanctification and all that.

Brother Stout likes pork, rare done, and he likes to have lots of "the good, rich gravy," as he calls it, taken up on the plate, too, and then they'll pass it round and the gravy will creep up to the very edge of the platter.

Pork is abominable and I shall hail the day in which an enlightened people will vote the use of it hoggish, and eschew it altogether.

If you must have it on the table to please any member of the family, bear with it graciously—use as little of "the good, rich gravy" as possible.

Only yesterday I gave an unlucky tip sideways to the deacon's plate of pork, and a little thread of grease spun along a yard or more on our good floor, just missing the carpet. In less than a minute I had

spread the place over with soap, but the soft ash floor had absorbed it and no washing or scouring of mine can remove it. The only remedy in an accident like this is to use a carpenter's plane, but ours were both loaned.

I don't like to see a woman scold over spilt grease or broken tableware or anything that cannot be helped, so when I saw Ida stand aghast at my mishap, I said: "Sister Potts, did you ever think what a royal poem could be written only about one's kitchen floor, come here!" and we both sat down beside the prettiest boards we could find, and then we counted the growths—wavy, ribbony, beautiful growths—and we counted fifty-nine.

Fifty-nine summers of God's own making—glorious summers of blessed sunshine and balmy airs and blue skies and soft rains, all this to make a board for Deacon Potts's kitchen floor.

What an exquisite poem it would make in the sweet creative power of the author of "The Drovers" and "The Huskers" and "The Lumbermen."

So, when our discordant harps were in tune again, I laid a paper over the unsightly place to absorb the grease, and then a rug over that, and it was well, and our housewifely eyes were vexed no more.

At this season of the year people are butchering and making sausage.

For men who work out in the cold you may save the pigs' feet. You know they dry away and toughen after they have been boiled a few days.

If you want to save some even until next spring, boil them well done and cover them with moderately strong vinegar. Put on a plate and have them pressed down so they will be covered all over. I wouldn't season them with mace and such things. They will keep very nicely.

If you don't want to salt down all your sausage, and prefer to keep some of it fresh as long as possible, hang it high up on a pole suspended in the coolest, airiest place you can find in an out-house, wood-shed, wash-house, or a spare upper chamber.

Old salted beef is not good. I always take a quarter or more of ours, cut it in three or four pieces, and lay it on a table in the coldest up-stairs chamber, with all the windows open. Put something on the floor to keep the blood off, look at the pieces occasionally and turn them, and if the blood settles in places take warm water and a rag and wash it all off. Beef can be kept a long while this way in cold weather. This is just as good for people living away out in the country as though they lived near a meat-market.

We shut up our house yesterday, and the girls and I attended the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance.

One old gentleman rose to speak often, and his queerly-fitting trousers didn't want him to stand up for the temperance cause, and they fought against it, and then when he was up fairly they strenuously objected to his sitting down in them, and he had as

much trouble as my Cousin Jerrymier Broady did with his'n.

Ida is just beginning to cut out and make the deacon's pantaloons, and, of course, she soon observed the belligerent breeches across the hall, and asked me what was wrong about them that they seemed so warped and twisted, and ill-natured, and at war with their wearer. I remembered that in my girlhood I had made pantaloons that seemed to be viciously inclined, and I said if you keep the edges even in making a pair of trousers, and sew up the outside seams first, they *will* draw, and the legs will be all awtist, like rails split out of timber that was winding. In making pantaloons always sew up the inside seams first.

It is a good plan, if trousers are cut out at home, to get a tailor to cut you a good paper pattern, and then do you write the owner's name on it, say "John Smith, his pattern," and always have one place for his pattern, too, that it may not be lost or mislaid.

A MEMORY.

BY ELEN E. REXFORD.

READ me some poem, child. Let it be sweet
With poet's memories of a time gone by,
When all the world seemed underneath his feet,
And his glad heart with hope beat fast and high.

No, no! not *that*, dear child. *That* poem thrills
My breast with pain, that is so fraught with bliss,
That I can hardly tell which feeling fills
The largest place. How sweet that poem is!

He read it to me in a summer fled;
His voice was sweet; I almost hear it now,
As in the sunset hushes, when he read
This little poem, with uncovered brow.

His eyes would turn away toward the West,
Bright with the glory of the dying day,
As if they yearned to catch a glimpse of rest,
On the far hills beyond the purple bay.

His face would fill with deep and tender awe,
The while he read this poem, quaint and sweet,
The purest, noblest face I ever saw,
I thought, while listening there at his feet.

And often, while he read, my soul has seemed
To reach its hands toward the infinite,
For things of which it often thought and dreamed,
As in the dark we grope toward the light.

And I remember when he said to me,
"Not life nor death can part us, oh, my love."
My path leads on along this earthly way,
While his climbs up the happy hills above.

But death could never part us, for my heart
Went with him when he left these earthly ways;
And I shall follow where my heart has gone,
And meet him there, in some glad day of days.

OUR CLUB.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

I.

WHAT OUGHT SHE TO DO?

WE had grown in such a habit, at our table and parlor gatherings, of discussing the moral and social bearings of every question which arose, and of every circumstance which came under our observation, that we had obtained the somewhat derivative appellation of the Templeton House Ethical Club.

"Very good," nodded Templeton, our genial host, when one of our circle brought home the nick-name. "Very good, indeed. We will add an explanatory clause—an association for the encouragement of right-thinking and true living."

"A little pretentious, isn't it?" mildly demurred his spouse.

"Not in the least, my dear Mrs. Templeton," affirmed Professor Engel, in his rapid, decisive way. "There is no limit to the good resulting from a candid exchange and comparison of opinions relating to the conduct of life."

"For my part, I think breath better spent in works than words," flashed bright Dell Falconer, who, whatever the question, always constitutes an independent wing of the opposition.

"That depends on the nature of the works, Miss Dell," returned the professor. "Idle talk is not so bad as wrong action. But wrong action is the effect of wrong thinking, and wrong thinking comes of a lack of free discussion and interchange of opinions, by which we are made to see, in the light of reason, the falseness of our position, and the distorted views it gives us of life and its relations."

"For all that, Professor Engel, there are people who are too pig-headed to get out of their old, worn ruts of thinking, but, blind and deaf alike to the light and voice of reason, will just go on grunting their senseless platitudes until they fall asleep in the peace of perfect self-satisfaction," broke forth Jeannette Marcotte, with a spirit which suggested that she had been tilting in her impetuous fashion against prejudices which had not yielded at the sharp point of her lance.

We turned to her with kindling interest. "What is it, Jean?" we asked, in a breath.

"Take now, for instance, the popular notion of a woman's duty," she went on; "what a multitude there are who never give it a moment's rational consideration; but with stolid indifference go on perpetuating its injustice to the end of their days, handing down to posterity their heirlooms of tradition and superstition regarding the matter."

"As—how?" questioned the professor, slowly, as if trying to feel his way to a solution of the difficulty but partially presented.

"We daren't any of us say anything, Jean, lest we should unwittingly number ourselves with the pig-

headed, you know," volunteered Dell Falconer, in explanation of our silence.

"As a case in point, allow me to read you a page or two of a letter from one of the victims of this stupid theory respecting a woman's sphere of duty," said Jeannette, drawing from her pocket and unfolding a sheet, whose careful and delicate lettering indicated a character timid and conservative—a nature that would meekly submit to the torture of being stretched and cramped to the Procrustean measure of rule and precedent, rather than dare to assert its rights and powers, and be a law unto itself.

"I don't know what to do with my life," complained the letter. "It seems an utter failure, and it is too nearly spent, or rather, too helplessly fixed and fettered by the habit of years to be made the ground of hope for any future success. I wish I could lay it quietly away, and so be done with the trouble of it forever; but I suppose I must drag it on somehow to the end."

"Do you mark that?" said Jeannette, interrupting the letter. "Not to carry her life up to the glorious height to which she aspires, but—oh, the pity of that make-shift word!—to drag it on *somehow* to the end?"

"It is much the fate of all of us," sighed gentle Edna Templeton. "We fail, every one, to reach the mark at which we ambitiously aim, or long to aim, if we dared."

"Because we do not dare to aim, or aim with steady purpose," fired Jeannette. "Because we are fitful, wavering and uncertain, lured by pleasure and frightened by difficulty, loving our ease and shrinking from the toil and sacrifice of effort. If we were not such puny, feeble, wailing folk; if we would bring strong, brave, resolute, unflinching wills to the work we have to accomplish before the good we covet can be ours, we would never need to mourn the failure of our lives."

"That is not so certain, Miss Jeannette," said bitter, cynical Roy Sherwood; "for oftener than not, the good we have spent all the strength of our youth to gain, turns to Sodom apples in our grasp; and we hold but a handful of ashes."

"Like enough," responded Jeannette, dryly. "In sensual enjoyments one is pretty sure to find at last the bitter, ashen flavor of Dead Sea apples. That is not the kind of good that earnest natures strive after, and their failure is of quite another sort. But, to return to our letter."

And she read again—

"I don't know where I have missed my way, but I have certainly missed it, and I drift without aim or expectation of reaching any goal but the grave, which is one thing in the future that I know will not fail me. A dreary, pitiful confession, is it not? I wonder how many women there are who might make

it if they were as frank as I? And could they tell any better where they have gone astray and missed their place in life? I am sure I have meant, and I believe I have been faithful to my duty, but even that is no merit of mine. It is nothing more than was expected and exacted of me. I could not have done otherwise without incurring censure and rousing opposition. My services were conceded to belong entirely to my family, and I never thought of seeking any other or wider field of usefulness than could be found in devotion to family interests. So the years slipped by so noiselessly I scarcely knew that they were past. But now my work, too, seems to have slipped from my hands, and my sphere of duties has narrowed down to a circle that far from satisfies my aspirations. The old folk have fallen asleep, and the others—well, they may make me useful, perhaps, but they do not need me sufficiently to remove from their favors a certain flavor of condescension which holds me under a constant and depressing sense of obligation. Yet, since I am jostled from my beaten track, I cannot, as I told you, find my way in life. All is so strange, perplexing, and I have not the bold, adventurous spirit of early youth which dares an untried path. What work waits for me out in the great awesome world of which I am afraid because I know nothing of its ways? Has it any place for me? What ought I to do? What ought I to have done?"

"Very clearly," interrupted Roy Sherwood, "she ought to have got married. Her 'way' would have been plain enough then."

"Judging from the wailing and rebellious cries which come up from the ranks of the married, that is not so absolutely certain, Mr. Roy," retorted Dell Falconer.

"Not from the married, but from the mismatched, Dell," corrected Jeannette. "And so marriage is your prescription for the ills of my correspondent, Mr. Sherwood?" she added, laying down the letter and turning to him.

"Most certainly, Miss Jeannette," he returned. "Marriage is not an incident, but the crown and completion of a woman's life."

"I don't dispute that if you mean marriage in its true sense," was the prompt response. "But suppose our friend had missed her opportunity of making a marriage that could satisfy both mind and heart?"

"She should have made one of some sort, whether it satisfied her or not," Sherwood answered. "There is a great deal of sentimental, moon-struck nonsense talked about these mothers. Sensible people don't expect to realize their first fond, foolish dreams and find a perfect and impossible happiness in marriage, but they do not remain single on that account."

"The host of ill-assorted unions that we see is abundant proof of the truth of your assertion, though whether the parties concerned are 'sensible' or not is a matter of opinion," said Jean, composedly. "But to reason with you on this point would carry us aside from the real question at issue—whether my correspondent in not choosing a life-work and pursuing it

with steadfast purpose is not herself responsible for the unhappy state of affairs of which she complains."

"That question is settled by her own confession," said the professor. "And yet the power of established opinion is so strong that you can scarcely hold her responsible for her position."

"No, I suppose not. She simply waited with the rest of her pining sisterhood for somebody to come and open the doors of life to her instead of bravely putting forth her own hand, and steadily and serenely guiding herself to some high and worthy end."

"But if I understand the case, Jeannette," interposed Edna Templeton, "your friend has been engaged in the duty of ministering to those who, in the absence of a husband, have the first claim on her love and service; and in such pure, womanly offices she ought to have found happiness and content, reaping the reward of her self-sacrifices in the appreciation and affection of the domestic circle."

"My dear Edna," returned Jeannette, "It is not possible for any woman to serve her friends well and truly while she leaves half her powers and resources of help unused and undeveloped. Nor can she, with all her seeking, hope to find content under such conditions. To have an aim in life, and to pursue it with resolute and undaunted purpose, would confer more benefits, and command more respect, than this dawdling and frittering of one's energies in the effort to please everybody, which always results in the failure to please anybody. And one's family has no earthly right, that I can see, to exact the entire devotion and service of any of its members to the exclusion of individual interests, preferences and pleasures. It is the grossest selfishness and injustice to hold one in an attitude of perpetual thankfulness for the mere gift of an existence which is as often a burden as a blessing."

"I dare say, though, if your friend had wished to marry and make a home of her own, her family would have raised no objection, but would have cheerfully relinquished their claims," said Sherwood.

"That's the worst feature in the case, to my thinking," answered Jean, promptly. "Why could they not give her her freedom to do what she would with it? Does a woman only attain her majority at marriage? Has she no alternative but to mope out her days in a circumscribed and useless round of duties, or to take out of sheer desperation the first chance suitor who offers her a change of some sort, for worse or for better? What should we think of a man who clung through all the fresh years of his youth to the shelter of the roof-tree, waiting for somebody to come and marry him off, and, failing of that, going down the slope of life hanging piteously to his relations for support, and cringing for favors until all the spirit of independence and the pride of self-respect had oozed out of him, and he is only a limp, weak rag of a creature whom nobody minds, or would miss very much if he should drop out of the way."

"That is not a parallel case, by any means, Miss Jeannette," spoke Templeton. "We expect a man to go out bravely into the world and battle heroically

for a position of usefulness and honor—indeed, we do not recognize him as a man and a brother without this test; but, as woman—the real, true woman of our worship—finds her life and mission in the sacred retreat and inner temple of Home, and only of necessity, I think, would she ever seek the rough work outside so illy adapted to her delicate, refined tastes and powers. And where is the necessity? Why, there is not a man of us but glories in the privilege of toiling for her, proud to be intrusted with the guardianship of her interests and happiness, and finding the highest and sweetest reward of our labor and our sacrifice in her loving approval. It grieves and hurts us when she assumes the prerogative of taking care of herself, and we feel defrauded of our most sacred rights, and robbed of our strongest incentive to action."

"That is very pretty, Friend Templeton," said Jeannette, with shining eyes. "I like to hear a man talk in that way. It shows his heart is right, if his head is not. But I have observed that when a woman is past her youth and prettiness, she fails to excite this beautiful enthusiasm and fervor of devotion in her friends of the other sex. Their favors are more coldly and grudgingly bestowed; they have less patience with her helplessness and timidity, and she grows to feel like my correspondent, here, as if she had lost her place in life, and to droop under a depressing, well-nigh crushing sense of her great weight of obligations which love had once so sweetly cancelled. And this brings us round again to the question which our friend puts forward for consideration—What, under the circumstances, ought she to do?"

"Why, do the only legitimate thing left for her—captivate the first disconsolate widower that crosses her way, and marry him without the loss of time," recommended Dell Falconer, whom seriousness in others always moved to lightness.

"A widower with a baker's dozen of children, neglected and unkempt, so that she may have plenty of employment for her wasting talents," subjoined Roy Sherwood.

"Let her learn patience and sweetness in her station, and put away the morbid fancies which are poisoning her peace," said Edna Templeton, who, herself so tenderly cherished, failed, like many another woman, kind-hearted, but narrow, to see a less favored woman's ground of complaint, and to sympathize with her discontent.

Templeton looked down at her with an indulgent smile. "Spoken like my sister Edna," he said. "Now, for myself, I hardly know what to advise in the case. I can understand the perplexities of the poor lady more clearly than I can see a way to remove them. I wish it were practicable to offer her my protection, Jeannette. If my house were only as large as my heart, I would take all the distressed fair ones in, and consider myself the honored and obliged party."

"In other words," laughed Sherwood, "Templeton would be a Mormon, if the law would allow."

"Or, if wife number one would not seriously ob-

ject," added that lady, with an arch glance at her husband.

"The fact is, my friends, however good your motives, you are all wrong in your methods of help," said the professor, gravely. "It is exceedingly comfortable, no doubt, to be lifted up, and carried blindfold out of the troublesome and bewildering maze in which we have got lost and perplexed; but it is infinitely more invigorating and inspiring to walk bravely out on our own feet. Of course, being a highly chivalric gentleman, it would afford you great pleasure, Templeton, to assume the responsibilities of Jeannette's correspondent, but you would serve her much more effectually to help her to meet and bear them in her own way. True, she has, first of all, to battle with the difficulties and hindrances of a false education; but those, with any degree of encouragement, may be overcome, at least, in a manner, and if she have the will, she may plant her feet on the prejudices which now hold her inactive and unhappy, and find some work, however humble, which, faithfully performed, shall relieve her of her present wretched sense of dependence, and bring the content which only comes with the full employment of our powers."

"The trouble," said Templeton, "is probably with her as with the majority of women. She does not feel herself called to any special vocation, and is all at sea when she tries to think about it, and decide course."

"That, too, is a fault of her training," answered the professor. "If she had been educated, as all women should be, with a view to some pursuit adapted to her tastes and capacities, all this doubt, perplexity, and trouble as regards her place would have been avoided. But, even now, it is not too late to conquer and subdue in good part the evils from which she is suffering. A strong, earnest, unflinching purpose is what is needed first and chiefly. It is by will that miracles are wrought. Tell your friend, Jeannette, to choose her work—to choose it with affection and with faith in its use and fitness. Let her give herself to it as to a lover, heart and soul and life; let it be to her father, mother, husband, children; let her cling to it as though it were her one hope in this world, and her promise in the world to come; distracted from her allegiance by no pleasure or pain, shrinking from no sacrifice, faltering from no doubt, pressing always forward, minding only to be faithful, and leaving the issue with God. And, tell her to believe, however she may seem to herself to fail, her real success, her final triumph is as certain as the action of the Eternal laws."

Jeannette had risen to her feet. It was her hour for attending to her class in elocution, and she was unerring as the stars in her course. We had observed, however warm and vital the discussion, she would never vary the fraction of a second to hear it out.

Pushing back her dark, wavy hair from her glowing face, she reached out her hand impulsively to the professor as she passed.

"Thank you, from my heart," she said, warmly. "I shall make haste to deliver your message, trusting it may lose nothing in letter or spirit through the transmission. Such words make one's heart burn and soul pant for effort, and they will have more force and significance coming from you than from me, who am also a woman."

"But a brave, earnest woman," murmured Professor Engel, half to himself, as she went out. "A grand, noble woman. Would there were more like her."

And he sighed.

Was it the thrilling sweetness of her tribute to his self-love?

Or, are we going to have a romance in Our Club?

A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

SUMMER days are long and bright,
 Summer clouds are soft and white,
 Summer sun above our heads with splendor now is beam-
 ing;
 Summer sky is clear and blue,
 Summer flowers of every hue
 Bend above the water's edge and watch its silver gleam-
 ing.
 Soft is the ground with its grasses and its clover blooms,
 Gay are the trees in their raiment wove on fairies' looms;
 The birds are taking holiday,
 And making loudest melody;
 So, come, Mary, come—and come, my little Nell.
 Seated on the flowery grass,
 Heeding not the hours that pass,
 Thus will curl with moistened lips the dandelion's stem;
 Gather from their dewy beds
 Daisies stars and clover heads—
 Make for my darling's brow a radiant diadem.
 Yes, little Nell, we will think that we are young again;
 Forget all the years—yes, forget both their joy and pain.
 Like butterflies and humming bees,
 We'll flit among the flowers and trees—
 We'll bridge across the years, and meet you, little Nell.

"CONSIDERING," says Mr. Trollope, "how much we are all given to discuss the character of others, and to discuss them often not in the strictest spirit of charity, it is singular how little we are inclined to think that others can speak ill-naturedly of us, and how angry and hurt we are when proof reaches us that they have done so. It is hardly too much to say that we all of us occasionally speak of our dearest friend in a manner which that dearest friend would very little like, and that we nevertheless expect that our dearest friends shall universally speak of us as though they were blind to all our faults, and keenly alive to every shade of our virtues."

In vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colors.—*Horace Mann.*

THE TEMPLE OF SEGESTA.

BY C.

THE City of Segesta, in the early periods of the Roman era, rivalled even Syracuse in grandeur; but three hundred years before the Christian era, Agathocles, a tyrant of Syracuse, to punish the inhabitants for taking part with the Carthaginians against him, destroyed it; the walls were overthrown, the people were massacred, and the term, "City of Vengeance," applied to its ruins. The Segestians had so many resources, that they soon effaced all traces of this calamity; a new city sprung up, and resumed its rank among the capitals of Italy. After a long prosperity, this city was again destroyed by fire and sword by the Saracens. This time the injury was irreparable, for Italy was then exhausted. Segesta was thirty six miles west of Palermo. On approaching its ruins the eye is fatigued by the barren rocks, and the absence of all picturesque beauty in the landscape.

Yet numerous blocks of stone and traces of human art can be discerned, but no signs of a habitation; when suddenly, on the summit of a distant hill, a majestic colonnade appears.

This building stands above Segesta, on a promontory; its form is that of a regular parallelogram, one hundred and seventy-five feet long, by seventy-three feet broad; it has thirty-six columns, twelve of which are placed on each of the sides, and six on each of the ends. These columns are of the Doric order, and gradually diminish toward the top; they are twenty-eight feet high, and six feet in diameter; they support the roof, which is about eight feet high, and is ornamented by a very prominent cornice. At the two ends the monument presents a front—but there is no reason to think that the space between the columns was ever closed, and there are no traces of a pavement.

The material used in the construction of this building is common limestone, incrustated with shells, and the color is bright-yellow, interspersed with veins—and when seen at a distance, the columns appear to be formed of marble. It is in a remarkable state of preservation; it is more ancient than any of the other monuments of Sicily, but more perfect.

This noble edifice must have been built at a very early period, probably by the descendants of the companions of Æneas, and, therefore, is three thousand years old. It was, doubtless, a religious edifice, but unknown to what god it was consecrated, and the monument is simply termed the "Temple of Segesta."

DUNELLEN, N. J.

EVERY man's past life should be his critic, his censor, his guide. He who lives, and is done with life the moment it drops, hour by hour, from his hands, is not half a man. He is like a plucked plant that stands in water without roots of its own, and can have no growth, and soon fades and passes away.—*Beecher.*

DAYS AT LEXINGTON.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"A H, poor dupe," says Emerson, in that wonderful "Works and Days," where, if you once get to the real heart and meaning, you will be better furnished for all the works and days to come. "Ah, poor dupe, will you never slip out of the web of the master-juggler—never learn that, as soon as the irrecoverable years have woven their blue glory between to-day and us, these passing hours shall glitter and draw us as the wildest romance and the homes of beauty and poetry?"

So I suspect these "Days" of which I am to write did not seem to go over us with any wonderful rhythm or magic.

They held, as all days do, though they are "divine as to the first Aryans," their commonplace garb, their treadmill of routine and small perplexities, their teasing cares, their limitations and heartaches underlying all. Yet I am sure that young girls and women in their blossoming all over the land, look back and find these days shining with their own grace and enchantment beyond the half dozen years which have slipped noiselessly between.

Some of these girls and women, I am sure, too, would be glad to come to a halt, and go back into that time across which distance has woven its bewitching draperies; but the battle-cry of life is never "Turn." It is one stern, unvarying, eternal "Forward!"

It was the year after the war—what a long perspective that war is getting!—when Dr. Dio Lewis wrote to me: "Come to us at Lexington, and we will try to make you happy."

That was somewhere in the early June, and in the autumn I went.

Lexington has its historic place, as we all know by the time we have scaled the three-syllabled walls of the Primer, on the threshold of the American Revolution. It is a quiet, drowsing, old-world sort of town. A singular air of antiquity pervades its pleasant green fields, and its peaceful old roads, and the ancient, steep-roofed houses. The old town seems to have droned and dreamed along a century, content with that one historic morning which opened the great seven-years' drama of the Revolution.

On Lexington common stands a small granite monument. It has no claim to architectural grace or beauty or finished workmanship. Yet, on its shaft you shall read the names of the men who seized their powder-horns and firelocks just as the dawn of that fair nineteenth of April reddened over the sky, and fell "on the village greensward when the robins and blue-birds were beginning to sing."

Despite the drowsy old town, and the picturesque common, and the dreary bit of monument, one feels, standing here, that the ground is hallowed, while one's thoughts inevitably turn back to that April morning, with the red-coated soldiery trampling up

the village street, fair with sprouting oaks and maples; and the smell of powder in the soft air, and the dead faces of those "first heroes" on the spring grass, and the mourning and terror in the quiet farm-houses around.

Lexington is only about twelve miles from Boston. It seems a thousand. No vibration of the great toiling city entered that still, Rip-Van-Winkle sort of atmosphere, until it was suddenly broken up as though by magic.

The green fields, the old, rambling roads, the silent wood-paths, bloomed out of a sudden with groups of fresh young girls in costumes far brighter and more picturesque than those in which the British companies tramped up the village street in the dew and sunshine of the sweet spring morning.

The old town, practically a suburb of Boston, with its high, wholesome altitude, its quiet, home-like atmosphere, had attracted the attention of Dr. Dio Lewis. It seemed to afford him just the kind of stage he needed to carry out some new ideas of physical and mental culture which had long been a favorite theory of his. What those ideas were, the doctor has told the world in his books, and lectures, and classes, far better than I can. With his almost superhuman energy, his great power of infecting others with his own enthusiasms, his executive ability on vast scales, Dr. Lewis is certain never to fail in any undertaking to which he heartily devotes himself.

The hotel at Lexington, happily, was vacant at this juncture. It was a large, handsome building, with pleasant, sunshiny rooms; the main building supplemented by a three-story "wing," and capable of accommodating several hundred people. The very walls, too, seemed fragrant with bright, spicy memories of sleighing-parties and suppers, in which the adjoining towns, and even the "Hub" itself, had participated.

The doctor purchased the hotel, furnished it elegantly, tore down, enlarged, supplemented, rebuilt, infused his marvellous vitality into everybody, almost into the inert material about him, and in an incredibly short time the "Lexington Hotel" was transformed into a Health Institution and Seminary for Young Ladies; thus having a double working and character, and carrying forward in parallel lines the doctor's theory of harmonious physical and mental development.

The rapidity with which all these changes were effected must have seemed a good deal like the working of Prospero's wand to the staid inhabitants; and among these were some whose memories must have gone back to the very edge of that sad, glorious morning, perhaps even touched it in a vague, doubtful way, as one's memory hovers dimly around a dream.

The doctor's theory was novel and beautiful. In

an experiment of this kind no human skill or foresight could have prevented some friction in the details, but I believe that my own feeling of affectionate remembrance of these days only reflects that of hundreds gathered under the great roof at Lexington for several years.

This new idea of combining two kinds of culture, which the world, from its mediæval institutions down to our own time, has practically agreed to place at opposite poles, was likely to strike and attract people.

Young, delicate, blooming girls all over the land made sudden light and grace in the quaint, old streets where the loud British squadron had thundered along so many years before.

How the sweet, young faces and the dear, familiar names rise up before me, as I sit writing this to-day away off among the cool shadows of the New Hampshire hills!

It was in early October that I went to Lexington. The frosts had come and the oaks and birches were masses of rich gold and saffron, and the rock-maples wore their vivid maroons and glittering scarlets.

And all this outside splendor of color seemed the fit surrounding of that new life on which we were to enter, full of eager wonder and anticipation.

I may as well say here that the Seminary advantages, physical and mental, were not limited to students. There was a pleasant circle of ladies, invalids, graduates of other schools, friends of the doctor's, who came here to enter the "movement cure" or the "gymnastic classes" or attend some of the lectures, but in a large sense pupils and boarders were fused into one family.

But of all this bright, varied life there is only one phase which I can show you, and all that has gone before is only the necessary background of a picture in whose front there are a few figures to be set, with as clear outline and vivid coloring as lie in my pen.

One of the great attractive features at Lexington was the "Shakspeare classes," of which Theodore D. Weld was the teacher.

Years ago, I heard a young friend, just out of school, say: "I want to *understand* Shakspeare; but the most of his dramas are like a garden walled round and locked up to me; I know that inside are all rare blooms and fruits; but I cannot reach them; I stand on the outside, waiting for somebody to come with a golden key and unlock the gate."

"And now had the man come with the golden key to unlock my Shakspeare?" Thinking of what my friend had said I asked myself this question a great many times the summer before I entered Lexington.

Practically, Theodore D. Weld was a stranger to me; I had caught glimpses, in my occasional visits to Lexington, of the fine, intellectual face and the snowy hair and the "glittering gray beard," going altogether to make up a tender, patriarchal picture.

I knew something of the man's history; how that, in his youth, he had stood foremost amid the small band of men who had borne testimony against the wrong and shame of slavery, when to do this meant

persecution and social ostracism; I knew, too, that Wendell Phillips—a quarter from which undue praise is certainly not to be anticipated—had once said of his friend: "Weld is the most eloquent man in America!"

I had also been told that loss of voice in his youth and a peculiar and rather morbid sensitiveness of temperament had largely prevented any display of his remarkable gifts to the world, and that the eloquent young orator's later life had been devoted, in the most quiet, unpretending way, to teaching young men and women.

Afterward, when I came to know Mr. Weld better, he seemed to me an almost solitary instance of a man without a spark of personal ambition, and that this was really the secret of his long abstinence from every sphere of public life.

I want to take you, now, reader, right into the heart of the buzzing, varied life at Lexington, a life differing in a good many respects from any other you could find in the world.

It is yet early in the forenoon and another "lesson bell" has rung. There is a swift hurrying of feet along the halls to the large, sunny room at the end.

Once inside, you seem to enter a charmed atmosphere. The autumn day shines in through the pale green, gold and buff of the oaks and birches. On the camp-chairs, ranged along the walls, are the fair, blooming, eager faces. Youth and beauty and intellect of no common promise are there; and names, too, which startle one, because they are world-wide and fragrant with a lineage not of gold or ancestry, but a better one, of letters.

No frigid "recitation" atmosphere pervades that room. A real home freedom is permitted each. There is no restraint except that of good breeding anywhere. If the pupils are tired of one position they are at liberty to choose another, and can stand or sit, as they like.

They come, too, from every State in the Union; fair Northern girls and blooming Southern ones, from coast and prairie, they sit side by side, bending over their text-books.

The room, too, was free as out-doors to anybody who chose to enter. Beside the members of the household, there were more or less visitors from abroad who came to hear the celebrated teacher, and learn his methods.

There he sits, the centre of that blooming group of maidens; over which his fine gray eyes wander with a thoughtful tenderness. The pale sunshine glimmers in the white hair, or the glistening beard. He takes his glasses and his well-thumbed Howe's Shakspeare, the margin crowded with his annotations. There is a hush of expectancy on every face, almost as though the prophet was about to speak.

Mr. Weld's methods of teaching Shakspeare were as original as everything else about him. He believed that the world's grandest poet, he who saw with such clear insight to the very springs of human life and action, was the best teacher of youth.

He believed, too, that the central aim of all teach-

ing should be, not to crowd the mind with masses of facts, but to develop its own powers, to awaken its interest, kindle its imagination, stir its slumbering forces into life.

One of Mr. Weld's favorite expressions was: "We complain of the mistakes and failures we see on every hand and lay it all to the want of brains. The difficulty does not lie there. Almost all of us have brains enough. The trouble is we don't use them."

His plan was to make the girls "use" their brains.

Howe's Shakspeare contains excerpts from most of the principal dramas. Mr. Weld's rule, stated broadly, was to have each scholar carefully read over the lesson before entering the class, penetrating deeply into its spirit and meaning as she could, by herself. In the class each, in turn, read a few passages, and then came to quote his own favorite expression the "pulverizing."

This meant gathering out the beauties and difficulties of the great poet and talking them over in the most familiar, fireside fashion.

Whatever was beautiful or grand, humorous, quaint, obscure, was shaken out and held up to the light. It was all done in the most familiar conversational way. We talked precisely as we would, gathered some evening around the table under our home roofs, with the silver light instead of the pale gold of the autumn sunshine falling on the eager, upturned faces.

These were the times which brought out the peculiar genius of Mr. Weld.

I see now his kindling eyes, the flash of his fine, kindly face, as some grand conception, some splendid passage of the great poet shook the old man's soul.

Seized with a sudden inspiration he would spring from his chair, drop his glasses and then what a torrent of eloquence would burst from his lips. The very air seemed to throb and burn with it. What a light he would flash along each obsolete phrase of the old, sweet mother-tongue! How each obscure and turbid passage grew clear as crystal, as he held it up before us. How his fine insight used to penetrate to the spiritual essence of Shakspeare's words.

I used to think if the great magician could rise up from his slumber of two and a half centuries "by the old north chancel in the great church at Stratford," and enter among us, he would listen with pleased satisfaction to this interpreter of the hidden meanings that lurk and "sweetly invite" along his pages.

It was all done in so simple a way, too, a child might have understood the whole.

Mr. Weld vitalized Shakspeare's characters for us. They were no longer mere conceptions of the poet—fanciful creations that shone and glided along his dramas, but living, breathing men and women standing before us, palpitating with loves and griefs and living just such human lives as we did.

There was Miranda with her seraphic sweetness, and Ophelia with her loitering tenderness, and Rosalind with her sparkling grace, and Beatrice with her smiling irony, and Portia with her calm, lofty womanhood, and Cordelia with her purity and her tender,

heroic loyalty, there, too, was Viola with her young love and her wonderful self-sacrifice, and there, also, was poor Juliet with the passionate heart of her too early blossomed southern girlhood.

One after another they came—these "women of Shakspeare," out from the drama, and stood before us in the shining garments of womanly grace and beauty, which he had woven around them.

There was Prospero, the mighty magician, whom sea and earth and air obeyed, grown tender and human, as he related to Miranda the story of their common wrongs; there was Hamlet with his lofty melancholy, and Polonius with his complacent pedantry; there was Horatio in his Roman loyalty, and Lear in his awful misery, and Macbeth in his dark guilt, and Othello in the wild tempest of his jealousy; there was the sparkling merriment of Bassanio, the delicate, airy grace of Mercutio, the broad, old English laughter of Falconbridge, the rapier-like flash of Hotspur's wit, and the quaint, delicious humor of old Gonsalo.

It seemed, too, that these lessons of Shakspeare left no lesson of human life untouched. They swept the whole gamut of living and duty. The most splendid bursts of eloquence were always inspired by some lofty, moral purpose. Duty, self-sacrifice, the highest ideals of living and working, a heroic loyalty under every test to truth and one's own soul, was the central aim of every lesson, to which everything else was always subordinated; indeed, I cannot better express the character of these talks than by quoting a remark of my friend, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who, coming out from Boston one morning, had gone into the class. As she left the room, she exclaimed fervently: "That, I consider, the very genius of teaching!"

There was Roxana Foote Beecher—I name her first for reasons which, should she ever chance to read this article, she will understand—who sometimes seized the margins of minutes around her German classes to drop in upon us. She was a fair, slender, graceful, young woman, and the story went that she resembled the dead grandmother whose name she bore, and who seems to have united a rare strength with great womanly loveliness of character, as we see her portrait, drawn by those who knew her best, in Dr. Lyman Beecher's biography.

The later Roxana, with her finely-poised head and its beautiful crown of golden curls, inherited the Beecher characteristics; the dash, the indomitable spirit, the keen love of fun. What a magnetic force she was in the school that year! I can never imagine how we could have got on without her. She was the soul and life of the charades and exhibitions. Her fine sense of harmony, her picturesque tastes were always in demand in those frequent dramatic entertainments with which we used to vary the evenings at Lexington.

One instance of her "Beecher vim" comes in so "pat" here that I cannot avoid relating it. Her class was to entertain us with a little German drama, in the vernacular of which they had been carefully

drilled. On the night of the exhibition the hall was crowded with hundreds of strangers. Several days previously Miss Beecher had been taken seriously ill with some bronchial affection, which not only confined her to her bed but prevented her articulating a syllable. It had been arranged that she should furnish a little explanatory introduction for those of her audience to whom "Teutonic" was Greek, and, despite the vicinity of the "Hub," these formed, I suspect, a vast majority of the audience.

Of course that part of the programme had to be abandoned. The play was about to commence, when suddenly, before the curtain arose, there stood the slender girlish figure, and the pale face with the beautiful aureole of golden hair about it. She had dragged herself up from her bed to the hall. In a moment her voice rang with all its fresh clearness over the audience. When her brief speech was finished, she disappeared as quietly as she had entered.

To those who knew her real condition at the time it was a superhuman triumph of will over physical obstacles; but we settled it at last that it was all "Beecher pluck."

Into our "Shakspeare Class" there came also another young girl, with a singular grace and delicacy of temperament, and a corresponding fineness and finish of face and manner. She inherited a name honored and loved in both hemispheres, for it was *Una Hawthorne*. It seemed symbolic of herself, and that no other could have suited that spiritual, ethereal girl.

With great loveliness of character, she inherited her father's morbid delicacy of temperament. The wear and tear of life must inevitably jar and bruise that too finely organized nature. I see now, as I write, the finely-cut, half Greek profile, shaded by its bright masses of auburn hair. I used to like to sit still and watch it, as I would some picture, although I scarcely ever addressed the owner. I had a kind of feeling that even words, unless from voices she loved, would jar and wound the sensitive chords of that young soul.

Miss Hawthorne usually entered the class in company with her friend, Miss Haskell—now Mrs. Dr. Handy, of St. Louis. A strong affection existed between the two. The daughter of the great author inherited all her father's intense loyalty of nature. Yet the young women were totally unlike in temperament and character.

Miss Haskell, with her fair complexion and her bright rose-bloom, and her pleasant, expressive face, had a hearty, wholesome, generous vivacity of nature that gave itself out to everybody. One could not conceive of a morbid fibre in her whole organization.

There was something half pathetic in the entire devotion of the author's daughter to her friend; and when I saw them together, I used to think of Hawthorne's long friendship for his old college classmate, Franklin Pierce.

I remember one dreary winter's morning I stood at my window watching the few faded leaves of pale

saffrons and browns which clung with a sad tenderness to some magnificent elms opposite the hotel. The winds rattled and cantered dismally among the branches, but of a sudden all other sounds were broken up by the shriek of the locomotive, which a moment later thundered into the little depot on our right.

Then the front door of the house opposite opened suddenly, and Una Hawthorne came out. She roomed here, for our own barracks overflowed, and we were obliged to levy on the quaint old houses for a wide circle around us.

I see the bareheaded girl standing there a moment against the cold, dismal background, in the soft, purplish-toned dress in which I remember her best, her face full of pleased expectancy; then she sprang down the steps, hurried across the road to the depot, and was out of sight.

But I waited, divining what was coming. In a short time I saw her again approaching the house. She was not alone now; Miss Haskell had joined her friend at the depot. What a glad, full content shone in that bareheaded girl's eyes, while the chilly winds plucked angrily at her bright masses of hair!

It was a very little thing, to be sure, to write about, but it lent some charm and grace to that sullen day which otherwise it would have missed.

Mrs. Handy was my friend also in some far less degree. I think I may relate here, without betraying any private confidences, an instance or two which she repeated to me of Miss Hawthorne's regard for herself, they so strikingly illustrate the fine quality of the young girl's affection.

"She never gave me a present," said Mrs. Handy; "that is, she never put it into my hands as other people would; but I would often find something—books, for instance, rare little volumes, with my name in them, lying on my dressing-table. And it was so with all her other gifts. Each came to me with some delicate flavor of surprise and secrecy clinging to it."

Then again: "I remember I had a dress-skirt to trim in some rather elaborate pattern, and my school duties pressed at the time, and I had talked all this over, more or less, in Una's presence. One morning, after I returned home, I conscientiously resolved that I would devote the day to the unwelcome task. I went about it with grim determination, and drew the fabric out of my trunk, when lo! it was all finished, daintily and completely as though some faerie had been at work upon it. But I knew whose fingers had set with loving thoughts every stitch in that garment. It was like Una."

And this was one instance among many of her thoughtful, loving service to her friend.

The great novelist's daughter had a swift, playful humor that twinkled about all her intercourse with those she loved. It darted, and glittered, and played charmingly, like summer lightning among heaps of silver cloud. I never heard that it thrust or hurt.

There came also into our Shakspeare class a little girl, measured by her birthdays, not by the singular

depth and acuteness with which her young mind pierced to the central meanings of our lesson text.

She was the niece of Theodore Winthrop. Some soft, tender light shed down from that last heroic moment which closed so early the life of the author—soldier seemed always to linger about her in my eyes; and some fragment from that beautiful biographical sketch, in which Curtis has fitly embalmed the memory of his friend, would float in among my thoughts, like a sudden fragrance from outside when windows are flung open, or a robin's song is shaken out suddenly into the wide stillness.

Then there was Rachel Pomeroy, with her fine soul shining out of a fair girlish face, and the harp hidden and silent, from which was yet to arise such strong, sweet strains.

So the names come up, and the faces one after another; I see Garrison sitting in our midst, with his strong, kindly face, and his silvery speech, that was like an enchanter's wand. Summoning up the past before us, I see Mrs. Hawthorne, her fine profile framed in its widow's cap, as she occasionally came in from her quiet home at Concord to our evening entertainments.

A little later I was to read about that face, lying in its still peace, far away in the ancient English burial-ground, with a cluster of the world's great authors

gathered around, and two lovely orphan-girls standing there, and one of them stepping forward, just as they were about to close up the grave, and scattering a handful of foreign dust on the casket which held the fond, silent heart of the wife and mother. Other faces and scenes from these days come up before me, but the canvas is full now.

Two years later, just as the evening shadows were gathering softly among the mountains, running my eyes over the paper, which had just come to us from the great world below, I read that the house at Lexington was—a heap of ashes! In the bright, still summer morning the flames had burst suddenly from chimney and window and walls.

They gathered up the wide pile in one swift, splendid banner of flame, that tossed its folds in awful defiance against the blue, peaceful sky.

In a little while there was nothing left but charred columns and blackened rafters, where, of late, the light feet, and the faces in the first rose-bloom of youth, had gone smiling past.

And reading, a sharp pang struck to my heart—it was striking other hearts; I am certain, all over the land, as they were repeating at that hour, with mournful voices the mournful words which told the whole story—

“Burned to the ground!”

THE OLD PINE CHURN

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I SIT here warming my feet—the ground is white with snow, and the bleak sky is covered with clouds of cold, dull gray. I take up the poker to draw out the red, red coals into full view, for I so love their cheery glow. As I lay the little stub of a wooden poker down, I involuntarily say, “Oh, dear! oh, dear!” just as if my frame was rent with pain. Strange, that touching the little, unseemly poker, should wrench that cry from me, and yet it did; and though it force a cry from me every day, I would not lay it on the fire, and see it turn to a little white surf of ashes that one puff of breath could scatter into air.

No, it does me good, as does yon grinning, bony skull, which was once as I am now; or yon rough cross, with the vine hiding the base—bold, hard symbol—two stern, yet kind reminders that I love to touch my cheek against, and lean my weary brow upon.

The little poker is one stave out of the old churn we had when I was a little girl, and every one who was ever a child, in a country-home, remembers the ban that came with the early sunshine on churning-day. The white-pine churn, large at the bottom and small at the top, was rolled out resolutely, and the sound it made seemed to say to me, “Hee! hee! hee! here I come! hee, hee, hee!” a confused babbling laugh, somewhere between a vicious, bantering giggle, and a mild kind of profane language—language

too wicked for good folks to use, and too much diluted for downright swearers.

Oh, that churn! I wish I'd only known, “to such vile uses must ye come at last,” when I looked upon its white staves, and wondered how Adam ever did find out how to make churns out of separate staves, and make them fit closely enough to hold sour cream. I used to wish he'd not had such good, close tools; then, sometime, when a poor, little eight-years-old girl was churning away like a lady, and the honest sweat standing on her forehead, and sneaking down her neck, and stealing down into her bosom, why the churn would just fall apart, and the cream be spilled, in a way good enough for anybody's mamma.

How ominous the sound of the cream as it was poured in—what threats it did seem to make, as it shouted out, in a hoarse, laughy, guttural voice: “Ah-h-h, my little lady, little lady, ah-h-h!” Then the freshly-scalded dasher was put in, the drops wiped off, a few dashes taken by the maternal hand to see that it had the right tone, and it was wheeled into an out-of-the-way dark corner, away from doors and windows, and glimpses of blue sky, and dreamy hillsides, and like temptations. Then the little chair was placed beside the churn, and with clean hands and clean apron, I stepped up into it as one would march to the pillory or guillotine, and left alone in my glory.

And while I stood up there, stretched my very

longest, I used to wonder how it happened that I was born the eldest—used to wonder how Eve came to invent the use of butter on such luscious fruits as Eden undoubtedly afforded—why cream wasn't better and healthier than butter, why I didn't get sick and die of gout like other children did, miraculously—why I never took scarlet fever or diphtheria and lay abed sick a long while, and not have to wash dishes or churn, but eat toast and tea and preserved plums, and be propped up in bed and feel my mother's tears drip, drip on my head, as I had often read in delightful story-books. Why was it that I was not favored, like many other little girls who had wee, slender claws of white hands, and whose thin mouths puckered romantically, and who had interesting hollows in their cheeks, and sunken blue places under their sad eyes, and fine pencillings of veinery in their pretty temples? I was sound and hard, and brown and ugly, and was always called Tom, because I liked to climb trees, and turn summersaults, and ride the farm-horses, and walk on stilts, and fly from high places so splendidly on my jumping-pole.

One June day the churning was unusually large—two jars of cream—and I had my orders not to leave it until it was ready to gather. My little chair was placed beside the churn, and I stood in it and tugged at the dasher until my arms ached so I could hardly use them. I knew I'd ought to rest, so I sat down mercifully and improved the time by reading how elephants were caught in the jungles of Africa. That led me on to read about lions, and tigers, and leopards, and after I'd finished them I went back to the churn with renewed vigor.

Just then a robin alighted in the top of the poplar, and sang so sweetly that it would have been irreverent to have plodded at the old dasher whose swashy sound of "choo-o-choo," had no music in it. So I shaded my eyes and leaned on the post by the porch and listened, and admired, and answered back softly so my mother wouldn't hear.

The dear little robbly stretched his mouth from ear to ear, and hung by his toes, and tipped his head down and seemed to sing: "Why, Rosie, why, Rosie! whee-o, whee-o, Rosie, heigho, heigho, Rosie, whee-o!"

I clapped my hands and replied, he darted down head foremost and alighted on the old mossy well-curb, and we chatted, and chirped, and chee'd, and laughed with each other royally. Then my mother heard us and reminded me of the churning. Oh, dear! I wished folks ate pumpkin-sauce on their bread instead of butter, but I seized hold of the heavy dasher and worked away until a shrill cackle informed me that there lay a fresh egg ready for the gleaner, so I ran out to get it, for didn't my mother say, bring in all the fresh eggs you can to make custards, and hadn't I ought to obey the mother who gave me birth, and who had cared for me during my helpless infancy when I didn't know but that even pins were good to eat and good to swallow.

While I was getting the egg I saw another hen walk off slyly, just as though she had a hidden nest,

she acted kind of sneaking, looking back at me over her shoulder when she thought I didn't see her.

Of course I would not be outwitted by a hen, nobody would, so I followed her at a safe distance and looked just as innocent and unsuspecting as a little girl could.

But I found, after awhile, that she was only seeking her wallowing place in the cool, loose loam, so I sat down and pretended to be braiding grass and timothy, and watched her scratch the cool earth all up among her feathers, and tussle about and lave her sides, and breast, and thighs, and stretch out her unshapely legs and lie like a great ungainly, roasted fowl, with never a joint or hinge in her long, yellow limbs and horny feet.

I was just thinking that this must be to hens what swimming and diving and plouting about in the creek is to little girls, when I heard my poor mother's "hoo-hoo!" I answered "hoo!" and started to run back to the house to finish the churning, thinking I would appease my mother's just wrath with the nice fresh egg I had found, but, what had I done with that egg? Alas, I had put it in my pocket in my new linen dress and had lain down on that side while I was so leisurely watching the hen swim! I felt in cautiously, and withdrew my hand even more cautiously, as I sickened and wiped my fingers on the grass.

"See here, my lady," said my mother, "this churning will come in one half-hour if you work steadily, but if you trifle, it won't come to-day, and I am bound that you shall do it if it keeps you busy until you are eighteen years of age; so you know what to depend on."

"Oh, I'll bounce into it and soon have it done, mamma; you see I had to go out," said I, putting on a brave, bright face, but keeping just as far away from the dirty mias of a pocket as circumstances would allow.

She went back to her work in the third story of our high, rambling, picturesque old house, and I made a good deal of music on the churn until the click-clack of the loom warranted me in stopping. Then I took a basin of water, turned my pocket inside out and cleaned and washed it. It was a dirty job and sickened me for awhile after.

Then I turned my back resolutely and began counting the strokes of the dasher. That is the best plan I know to make one forget the tedium and insure steady work. I churned one hundred without stopping, then I sat down panting and rested awhile, and read Robinson Crusoe, a little book loaned me by a neighbor's son. For I might get hungry and feel too faint to work, I put a couple of potatoes in the hot ashes to roast. Then I began to churn again and to sing the old, familiar ditty of "Come, butter, come." I had on previous occasions found the result of this solicitation to be all that one could desire. But it did no good this time, though I sang it vigorously twenty times over, sang it with variations and additions and the most importunate invitations, but not one little speck was visible.

I had heard of butter being bewitched, but my

mother said there were no witches now, and all such talk was folly and superstition, that the last witch on the face of the earth was the witch of Endor, the one who called Samuel up from the dead in Bible days.

Then I fell to wondering if any of Mrs. Endor's posterity yet lived, and, if they did, whether they looked like other folks, and if their little girls wore copperas and white check linen dresses, and if they ever broke eggs in their pockets, and if the Endors were fond of butter, and whether they made their own, or just bought it at haphazard, not knowing who made it, or whether it had hair in it or not, clean or dirty.

Then I leaned my hand and my forehead on the dasher and pondered, and thought it might be possible that old, old, old, old Mrs. Endor was one of our maternal ancestors.

While dreaming away, I heard a little "twitt! twitt!" in the chimney, and, looking up, saw a "twitt-bird" flitting about on the high-up rim of the chimney-top. "You little dear," I said; "how I wish I had your wings and your freedom!" And here I cried right out; for didn't mamma say she'd keep me at this until I was eighteen, if I didn't finish it? That must be a long, long while. I tried to count how many years, but I couldn't; so I got an ear of corn and picked off eighteen grains, and laid them down in a row, and then took eight away, and found I'd have to churn just ten years.

I thought it would be a nice thing to be eighteen years old, for all the girls in our neighborhood received a "setting out" at that age; a side-saddle and a heifer, a spinning-wheel and a bed, and something else, a broom, or a windmill, or some other article I couldn't exactly remember.

That would just suit me. I had often coaxed mamma to loan me her side-saddle to fasten on a log, or on top of the fence, and she just "hooted" at me; but now I'd show mistress mamma when I was eighteen. I would sell my heifer and buy red and white candy, and keep the bed to turn summersaults on, and trade the spinning-wheel for toy-books, and keep the side-saddle to ride on among the logs at the wood-pile; and the other thing, if it was a wind-mill, I'd present it to my poor old grandpapa, who had been confined to his bed for many years with paralysis; and if it was a broom, I'd keep it to ride on when we chaps played "keep house" evenings when our parents had gone to singing school.

But, oh, dear, I'd rather die than to churn that long! So I sat down and cried most heartily. If I had to stand at that old churn ten years, who would Johnny Greene give all his sweet apples to during the winter, if I wasn't at school? And Cal Wiggins would get all the head marks then. And to what girl would little Jim Chambers give his chew of pine gum after he was done with it, if Zelle wasn't there to get it?

Then I cried the harder, and said, now if I could only get sick, real sick, so as to lie in bed on mamma's pillow, and have her feel of my forehead, and give me nice tea and toast, that would be a good thing,

and I wouldn't have to churn, and she'd pity me and be sorry, and 'fraid I was going to die, and I'd have a splendid time of it. I did wish I knew how to get sick. I stood and studied and studied, and suddenly I remembered seeing a little boy get deathly sick at school when a big fellow coaxed him to swallow a bit of tobacco. What hindered me from doing the same? Be sure there was no big boy to give me the dose, but didn't my papa's little linen tobacco-wallet hang just inside the cellar door? I could help myself. The result would be so interesting, too.

Ten years to do a churning just in the budding of my childhood! I'd show mistress mamma! I reached into the wallet and took out a long, black, sticky twist, and taking up the bread-knife cut off some bits and swallowed them, then mounted my little chair and began singing at the top of my voice:

"Broad is the road that leads to death."

I only knew that one line, but it was sufficient, and I thought rather appropriate for the momentous occasion.

In a few moments I felt so badly that I wished I'd not swallowed it. In a few moments more I thought I'd rather churn all day than feel so sick; it didn't seem so interesting.

Then I ran to the door and called: "Oh, mamma, come down, come down!"

She thrust her head out of the window and said blandly: "Has the butter come? Oh, child, what's the matter? You're as white as a sheet!"

I opened my mouth to speak, but I trembled all over, and mumbled out: "Wa-a-a-agh! a-a-h!!"

She ran down with the baby tucked under her arm like an umbrella, dropped it, and snatched me up so pale, and sick, and wilted, and laid me on her bed and began rubbing me.

"How do you feel? What made you sick? Where do you hurt? Are you poisoned? You're always handling and tasting strange things, and now I expect you've been and gone and killed yourself with some vile plant or other! Oh, my child! what will I do? Such a young 'un, so queer and strange! Oh, my poor Zelle!" and she wrung her hands in a paroxysm of grief.

Just then I sickened and threw up something, and she held my head and moaned. Oh, I was very, very sick; it was death almost; and I felt so feeble that I couldn't exert myself enough to tell her. Pretty soon she smelt the tobacco, and she said: "Why, seems to me I smell tobacco!" And she sniffed to the right, and sniffed to the left, but did not mistrust me. She did not find any link between my sudden illness and the loathsome smell.

After severe sickness I grew better, and my wish was gratified. I lay in her bed, my head on her pillow, her counterpane over me, and her kind hands made the toast and tea and propped me up and fed me.

I called for the little mirror, and was perfectly satisfied with the real face so nearly approximating to the interesting ideal face of my solicitous dreams.

I was propped up in bed, pale, and wan, and exhausted, when my father came to supper. My mother told him the doleful tale with a good deal of visible white in her scared eyes. He sat on the bedside, and said he was sorry, and hoped I would be well enough to ride old Jabez to water the next day.

I felt very serene and pleasant by this time, lying there, the chief point of attraction, and I had paid so dearly for the gratification that I didn't mind an occasional probe that my conscience gave me.

When my mother had supper ready, she said: "Zella, I don't see the bread-knife; do you know where it is?"

I started up scared, and hurriedly replied: "Maybe it's got in papa's tobacco-wallet; who knows?" Then I settled down, "and the subsequent proceedings interested me no more."

It just recurred to me that instant that I had slipped the bread knife away, side by side, with the huge black plug.

My mother looked at me strangely. I felt so drowsy just then, and closed my eyes immediately. She stepped inside the cellar door, and pretty soon she said in a soft tone, not meant for my ears: "Come here, Aleck."

Papa went, and I heard a low buzz of voices, a suppressed giggle, more whispering, some pleasant altercation, a little more laughter, then she said: "Well, that is the force of example; she thinks whatever you do is right, and manly, and she takes you for a pattern. Poor little thing, I'll never say a word about it to her; she's suffered enough. But, Aleck, you'd ought to be ashamed of your filthy habit after this."

It seems they gave me credit for wanting to learn to use tobacco because my papa did, and I was very willing they should believe it so.

That old churn was one of the clouds in my childhood's summer sky for many, many long years; but at last our father replaced it with one by which I could sit and read and churn, and make a pleasant and enjoyable pastime of this necessary item of housework. Then the rolls of butter seemed flavored with sweet poetry, and stories, and biography, and as I spread it on my bread I was reminded of this bit of descriptive scenery, and that thrilling narrative, and this rare poem—good things I had read while churning.

The old churn was used to keep nuts in for years, and then onions, and I was sad and sorry both when a boy ran his sled against it and it tumbled to pieces, an old shattered thing.

So it is with a very serious and thoughtful degree of revenge that I use one of the old staves for a poker for the little stove in my room. Still, I do somewhat enjoy punching it into the coals and allowing it to burn a little while, it gratifies me.

THE great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach, but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for, without finding it.—*Seneca*.

BRIGHT EVENINGS.

BY J. E. M.

"DEAR me, Annie, I'll never marry an author. Why, you never see anything of Albert. He is in that old study every evening turning over his old books, if he isn't writing. When I marry I mean to have my husband sit in our sitting-room, and read aloud, and sing, and play the flute, and be at home to go out if I wish to. I should think you would be as dull as a mouse in a cage. Such a lively piece as you used to be, too."

Annie smiled as her gay friend rattled on.

"Now I suppose you will be surprised when I tell you," she said, "that some of our very pleasantest evenings are those which we spend in the study, both busy, and only occasionally speaking a word to each other, or now and then looking up at each other. Albert says he likes to have me sit there with my work or reading, that it helps rather than hinders him; so I usually spend my evenings there. It was Wieland who wrote in a sweet letter concerning his wife, 'If I but knew she was in the room, or if she but stepped in a moment and spoke a word or two, it was enough to gladden me.'

"Depend upon it, Kate, it is not so much the many attentions the husband pays that will go to make life happy, but the uniform loving spirit, which makes even the commonest words a blessing. Busy workers often have little time they can afford to spend in the pleasant manner you picture, but they generally lead the happiest lives. Cheerful, steady industry, joined with home love, will bring us as near to Eden as is permitted in this lower sphere."

THE EASE OF DEATH.

THE following is from an article in *The Galaxy*, entitled "The King of Terrors Decrowned."

"It has so happened that I have seen many men and women die. Without design or disposition on my part, I have very many times been present when sick persons were ebbing to eternity. I have seen men and women, young and old, cultivated and ignorant, orthodox and heterodox, in their last moments, and, as a rule, all of them passed away, if not without regret, at least with entire resignation. None of them showed dread of the future. Their thoughts were fixed on what they were quitting, not on what they were going to. I observed that some of them were troubled, perhaps distressed, when they first thought they could not recover, but that, the nearer their end came, the less apprehensive and the calmer they grew. Having once banished hope, tranquility seemed to descend upon them as a substitute, and afterward, if free from physical pain, there was unruffled peace. If encouraged to believe they might get well, or if they had a favorable turn, the old anxiety, with somewhat of the former apprehension returned, proving that their mental disquietude was born of their expectation of life, not their fear of death. Thus was established a clear analogy between material and spiritual anguish under the same circumstances.

LAY SERMONS.

"AND I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

BY RICHMOND.

"THE curse of labor!" exclaimed Mr. Albright, lifting himself wearily from the work over which he had been bending for hours—hard work, because chiefly brain-work—very hard work, because attended with care and anxiety.

"Labor is not a curse," said the friend who had just come into the private office of Mr. Albright. It was evening, work did not always end at sunset.

"You would think so," replied the merchant, "if we were to change places."

"It may be with those who labor, and are at the same time heavy laden," answered the friend. "Labor, rightly performed, is a blessing. To work is to be in God's order; and to be in His order is to be in the way of peace."

The merchant looked at his friend curiously.

"You make a new distinction," he said. "In my view, to labor is to be heavy laden. The very word involves the idea of burdens and weariness."

"It is only another word for employment, or useful work," was replied. "The labor is what the hands or brain perform; and if this is done from right ends, and under the government of reason and moral law, it will prove a blessing. It is the eager grasping—the unsatisfied greed for gain, or power, that gives the curse to labor. Only those are heavy laden who work for selfish and ignoble ends."

There was a flash in Mr. Albright's eyes. He felt the remark as a personal reflection.

"Do I work from selfish and ignoble ends?" he asked, with a little quiver of anger in his voice.

"None can know that but yourself—except God," replied the friend. He spoke quietly and impressively. "That there is something wrong in your ends of life is plain, from the fact that you labor, and are, at the same time, heavy laden. But this need not be of long continuance. You know the way of escape."

"I?"

"Yes; and have known it since you were a child. It was one of the first things you learned at home, in the Sunday-school, and at church. I wonder that you have forgotten it."

"Oh, I understand," and the half-eager, questioning look went out of the merchant's face, and was followed by one of disappointment, not unmingled with disgust.

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The friend uttered aloud the divine word that he knew to be in the thought of Mr. Albright.

"Oh, yes. I have heard that ever since I was a child. I hear it in church almost every Sunday."

"And you believe it?"

"I would be a poor Christian if I did not believe the Word of Christ."

"Then, the way out of your care and anxiety—out of your fear and trouble—out of your weariness and exhaustion from labor, is plain. If you go to Him, he will give you rest."

"So I have heard the preacher say hundreds of times."

"Have you ever gone to Him?"

"I go to church. I say the prayers and take the communion. I give when called upon, and liberally, I think—trying to remember the poor and needy. But it is very difficult, as you must know, for a man so deeply involved in business as I am, and with so many interests at stake, to give much thought to religion. I do the best I can on Sunday. I always go to church, and take my part in the service."

"But the way to get rest is to go to Christ Himself. If this be not done, we who labor will continue to be heavy laden. The mere going to church, and giving of our substance to feed the poor and clothe the naked, will not help us."

"Going to Him in prayer, and religious meditation, you mean?"

"No; not that, specially; but rather going to Him in the purpose of our hearts, and believing in Him practically."

"Vague as too much preaching one hears. These stereotype phrases have come to mean very little to most of us."

"Let us see about that. God is good—goodness itself. He loves with unselfish desire to bless His creatures; and the blessing He would give them is love of doing good, which is an eternal spring of delight. The love of doing good to one's self alone is what separates us from God; and, to be separated from the source of all happiness, is to be wretched. Work, or service, is the means by which we can do good to others. If we work only for ourselves, that is, only with the thought of serving ourselves, can we hope to find Heavenly delight? Will we not labor and be heavy laden with disappointment? It is in new and unselfish purposes of the heart that we can alone go to Him."

Mr. Albright looked at his friend with an expression that said—"You speak to me in an unknown tongue. I fail to grasp your meaning."

The friend understood him—paused for some moments—and then asked: "Do you not believe that He who made us knows what is best for us?"

"Certainly," replied the merchant.

"Best for us in this world?"

"I do."

"And you believe that He is a being of infinite love—the love of doing good? Not of doing good to himself, but to the myriads of creatures whom He has made."

"Yes."

"And that he created us in His image and likeness."

"I read it in the Bible."

"If we had remained in the order of our creation, we would be unselfish, like God. But we did not remain in that order. We turned away, and narrowed all our feelings and all our interests meanly to self, and so we lost His likeness and His image. Can we hope for happiness in this inverted order of being? Is happiness possible in a world, where all work for themselves—where each antagonizes the other—where getting, and not giving, is the rule—where every one tries to get nearer to himself, and so farther and farther away from God and his neighbor? Think, my friend!"

Mr. Albright drew a deep sigh.

"It is only in the degree that we are able to put away

the thought of self in our work, and to consider how much good others will derive from it, that we shall find a blessing and not a curse in labor. Our work will be none the less thorough under this higher life of the soul; nor will the just return be less. And any other return than a just one no man can take except in peril of his soul."

"I don't think," said Mr. Albright, speaking reflectively, "that, active and eager as I own myself to be in trade, I deal unjustly with any. I should condemn myself strongly, and, as a Christian man, repent before God, if I were conscious of having, in any case, done wrong to my neighbor. The temptations are great; but my skirts, I trust, are clear of sin in this particular."

"Self-love is blind," the friend remarked. "Let us go back to the beginning of our talk. You then called labor a curse; and admitted that you were heavy laden by your work. What was the special thing that troubled you so much?"

"It was this. A month ago, I saw signs of a rise in the market on a certain line of goods. We merchants have to be always on the alert, you know. Well, I went around and bought freely, looking up over twenty thousand dollars. Two or three others, seeing what I was after, went in also and bought largely. The market did not go up, but commenced receding. They got frightened and began to crowd their goods upon the auctions. This threw the market down. If I were to sell out to-day, I would lose three or four thousand dollars. Bad enough as it stands, and fruitful of wrong. But what makes it worse is the fact that it seriously embarrasses my financial affairs. I have been at my wits' end to-day. It was half past two before I was able to make my bank account good. The day's financiering left on my hands a good deal of correspondence, besides the work of adjusting some tangled accounts."

"And this is the labor you called accursed," said the friend, smiling. "I guess you were right about it. There is little blessing—except perhaps the blessing of discipline—in such labor. I am not surprised that in it you felt heavy laden. It was all for self—self that was unsatisfied with the fair returns of a good business, based on the wants of the people, and conducted on the legitimate basis of demand and supply. It is in this, and other outside ways—ways that lead men aside from the safe pursuits of useful trade and labor—that we are perpetually burdening ourselves and getting heavy laden with care and trouble. And, as I said at first, there is only one path leading out of these unhappy conditions. Men must heed the divine invitation, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!'"

"There was a time," said Mr. Albright, "when that invitation of our Lord and Saviour had a sweet and comforting sound to my ears. I felt that I understood it; and that going to Him was a very simple and easy thing. But, somehow, it troubles instead of comforting me now. 'Come unto Me?' Where is He? How shall I get to Him? In prayer? I pray at home, and I pray in church; but He seems to be going farther and farther away from me."

"It may be that He really is," said the friend. "Or, to speak more correctly, that you are going farther and farther away from Him; for the Lord never turns Himself away—never departs from any one. 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock,' but He will not open the door. 'Come unto Me,' He calls to such as are afar off; but we will not come unto Him that we may have rest and peace."

"How are we to go to Him? How shall we, who labor and are heavy laden, find rest?" asked the merchant, almost with a cry of pain.

"We move through natural space by walking," was the reply. "But we cannot go to Christ in this way. He is not physically near or afar off. And yet he says 'Come.' Plainly, then, there is spiritual as well as natural walking; and can this be anything else than such changes in our states of mind, as bring us into sympathy with or nearness to those who have been far away from us through lack of sympathy? In the world in which our spirits dwell, change of state must be analogous to walking or to change of place in the world in which our bodies dwell. We are far away from God because our states of mind are the product of selfish and evil affections; and we will come near to Him in the degree that these are changed into better and more heavenly states. Prayer alone will not do this. There must be self-compulsion and self-restraint, helped by prayer. We must live in the world, in our homes, in our business, in society, obedient to the divine laws written in the Word of God. Self must be denied, and the good of the neighbor regarded as equal with our own. 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,' must be the law ruling in all things."

"Is that possible?" asked Mr. Albright, with almost as much doubt and surprise in his manner as if he had heard this heavenly precept for the first time. Never before had he seen the rule laid so closely to his business life. To work by it in the common affairs of this world, was, in his view, to be driven to the wall.

"Can the divine law require of men what is impossible?" said the friend.

"Under this law, what hope is there for any one?" returned the merchant. "If I were to consider my neighbor in business, instead of myself, where do you think I would come out at the end of the year?"

"The law says nothing about considering your neighbor instead of yourself. You are only to act toward him as you would have him act toward you. That is, with a just regard to his rights and interests. You are not to seek gain in another's loss; for that would be doing what you would not have another do to you. You cannot, as a Christian man, enter into any combination to raise the price of goods in the market in order to get gain through a widespread loss to others; nor take part in gold and stock speculations, which disturb legitimate trade, and rob so many who are engaged in useful employment of their just returns in business. There is no spirit of honesty in these transactions. Honesty never takes from another, without an equivalent of service—except in case of gift, which does not come under the rule. Dishonesty is only another name for stealing. Is it any the less a theft to appropriate, by means of a "corner" in gold or stocks or produce, the wealth of others, than to take money from a till, or a coat from a gentleman's hall? Are the prayers of a man who does such things worth anything, even though out of his ill-gotten gains he give tens of thousands to build churches, establish mission schools and endow public charities?"

"The rule is too straight for our modern Christianity."

"And it is because Christians of to-day regard it as too straight, and refuse to live by it, that so many of them are heavy laden in their work. In all useful work, earnestly and honestly done, there is a Heavenly satisfaction. If any of us are heavy laden, it is because we have looked beyond the good effect of our work, and

thought only of the gain to ourselves. We have not cared for the neighbor—whether he were benefitted or not. So that we got our reward, our work might perish, for all the concern it gave us after leaving our hands. But our loving Father in Heaven will not suffer us to be at ease under conditions of life, that, if continued, must end in spiritual death. He makes pain of mind as sure an attendant on all departure from divine laws, as He makes pain of body the sure attendant of all departures from natural laws. We labor, and are heavy laden, because we have turned away from God to self. We shall have rest only when we go home to Him. When His loving regard for others fills our souls. When we are more intent on doing good in our work than in seeking for a money reward."

"If a man," said Mr. Albright, "thinks only of doing good to others in his work, he will soon be out at the elbows—soon have nothing with which to do good."

"You mistake," said the friend. "A man must live by his work; and his highest service to his neighbor in his work, lies in the faithfulness with which it is done. The man who, in performing his work, gives to it the highest excellence possible in order that it may be of the highest use to his neighbor, worships God more truly than the most devout churchman in his Sunday service, if that churchman is indifferent to his neighbor in his weekday employment. The one will have perpetual delight in his work, the other will labor and be heavy laden. Which, think you, my friend, will get the most out of this life? Who's reward is best worth living for?"

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A MOTHER'S TALK.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

"CHILDREN are such a responsibility," sighed pretty little Mrs. Forrest, as she took up her work, and settled herself in her sewing-chair for a cosy chat with her friend, Mrs. Lawrence, having just equipped her noisy half dozen, and sent them off for an hour's coasting a bright winter afternoon.

"They are, indeed," was replied; "but all our blessings bring with them a responsibility, and one justly proportioned. There may be none greater in life than this, but there is no greater blessing; the ratio always holds good."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mrs. Forrest, doubtfully; "but to me the uncertainty seems fearful; the future so perilous, that I almost wish, at times, that motherhood had not fallen to my lot. Children of good parents go astray; and even when we try our best, how apt we are to make mistakes—how many dangers, physical and moral, lie in wait all the way along!"

Mrs. Lawrence's face wore a grave, sweet look, but she said nothing, till Mrs. Forrest paused in her sewing, and looked earnestly at her, as if awaiting a reply.

"Why is it, Carrie, that you are not troubled as I am? I knew how strong and tender is your love for your children; you do everything for them that lies in the power of mortal to do; but you have no anxiety, no foreboding thoughts. When your Charlie went to live in great, busy, bustling New York, where you well knew temptation waited at every turn, you were as cheerful and hopeful as now, when he has been tried and proved. I don't understand it."

The grave, sweet look deepened in Mrs. Lawrence's clear eyes as she answered gently: "Anna, you remember the story of the Grecian mother, who, when her little daughter lay in fearful extremity, bereft of reason, and beyond all mortal aid, pressed on through a toilsome journey, amid difficulties and dangers, opposition and reproach, to the very feet of Jesus, and besought His aid, urging her request even when He seemed inattentive, and when He gave that strange, trying reply, more disheartening than silence. You remember the final answer, after she had borne the severe test: 'Oh, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' There is such a faith, Anna; rare it may be, but it is the mother's key-stone, that unlocks for her children the treasure-house of noble manhood and womanhood."

Mrs. Lawrence's face glowed as she spoke with the earnestness of deep conviction and strong feeling. Mrs. Forrest asked: "Do you mean to say that we can, in any absolute sense, take these words to ourselves?"

"I do. To such genuine faith is given this inheritance, this wealth of promise and benediction. But we must not forget it has one grand characteristic that proves it real. It is a faith not outside of *life*, but one with it. The Grecian mother did not sit idly praying and hoping that the Lord would bless her child; she *drew near unto Him*. A faith that springs out of nearness to Christ cannot fail of fruition. Only let us live near to Him, let His spirit permeate and mould all our intercourse with our children; and rest assured, His power will vivify, and His blessing crown, our every effort."

Mrs. Forrest was silent for some minutes, a more thoughtful expression on her brow than she was wont to wear; she was evidently pondering the idea her friend had suggested. Presently she said, a glad light breaking over her face: "Yes, I see it. You are right, Carrie, and I thank you. You have given me the secret of your constant cheerfulness and dauntless energy. You feel responsibility as much, perhaps more, than I do; but you are content to do your duty, and *trust* results in a better keeping than ours; I will try to do likewise."

THE MOTHER'S REVERY.

BY M. O. J.

IT is a dreary night without; the rain falls in torrents, and wild winds sweep round the house with roar and sob and moan, while ocean's swell, though distant, is audible to a listening ear. Little matters the storm to the pleasant homes thickly scattered over fair New England, save as thoughts of some who have gone out from those homes, or others like them, to cross the surging waters, press on heart and brain.

In one of the brightest and cheeriest of these, the mother has left the fireside group, and sought for a little while, her own room. This, too, is warm and cosy, and she places the lamp on the table, and draws up her light, cushioned rocking-chair before her bureau. She opens a drawer, and takes out a precious relic—something laid there more than twenty years ago, and which India's wealth could not buy—a pair of baby-socks, blue-and-white, with one tiny hole in the toe. Long she sits with them in her hand; she turns them over and over, ties and

unties the bows of blue ribbon—and her thoughts are with the past. Well does she remember when her fingers shaped them for the little, untried, helpless feet. Her love guarded and guided them with watchful tenderness; and they were spared to ramble in childhood's sunny paths.

She rises, and takes from the closet a pair of little shoes, with well-worn toes and heels trodden down. Then the first pair of boots—and she smiles at the recollection of the joy and triumph they excited—smiles, too, at the noise and mud that used to come in the wake of those boots. What a treasure they were to the boy—and are to the mother! On many a little errand did they run for her; welcome even was their tread, noisy though it might be; and if they sometimes walked into mischief, her heart throbs in gratitude that manhood's feet have kept the path of integrity.

The little boots were long ago laid aside for a larger

pair, another and another; and those now worn are farther from her side than her boy is from her thoughts. Ocean rolls between them, but she has entrusted him to a love mightier than hers, and believes he will return. She smiles again, as she recalls the stories she used to read to him, and in which he took dear delight, where the good fairy comes, offering to grant the most ardent wish. Ah! would she not choose quickly?

"Mother!" Is she dreaming? She springs to her feet, pale, eager, listening. A rustle, a stir down-stairs. She hears again that voice—none other like it—and she knows it is no fancy. Her boy has come, and is asking for her. She rushes to the stairway, and is clasped in his arms. Taller, stouter, browner than when he held her thus on the eve of sailing; but her boy, come home with the same honest heart, and life yet unspotted from the world.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

EVENING PASTIMES.

WE give our young readers some familiar plays and pastimes, for winter-evening recreation:

EARTH, AIR, FIRE AND WATER.

For this game the players sit round, and one stands in the midst of them, holding a handkerchief twisted into a ball.

She counts one, two, three, and then throws her handkerchief-ball into the lap of any one she chooses, crying at the same time, "Earth," "Air," "Fire" or "Water," as she pleases. If she cries, "Earth," the little girl into whose lap the ball falls must reply instantly by naming some animal living on the earth; if the word was "Water," some fish must be named; if "Fire," something that can exist in fire; if "Air," some bird or insect. If she hesitates so long as to allow the ball-thrower to count three, she pays a forfeit. Example:

Edith stands in the midst of a merry group with her handkerchief ready.

EDITH. One, two, three—EARTH.

ADA (into whose lap the ball falls). A lion.

Edith takes back the ball and pauses—one, two, three—then throws it at Jessy, crying, "FIRE."

Poor Jessy, very much startled, says, hurriedly, "Coals."

EDITH laughs, and replies, "Oh, Jessy, coals are not animals! Pay a forfeit."

ADA. But, Edith, I think really Jessy is right. The game says, "anything that exists in the fire," no animal can.

EDITH. No, it cannot; but coals get burned up. I think, too, we might say ashes, a stuff which fire does not consume, or a salamander, for "fire."

MARY. I don't know what a salamander is.

ADA. Only a make-believe creature, little Mary; a sort of spirit or fairy which was said to live in fire.

EDITH. Well, I will let Jessy off her forfeit, as it is so difficult. Now, prepare; I am going to throw the ball again. One, two, three—AIR.

MARY (catching it). An eagle.

EDITH. Very well; give me back the ball. Now, one, two, three—WATER.

ADA (hurriedly). Fish!

EDITH. No, that will not do; you must name some fish.

ADA. Salmon.

Thus the game goes on. Sometimes a little player has to pay a forfeit for hesitation and slowness in answering; sometimes for naming a wrong creature as living in the element named. It is by no means easy to mention a resident in earth, air, fire or water the moment you receive the ball.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE.

The players are seated in a line or circle. One is chosen to ask the questions; she goes out of the room and closes the door, that she may not hear the word chosen. The players then select a word; if it has many meanings,



so much the better; but for little girls an easy word with only one meaning does very well.

When they have fixed on it, they call the one who is outside the door into the room. She goes round the circle, asking first, "Why do you like it?" then she walks round a second time, asking, "When do you like it?" and a third time, asking, "Where do you like it?" From the answers she guesses what the word was. She is allowed to guess three times; if she fails each time, she pays a forfeit.

Example:

HELEN goes out of the room, and returns to guess. She asks Ada, "Why do you like it?"

ADA. Because it is pretty.

HELEN. Why do you like it, Jessy?

JESSY. Because it is so silent.

HELEN. Why do you like it, Jane?

JANE. Because mamma gave it to me.

HELEN. Why do you like it, Edith?

EDITH. Because it pleases baby.

HELEN then begins with, "When do you like it?"

ADA. When it is made of wax.

JESSY. When it is made of china.

JANE. When it is made of wood.

EDITH. When it is made of rags.

HELEN.—Where do you like it?

ADA. In the play room.

JESSY. In my lap.

JANE. In a cradle.

EDITH. In a shop.

HELEN. I can guess it, because I think only a DOLL would be made of wax, china, wood and rags.

EDITH. Yes; you are right. When did you guess what it was?

HELEN. When Ada said, "Made of wax."

EDITH. Then, as Ada told what it was, it is her turn to leave the room.

MUSICAL FRIGHT.

This is an excellent winter game, as it affords exercise and laughter for all ages.

A young lady is asked to take her place at the piano;

some chairs are placed down the centre of the room, back to back, just one less in number than the players. Suppose there are twelve children to play, you place eleven chairs—ten back to back, one extra. Then the twelve children dance hand in hand round the chairs in time to the music. Suddenly—sometimes in the middle of a bar—always just

when you do not expect it—the player lifts her hands off the piano. Everybody must then attempt to get a seat, and, as there are only *eleven*, one will, of course, be left out. She or he is then out of the game, and must sit down and watch it. Then a chair is taken away, *ten* being left. The players resume their dance as soon as the

music begins; the moment it stops, they try to get a chair each, and one is, of course, again left out; then another chair is taken away, and the dance resumed. The game goes on, losing a player and a chair each time, till *two* players and one chair only are left.

Then the two dance wildly round the chair, and when the music suddenly stops, *one*

sits down, and the other is out of the game like the rest.

To make this game more exciting, the "mamma," if it is a birthday or any special occasion, will have a box of *bombons* or some fruit to give to the winner—i. e., the last who gets a chair—and she will let it be sufficient for distribution by the victor.



EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

I DO not ask, oh, Lord! that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord! I plead:
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart
should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, oh, Lord! that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give me a ray of Peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see,—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand,
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, oh, Lord! till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

BY DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE.

I'M kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore,
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come,
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His
home!

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm and
strife,
Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life;
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be
o'er;
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door!

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand,
Singing in the sunshine in the far-off sinless land:
Oh, would that I were with them, amid their shining
throng,
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song!

The friends that started with me have entered long ago;
One by one they left me, struggling with the foe;
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph surer won,
How lovingly they'll hail me when all my toil is done!

With them the blessed angels, that know no grief or
sin,
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in;
Oh, Lord, I wait Thy pleasure; Thy time and way are
best;
But I'm wasted, worn and weary; oh, Father bid me
rest!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star reigns its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth,
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impeared;
And the song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King!

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely Evangel they bring.
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King!

THE OPEN WINDOW.

BY EDWARD R. SILL.

MY tower was grimly builded,
With many a bolt and bar,
"And here," I thought, "I will keep my life
From the bitter world afar."

Dark and chill was the stony floor,
Where never a sunbeam lay,
And the mould crept up on the dreary wall,
With its ghost touch, day by day.

One morn, in my sullen musings,
A flutter and cry I heard;
And close at the rusty casement
There clung a frightened bird.

Then back I flung the shutter
That was never before undone,
And I kept till its wings were rested,
The little weary one.

But in through the open window,
Which I had forgot to close,
There had burst a gush of sunshine,
And a summer scent of rose.

For all the while I had burrowed
There in my dingy tower,
Lo! the birds had sung and the leaves had danced
From hour to sunny hour.

And such balm and warmth and beauty
Come drifting in, since then,
That the window still stands open,
And shall never be shut again.—*Christian Union.*

LITTLE LUCY.

BY DR. WM. H. HOLCOMBE.

LITTLE Lucy, sweet and mild,
Half a fairy, half a child,
Slowly softly laid away
Underneath the fearful clay;
Kisses on her little brow;
Ah, the angels kiss her now!
Roses on her little bosom—
Her sweet self a broken blossom!

Oh, the world is cold and lone!
Little Lucy dead and gone!
Little playthings put away—
Things for tears, and not for play;
Little cradle rocked no more—
All the little prattling o'er.

Kiss her; leave her, laid away
Underneath the fearful clay;
Leave the roses on her bosom!
Kiss and leave the broken blossom!
Angel Lucy! sweet and mild!
Beauteous angels, love my child!

THE RIVER PATH.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

NO bird-song floated down the hill;
The tangled bank below was still;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew;
We felt the falling of the dew;

For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farthest side
We saw the hill-tops glorified—

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom;
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen,
The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod,
We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of moon or sun.
We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beckoned our dear ones gone before;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear
The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sadden our pathway turned from night;
The hills swung open to the light;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long, slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled;
It bridged the shaded streams with gold;

And, borne on piers of mist, allied
The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near
The river, dark with mortal fear,

"And the night cometh ohill with dew,
Oh, Father! let thy light break through!"

"So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide!

"So let the eyes that fail on earth
On thy eternal hills look forth!

"And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below."

AFFECTION'S TRIBUTE.

BY E. P. SHILLABEE.

TWAS busy seed-time, yet in many a field
Labor was stayed, and those whose sturdy hands
Beckoned to thrift by timely ministries
Had left their calling, and, in decent garb,
Thronged onward where the melancholy bell
Proclaimed the doings of relentless Death,
To give their sympathy to those who mourned,
And shed, themselves, a tributary tear
For one among them who had bowed his head
To the stern summons, painfully delayed.
And then, amid the blooming sweets of spring—
The trees unfolding in the bright array
That clothes the joyous season—swept along
The sombre hearse; and the long train of those
Who mourned, as relatives and friends, for him
Whose loving eyes had closed to scenes of earth
To open on the brighter ones of Heaven.
They came from far and near, tender and sad,
The last kind offices on earth to pay,
And Nature seemed to hush, and hold her breath,
As on the solemn pageant swept to where
The grave was waiting, and funeral rites.
It was no hero that they honored thus—
No statesman, scholar, bard, nor one whose voice
Had thrilled the public ear by trick of words;
Nor one who'd thrust himself before the gaze
Of crowds to win fame's meed by other means.
A simple farmer—this and nothing more—
An unpretending, plain and honest man,
With no ill brooding in his truthful heart,
And none to utter by his manly lips;
Loving the good and true, and doing good and true
In all his dealings with his fellow man.
I gazed upon the pageant, and of one
Who was of those that formed the waiting group,
I asked the meaning of the tribute shown—
Tempting the answer that I knew before:
"Why this display of grief," I said, "for him
Whose lot was cast in such a homely mould—
Why do the farmers leave their fields for this?"
He was a man uncouth—to sentiment unused—
But brushing off a tear that dimmed his eye,
He said, half sternly, "Why the fact is here;
We honor pay because we loved him so."
Ye grand and mighty, where is honor found
So glorious in its offerings as this,
That rests its giving on the simple claim
For honor's tribute that it loveth so?

THE HOME CIRCLE.

MAKING THE BEST OF THEM.

BY J. E. M'C.

"MOTHER," said Belle, "don't you ever get tired of your old things, and wish you could get something nice to wear?"

"Yes," said mother; "I saw a beautiful black grenadine go by this afternoon, plainly, but richly trimmed, with a binding of black satin on the edge of the flounce and the ruffle of the overskirt, and I thought, 'Oh, dear, if I could only afford such a dress for Sundays, how well I should like it.'"

"Did you, really, mother?" asked Belle, with a little incredulity in her tone. "I am very glad to hear it."

"Glad to know that your mother had a sinful, coveting, murmuring spirit come over her?"

"No, mother, but glad that you are tempted, as I am, and know how to appreciate it."

"It soon passed over with me."

"How did you get rid of it?"

"Prayed, my dear," said mother, in a low sweet voice.

Ah, that was mother's secret of content. It wasn't because she did not like nice, suitable clothing as well as anybody, that she wore so patiently her last year's things, and she knew it had been a hard year with the working-arm of the house, laid by for six long months. She only wondered they had got on as well as they had.

She felt she could be content with anything, now that her husband was well and able to take his old place again. But she was only human, and it was trying to live in a circle whose main business was dress, and yet feel that she must economize more closely in her own to make up their losses.

"But, come, my dear, if we cannot buy new suits, let us do the best we can with our old ones. They can be modernized and improved, until they will be at least respectable. I am glad this sensible fashion of wearing a white waist with colored skirts has come again. It is such a convenience for poor folks. We each of us have several skirts that may be made of service in this way."

A laid-off white dress was found, which made up nicely into simple Garibaldiis for home wear. The old skirts were remodelled, and came out looking very fresh and new.

"All the girls" had a pretty striped calico or percale polonaise for street wear, and as this was quite within Belle's means, she also procured a good pattern, and made up one on the sewing-machine in a single afternoon. It looked so tasteful and pretty over a dark underskirt, that both were delighted with it. Mother made up one for herself out of some plainer black-and-white striped goods, which gave an air of gentility to her dress, which is often wanting in the most costly fabrics. It is knack and good-fitting, more than expensive dresses, that makes a person look well-dressed. Mother's old black dress had a new deep flounce added to it, and the overskirt remade, and then no one could tell but it was a new dress. Old laces were looked up and freshened and brightened, until mother had the material for a handsome lace bonnet for herself and hat for Belle, with no outlay except for frames, and one simple tea-rose and buds for Belle's hat.

Nobody knew what a busy week mother and daughter had both had when they walked into church, so neatly at-

tired, on Sabbath morning. Their minds, too, were at rest, for their work had been finished on Friday evening, so that the weariness of it should not creep over into Sunday, and spoil the day. They knew they were respectably dressed, even among their butterfly-neighbors, so they had no worrying thoughts to put them ill at ease.

"So much for making the best of what we have," thought Belle, as she returned her pretty hat to its box, and set it carefully away. "Mother is a jewel for contriving; I believe if we were rich it would take away half our pleasures."

No doubt you are right, Belle. Many have found that heaping up riches was only a heaping up of cares and sorrows.

Persons in the middle walks of life do see the most comfort. The prayer of Agur is one well worth our while to offer up every day.

A REPRESENTATIVE GIRL.

BY BIRDSEY.

THERE is a representative girl, who lives in our village, whose portrait I will try and give you. Alas, that she should be a representative girl! I think she would not, if others of the class could be made to "see themselves as others see them."

She is about sixteen, but it's not the sweet sixteen poets sing about. No poet ever put her in his verse, unless it was the one who does the grotesque valentines.

Her hair is of a strong sorrel sort, and when she goes to bed she braids it in tight plaits all over her head. In the morning she unweaves it and shakes out the snarls (combing would spoil it) and flings it to the winds. This is after breakfast. If you were to drop in at that hour you might see the young lady got up in a style that you would never forget. This is the appearance she makes for the eyes of father, brothers and sisters. Not much mention is made of mother at her home. Yet she is very useful in doing up the nice muslins and laces, and in making the most tedious parts of the many dresses needed to "go out in." Very few are required for home-wear, except there is company expected.

Her skin has a soiled look when at its freshest. She has powdered and touched it up so much with pink poisons, that a chemist could not put it right. Indeed, it would be dangerous for her to go to a chemical lecture. It might happen to her as to another young lady who attended such a place. The gases evolved turned the mineral powder she had used so plentifully, to a deep-black, to the great horror of her escort and those near her.

Her dress just now surpasses even the famous Grecian-bend. A dromedary should be proud of the distinction conferred upon him of setting this year's fashions, as the kangaroo did last. What shall it be next? Hasn't the stately elephant some good points, or the long-stepping ostrich, or maybe "our poor relation," the ourang-outang!

Still, our girl's outward appearance would be of little account, provided the mental and moral qualities were all we could desire. But that bold look ever present on her face, but most apparent of all, when in the company of strangers, gives little promise of a gentle, lovely, womanly nature.

It is this look that so astonishes, and I may say, repulses foreigners, accustomed to the modest demeanor of young girls in the higher walks of society. A brassen-faced woman is thought, across the seas, to be only of the fish-monger, or still more disreputable class. Our girls are fast degenerating in this regard. An affectation of delicacy would be even preferable to this insufferable self-assertion and disgusting boldness.

Our representative girl has sadly-unfurnished apartments in her head, for all she has been sent to school so much. Her reading is mostly of sensational newspaper stories, or even worse, and the marks of the vile type shows itself in the very expressions of her face. You cannot touch pitch, and not have the blackness betray itself.

She is coldly selfish, and looks upon little brothers and sisters as "awful plagues." She grudges money spent on them as something wrongfully taken from her; and the new baby puts her in such a huff, that she isn't pleasant for a week. She doats on beaux, and the little animation she ever shows, is in connection with some little amatory scene. Will a red revolution be needful before our girls can shake themselves from their trammels, and come out deep-hearted and noble and true as American girls once were? Let us be thankful for the noble exceptions, and pray that their numbers may be a thousand-fold increased.

A GOOD WORD.

BY J. M.

MR. SIMMONS entered the dining-room one frosty morning, with a frown on his brow. His business perplexed him, and various other worries had disturbed his sleep. He did not feel very well satisfied with himself, or any one else.

Now, because he slammed the hall-door, do you suppose his wife rattled the tea-things snappishly? Such things often follow, I know. But Mrs. Simmons had

learned a more excellent way from an old-fashioned book she loved to read daily. She had tried the magic of soft answers so many times, that she knew well their powers. So she poured out the coffee cheerfully, and when the nice breakfast had begun to warm the heart as well as the frame, she said, "I am so glad you fixed that step at the back porch, Robert; it is a great convenience, and so much safer. That drain, too, from the pump, is a great deal more convenient."

It was only a little thing to say, but the appreciation made Robert's brow relax, and he spoke in a pleasanter tone, as he said, "I am glad it suits you, Hannah. I hope I shall get another half-day soon, and then I can attend to a number of other little matters about the place, that need looking after."

How small a thing had changed the current of his thoughts and feelings. Truly, "heaviness in the heart of man causeth it to stoop, but a good word maketh it glad."

Robert Simmons went about his work with a lighter heart, and a more energetic spirit for that little "good word" from the lips of his wife.

Very different would have been the case in many homes. The quick retort is there sure to follow a hasty word or act. A spark of ill-temper is quickly fanned into a flame of passion, that consumes all that makes home fair and lovely. Instead of the good word which maketh glad, all efforts to oblige are followed by fault-finding. No pleasure or gratitude is expressed or felt, but where one favor is granted, a dozen more are demanded.

Ah, any one who has even taken a peep into such a home, must agree with Solomon, that "it is better to dwell on a corner of a house-top alone" than there.

Be lavish of good words in your household, and you will add largely to the sum of the world's happiness. You will, doubtless, prolong your own life, and, certainly, you will make your presence a blessing and a joy wherever you are.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

ECONOMY AND FRUGALITY IN HOUSE-KEEPING.

WHEN frequently hear loud complaints of the cost of living, and people with all grades of incomes, the highest as well as the lowest, confess that they can only with difficulty make both ends meet. Where the trouble is it is not always possible to determine. Still there can be certain plain rules laid down which will simplify affairs. The first and most important of these is that it is not what a man earns, but what he spends, that determines whether he shall be rich or poor. The man with an income of ten thousand dollars per annum—which amount seems to a poor man a little fortune in itself—will always remain poor if his expenses run up to twelve thousand dollars, and he thus finds a balance against himself at the end of the year.

On the other hand, the man who in the weekly receipt of fifteen dollars manages to lay aside five or seven dollars, will find a competence slowly yet surely accumulating against old age or misfortune.

The French and Germans far exceed us in the art of economical living. A French family would find no diffi-

culty in living well on the mere waste of many a single kitchen. The shreds of uncooked meat which here are considered only fit for the dogs and cats, would be transformed into delicious soup, in which waste pieces of bread would be served up. The remains of cold joints and bits of cooked meat—the refuse of the table—would appear again in appetizing *croquette* and *paes* (English, pie).

Our vanity stands quite as much in the way as our education (or rather want of education), in the matter of economical living. There are many people whose means do not really justify an extended outlay in marketing, but who would sooner confess to breaking one of the commandments than to any necessity for cheap living; and would almost as soon be caught with a stolen sheep on their backs as at a butcher's stall inquiring for low-priced pieces of beef or mutton. Yet these low-priced pieces of meat, properly prepared, are quite as nutritious and palatable as the more expensive ones.

Dr. Dio Lewis, who has recently written an article on cheap living, says that certain pieces of beef can be obtained for two cents per pound. If Dr. Lewis is correct in his statement, Boston prices must range lower than Philadelphia prices, for in this city six cents per pound

is the lowest rate at which we have been able to obtain the cheapest cuts of beef. However, at the higher rate, a piece of beef weighing perhaps seven pounds, and costing forty-two cents, will make three good dinners for a family of six persons. This makes an average cost of fourteen cents per dinner for the most expensive article of the meal, or from three to six times less than a dinner of sirloin roast or broil.

Dio Lewis reduces the actually necessary cost of living down to "not much more than two dollars for ten persons for a week." He made the trial with himself for a week, and, after indulging in occasional luxuries in the way of lobster salad and Leicestershire sauce, he found the week's living cost him fifty-four and one-quarter cents. His food during the week of trial consisted largely of hulled corn, oatmeal porridge, bean porridge, soup, cracked wheat, brown bread, etc., with a little milk, molasses and sugar. He ate no butter, and indulged in but two meals a day.

We fancy his estimate of the cost of some articles is too small. Thus he talks of milk by the cent's worth and a half cent's worth. With milk at ten cents per quart, as it is with us, a cent's worth of milk would scarcely suffice a baby; so what amount would it be for a strong working man or active child?

Then, to a man weighing, on his own confession, two hundred and twelve pounds, butter may not be an essential. But with most people, and especially with growing children, butter is an important and necessary article of diet, and cannot be omitted without injury to the health. Thus in this and certain other particulars Dio Lewis's prescribed diet is one we can hardly recommend housekeepers to adopt for their families. Don Piatt, speaking of its meeting the needs of the poorly-paid clerks at Washington, says: "Here is what can be done practically where health and comfort are alone consulted. But we must add, however, that the man capable of putting this into practical operation would not be a clerk in Washington. He would have murdered the head of a bureau, and gone West to grow up with the country long since."

Speaking of cheap living for poor people, we are reminded of the remark of a working man who had given him a recipe for a "poor man's pie," which was rather insipid and unappetizing. "Poor men," said he, "like good pies as well as rich men."

Nevertheless, there are many legitimate ways, in which the cost of living may be materially reduced. If we used more unbolted flour and cornmeal in making bread and breakfast cakes, a greater variety might be given to our diet, as well as economy consulted. Eggs are often used when they might easily be omitted. Fresh, clean sweet lard is just as good as butter for cakes and pastry. Cakes and pastry might indeed be made much less frequently than they are, and fruit substituted in their stead. Soup might occasionally take the place of the boil, the roast and the broil. There is nothing so nutritious or so palatable as carefully-made soup, and it is the most economical form in which meat can be eaten. The cheapest and boniest parts of beef or mutton will do for soup, or it can be made from the liquor in which ham or fresh or salt beef has been boiled. These are a few of the many ways in which a frugal housewife can reduce the table expenses without sacrificing the health or appetites of her family.

No doubt some day we shall learn how to utilize labor and expense in housekeeping on the co-operative plan. But so far all attempts at co-operative housekeeping in

this country have, we believe, proved failures. No doubt the pride to which reference was made in the early part of this article has something to do with its want of success so far as economy is concerned. Mrs. Smith would not like to send into the common kitchen the remains of yesterday's dinner to made over into *pates* or *croquets* for to-day's dinner, the bones still reserved for soup for tomorrow, while Mrs. Brown, who lived on roast beef yesterday, has roast mutton to-day, and may possibly have roast fowl to-morrow. These economies must for the present be conducted in the privacy of our own kitchens, and on days when we do not expect company, until frugality shall come into fashion.

Co-operation in all the departments of living is carried into perfect and practical operation in Germany. A recent writer speaking of that country says:

"One part of it is this, that frugality has been wonderfully systematized here; everybody helps every other to make small means go far. A German town is, so to speak, in a perpetual, unconscious conspiracy to keep prices at a low average, and to reduce at once the labor and expense of housekeeping. One kitchen fire, with perhaps a single cook, serves for thirty or more families; one housemaid for half-a-dozen; bread is not made in private houses; cooked meats, cold, are offered for sale all over the city. The scale of profits is very low, and the rate the same whether one buys one ounce or ten pounds. But it may be best to take an example in household economy: Here is a widow lady with a bright little son who goes to school. Her means are very small. She hires a flat of six rooms and a kitchen—on the fourth floor, in a well-built, handsome house, situated upon a fine street—and lets three rooms to lodgers. A servant comes in for an hour or two a day to do the chamber-work, run of errands, mop the floor of a Saturday, etc. In the morning the lady makes a cup of coffee over a spirit lamp, and with bread from the baker—good, honest bread—has a light breakfast, after the German fashion. At noon she procures a dinner ready cooked and hot from an establishment in the same building which makes a business of supplying families in that way. At this place just one dinner, but large enough to be divided among many families, is prepared each day. All who purchase there on a given day have the same fare, but something different the next day, and so on. In this way the business is simplified to the utmost; the least amount of labor is required; there is no waste of food, prepared for all supposable tastes, and left uncalled for. At supper our widow may supply herself with bread and butter, a slice or two of cold meat, a tart or the like, etc., at a very light expense. So she lives respectably, in clean, well-kept rooms; has no fire in the kitchen for a week; enjoys much leisure each day, and pays for all by a bit of money. It is to be observed, too, that she is not to be banished to some obscure, disagreeable part of the town, but lives on a handsome street, elevated, and airy, among the pleasantest in the whole city.

"It is this kind of thing which renders German civilization possible. The fact is not merely that the art of household economy has been studied, but no one is left to practice it alone; the whole community is one great alliance to render housekeeping easy and inexpensive, and thereby to enhance the practical value of small means. And perhaps this is one of the chief reasons—to judge from my observation thus far—there is less of abject, soul-crushing poverty in all the German cities put together than in a single ward of London or New York."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MARBLE PROPHET, and other Poems. By J. G. Holland, author of "Bitter-Sweet," etc. New York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

This volume is a collection of short poems by one of our best American essayists and poets. The first, from which the volume takes its name, describes the Laocoon, and calls it

"A voice from out the world's experience,
Speaking of all the generations past
To all the generations yet to come
Of the long struggle, the sublime despair,
The wild and weary agony of men!"

The volume is in every respect such as will gratify a refined and critical taste.

PRIZES PAID TO EXPERIENCE. Incidents in my Business Life. By Edward Garrett, author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," etc. New York: *Dodd & Mead.*

Sensational novels and novels of lax morality are so the order of the day, that some of our best writers even feel themselves bound to pander to the false taste of the public, which demands this class of literature. Therefore, it is especially refreshing to one who has read to satiety works of this character, to be able to take up a volume which shall possess in no degree any of these characteristics, but which still ranks among the very highest in point of literary excellence and interest. It is a story of Scotch people, written in an autobiographical form, and in a plain, straightforward manner, and is full of lessons of practical wisdom.

TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA. Compiled and arranged by Bayard Taylor. New York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

The "Library of Travel, Exploration and Adventure," in the course of publication by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., is one of exceeding value. It brings into form for popular reading, a great deal of information that is contained in more ponderous volumes, and which, for lack of time or means, is beyond the reach of the ordinary reader. In this volume are condensed the narratives of Moffat, Livingstone, Anderson and Magyon, whose travels extended through different sections of the southern part of Africa.

GAVROCHE. The Gamin of Paris. From "Les Misérables" of Victor Hugo. Translated and adapted by M. C. Pyle, author of "Minna in Wonderland," etc. Philadelphia: *Porter & Coates.*

One of the most interesting characters in Hugo's masterpiece is little Gavroche, the gamin of Paris. It is a happy thought to rescue this character from the numerous company among which he plays a comparatively insignificant part, and makes his story a continuous and complete one. The translating is done with tolerable ability, though now and then it might be somewhat improved.

THE LITTLE SANCTUARY, and other Meditations. By Alexander Raleigh, D.D., author of "Quiet Resting-Places," etc. New York: *Dodd & Mead.*

This volume is a collection of sermons and essays—meditations, their author has pleased to call them—for which certain passages of Scripture furnish the subjects. They are written in a finished style, and are both pleasant and profitable religious reading.

DRIPS OF WATER. Poems. By Ella Wheeler. New York: *National Temperance Society and Publication House.*

This is a collection of stirring Temperance poems, by an author whose name is already familiar to the public through the medium of newspapers and periodicals. Some of these poems have already appeared in the public prints, while others now see the light for the first time. The publishers of this work suggest that this volume is "peculiarly adapted to public readings in lodge-rooms, divisions, and other meetings, and will afford greater variety of entertainment under the 'Good of the Order' than was before offered by the same money." For sale in Philadelphia by Garrigue & Co.

THE FIRE-FIGHTERS. By Mrs. J. E. McConaughey, author of "The Hard Master." New York: *The National Temperance Society and Publishing House.*

This is an excellent Temperance story, by one of our best moral and domestic writers. Mrs. McConaughey is a woman who sees people and things from a common-sense and practical point of view, and a work from her pen should be productive of much good. For sale in Philadelphia by Garrigue & Co.

PICKED UP ADRIFT. By Prof. James de Mille, author of "The B. O. W. C." Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

THE CHILD OF THE ISLAND GLEN. By Elijah Kellogg, author of "Lion Ban of Elm Island," etc. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

The first of these two books is the fifth volume of the "B. O. W. C." series, and the second the fourth volume of the "Pleasant Cove" series, two sets of juvenile books, intended especially for boys, but read by a large number of maturer age. They are both entertaining and profitable reading.

EVA'S ENGAGEMENT-RING. By Margaret E. Wilmer. New York: *National Temperance Society and Publication House.*

Most Temperance stories deal especially with drunkenness and its immediate results. This story attempts to show the evils and dangers of moderate drinkers, which is the first stage of drunkenness. It is a book which should be widely circulated by Temperance people. For sale in Philadelphia by Garrigue & Co.

OLIVE VARCOE. By Francis Dorrick. Boston: *Loring.*

An English novel of no special merit or demerit, which may serve to while away an idle evening.

TOTAL ABSTAINER'S DAILY WITNESS AND BIBLE VERDICT. Compiled by W. C. Greene. New York: *National Temperance Society and Publication House.*

This is intended to hang upon the walls of either lodge-rooms or private houses. It contains pages corresponding in number to the days in a month, each page containing a number of texts of Scripture, relating to some special phase of Temperance question.—It is all ready for hanging, being fastened on a stick, with a cord attached.

THE STANDARD. A collection of Sacred and Secular Music for Choirs, Conventions, Singing-schools, etc. By L. O. Emerson and H. R. Palmer. Boston: *Oliver Ditson & Co.*

It is but a few years since Mr. L. O. Emerson appeared before the public with his "Harp of Judah," a Church Music Book, that speedily found its way to church choirs and singing-schools. The "Harp" was a great success, and was followed in due time by "The Jubilate" and "The Choral Tribute," both popular books. In the meantime another genius of somewhat similar experience had arisen in the West, and the two were naturally attracted, by mutual taste and interest, toward the compilation of a book that should represent their united capacity. Such a book is the "Standard," by L. O. Emerson, of Boston, and H. R. Palmer, of Chicago. It has, in addition to sacred music, quite a large collection of easy glees and songs, suitable for practice in schools and rehearsals. The "Standard" has four hundred pages, and being so large and well-filled, is cheap at \$1.15 (the price by the dozen), or at \$1.25, the price for which specimen copies are mailed, post paid.

HOBBS'S ARCHITECTURE. By Isaac H. Hobbs and Son, Architects. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

There is probably no study more neglected, and no one which, at the same time, deserves more general attention than that of architecture. The rude, unsightly and inconvenient houses, which are to be seen all over the country, attest to this fact. We do not ask or expect that every man and woman should master the science of Architecture in all its branches and departments, but that every one should render him or herself familiar with its elementary principles, so that he or she, if occasion presents, shall be able to design a house in which there shall be no glaring incongruities either in inside construction or outside appearance. Beauty is not a thing of price. The humblest

dwelling in the land can be made attractive if its builders and inmates possess a properly cultivated taste. There is no surer method of acquiring this taste than by the study of books of architectural drawings. The book before us is one that we can recommend to the general reader, no less than to the professional builder. It contains a great number of designs and ground-plans for suburban and rural villas and cottages, prefaced by general rules for correct architecture. It is not every one who would care to build so expensive a house as the most of those illustrated in the book are. Nevertheless, the plans and drawings may be studied with profit, as their study will surely result in a knowledge of general principles, and in a familiarity with and appreciation of the beautiful.

SPARKLING RUMORS. A choice collection of new Sunday-school Music. By Asa Hull and H. Saunders. Boston: *Oliver Ditson & Co.*

Mr. Hull, one of the editors of this little work, has previously appeared before the public as compiler of "Casket No. 1" and "Casket No. 2," very acceptable Sunday-school Song Books. These names, perhaps, suggested the pretty title above, as "Rubies" may very properly belong with "Caskets" of gems. The book contains one hundred and sixty pages, and about one hundred and forty songs.

GENS OF STRAUSS. A choice collection of Dance Music. Boston: *Oliver Ditson & Co.*

The Boston *Globe* says of this fine book: "Its remarkably low price, and the effective, but by no means difficult arrangement of the music, will render it a lively and welcome companion." There are in the collection perhaps seventy-five pieces, including the new and favorite Manhattan Waltzes, and the New Annen, Lovely Vienna, Morgenblätter, Marriage-Bells, and other waltzes, polkas, quadrilles, etc., which have risen to increased popularity in consequence of the perfect performances of them, under the direction of the great director and composer.

THE PILGRIM'S HARP. A choice collection of Sacred Music, for Social and Family Worship. By Asa Hull. Boston: *Oliver Ditson & Co.*

We have received from the publishers the above little work, which seems to be well adapted for use in social and family worship. Its peculiar merit is in its size and skillful arrangement. It may easily be carried in the pocket, yet it contains about two hundred and fifty tunes and hymns. The department of Spiritual Songs is very rich and complete, and yet there is room for more than a hundred metrical tunes, including, it would seem, nearly all in common use for congregational singing.

THE YOUNG DODGE CLUB. The Seven Hills. By Prof. James de Mille, author of "The B. O. W. C.," etc. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

The four lads who compose the Young Dodge Club become acquainted with Rome; its people, with their habits and customs, its ruins, and its wonders of all sorts. In the volume the reader learns many a lesson in geography, disguised in narrative and adventure.

MRS. FOLLEN'S TWILIGHT STORIES. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

We have received twelve volumes of juvenile books, neatly inclosed in a box, called "Mrs. Follen's Twilight Stories." There could be no prettier set of stories and poems for the little ones than these. The titles of the different volumes are: "About Dogs and Cats," "Made-up Stories," "Peddler of Dust-Sticks," "When I was a Girl," "Who Spoke Next?" "The Talkative Pig," "Travellers' Stories," "What Animals Do and Say," "Two Festivals," "Conscience," "Pecioliasimo," and "Little Songs."

THE POLYPHONIC. A collection of Music for Schools, Classes and Clubs. Compiled and written by U. C. Burnap and Dr. W. J. Wetmore. New York: *J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.*

THE ATHENÆUM. A collection of Part-Songs, for Ladies' Voices. Arranged and written by U. C. Burnap and Dr. W. J. Wetmore. New York: *J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.*

These two volumes are among the best for popular, school and family use we have ever had the pleasure of examining. In many cases the airs are adapted from the opera, and set to appropriate words. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE CHILDREN'S TREASURE. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

THE INFANT'S DELINQUENCY. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

Two very pretty little books, filled with plain and colored pictures, the latter just suited to the needs and tastes of children just learning to read; the former intended for those of somewhat larger growth.

PACKINGTON PARISH, and What Happened In It; and the Diver's Daughter. By M. A. Paull, author of "Tim's Troubles," etc. New York: *The National Temperance Society and Publication House.*

This story should do good service in the Temperance cause. It describes a parish without an ale-house, and its subsequent condition when, with the approval of the clergyman and other leading men, one was established. It shows the evil effects of rum-selling and rum-drinking in their most favorable aspects, when every guard has been thrown around them to prevent, as far as possible, the harm which usually arises from them. This book is for sale in Philadelphia by J. C. Garrigues & Co.

COMFORTED. By the Author of "Talks with a Child on the Beatitudes," and "Talk with a Philosopher on the Ways of God to Man." Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

This little book, written for the comfort of those who have lost children, first appeared in the "HOME MAGAZINE." It is now issued in a very neat volume.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Illustrated. With a Biographical Memoir and Notes on the Poems. Edited by Bolton Corney. Boston: *Lee & Shepard.*

A handsome illustrated volume in green and gold, just suited for a gift-book. Goldsmith will always be a favorite with lovers of poetry.

WONDERS OF THE MOON. Illustrated with forty-three engravings. New York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE. Edited by James Richardson. Illustrated with seventeen engravings. New York: *Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*

Two more volumes in the publisher's valuable series of books known as "The Illustrated Library of Exploration and Adventure," and "The Illustrated Library of Wonders." In the first of these books, all that astronomy has revealed in regard to the moon's surface is given to the reader in popular language. In the other, we have full descriptions, with pictorial illustrations, of that marvellous Yellowstone region, which has recently attracted so much attention. The two volumes will make acceptable additions to every home and school library.

JOHNSON'S PHILOSOPHY, and Keys to Philosophical Charts. Illustrated with 500 cuts—being reduced photographic copies of all the Diagrams contained in the Author's Philosophical Series of Indestructible School Charts. For the use of Schools and Families. By Frank G. Johnson, A.M., M.D. New York: *J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.* 494 pp.

In the special study of natural philosophy, we know of no manual more useful to the student than this. The author seems to have left no question unanswered, no problem without an illustration. A copious and well-arranged table of contents enables the reader to consult the volume on any subject with ease and certainty. To give an idea of the completeness of the table as a means of reference, we make from it a single extract, only omitting the pages and number of paragraphs and illustrations. There are nearly a thousand paragraphs, each embracing a distinct subject, or branch of a subject. Let us take, under the head of "Acoustics," the "Production and Propagation of Sound." The table of contents reads: "Definition—Sonorous or Sounding bodies—Mediums—Sound or Sensation—Different Sounds—Sonorous difference of bodies—Time is required for the transmission of Sound—Calculation of distances by Sound—Velocity of all sounds the same—Velocity of Sound in air—Velocity of Sound in different gases and vapors—Velocity of Sound in liquids—Velocity of Sound in solids—Time required to distinguish Sound."

DOLLINGER'S FABLES AND PROPHECIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES. Edited by Prof. H. B. Smith, D.D. New York: *Dodd & Mead.*

This is a work of great research, and throws light on some interesting questions of Church history. Perhaps the most

important essay in it is that in which Dr. Dollinger demonstrates the purely fabulous character of the story of a female pope. Thus, like Pocahontas, Pope Joan is remorselessly consigned to the realm of myth, and Protestants are compelled to own that, in their war against the dogma of the Apostolic Succession, this story of shame is no longer available. Skeptical as we are concerning the dogma, we re-

joice that it is relieved of the odium of this revolting fable.

We have received a little pamphlet by an anonymous author, entitled "The Most Holy Hebrew Law. The Only Righteous Standard of Morals." It seems composed mainly of selections from both the Old and New Testament.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

MISS EMILY FAITHFUL.

AMONG the foreign celebrities who are now visiting us, there is no one who is deserving of, or who will receive a heartier welcome than Miss Emily Faithful. Though this lady can scarcely be considered a typical English woman—as she probably possesses more intelligence, energy and independence than the generality of her sisters—she may yet be called a representative woman of the day.

Miss Faithful's life and efforts have been given to the amelioration of the condition of laboring women. A number of years ago she established the Victoria Printing Press, with the intention of furnishing employment to women as compositors. The excellence of her work as a printer won her a medal at the International Exhibition. It was also recognized by the queen, and she was appointed "Printer and Publisher in Ordinary" to her majesty. A few years later, the press passing into other hands, she established the *Victoria Magazine*, which she still publishes, and in which the needs of women are earnestly advocated, and their wrongs as earnestly denounced.

Miss Faithful's visit to this country has a semi-official character. She comes for the purpose of examining into the condition of the laboring women and children of America, especially those employed in factories. This undertaking, without being actually authorized by the English Government, is yet approved by it; and she brings with her a letter from Lord Granville to the British Minister at Washington, asking him to do all he can to assist her in her purpose.

We are glad to see that the press generally, irrespective of political or social creeds, are giving Miss Faithful a hearty welcome. A New York paper speaks of her as "one of those rare women who have the ability to plan and execute a business." This is rather hard on women in general, seeing that when they possess the same opportunities, which education and capital give, they usually succeed quite as well in business as men. But, in recognising the desire to compliment Miss Faithful, we are willing to overlook the, no doubt, unintentional slight to other business women.

Miss Faithful has come prepared to lecture before the American people. She is an exceedingly pleasing speaker, and the subjects of her lectures are of a character likely to interest and instruct her hearers. Among them are the following: "The English Aristocracy—its Position, Influence and Habits," "Middle Classes in England, Past and Present," "The Telling Masses of the Old Country," "Queen Victoria and the Royal Family."

The lecture, however, which is probably her favorite one, as it touches closely matters she has so much at heart, is "Movements Relating to Women." In this lecture she argues that the old boundary-lines which divided women from men in fields of labor, must be done away with. Science, in the invention and construction of machinery, has deprived women of most employments, which they could consider as exclusively their own. Therefore, as women must live, if they would live honestly, they must not shrink from coming in competition with men. If it ever was intended that women were to be dependent upon men, that state of society has passed away, as any one who examines the census returns will at once discover, in the superabundance of women over men in all old-settled countries. And, as the relations of the two sexes have altered, and are altering still more, it is necessary that the conditions of female life should alter also. Her lecture is a very able one—its whole spirit being an earnest protest against idleness and frivolity in women, and an equally earnest plea that the doors of remunerative employment shall be opened wide for her.

OUR NOBLE COMMONWEALTH!

IN its last Presentment, the Grand Inquest of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, "inquiring in and for the City and County of Philadelphia," says:

"The Grand Inquest also avails this opportunity for seriously urging a thorough revision and alteration of the laws of the Commonwealth regulating the licensing of taverns, inns, restaurants, and the sale of spirituous and fermented liquors.

"The good old time is within the recollection of some of us when the practice of licensing the sale of intoxicating beverages was confined to taverns and inns, for the accommodation of travellers; but now it has become the settled policy of the State to grant licenses to all applicants, without much discrimination, and it is made the source of a large revenue to the Commonwealth—the number of licensed and unlicensed houses in the city being nearly ten thousand—the half of which are called tipping shops, and the fees or tax paid to the Commonwealth ranging from fifty dollars to five hundred dollars each. Thus this State, standing as she is presumed to be, in *loco parentis*, becomes the most unnatural parent to her citizens by creating and fostering the most prolific source of demoralization, disease, debauchery and crime. What a thrilling sensation it might occasion among the audiences, and how appalling it might be to the nerves of a thoughtful and sensitive legislator, who accidentally presented himself in court while a criminal was being arraigned, and called upon to plead to an indictment for murder, if he were heard to mutter from his pallid lips a tremulous cry—'Licensed liquor—the Commonwealth is my accuser, my judge, and the accomplice of my crime—be the Commonwealth my avenger!'"

Comment on this is needless. Let every citizen of our noble Commonwealth (?) take it to heart, and ponder it well. The responsibility lies at the door of each man who does not do his best for the suppression of an evil that has grown, under the sanction of law, to a frightful magnitude.

A FACT CONTAINING A SUGGESTION.

IN several of the large cities of our country an active benevolence led, during the summer, to the conveyance of large numbers of poor children out into the open country for a day's holiday. By this means vast number of little ones, who otherwise might not have been able to set foot outside the city streets, were enabled to breathe fresh air, and spend at least one day in the season in delightful, healthful, harmless recreation.

But in Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, they have gone further than this. When the hot weather sets in the railways and lines of steamers are filled with young travellers, who receive free passages to various points in the country, where mansions, rectories and farm-houses are thrown open to receive them, and where they are made welcome guests. In these snug country-places they remain two or three weeks, living on the best of country fare and taking part in active rustic sports. And when the end of their holiday is reached, they go back to their crowded city-homes ruddy and sunburnt, and with renewed life and vigor, bearing grateful and pleasant memories in their hearts, and, no doubt, eagerly looking forward to the next summer for a return of the only bright spot the year affords them.

For fifteen or twenty years this giving a lengthened summer holiday to the poor children of Copenhagen has been a regular thing, and all concerned in it have vied each with another in making it successful. The suggestion which this fact conveys we leave to our readers.

SELF-CULTURE.

DR. H. C. WOOD, in an address made on the occasion of laying the corner-stone for the new buildings about to be erected in this city for the Academy of Natural Sciences, gave utterance to a few sentences that are full of significance. He said

There has been made recently, in this city, and, indeed, there is still being made, an effort to put the University of Pennsylvania on a wider footing. Far be it from us to dampen the ardor or throw aught in the way of those who are carrying out this work, feeling, as we do, to the very heart, that our city has now a university the peer of any in the land. But none the less do we assert that there is a deeper, a higher, a more profound culture than any university can give.

This is the self-culture of the true scholar, to which a university at best can but lay the foundation. The highest culture must be forever self-culture. A man may be aided by others up to a certain point—into the unknown he must travel alone. Aye, more than this, before he reaches that unknown he must for himself trace out the obscure, unfrequented paths which mark the outlying regions of uncertainty in knowledge.

It is to afford opportunity for this self-culture that the Academy of Natural Sciences exists. There are but few men whom destiny has marked for such a course. The study halls of the academy must always be for the few—but the work of the few is the life of the nation. I must assert, then, the pre-eminent claims for such institutions as our academy. Why, the old academy is the gymnasium in which men train themselves for professorships in the universities. There is a class of medical men who are, I believe, almost exclusively of Anglo-Saxon parentage—men who, in their early professional life, study deeply the natural sciences, and who often through life add to the practical duties of their profession of investigations of natural history. I do not remember a single great name of such a character in Continental Europe.

Yet, in England, the brightest lights of the profession—the Hunters, Coopers, Brodies, Reids, Billes, Beales, Pagets, etc.—the foremost medical thinkers, leaders and practitioners of their days, have been of this character—students of natural history who have applied the methods and facts of their sister science to their profession, and thereby climbed to their proud pre-eminence. In our own city the names of Rush, Morton, Harlan, Wood, and some about us, mark our Anglo-Saxon origin. And, indeed, it is chiefly through such men that the great renown of our city, as a medical centre, was acquired. Speaking for this class of men, I would say to the citizens of Philadelphia, as they value the fair name of their city, as they respect and honor that profession into whose keeping they place all that is dearest to them, as they hope for skilful rescue when life is in peril, to see to it that men of this character are not deprived of their opportunities for culture and growth.

"THE RASCALS OF WALL STREET."

THIS is the appropriate title of an article in *Scribner* for December, in which the editor deals with certain money-gamblers of Wall street in no uncertain way. We hail such an article as another of the good signs of the times. Rings, and combinations to swindle the public are attracting more and more attention, and honest men will not much longer tolerate them. They exist only through the timidity, venality or indifference of the press. As long as the press was tolerant or silent, the great "Tammany Ring" of New York went on robbing the people out of millions annually. But when the press told the people the real truth, they aroused themselves, and the Ring was broken. So it will be in all other cases. If the press does its duty fearlessly, wrong must go down.

Let language like the following, spoken of a few Wall street gamblers who recently created a money panic in order to rob the weak and unfortunate, be everywhere used by the press, and public sentiment will become an irresistible power. We quote from the article referred to above:

"Now, what are we to say of these men, and how are they

to be regarded? That they have committed a great and unprovoked outrage upon the community, there is no question. They have robbed the rich, they have destroyed the weak, they have distressed the poor, they have obstructed the public prosperity, they have clogged the wheels of the national industry, and all for the purpose of forcing an unearned current of profit into their own pockets, already gorged by gains questionably gotten.

"If this is not an outrage and robbery in the eyes of the law, it is not because it is not both of these in the eyes of all honest men through whose pure, clear vision God sends his own look through the world. In a community where tricks of this sort are not uncommon, the tendency is to become blind to their moral aspects. Indeed, there is a kind of admiration of these gigantic swindles, and the bold, bad men who stand behind them. Instead of turning the back upon them as rascals, who have hopelessly disgraced and blackened themselves, a very low bow is made to them, or to the power they bear. Instead of counting them out of respectable society, affiliation with them is deemed desirable, and their position is regarded as one to be coveted. Wall street holds a thousand men who would be glad to do just what these men have done. We are having all the time corners in money, corners in stocks, corners in grain, corners in everything. The largest and worst gambling-hell in the United States is Wall street, and the games played there—not one whit better than those which are played at Baden, or Monaco, or Saratoga—are more dangerous than all, because they are carried on under the protection of the law. We have no protection from them except in arousing the moral sense of the community against them, and in the social proscription of all engaged in them. These men are not beyond shame. They do not like to stand alone; but so long as their power is courted, and their society sought by those who lay claim to decency—so long as their acuteness is admired, and their success coveted, the whole community is at their mercy, whose tenderest quality is unmitigated cruelty."

A COMMENDABLE WORK.

IN the following item there is an excellent suggestion of means and ways by which great good can be accomplished in a quiet and unostentatious manner. In every community there are neglected children, both girls and boys, who might, in a similar manner, be brought under good influences, and, if not trained to ways of usefulness and virtue, at least, have implanted in their hearts a desire for something in life nobler and better than that which they already know:

"A lady in one of the cities of this State has been quietly engaged in a novel piece of usefulness. Noting the disorderly Irish boys of the vicinity, she organized them to the number of some fifty or more in two classes, or clubs, for improvement. The object is not so much study as the improvement of character and conduct. They meet on stated evenings of each week. They have certain improving exercises, and regular organization, privileges of books, sight-seeing, and the favor of the teacher, and the penalties of exclusion from the charmed circle, constitute the staple of governing the little association. They meet and have a genuinely good time. The voice and presence of their charming teacher make alone a high school of real progress. The experiment works like a charm. The applicants are more than can be admitted. Already order, decorum, respect, and an appetite for improvement have seized the once brutal neighborhood, and the seeds of a noble manhood are fast being sown in many a sensitive heart."

TEA-PARTIES vs. POLITICS.

MRS. MIRIAM M. COLE, who writes very readable letters to the *Woman's Journal*, expresses her opinion regarding the harmlessness of tea-parties in picking to pieces and destroying personal character, when compared with the capacity of political meetings in that direction. She writes in the following pertinent and lively strain:

"It has been said of old that one tea-party is quite sufficient to destroy all the characters in the neighborhood. Its legitimate use in social life being to suspect the virtuous, to

ferret out past follies: in short, to dissect soul and body. Men have grown self-righteous when commenting upon this peculiar feminine institution, the tea-party—they have been as thankful as a certain Pharisee, when frowning upon the malicious gossip supposed to make those assemblies lively and interesting. In consequence of this, I, for one, have been extremely sensitive about the feminine festivity, and, when fortune favored me with an invitation to one, I mentioned the fact apologetically, with eyes cast down. But I lift them now and forever, and say to the universal man that all the tea-drinkings, quiltings and sewing-circles that ever happened in the world, simmered down into one, would not, could not contain the venom, the falsehood, the misinterpretations that one political meeting has developed during this campaign! It is doubtful if the Angel Gabriel could go through this siege without serious damage to his pinions! It did not occur to Milton, but it does to me, that possibly it was a presidential contest that unseated Lucifer!"

DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

THEIR name is legion; but all are narrow and selfish. They are ill-natured, or have some weak habit to indulge. Petty tyrants often, who take pleasure in opposition, exaction and annoyance. Among these may be classed the "objection-maker." You can propose nothing, no matter how simple or unimportant, to which opposition is not made. To live with one of these is to have all the heart taken out of you. "It may be observed," says Arthur Help, "that those persons have a more worn, jaded and dispirited look than any others, who have to live with people who make difficulties on every occasion, great or small. It is astonishing to see how this practice of making difficulties grows into a confirmed habit of mind, and what disheartenment it occasions. The savor of life is taken out of it when you know that nothing you propose, or do, or suggest—hope for or endeavor—will meet with any response but an enumeration of the difficulties that will lie in the path you wish to travel."

"PIPSISSIWAY POTTS."

"THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD," Pipsissway's new series of articles, opens in the old vein, and we do not see that her failure to get "Deacon Skiles" has in anything taken the vim out of the dear old spinster. Indeed, both our readers and ourselves feel specially indebted to "that old one-sided, cross-eyed, homely Rhoda Bowles, the arid mink!" for marrying the deacon, and so taking temptation out of Pipssey's way. Human nature is weak—and Pipssey is human.

A letter from Pipssey looks up at us from the table, and says, "Don't keep everything she has been saying to you all to yourself. Tell a little of what she has been telling you to her thousands of friends. They will like to hear it."

Well, Pipssey is human, as we have just said, and here is a touch of her humanity—which is very sweet and tender and loving and strong—a glimpse of her real self:

"Oh, I get such good letters from everywhere, loving and blessing and thanking me, until I cry right out. Letters from women who are my superiors in every respect, saying that the 'Windows' have comforted and cheered them, and done them so much good, and begging of me not to stop writing them. 'Brother Jenkins' called early this morning with a message from the 'Reserve,' where he has been preaching—good words from women who used to pat my white head thirty years ago at church. He said he saw a

'pile of ARTHUR's three feet high' where he tarried. Last week a letter from a middle-aged and practical woman, a subscriber of your's for twelve years—a letter of eight full pages, with never a mistake in it—asking questions on subjects that I could not touch publicly, giving suggestions that are invaluable, telling me many things, and cheering me wonderfully."

When a chord of human nature is struck, how quickly the answering chords respond! If we were to send Pipssey half the letters we receive about her, we fear there would be no more "Windows" nor "Deacon's Households" for our readers, for they would keep her crying or laughing all the while. We have a long letter about the "Windows," from a lady out West, that we tried to get in this month and last, but could not find the room. We'll make a place for it next month, if other good things don't crowd it out again.

DON'T MAKE ENEMIES.

"NEVER make an enemy even of a dog," is a wise admonition. Too many young men, just starting in life, who feel great self-confidence, are apt to do, or resent disagreeable things. To be quick to give or take offence—enmities thus created are often life-long injuries. Many a man's prospects have been sadly marred by such things. There is a mutual independence and a community of good offices, that cannot be ignored. He who does so puts hindrances in his own way—hindrances that may, in some after-crisis of his affairs rise up into impassable mountains. Make all the friends you can, but beware of enemies—so long as one exists you are in danger.

DO METALS GROW?

RECENT chemical experiments in England favor the theory that metals are in the continual process of formation; that chemical action and vital forces are all the time at work, eliminating metals and depositing them in the form of ores. Corroborative evidence is claimed to be found in the abandoned silver mines of Mexico and Peru. The long-disused galleries of the workings are frequently found encrusted with filiated threads of silver, which it is certain could not have been there when the mines were abandoned. According to this new idea of the constant creation of metallic substances, the earth is a vast laboratory, constantly at work and constantly producing. It is now believed that these late English experiments will demonstrate that low grades of ochre may be so treated as to be made to yield up their treasures by new processes, into which electricity will largely enter.

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR."

WE call the attention of such of our readers as have children from "five to fifteen" to our Magazine for the younger members of the family. We claim for it an excellence, a moral purpose, and an adaptation to young minds, peculiarly its own. We are sure that it will not only deeply interest your children, but do them good. See prospectus.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND

MISS TOWNSEND, who has for so many years delighted the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE, gives, in this number, the first of a series of articles on social and literary topics connected with American life and celebrity, that promise to be of unusual spirit and interest. Don't fail to read "DAYS AT LEXINGTON," the initial paper of the series.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The HOME MAGAZINE takes, with this number, its "new departure" for a higher level and a broader field. For twenty years, as we said in closing the last volume, it has been visiting the people all over the land, and seeking to establish itself in their homes as a power for good—seeking to make hearts purer and happier. But it had limitations, which are now pushed aside. Hereafter it will take the form of our own kind of what a magazine for American homes should be.

Our readers will find the present number one of great excellence and interest, a promise of the good things to come.

Our New Picture, "The Christian Graces."

FREE TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER FOR 1873!

If anything sweeter, lovelier, or more attractive than "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES" has yet appeared in this particular field of art it has not been our good fortune to see it. There have been innumerable single figures of Faith, Hope and Charity, and groups of Faith and Hope; but this is, we believe, the only first-class picture in which CHARITY, "the greatest of these," comes in as the central figure, and in a

group of ideal faces of the loveliest type, shines sweetest and loveliest of them all—a fitting representative of our time, when Charity is coming forward and taking her true place as the first and greatest of Christian virtues.

How it is Received.—Every day brings us letters expressing delight and satisfaction with this charming picture. We make a few extracts:

A subscriber writes: "I have received your picture, and consider it a marvel of beauty."

From an editor who received a copy, we have the following: "I have received the exquisitely beautiful picture, 'The Christian Graces,' but I am sorry to say that, unfortunately, in taking it from the roller, not knowing what it was, and hence less careful than I would have been, I tore it badly; indeed, ruined it for framing. The girls mourned almost to tears at the mishap. Send me another, and I will give it as handsome a notice as the English language will admit of." Another copy has been sent.

A lady writes: "Allow me the pleasure of thanking you for the beautiful picture, 'The Christian Graces.' It is a far nicer picture than I expected, and is worthy a place in every home in the land. I am anxious to procure another copy."

From another: "Owing to the kindness of some friend, we are in receipt of one of your beautiful engravings, 'The Christian Graces.' Desiring that others may become the possessor of such a fine and exquisite work of art, we would like you to send your 'agents' confidential circular."

A subscriber at Catasauque, Pa., writes: "Please accept my thanks for the beautiful present, 'The Christian Graces,' this day received. The picture surpasses my expectations, and your kindness will be gratefully remembered."

"Simply exquisite," says another, a lady of fine taste, an author of wide celebrity.

Another lady, writing to the editor, says: "And now what shall I say to you respecting the picture you sent me? The design and execution are faultless. Its beauty grows upon one, while the perfection of the grouping of the figures, the inimitable lightness and transparency of the graceful drapery, and the loveliness of the lilies that have sprung up under their feet, make of this picture of the 'Christian Graces' one of the most desirable ornaments for the house that I have ever seen. In this day of gaudy chromos, so fine an engraving is a positive rest to the eye."

Rosella Rice says: "Every one is delighted with the 'Graces.' It is the finest picture I ever saw."

Take Notice.

In remitting, if you send a draft, see that it is drawn or endorsed to order of T. S. Arthur & Son.

Always give name of your town, county and state.

When you want a magazine changed from one office to another, be sure to say to what post-office it goes at the time you write.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written plainly.

In making up a club, the subscribers may be at different post-offices.

Canada subscribers must send 12 cents, in addition to subscription, for postage.

If you cannot get P. O. order or draft, register your letters.

Before writing us a letter of inquiry, examine the above and see if the question you wish to ask is not answered.

HOME MAGAZINE and CHILDREN'S HOUR (including a copy of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES"), \$3.25.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR and "CHRISTIAN GRACES," \$2.00.

Every subscriber to THE HOME MAGAZINE, whether single or in a club, will receive a copy of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES."

Mr. Arthur's New Books by Mail.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF GENTLE HAND, and other Stories for Children. Elegantly bound and illustrated, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. S. Arthur, on receipt of the price.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and the "Man-Trap." For \$3.50, the "Man-Trap" and "Gentle Hand." For \$4.00, "Orange Blossoms" and "Gentle Hand." For \$5.50, the three volumes will be sent.

To Club-Getters.

Some of our club-getters have written to ask if "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," "BED-TIME" or "THE WEAR OF IMMORTALS," would be sent free to subscribers, in place of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES," if desired. We answer yes. A choice of either of these pictures can be made.

ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.

CARPETINGS.—Take notice of advertisement of G. B. Snyder & Co., on first page of this issue. We can recommend this house to parties wishing to purchase goods in their line. They will always be waited upon courteously, whether purchasing or not. They have always on hand a large and well-selected stock of the newest and best patterns of rich colors, and the goods will be as represented. They also give a liberal discount to churches and clergymen.

CONSCIENCE OR NO CONSCIENCE.—You can sleep comfortably if you have *The People's Spring Bed-Bottom*. This is guaranteed to purchasers. Read advertisement on fifth page, front of this Magazine, and then, if you still hesitate to send an order, send for a circular, and see how the leading furniture dealers of Philadelphia and their customers commend it.

THE SOLAR GAS GENERATOR. We believe to be the best apparatus for making Gas from Gasoline now in use. There is scarcely any want in our suburban and rural districts more universally and more deeply felt than that of a cheap and safe illuminating gas. The use of kerosene lamps has come to be considered a perpetual menace to life and property. The apparatus now offered to the public is simple, durable, and entirely and unquestionably safe. Insurance companies reduce their rates upon the substitution of this method of lighting for kerosene lamps. The Generators are in all cases placed outside of the building to be lighted—generally in an underground vault—the air-pump only being within the house for convenience of winding. The reservoir does not require replenishing more than once or twice a year. This apparatus is specially adapted to dwelling-houses, hotels, manufactories and public buildings, ranging in capacity from ten to one thousand or more lights.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS, no better Holiday Present could be selected than a Microscope, with a box of prepared specimens, illustrating the wonders of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. JAMES W. QUINN & Co., 324 Chestnut Street, have them in great variety, and so simple as to be adapted to the comprehension of the smallest child, costing but a trifle, and affording an endless source of amusement and instruction. For those of riper years a Stereoscope, with views of our own and foreign lands; or the New Graphoscope, with very large photographs from every clime; or a fine Opera Glass, or Gold Spectacles, or Eye Glasses, will form a very appropriate and desirable present. An hour or two cannot be more profitably or pleasantly spent than in

examining the immense and varied stock of Messrs. QUINN & Co.; and they cordially invite all whether intending purchases or not, to call and look over their goods now displayed for the Holiday season.

NUTRINA, the cheapest and best preparation of wheat extant. Far more digestible, palatable, and nutritious than wheaten grits or crushed wheat. Can be cooked in one-fourth the time, and is warranted to keep fresh and sweet in all seasons and climates. Sold by all first-class Grocers. Manufactured only by the Nutrie Manufacturing Co., 1520 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to William Mann's advertisement in this number. Having lately removed to his new store, 523 Market Street, he has greatly increased facilities for furnishing everything in the Blank Book, Stationery, Printing or Engraving line. At present he has a large variety of useful and beautiful goods, suitable for Holiday Presents, such as Jewel Boxes, Handkerchief Boxes, Glove Boxes, Chess and Backgammon Boards, Travelling Satchels, and a thousand and one articles desirable. Selling price marked on all goods in plain figures.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.—We notice that Mr. B. G. Atkinson, No. 521 Chestnut Street, is selling out his large and choice stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, at prices below cost. He is about retiring from business, and intends closing out his entire stock by the 1st of January. All who desire goods in his line will do well to call and get their supply, at low rates. An opportunity like this does not often occur. Mr. Atkinson has been a long time in the business, and his goods have been carefully selected.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SEAWEED TONIC, AND MANDRAKE PILLS.—These are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption. Dr. Schenck has been in constant practice over thirty years, continually examining lungs, and knows his medicines, if properly taken, will cure consumption. His Mandrake Pills cleanse the liver and stomach; his Seaweed Tonic dissolves the food, stimulates the coating of the stomach and aids digestion; his Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter, and nature throws it off without any exertion. Prepared and for sale by J. H. Schenck & Son, N. E. cor. Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, and by Druggists and Dealers generally.



MORNING.



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THE APPROACH TO DORMILHOUSE.

THE VAUX AND THE VAUDOIS.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

IN a remote corner of France, on the borders of Italy, lies the province of Dauphiny, a section of country entirely unknown to the tourist, the scenery of which rivals that of Switzerland. Its people have borne a not unimportant part in the religious history of the world. They are known as the Vandois, literally the Valley people, as they live in the narrow and barren vauux or valleys of the mountains. They are also known in religious history as the Waldenses, having probably taken that name from one Pierre Waldensis, who died a martyr to his faith in the twelfth century.

Very early in the Christian era the Vandois became converted to Christianity. It is certain that in the second century, if not earlier, they had embraced that faith, and it is even surmised that St. Paul himself may have journeyed from Rome to Spain through their country. Living in their valleys, secluded from the outer world, they clung to the simplicity of their religion, and as forms and ceremonies crept into the Christian church, they refused to recognize or observe them. When the Roman bishop claimed supremacy over all others, the Vandois refused to acknowledge his claim, and thenceforth a never-

ending struggle was carried on between these simple and faithful people and the countries to which they were subject. The Church, finding all its arguments fail with them, handed them over to the secular powers—which, in those times, meant officers of state approved by and doing the will of the Church—to be coerced into submission. History has told us over and over again what is the result when men, blinded by bigotry, ignorance and superstition, are left to wreak their will, in the name of whatsoever religion, on the weak and defenceless.

We have records, dating back as far as the eleventh century, of the persecution of these people. The Val Louise, then called Vallis Gyroniana, from the torrent of Gyr, was described by Pope Urban II., as "infested with heresy." In 1496 the head of the Church promised a free pardon to all manner of criminals who should take part in a crusade against the Vandois, and a remission of sins to any one who should slay a heretic.

Constant were the collisions between the Church and those it claimed as rebellious subjects. Sometimes the papal soldiery made sudden descents upon these people, and destroyed them in their houses. Sometimes battles were fought; and sometimes the Vandois, warned of their danger, managed to escape in safety to their mountain fastnesses. In 1655, the "Easter massacre" made a sensation throughout Europe, and excited a general feeling of horror, especially in England. A treaty known as "the Patents of Grace," was forced by Cromwell from the Church, which was observed, however, only so long as Cromwell lived. As late as 1767 the Parliament of Grenoble condemned the pastor Berenger to death for continuing to preach to congregations in this desert country.

The Vandois are scattered through Dauphiny, Provence and the mountains of Piedmont, and they have been, from time to time, subject both to France and to Savoy, now to one, then to the other, and again, as now, divided between them. They live in the recesses of the Cottian Alps and of the spurs thrown out from the main ridge of mountains. Their homes are found on narrow strips of pasturage and still narrower cultivable ground which sparsely shelve the mountain sides. They are a poor, hardworking, simple and virtuous people; and, owing to the difficulties which the face of their country throws in the way of intercourse with the outer world or even with each other, far behind the times in point of civilization and its conveniences. Railroads are unknown, inns scarce, and only suited to the needs of neighborhood travel; and the tourist, if he would see this wonderful country, must perform much of the journey over toilsome foot and bridle-paths.

It is only by the most incessant industry that these poor people are enabled to obtain a scanty livelihood from the sterile soil of their native valleys and hill-sides. They seldom take a holiday. Even Sunday—which, in Continental Europe, is nowhere observed as with us—differs from the weekday only by a morning religious service. Every available patch of

ground is carefully cleared of stones and cultivated, only, perhaps, some day to be swept away or hopelessly filled with debris by an avalanche of snow in winter or of stones in spring. These avalanches are one of the greatest sources of dread to the poor mountaineer. Not only may his little field crumble away or be hidden under them, but his home and family become victims to the general destruction. Second to these in point of devastation are the torrents which, at certain seasons of the year, rush down the valleys, carrying all before them. Sometimes one of these torrents gradually deposits rocks and debris and forms a sort of reservoir, which enlarges as each succeeding season builds the walls higher and higher and increases the depth of water. Then comes a terrible time when, some spring, the reservoir bursts through its banks, and, rushing headlong through the country, obliterates all old landmarks, and leaves only ruin behind it.

The rough and precipitous sides of the mountains, the numerous waterfalls and the torrents, all combine to make the scenery grand and wild in the extreme. We are told by a recent traveller that one part of the road from Bourg d'Oisans to Briançon "is not perhaps surpassed even by the famous Via Mala leading up to the Splügen." "The route follows the profile of the mountain, winding in and out along its rugged face, scarped and blasted so as to form the road: At one place it passes through a gallery about six hundred feet long, cut through a precipitous rock overhanging the river, which dashes, roaring and foaming, more than a thousand feet below, through the rocky abyss of the Gorge de l'Infernet."

In the Combe de Malavel (cursed valley) is the Cascade de la Pisse, which falls from a height of over six hundred feet, first in one jet, which becomes split by a projecting rock into two, and finally reaches the ground in a shower of spray.

The little hamlet of Villard d'Arenne, in this neighborhood, though some five thousand feet above the level of the sea, is so walled in by lofty mountains that the sun does not shine upon it for months together. Waterfalls, streams and springs abound everywhere throughout the valleys, fed by the immense glaciers that rest upon the mountain sides, "sometimes bounding from the heights, in jets, in rivulets, in masses, leaping from rock to rock, and reaching the ground only in white clouds of spray, or bursting directly from the ground in a continuous spring."

The country is everywhere full of historical and traditional interest. Every pass and valley has its name, every ruin its story. Here is where a great battle was fought or a massacre perpetrated; yonder on the mountain side a cave perhaps, discovered full of the bones of refugees who have perished while hiding from persecution.

The Vandois do not seem to have been a warlike race. When their persecutors fell upon them, they fled to the mountains, and left their homes and herds to be devastated by the invaders. Still there are

accounts of their having turned upon their pursuers and driven them back, their ranks broken and almost annihilated. Sometimes their exile was so prolonged that they made themselves homes in the wild and barren places where they had sought for refuge. Thus settlements are found on the very verge of the glaciers, at the farthest limits of vegetation.

"The Valley of Fressinière," writes one who has recently visited this country, "joins the Valley of the Durance, nearly opposite the little hamlet of La

taining a narrow strip of arable land lying at the bottom, with occasional patches up the mountain sides. But its very inhospitality, inaccessibility and sterility have combined to make it one of the most secure places of refuge for the Vaudois in the middle ages. It could neither be easily entered by an armed force, nor permanently occupied by one; while its encircling hills afforded points of look-out to discover the enemy's approach.

In the neighborhood of Palons, a little hamlet in



"THE GOUFFOURAN."

Roche. There we leave the high road from Briançon to Ft. Dauphin, and, crossing the river by a timber bridge, ascend the steep mountain side by a mule path, in order to reach the entrance to the valley, the level of which is high above that of the Durance. Not many years since, the higher valley could only be approached from this point by a very difficult mountain path amidst rocks and stones, called the *Leclier*, or *Pas de l'Eschelle*."

This valley is about twelve miles in extent, con-

taining a narrow strip of arable land lying at the bottom, with occasional patches up the mountain sides. But its very inhospitality, inaccessibility and sterility have combined to make it one of the most secure places of refuge for the Vaudois in the middle ages. It could neither be easily entered by an armed force, nor permanently occupied by one; while its encircling hills afforded points of look-out to discover the enemy's approach.

In the neighborhood of Palons, a little hamlet in

frightful precipice. Palons is the most genial and fertile spot in the whole valley. It looks like a little oasis in the desert.

The hamlet of Mursals, situated in the uppermost part of the valley, is so shut in that the sun shines upon it but three months in the year, and during several months in the winter it lies buried in snow. It is a wretched hamlet, built of mud and stone, without windows and chimneys, the people and cattle living in one common room for sake of warmth.

After a journey of about ten miles up the Valley of Freasinières, the road ceases. Steep rocks shut in on every side, and only a footpath, providing a hazard-

While it is summer in the valley, it may be winter in Dormilhouse, with snow and sleet. It is a dreary, barren spot, and seemingly the last place on earth that any people would settle through choice. Yet its present inhabitants are so attached to it that they will not leave it, while some of them walk twelve miles of a morning to their labor in the Valley of the Durance, returning the same distance at night.

The cottages, about forty in number, and poor and mean in construction, are built in tiers upon ledges on the mountain side. There is little soil capable of cultivation, and pasturage is scarce and almost inaccessible. Goats' milk and unsifted rye form the



MOUNT DAUPHIN AND CHANCELLES, VAL DURANCE.

ous and zig-zag route up the face of what appears to be a sheer precipice, leads the traveller to Dormilhouse. Far up the mountain the footpath crosses the foot of a lofty cascade. La Pisse du Dormilhouse, which leaps from the summit of the precipice, and sometimes dashes over the path itself. The Biasse winds like a thread through the hollow of the mountains below.

Dormilhouse was the last resort and the stronghold of the fleeing Vaudois. If the valley did not afford them the protection and shelter they needed, the fugitives took their way up the precipice side, and in Dormilhouse found safe shelter from persecution. For no soldier would undertake the perils of ascent.

food of the people. The rye is baked into cakes in the fall, and preserved in that form during the year. Uncooked, the rye is liable to mold. Besides, it is necessary to economize in the matter of cooking. Coal there is none, and the wood used for fuel is brought on the backs of donkeys over steep mountain paths for a distance of twelve miles. As in other hamlets of the region, people and cattle are housed in common. Barren, cold and desolate in summer, in winter Dormilhouse is completely shut in by ice and snow, while the *tourmente* or ice-wind occasionally swoops up the valley, and tears the roofs from the huts, or the avalanche buries them in its depths.

Yet here, in this rocky, barren place, perched like

an eagle's nest up among the cliffs of the mountain side, Felix Neff, the missionary and apostle to the High Alps, loved most to labor. Felix Neff, a young Swiss, came in 1823, to minister to the spiritual wants of these people. While he was still a soldier he had read the life of Oberlin, and subsequently became inspired with an ambition to do for the Vaudois of the High Alps what Oberlin had done for the poor Protestants of Ban de la Roche. The churches to which he ministered were, in some cases, eighty miles apart, separated by gorges and mountain passes. When winter came, and the roads were all but impassable, then he stationed himself at Dormilhouse, because their destitution seemed greater than that of any other people in his charge. For the short space of three years he labored unresting and indefatigable for the people of his choice. He preached, he taught; he shared their homes with their aqualor and smoke, and showed them how to make them more comfortable and healthful. He introduced improvements in agriculture, irrigation and draining. He built them churches and schools, himself the foremost one in using the trowel and hammer. Whatever was to be done he did with a whole heart and a ready hand. Finally an accident disabled him which obliged him to return to his home in Geneva, which he reached only in time to die.

The Valley of the Durance is exceedingly picturesque. It is hemmed in by high mountains, whose precipitous sides reach down almost to the river's edge. The fortress of Mount Dauphin was constructed in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Victor Amadeus II., when invading the province with a Piedmontese army, at sight of the plateau commanding both valleys, exclaimed, "There is a pass to fortify." The French subsequently carried out this idea. It is a very strong place, commanding the valley of the Durance, while it is the key of the passage into Italy by the Guil and the Col de la Croix.

The valley of the Guil is one of the wildest and deepest gorges in Europe. The road winds in the bottom of the gorge by the river side, a ledge being cut in the rock for it, as otherwise the gorge is too narrow. The road is often partly washed away in winter, or covered by rocks and debris brought down by the torrent. Several miles up the gorge opens into the Combe des Queyras, and presently the Castle of Queyras comes in sight, built upon a high, steep rock in the middle of the valley. It used to be a saying among the Catholics of this valley that Protestantism was as dead as a certain old tree-stump which had been burned, and would only reappear when that dead stump came to life. Strange to say, after Felix Neff's mission, that stump sent out green shoots, and is now a vigorous tree.

San Vran, a town some distance up the mountain-side overlooking the Valley of Queyras, is 6,692 feet above the level of the sea. There is a provincial saying, that "it is the highest spot in Europe in which bread is eaten." Neff used to say of this town: "It is the highest, and consequently the most pious village in the Valley of Queyras."

The Italian vau, or valleys, present a different aspect from those on the French side of the mountains. There are here picturesquely wooded hills, green pastures and fertile fields. Yet, in these valleys the same deadly struggles have taken place between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. On the face of the rock of Castelluzzo, a bold and perpendicular precipice found on the road between Villar and La Tour, a cavern is still pointed out where the Vaudois used to hide their women and children in time of war. This cavern is difficult to find, and can only be approached by a precipitous descent of fifty feet, accomplished by means of a rope-ladder; while it is far distant and entirely inaccessible from the base of the rock.

The Valley of Augroga, on the Piedmontese side of the Alps, used to afford to the Vaudois a tolerably secure asylum from persecuting armies. It is a lovely valley, abounding in groves, fields, pastures, vineyards and cascades, entirely enclosed by mountains. In this retreat the Vaudois more than once successfully withstood the assaults of the papal army. In this valley is found the famous stronghold of Pra du Tour, or meadow of the tower, which has been the scene of repeated combat, with victory, on the Vaudois side. The entrance into the Pra du Tour is by a footpath along a rocky ledge, with huge boulders overhanging from above, and yawning chasms beneath the feet. This pass might well be called the Thermopylae of the Vaudois. Into this pra, or meadow, the people retreated in time of peril, and here they made themselves permanent homes.

The day of persecutions for the Protestant Vaudois is passed. War, famine, the inquisition, the rigorous climate, and the privations which they were forced to endure, alike failed to crush out of their hearts their faith in their inherited religion. They are still a poor, laborious and illiterate people, but the name of the Waldenses may still be considered to imply unwavering fidelity.

ANTS AND THEIR WAYS.

BY J. B. DUFFEY.

"GO to the ant, thou sluggard," says Solomon; "consider her ways and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

Though modern investigations have shown that the ant is no provider "of meat in the summer" for the contingencies of the winter, but rather that she lives in a somewhat hand-to-mouth manner on what she can pick up from day to day; nevertheless, her ways are full of marvel, and well worthy the consideration, not of the sluggard only, but of every active and observant lover of nature.

Meanwhile, we must not overlook the great truth embodied in the words of the Hebrew philosopher and king—"having no guide, overseer, or ruler." For, says a modern observer, in speaking of the ants, it is wonderful we do not find among them anything like that which seems unavoidable in human society



NEST OF THE RED ANT.

—a hierarchy of individuals who command and of individuals who obey. The most perfect equality prevails. All share equally in the management of authority, or, rather, there is no authority, each doing what is to be done from an instinct of duty.

Yet, ants are known to capture and hold slaves. The blood-red or sanguineous ant, a species common to our own land and to Europe, makes raids on the nests of a smaller black ant, in order to obtain the larvæ and pupæ, which they bring up in their own nests. When they reach maturity, these "negroes," as they have been termed, take the entire charge of the colony. Frequently outnumbering their masters, they yet live with them most amicably, showing them all submission and paying them every attention. They lick them, brush them, caress them, carry them on their backs, feed them, and even nurse their young. They never think of abandoning them.

The russet, or rufescent ants, common in most European countries, are also slave-makers. They are necessarily so. They are physically incapable of preparing a home for their young, and of providing food either for themselves or for their offspring. The sole duty of the workers if they may be called workers who do no work—seems to be to capture slaves. Unless waited upon and fed by their slaves, they die of starvation.

The blood-red ants are not so helpless. They help their slaves in their work. When threatened by an enemy, they show their regard for these faithful servants by carrying them to the lowest apartments of the nest, as to a place of the greatest security. When removing to a new habitation, they carry their slaves along, showing them the utmost care and tenderness.

The rufescent ants, on the other hand, are, in like circumstances, actually carried by their slaves. In their case, indeed, the so-called slaves are really the masters. As an experiment, Huber shut up a number of rufescent ants with larvæ and pupæ of their own kind, and several of the slave pupæ. They made no attempt to feed themselves, and soon lost all care for their young. Most of them died of hunger in two days. Pitying the few that remained alive, Huber admitted a single slave ant. This active little creature began at once to re-establish order. He made a cell in the earth, collected the larvæ and placed them in it, assisted the pupæ that were ready to be developed, and by feeding the surviving rufescent preserved their lives.

Francis Huber, the son of that Peter Huber, who, though blind, won a world-wide celebrity as the historian of the bees, has left on record very minute accounts of his observations on the habits of ants. His descriptions of their battles, though rendered a little suspicious by the military terms used in them, are very circumstantial. Though originating some of the disputes about the possession of a flock of *glanis*, these battles most frequently have for their object the procuring of slaves. One afternoon in 1793, says Huber, as I was walking in the environs of Grenchen, I saw a legion of largish russet ants crossing the road. Marching with rapidity in a compact

array, they occupied a space of from eight to ten feet long, by three or four inches wide. Leaving the road, and passing through a dense hedge, they went into a meadow, where they wound their way along the turf, their column remaining always unbroken, in spite of the obstacles they had to surmount. Presently they arrived near a nest of ashy-black ants, whose dome rose out of the grass. As soon as the sentinels of the menaced fortress descried the advancing army, they threw themselves boldly against it. At the same time the alarm spread to the interior of the nest, the inmates of which rushed out in crowds. Simultaneously the invading army moved forward to the attack, knocking the ashy-black ants head over heels, climbing up the sides of the hillock, flocking on its summit, and forcing a way into the first avenues. Other parties worked with their teeth, making an opening in the side. They soon succeeded in making a breach, through which the rest of the army penetrated into the beleaguered fortress. They did not make a long stay there. In three or four minutes they came out again in great haste, each one carrying in its mouth a pupæ or larvæ belonging to the conquered. They again took the same road by which they had come, following each other in a straggling manner. It was easy to distinguish their line on the grass by the appearance which their innumerable white cocoons and larvæ presented, as they were borne along by their russet-hued captors.

A recent writer, in a Missouri paper, gives a lively account of a battle between two bodies of ants. "My school-house," he says, "had been infested for several months by a species of large black ants, much to the annoyance of the little barefooted scholars. But what was my astonishment a few mornings since on coming into my school-house, to find the floor literally strewn with dead and dying ants, and upon a closer examination to find that a most sanguinary and fatal battle was then raging among them. A much larger number were lying dead than were left engaged, and I thereby concluded that the battle had raged all night. Most of the combatants engaged were grappled in a deadly embrace, while others but recently commenced were standing erect on their hind legs and striving for the advantage with all the science of the most experienced swordsmen or pugilists. The most fatal point of attack, and the one for which it seemed all contended, was the ligament which joined the body with the head. This vital point once seized by the powerful nippers, death ensued without a struggle.

No undue advantage was taken by either party, and no two would endeavor to overpower a single one; nor was there any flinching or wavering in a single instance. Whenever two belligerents met it was certain death to one or both. Never, perhaps, were two armies more equally matched in numbers, strength and valor; and, consequently, at the close of the battle, which lasted two nights and a day, as new recruits continued to arrive at every moment, there were but few left, and probably none of the vanquished army. Observing closely I could see a

slight difference in the appearance of the contestants, one set being perfectly black, with a large head, while the other was nearer brown, with a smaller head, though both about equally matched in size and strength. Disembodied legs were numerous, and many an unfortunate though valiant hero, being entirely deprived of his supporters, was thus left, *hors de combat*, to die on the field. The next morning I swept up the dead and dying of both armies, amounting to thousands.

The nests of ants vary much both in form and material. The turf ant, a small dusky-brown species, common in gardens and fields, usually selects a tuft of long grass, the stems of which serve to support the dome-like top and the walls, while the blades wave above. The structure of this tenement is slight, usually consisting almost wholly of grains of sand piled up so skilfully as to retain their position without cement of any kind. The red ant, one of the commonest of European species, builds up a small rounded hillock with fragments of wood, bits of straw, dry leaves and the like. This hillock, however, is but the outer shell of the nest, which is carried deep into the ground. It contains corridors, landings, chambers and spacious apartments. All the corridors lead to a large central room, loftier than the rest, and supported by pillars. Here the majority of the inhabitants are to be found congregated.

The mason ants, of which there are many varieties, including our own little yellow ant, use a more or less fine mortar in erecting the domes that surmount their subterranean habitations. The fuliginous or jet ants, the European representative of the common black ant of Pennsylvania, hollows out, in the trunks of old oaks or willows, horizontal galleries, with thin partitions between, and communicating with each other. Rising story above story, these galleries frequently look like halls supported by pillars, and present the appearance of carved work of the most delicate and elaborate pattern.

In the tropics, we find wonderful ant structures. In Guiana, ant-hills have been seen from fifteen to twenty feet in height, and from thirty to forty feet around the base. Stedman, when in Surinam, passed an ants' nest—being afraid to go up to it—six feet in height, and one hundred in circumference.

The Coushie ant, says Bates, is one of the most important animals of Brazil. It oftentimes takes forcible possession of the land. Well-beaten paths branch off in every direction through the forests, upon which broad columns of these ants may be seen marching along, each individual burdened with a circular piece of green leaf, often larger than itself. From a fancy that the insect carries these leaves as a protection from the sun, it is sometimes called the parasol ant. The real use of the leaves, however, is to thatch the huge domes, sometimes forty feet in diameter, of their curious edifices. In gathering leaves, the Coushie ants invariably give the preference to cultivated trees, such as the orange and coffee, of which they frequently defoliate and destroy, or greatly injure,

whole plantations. It has been noticed as a singular fact that one set of workers ascends the trees and cuts away the leaves, while another carries them to the nest. The underground galleries formed by these creatures are of almost incredible extent. Sulphur smoke, having been blown into a nest, was seen to issue from an outlet seventy yards distant. Ditches are no protection against them. It is stated that they have even carried galleries under the great River Paraiha. They are great well-diggers, and excavate deep holes in search of water, which seems to be a necessity with them. One of their wells, twelve inches in diameter, was followed to a depth of thirty feet, when water was reached.

An Australian ant builds a curious nest in the trees, by bending down several adjacent leaves and fastening them together by silken threads so as to form a sort of purse. A person disturbing one of these nests, hears at first a pattering like rain-drops, and in an instant finds his hair and neck covered with fiery, stinging creatures, of which he finds it almost impossible to rid himself.

The inhabitants of an ants' nest usually consist of winged males and females, and wingless neuters or workers. The workers sometimes are of two forms, one of which, having a large cubical head, has been called a soldier.

The domestic life of the different species of ants, says Figuer, is nearly the same. The females fly together in harmony, never ceasing to lay, whilst walking about, their minute, cylindrical white eggs. These the workers pick up and carry to special rooms, where, in about a fortnight, they hatch into larvæ. A troop of nurses take charge of the larvæ, gathering them sugary liquids for food, and airing them every sunny day. Watchers, placed just under the roof, as soon as they see the sun shining on the hill, go to tell the nurses. In a few seconds every door is crowded with these latter carrying out the young, to put them on the top of the hill, where they will receive the benefit of the sun's rays. When the warmth becomes too great, the watchful nurses convey their charges to more protected chambers.

When the larvæ are about to change into pupæ, the nurses brush them clean, and stretch their skins, thus preparing them for the approaching metamorphosis. The larvæ then spin for themselves a silky cocoon, of a close texture, and of a gray or yellowish hue. In this stage of their existence the young ants remain apparently lifeless. When ready to emerge from their silky prison, the nurses again come to their assistance, and tear away the covering. The new-born ant is now carefully tended and fed, and taught to walk, till in a few days it is able to take care of itself.

Toward the close of August, if an ants' nest be watched some warm, sunshiny day, thousands of winged ants will be seen issuing forth. These are the males and females, that have just broken from the pupal shell, starting on their wedding journey into the air. Wonderful clouds of these have frequently been observed. The swarms of a whole dis-

trict seem to flock together, whirling and twisting up into the sky like smoke-wreaths. From this bridal tour, the bridegrooms never return. Ere their brief honeymoon is over they perish. The brides either come back to their old homes, or found new colonies, with the help of a few workers who have been their escort. No longer needing wings, the workers hasten to cut them off, or, as most frequently happens, they themselves cut them off. Chambers are set apart for them, where they are watched and tended with constant care and solicitude. Guards attend them night and day, caressing them, licking them, brushing them and offering them food. On the slightest apprehension of danger, these prospective mothers are first of all carried to the securest retreat. In the course of time they begin to lay eggs, as did their mothers before them, and the circle of ant-life is complete.

As has already been stated, ants, with the exception, perhaps, of a few species, do not lay up provisions for the winter. Indeed, during that period, in cold climates, they sleep at the bottom of their nests. A small number of species only hold out through the severe season by shutting themselves up in their hills with a number of plant-lice, or aphides.

No person, perhaps, who has had the misfortune to have a favorite tree or shrub infested with plant-lice, but has noticed the ants always accompanying those troublesome little pests. In fact, the plant-lice are the cows of the ants, to whom they willingly submit themselves to be milked of their liquid honey. Sometimes the ants inclose a flock of them on a branch in a miniature earthen stable. Our common yellow ant is a famous keeper of these herds. It collects in its nest a number of plant-lice, especially those kinds living on the roots of grass and other plants, paying them, and, above all, their eggs, as much attention as it does to its young. For the possession of a flock of plant-lice, wars have arisen between neighboring ant colonies, quite as terrible in their way as have been waged between nations of men, for something to which neither of the contestants had any just claim.

Livingstone, speaking of the ants of Africa, declares that a gift, analagous to that of language, has not been withheld from them. "We tried," he says, "to sleep one rainy night in a native hut, but could not, because of attacks by the fighting battalions of a very small species of ant. It soon became obvious that they were under regular discipline. Our hands and necks were the first objects of attack. Large bodies were massed in silence around the point to be assailed. We could hear the sharp, shrill word of command two or three times repeated, though, until then, we had not believed in the vocal power of an ant. The instant after, we felt the storming hosts rage over head and neck, biting the tender skin, clinging with a death-grip to the hair, and parting with their jaws rather than quit their hold. On our lying down again in the hope of their having been driven off, no sooner was the light out and all still, than the manœuvre was repeated. Clear and audible orders were issued, and the assault renewed. It was

as hard to sleep in that hut as in the trenches before Sebastopol."

In the wilds of Africa are found vast numbers of ants, some species so terrible to man and beast, that, says Du Chaillu, they may well be called lords of the forest.

Of these African plagues, the most to be feared, and, perhaps, the most terrible of insects, are the driver ants, so called from the fact that they drive every living creature before them. Though found in vast numbers, neither the male nor the female have as yet been discovered. Du Chaillu doubts whether they build any nest, though other travellers speak of them as a matter of course. One thing is certain, they are most frequently encountered during their terrible marches. These marches are scenes of terror and destruction. The ants do not disturb vegetation, but every living creature that does not fly before them perishes. Villages are deserted as they approach, the inhabitants seeking safety in the rivers. Fire, that will frighten almost any creature, has no terrors for them. A driver ant will dash at a glowing coal, fix its jaws in the burning mass, and straitway shrivel up in the heat. Their marches are generally made by night, as they cannot well endure the heat of the sun. If forced to march during a sunny day, they construct covered ways of earth through which they pass. When compelled to cross a stream, they do so in a singular manner. Crawling to the end of a bough overhanging the water, they form themselves into a living chain. Ant after ant lengthens out the chain, till the free end reaches the water, and, floating away, link after link still being added, it is swept by the current to the opposite bank. The ant at that end then fastens upon some object, and the rest then pass over their companions as over a suspension bridge. Du Chaillu says that these living bridges are tubular, and that the army of ants marches through them.

When overtaken by a flood, the driver ants are said to save themselves from destruction by forming themselves into a ball, the feebler insects in the centre, and the larger and more powerful on the outside. These balls, a specimen of which is in the British Museum, are about the size of a common cricket ball. Being much lighter than the water, they float upon the surface until the flood subsides.

Very similar in their habits, but not so much dreaded by man, are the foraging ants of Brazil. Like the driver ants they march in great armies, devouring everything of an animal nature, living or dead, that falls in their way. "Vegetation they do not touch. As soon as their advance is heralded by the flocks of pittas, or thrushes, who accompany them, the inhabitants of such houses as come within their line of march, throwing open every box and drawer, quit the premises. The ant army then pours in. Not a crack or cranny is left unvisited. Every living thing—rats, mice, cockroaches, scorpions, centipedes and all the disagreeable vermin common to a tropical climate—is destroyed in a wonderfully short time. The turmoil then ceases, the ants resume their march,

and the owner of the house returns in great glee to a renovated home, where he need no longer fear a centipede in his shoe, or a scorpion in his head-covering.

But it is within our own borders that two of the most singular species of ant are to be found. Reference is here made to the honey and agricultural ants of Texas, the latter of which has been comparatively unknown till within a recent period.

"The honey ant," says a naturalist, who has studied their habits, "has two kinds of workers of very distinct forms—one of the usual shape, and performing the active duties of the formicarium; the other and larger worker is inactive and does not quit the nest, its sole purpose, apparently, being to elaborate a kind of honey, which they are said to discharge into prepared receptacles, and which constitutes the food of the entire population of the community. In the honey-secreting workers the abdomen is distended into a large globose bladder-like form. From this honey an agreeable drink is made by the Mexicans."

From an abstract of an account of its habits, furnished by Dr. Lincecum to the Linnean Society in 1861, we gather the following facts in reference to the agricultural ant, which undoubtedly show it to be worthy of being regarded as one of most curious of known insects.

It is a large, brownish ant, dwelling in what may be called paved cities. Like a thrifty, diligent, provident farmer, it makes suitable and timely arrange-

ments for the changing seasons. On ordinary dry ground, it bores a hole, around which it raises the surface three and sometimes six inches, forming a low, circular mound, the outer edge of which is some three or four feet from the central entrance. On low, flat ground, liable to inundation, the hill rises sharper and to the height of fifteen or twenty inches, with the entrance near the summit. In either case, the ant clears the ground around the hill of all obstructions, and levels and smoothes the surface to the distance of three or four feet, forming a handsome pavement. Within this paved area not a green thing is allowed to grow, except a single species of grain-bearing grass. Having planted this crop in a circle around, and two or three feet from the centre of the mound, the insect tends and cultivates it, keeping it free from grass and weeds. The cultivated grass grows luxuriantly, and produces a heavy crop of small, white, flinty seeds, which, under the microscope, very closely resemble ordinary rice. When ripe, it is carefully harvested, and carried by the workers, chaff and all, into the granary cells, where it is cleansed of the chaff and packed away. The chaff is taken out and thrown beyond the limits of the paved area.

During protracted wet weather, it sometimes happens that the provision stores become damp, and are liable to sprout and spoil. In this case, on the first fine day, the ants bring out the damp and damaged grain, put it in the sun to dry, and then carry back and pack away all the sound seed.

BAY-WINDOW AND MANSARD ROOF.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"It would be such an easy thing for him," said Job Maxwell to his wife. "Such an easy thing! He would never miss a comfort, and we would be lifted out of so much trouble."

Mrs. Maxwell did not remove her eyes from the floor, nor make any reply to her husband's remark.

"Not a chick nor a child to look after—only himself and wife—and I've got a houseful," continued Mr. Maxwell. "I've never asked him for a dollar in my life, though I've been in many tight places."

"And you've always got through them," Mrs. Maxwell said, in a tender voice, leaning toward her husband as she spoke. "The mountains have looked very high, and the valleys very deep, but you have always passed them safely."

"Yes; but no mountain like this one has ever crossed my way before. I cannot get over it without a helping-hand."

"Maybe not. We never overcome any difficulty without help." Then lowering her voice, and speaking with reverence, Mrs. Maxwell added: "God is our helper. In the future, as in the past—to-day, as yesterday, He will be a present help in time of trouble."

"All very true," returned her husband; "but He helps by human agency."

To this Mrs. Maxwell did not reply. She loved her husband, and never liked to oppose him in anything. It would have saved him from many of the tight places to which he had just referred, if she had done so often. His present trouble had come about in this wise:

Mr. Maxwell owned the house in which he lived. He had bought it several years before, and until within a year it was burdened with a mortgage. To pay off this mortgage had been long and hard work. Twice there had been a foreclosure, and a narrow escape from being sold out by the sheriff. His home was saved only through the intervention of neighbors and friends. But, at last, through industry and economy, the mortgage was paid off, and Job Maxwell rejoiced in the ownership of a house free from all incumbrance. He had never in his life felt so rich and so much at ease in his mind.

But, with most of us, permanent satisfaction does not come with full possession. We soon tire of what we have, and begin to look away to something new, and, as it seems to us, more desirable. It was not long before Mr. Maxwell began to note the difference

between the outside appearance of his house and that of some of his neighbors'. He had been too much interested in paying off the debt to think of making such contrasts before. But now they were continually pressing themselves upon him.

All at once he discovered that the white palings which enclosed the little flower-garden, in front of the house, had a very common look—being flat and pointed at the top. He saw nothing but palings for a week afterward, and was so fully posted in regard to them that he could tell every style in the neighborhood.

"I don't think I can stand these palings any longer," said Mr. Maxwell, coming in one day. "They're a perfect eyesore!"

He was really excited.

"What's wrong about the palings, Job?" asked his wife, in her mild way. "I always thought them very pretty."

"Pretty! They're the meanest in the whole neighborhood. Even Peter Jones has nicer ones. I was looking at them this morning."

Mrs. Maxwell was satisfied; they were neat and tasteful in her eyes. But they had so lost their good looks for Job, after he had compared them with his neighbors', that he could see no comeliness in them. So, nothing would do but he must have new palings.

"Let us wait a little longer," urged Mrs. Maxwell.

"What's the use of waiting. If we are going to have them, the sooner the better. I'm positively ashamed of the old, poor-looking things, and wonder how I could have endured them so long."

Mrs. Maxwell understood her husband too well to make any decided opposition. She knew there would be no rest with him until he had his new palings, now that his mind was set on them.

"How much are they going to cost?" she inquired.

"I got an estimate from Malcolm this morning," replied Job. "He says he doesn't think it will cost over twenty dollars for a fence just like 'Squire Morton's, and that is, by all odds, the handsomest one in town."

Twenty dollars! How much that would buy for the children! Their clothes were very much run down; and it took half the mother's time to alter, patch and mend. But she did not utter what was in her thought. Job divined it, perhaps, for he said: "Malcolm doesn't want the money. I can pay any time that it is convenient."

On the next day the old fence, sound in every paling, and well-covered with paint, disappeared from the front of Mr. Maxwell's house, where it had stood and done as good service as the prettiest one in town for over seven years, and in due time another of more stylish pattern and more costly workmanship took its place.

The ornamental always costs more than the simply useful. The "desire of the eye" is not satisfied with cheapness. Before the fence was completed many changes from the first idea were made; and when the work was at last completed, Mr. Malcolm's bill, instead of being but twenty dollars, according to the

first estimate, footed up forty-six dollars. It's reception was a wet blanket to Mr. Maxwell's enjoyment. He took no more real pleasure in the handsome new fence; for he could not look at it without thinking of the forty-six dollars he should have to pay.

After the fence some better shrubbery had to come. He began to look more closely at his neighbors' gardens, and to see, by contrast, the meagreness of his own. He had few, if any, choice plants. So this must be remedied—his garden must be fixed up. It would only cost a trifle.

But the trifle did not fall short of twelve dollars. It need not have been half if he had been content with fitness and beauty. But he must have costly exotics because some of his neighbors had them.

So it went on. The new fence was only the beginning of change and improvement. He fixed up here, and he fixed up there—made this little change, and that little addition; all of which added to the comfort and good looks of his house, but added also to the burden of debt he had taken up so soon after the old wearisome burden of years had been laid off.

One day, as he stood at a window, Job Maxwell saw the carpenter in earnest conversation with Mr. Fowler, his neighbor opposite. They were in front of Mr. Fowler's house, looking up at the building, and talking about it, as was evident from their gestures. Maxwell became interested at once, and crossed the street to find out what Mr. Fowler was going to do. He was soon enlightened. His neighbor had caught the bay-window and Mansard roof fever, and was consulting with Dr. Malcolm, who was diagnosing the case. Maxwell listened with great interest; and as he listened, his eyes wandered across the street, and he saw, in imagination, a bay window swelling out from the second story of his house, and a Mansard taking the place of its slant shingle roof.

Mr. Maxwell was unusually quiet and thoughtful all that day. The fever was getting hold of him—creeping into his blood, and making its insidious advances upon the very citadel of his life. He dreamed all night of bay-windows and Mansard roofs, and awoke at daydawn unrefreshed. He fought against the disease; for he knew that if it got fairly hold of him he would have an exhausting struggle, and might not survive the attack.

The first thing Maxwell saw on looking out next morning was the carpenter at work in front of his neighbor's house. Two of his men were with him. Scaffold poles were already on the ground. A little pang of envy shot through Job Maxwell's heart. Why couldn't he have a bay-window and a Mansard roof as well as Mr. Fowler? He sighed, and turned away.

Day after day he watched the carpenters at work on his neighbor's house with scarcely less interest than the neighbor himself; and when, at last, the window was completed, and the new roof lifted above the old dwelling its bold proportions, all the attractions of his own modest home faded away from Mr. Maxwell's sight, and it became mean and common in his eyes.

The bay-window and Mansard roof fever did not let go its hold on our friend, but continued to increase, until it had consumed all discretion and prudence. Then he held almost daily conferences with Mr. Malcolm, the carpenter, who made for him a drawing of his house, with the desired improvements, and and so helped on the disease to its crisis.

Blindly, and against all his wife could say, Mr. Maxwell told the carpenter to go to work and make the coveted additions to his house. The question of ways and means had been settled. The new window and roof would cost, according to the carpenter's estimate, about twelve hundred dollars, and the money to pay for them was to be raised by a new mortgage on the property.

"Only a matter of seventy or eighty dollars a year in interest," said Mr. Maxwell, lightly, in answer to his wife's mildly-urged objections. "And see how much more room we shall have; and how elegant the house will look."

They had already all the room they needed, and the house was as neat and genteel as most of their neighbors'.

It took nearly four months to put in the window and build up the new roof; during most of which time the family suffered many discomforts. The work was begun in August, and it was nearly Christmas before its completion. Mrs. Maxwell took a severe cold in consequence of the exposed condition of the house, from the effects of which she did not recover all winter.

On the first of January Mr. Malcolm rendered his bill. It was two thousand dollars. In addition to the new roof and bay-window, other improvements were made in the house, which "might as well be done while they were at it;" and the cost of these footed up far beyond what Mr. Maxwell had imagined. A mortgage was executed, and the bill paid. Another mortgage! Through years of patience, and hope, and self-denial, Job Maxwell had worked to get free from the burden of one mortgage, and now he had taken up the burden of another!

Was he any happier for his Mansard roof and bay-window? Did the mortgage set any the lighter upon him for these? Not a whit; they made the burden heavier, for he was self-convicted of weakness and folly.

And now it happened that a great depression came in Maxwell's line of business. Trade ceased for awhile, and bills could not be collected. A failure in his collections made it impossible for him to meet his own business accounts. Harassments followed, and then suits. If it had not been for the mortgage already on his house, Mr. Maxwell could have raised enough money to tide him over his difficulties. But a second mortgage no one would take.

The depression in trade continued, and things went on from bad to worse, until poor Maxwell was at his wit's end, and almost harassed to death.

It was in this extremity that he said to his wife: "It would be such an easy thing for him. Such an easy thing! He would never miss a comfort, and we would be lifted out of so much trouble."

He spoke of a wealthy relative who lived in a large city a few hundred miles away, to whom he proposed to write and ask the loan of a few thousand dollars. But the proposition, as we have seen, was not favored by his wife, who believed more in God's help, when it flowed into self-help, than in any other kind. She understood her husband better than he understood himself, and felt sure that a loan from his rich relative would only add in the end to their embarrassment, and leave them, most probably, under the life-long humiliation of a debt that could not be exacted, and for the payment of which her husband would not use the needed self-denial.

"All very true," he had replied to her exhortation to look upward for help; "but He helps by human agency."

It was some time before Mrs. Maxwell replied. Then she said: "God works in our affairs more in us and by us than through others. When we come into difficult places, it is better to call into effort our own strength, and to draw upon our own resources, small though they be, than to give up and call to others for help."

"But I have no resources," replied Mr. Maxwell, with a distressed look and tone. "I can neither sell goods nor collect what is due me. I am on the verge of ruin. Without outside help, all is lost. If it wasn't for this wretched mortgage on our house, I could get along; but no one will lend on a second mortgage. I was a fool ever to have put it there! But I'm never willing to let well enough alone."

He struck the key-note there, and well his wife knew it. But she did not add to his self reproaches by a confirmatory word.

"Let us give up this house," said Mrs. Maxwell, abruptly.

Her husband started as if he had heard the roof fall in.

"Give up the house!" he exclaimed.

"Yes; bay-window, Mansard roof and all! We shall never have any more comfort here. It is spoiled for our use. Let us sell it, and take a cheaper home."

"Why, wife! What are you driving at?"

"At the solution of our difficulty. The mountain that stands across our path to-day has been reared by our own hands. It is not well for us to ask another to lift us over it. We built it up. Let us pull it down."

Mr. Maxwell drooped his head, and sat in deep thought for a long time. Looking up at length, he said in a subdued voice: "Not our hands, wife. We did not rear the mountain. It was builded by me. But I cannot take it down alone. You will have to endure like toil and privation. Ah! that is the bitterest thought."

With a tender smile, Mrs. Maxwell drew her arm about her husband's neck and kissed him.

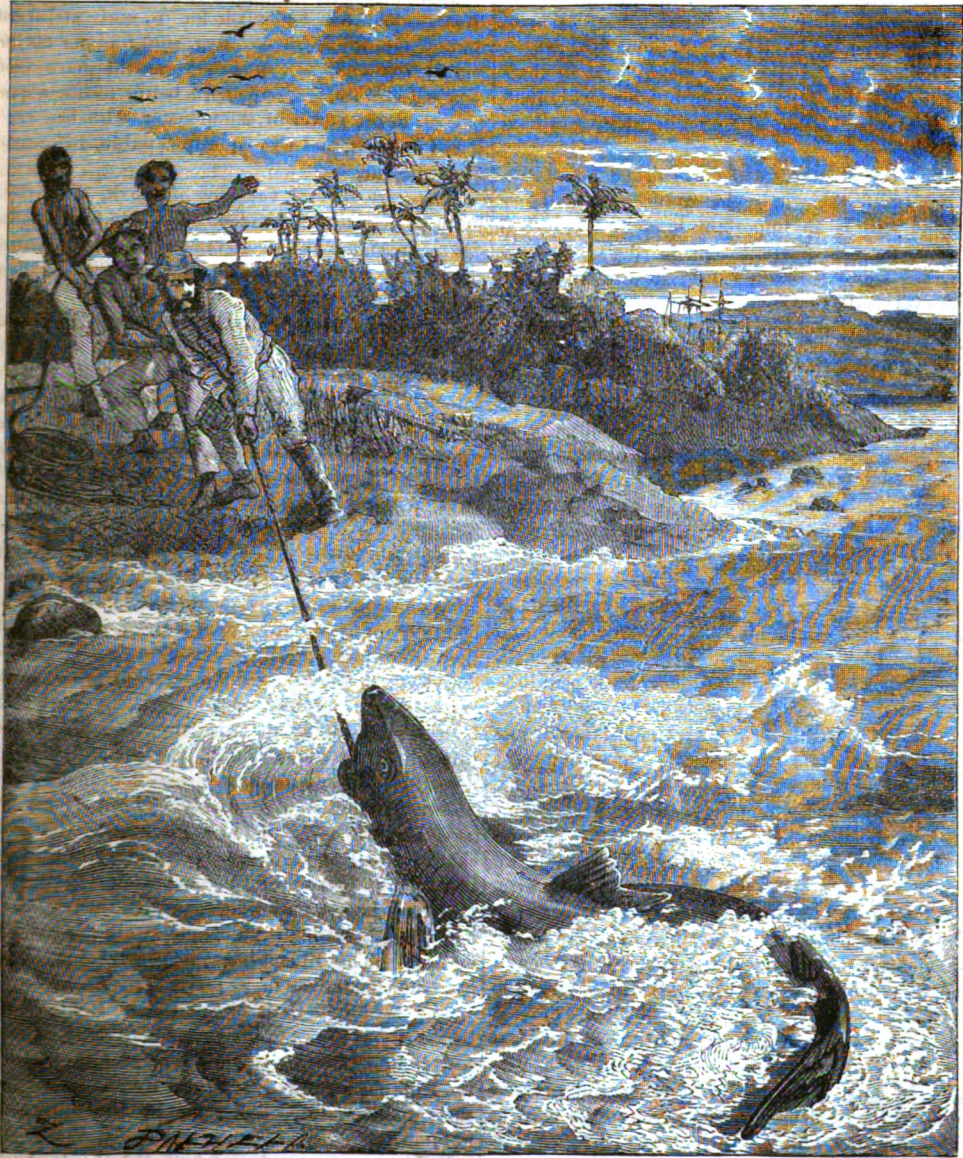
"The labor will be sweet," she answered; "for I shall know that its end will be peace and rest for you. That it will make the way plain, and the trouble light."

And it did. The house was sold for a liberal price, and, after paying off the mortgage, Mr. Maxwell had enough over to clear his business of all embarrassment, and to give him a comfortable surplus. A pleasant little home was taken at an annual rent considerably below the interest on the property sold, and into this the family drew closer together.

sons," he said one day. "A man so well advanced in years should have known better."

"What lessons?" asked his wife.

And he replied: "That self-help is the surest dependence; that a thing not easily afforded is never truly enjoyed; and that to be in debt is to be in purgatory."



The heavy lines that so often marred the brow of Mr. Maxwell; the expression of care that had taken the old sweetness from his mouth; the fixed, absent look shadowing his eyes so long, were all absent now, and in their places were cheerfulness, hope and confidence.

"It has taken me a long time to learn these les-

SHARKS.

BY MARIAN KNOWLES.

THERE are few things more surprising and disappointing to the landsman," writes a recent traveller, "than to discover, when he goes to sea, that he obtains no fresh fish for breakfast or dinner, and in a multitude of cases rarely ever sees a

fish. It is true that the monsters of the deep may be seen at times, and shoals of porpoises, schools of whales, a grampus, and a few dolphins be by no means uncommon sights; but it is only near the shore, on sand-banks or coral-reefs that fish abound, whilst the ocean itself is but thinly tenanted."

Yet, the ocean is not entirely devoid of game, which, though unfit for culinary purposes, may be useful in some other manner, or the destruction of which, at least, is desirable. These fish, which afford both labor and sport, are magnificent in their proportions, and require more formidable tackle than the hair-lines and silken flies used in catching salmon and trout.

Among the creatures which are fished for at sea, we may specify the whale, the capture of which has been and still is an important branch of industry. But it is not our purpose now to speak of whale fisheries. There is another fish, in the killing of which every sailor takes a yet keener pleasure.

"Everybody," continues the writer above quoted, "connected in any way with the sea is always delighted when a shark is killed. A shark is the great water-enemy of mankind; the delightful bath is either impossible or bereft of half its pleasures when sharks are known to be near. A boat that is upset causes a fatal accident in shark-frequented waters, whereas, it might produce only a ducking under other circumstances. Thus, a sailor believes that he who kills a shark deserves well of his country and companions.

"The shark dies a craven; he affords very little of that sport which renders trout and salmon fishing so attractive; his first rush, as he feels himself hooked, is usually powerful enough, but after that he exhibits little but sullenness. A young shark is usually more vigorous and determined in his resistance than is one of larger growth, and with these we have had good sport. In most rivers of tropical countries shark will be found near the mouths of rivers especially at high-tide, and those who are disposed for sport only, will find ample in such localities. The plan we adopted was to procure two pieces of copper wire, twist these firmly together, and lash a hook on to the end. A stout piece of cord was then made fast to the wire, and a bladder attached to the cord. About a hundred and fifty yards of cord were coiled upon the bank in order to play the hooked fish, a piece of meat was then fastened on the hook, and the bait flung out seaward. The hands, for this work, ought to be protected by a stout pair of leather or India-rubber gloves, so that a check may be given to the cord as the fish runs out with it.

"Having made our preparations in this way, we cast our line, and had scarcely secured the end, than we saw the bladder that indicated the position of our hook and bait travel rapidly up stream, bob under water, and again appear. A rapid tug at the cord was resisted, and immediately afterward the line flew through our hands, nearly a hundred yards being paid out without check. Then we, however, obtained a pull at our captive, and brought him near the shore,

sighted him, and saw he was a shark about five feet long. When the young cannibal saw us he struggled hard to escape, but his ravenous appetite had been his ruin, as the hook was deeply buried in his throat, and in ten minutes from the time of his being hooked he was dragged, snapping and wriggling, on to dry land.

"On more than one occasion, however, the fish we thus hooked was too much for us, and carried out and off the whole of our line, and had we not resigned the end, we ourselves would have been dragged into the sea, our efforts being feeble in comparison to the power of the monster who had swallowed our bait, and was equally capable, apparently, of swallowing us."

There are several varieties of shark, all of them more or less to be dreaded. The Hammer-headed Shark is so named on account of the hammer-like shape of its head. This shark grows to the length of ten or twelve feet.

The Blue Shark inhabits the Mediterranean Sea, but periodically visits other coasts. It does great injury to the Cornish fishermen. An English gentleman, Mr. Couch, gives the following description of this shark: "The Blue Shark is migratory, and I have never known it to arrive on the Coast of Cornwall before the middle of June; but afterward it becomes so abundant that I have known eleven taken in one boat, and nine in another, in one day. The injury they inflict on the fishermen is great, as they hover about the boats, watch the lines, which they sometimes cut asunder without any obvious motive, and pursue the fish that are drawn up. This, indeed, often leads to their own destruction; but when their teeth do not deliver them from their difficulty, they have a singular method of proceeding, which is, by rolling the body round, so as to twist the line about them throughout its whole length, and sometimes this is done in such a complicated manner that I have known a fisherman give up any attempt to unroll it as a hopeless task. To the Pitchard drift-net the shark is a still more dangerous enemy, and it is common for it to pass in succession along the whole length of the net, cutting out, as with shears, the fish and the net that holds them, and swallowing both together." The Blue Shark is remarkable for the extreme slenderness of its body.

The White Shark is one of the most ferocious of its tribe. It grows to the enormous length of thirty feet, is numerous in tropical seas, and is always on the look-out for prey. It is also frequently found in the Mediterranean, especially in the spring and autumn.

A frequent companion of both the White and the Blue Shark is the Pilot fish, a small fish between whom and the shark a singular friendship seems to exist. This fish will sometimes interpose between its friend and a baited hook, and, running against the muzzle of the shark, turn him from it. It will also lead him to his prey when there is no accompanying danger; and so close is their friendship that it will sometimes cling to the shark as it is captured and

hoisted on deck. These singular fish sometimes attend vessels for months together, and from this fact they obtained their name, as the ancients held them sacred as pilots to the doubtful navigator. The Pilot fish belongs to the mackerel family, to which it bears a strong resemblance.

The teeth of a shark, unlike those of any other creature, are set in both jaws three or four deep, and are set in muscles instead of bone, so that they can be raised or lowered at pleasure. When at rest the teeth are turned inward toward the throat. These teeth are so sharp, and the jaws so powerful, that a man can be bitten in two without difficulty.

Sharks show themselves more frequently in fair than in stormy weather. The presence of a shark can always be discovered by a fin above water, or if at too great a distance to discern the fin, by a ripple upon the water's surface, as sharks always swim so near the surface that the large fin upon their back is well out of the water. Cases are on record when they have made slight springs out of the water to seize their prey.

Numerous are the tragedies in which the shark plays a prominent part. In shark-infested seas, the fishermen and bathers sometimes attack and vanquish their formidable marine foe with knives, and in rare instances a bold counter attack on the part of the man will temporarily frighten the monster. But it is, we believe, generally conceded that in dealing with these creatures "discretion is the better part of valor."

GRANDFATHER'S DARLING.

BY IRENE L.—

"WHERE is my birdie?

Where is my sweet one?

Not for an hour have I heard his blithe song,"

"Gone into Dreamland.

Soft! Do not wake him."

"Ah! while he's sleeping the time seems so long."

Down from the chamber

Slowly descending,

Out 'mong the garden-blossoms Grandfather goes;

In the green arbor

Sitting and thinking—

Twining above him the woodbine and rose

All their rich odor
Lost on his senses—
Sitting and thinking and waiting alone;
Time passes slowly
Under the arbor.
Hark! 'Tis his singing-bird's ravishing tone.

Breaks from the window
Sweetest of music.

"Darling!"—how tender with heart-throbs the word!

"Darling! Oh, darling!

Grandfather's precious one!

Voice of more melody ear hath not heard."

Up to the chamber
Quickly ascending;
Grandfather moves with the step of a boy,
All the bright sunshine
Lost in the arbor
Flooding his features with beauty and joy.



To his arms spring-
ing,
Round his neck cling-
ing,
Lovely and loving, and
sweet as a rose;
Laughing and kiss-
ing,
And glad with the
life
Only our being in baby-
hood knows;
Dear little birdie
From Dreamland re-
turns,
Flushed with new beau-
ty to Grandfather's
heart.
White locks and
golden,
Sere leaf and blos-
som,
Mingling, though se-
venty summers
apart.

NURSING TROUBLE.—Some people are as careful of their troubles as mothers are of their babies; they cuddle them, and rock them, and hug them, and cry over them, and fly into a passion with you if you try to take them away from them; they want you to fret with them, and to help them to believe that they have been worse treated than anybody else. If they could, they would have a picture of their griefs in a gold frame, hung over the mantel-shelf for everybody to look at. And their griefs ordinarily make them selfish—they think more of their dear little trouble in the basket and in the cradle than they do of all the world besides.

To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it; to study the world is better than to shun it; to use the world is nobler than to abuse it; to make the world better, lovelier and happier is the highest work of man.



IN DREAMLAND.

BY IRENE L.—

I'M waiting, baby, darling,
Your eyes again to see;
Lift up the soft white curtain,
And show their blue to me.
Oh, lift the soft white curtain,
For I have waited long
Since sleep shut down your eyelids,
And hushed your baby-song.
I feel so very lovely,
My eyes are full of tears—
Strange voices whisper round me,
And fill my soul with fears.

Then waken baby, darling!
Come back to me, my dove;
Come back to me from dreamland,
For I am sick for love.
A quivering of eyelids;
A tender baby-sigh;
A motion of the finger;
A low, half-frightened cry.
Oh, blue eyes, full of brightness!
Oh, mouth so sweet to kiss!
Oh, baby back from dreamland!
I am wild with new-born bliss.

MY NEW ALPACA DRESS.

BY ROSSELLA RICE.

"THERE it lies, my new alpaca dress, and beautiful basque, neatly trimmed with folds of the same; well, spread a newspaper over it, and let's leave it. I feel as though I never wanted to wear it—it's neat and pretty, and in good taste, but I don't like to look at it, it makes me sad, for a 'tale hangs thereby,'" and I, Callie Ross, sighed and closed the bed-room door as my girl-friend, Lottie, laughed and looked up in my face, as much as to say, "Did I ever!"

In the evening Lottie and Lide and my own girls were popping corn and snapping apple-seeds on the stove, and hurling parings over their heads to see what letter of the alphabet they would form in falling, and all these silly, funny, little enjoyable things that girls have done from time immemorial.

I sat reading Dr. Bushnell's "Moral Uses of Dark Things," but somehow his best sentences would entangle themselves in with the girls' capers, and at last I laid the book away and drew my chair nearer the stove.

I observed the girls whispering to each other, and occasionally I heard one say, "Oh, you do it," "No, you, I don't like to." At last Lottie said, "Aunt Callie, won't you tell us a story, it would be better than anything else. Your stories are so good, just like they are in novels."

I had to laugh at this, because I so dislike and dread and fear novels, that the compliment was anything else than Lottie intended it should be.

"Tell us why you don't like your new dress, Callie, that's a dearie; if it does make you sad, why you'll sleep it all away before morning, with that clear conscience of yours, and you'll wake up as bright as—as a new tin dipper," and the girl, Lottie, little witch, laughed and smoothed and patted her pinky palms together.

"Well, I'll tell you girls in my own way, then, and you mustn't interrupt me, or laugh or make remarks. I'll tell the whole story, from beginning to ending, why I don't like my new alpaca dress.

"I was only fourteen years old when my mother died, and I had only one dress, a gay chintz, like curtain calico, with big leaves and full-blossomed roses. I never liked that dress, but it was all I had at that time; and, with a ruffled calico apron, and somebody's thin black shawl, I was fixed up to attend my mother's funeral. I had always gone barefooted from April until November, and my feet had spread out so that they could not be squeezed into my last winter's shoes, on that memorable occasion. I remember a cousin brought me here to wear—calfskin, 'lined and bound,' she said, soft, nice ones, the like of which I had never owned. My shoes was always heavy leather, like men's coarse boots. I managed to crowd my overgrown feet into cousin's shoes, but they almost split over the sides; they were low, and the binding

at the top cut into my heels so that they bled, and at night the coarse homemade cotton stockings had to be soaked in warm water before they would come off.

"In a week or so I hinted to my father that I would be glad if my sister and I could have black dresses—just plain ninepence calico would do; but he said it would be wrong to wear black; that he disapproved of such things, and we'd better look after the interest of our immortal souls before the adorning of our dying bodies.

"This was sensible talk, and we tried to believe it and act upon it, but it was hard work for growing little girls who loved pretty things.

"We used to talk it over, and try to make ourselves abide by his wise decision, after we had gone to bed at night, but it generally ended with an uncontrollable fit of weeping down under the quilts, and the smothered cry of 'Mother, mother!' as we lay there, lone little things, trying to comfort each other.

"As soon as harvest was over our grain was hauled in wagons to Lake Erie, and exchanged for money, salt, coffee, fish, muslin and boots. One night the loaded wagons stood in the street, with white covers, freshly filled tar-boxes, and everything in good order ready for an early start the next morning.

"We girls listened and heard father making out his bill of goods and groceries—but never a word said about two dress-patterns. I was very anxious, and trembled, but dared not run the risk of a refusal. My sister was bolder, and ventured further than I dared. I was fiery and impetuous, and would say cutting things, while she would coax and cry, and say, 'Oh, do now!'

"'This is our last chance,' I said. 'I'll take the baby and go out into the orchard and look for some apples, while you coax—and, sis, don't give up; mind, it's our last chance, and we do look so ugly and clownish in our best. I just think it's mean, when we do all we can toward keeping house and making 'em comfortable, to be used this way. Why, the poorest girl in town dresses better'n we do,' and, taking up the big baby on my back, I bent over, and started off through the wet grass, whimpering, 'Just wait until I can get a certificate in arithmetic, and I'll see the end to this hard work and no pay!'

"Baby leaned his ear down on my neck, and said, 'Thum day I'll buy you a gold horthe.' Little dear! I had to laugh as I replied, 'Bless your heart, little man! I'll knock him in the head, and cut him up and melt him into doubloons in no time,' and then I had to fling him around in my arms and give him a good hug for his generosity.

"I'd give more for genuine baby condolence any time, or for the touch of their little hands, wiping my tears in their bungling way, than I would for the cold, formal sympathy of the worldly-wise.

"Pretty soon my sister came out to where I was

wading around in the dewy grass, and I hailed, 'well, tell me what luck you had.' 'Oh, I don't know whether we'd ought to be glad or not,' said she, and her face was set for both laugh and cry. 'I coaxed him, I said, "oh, come now, dad, let each of your housekeepers have new dresses, and if you don't want us to have black, why let us choose the kind, some quiet gray, or brown with a dot or sprig in it," and don't you think he wouldn't give up, but told Lu to get a whole web of deep blue, that sort old women's aprons are made of. Plague on it! I've a mind to tear mine all to gibles and use it for kindlings.'

"I abominate blue," said I; 'but let's pretend we like it, and make the best of it; maybe we'd be proud if we had our own way, but, dear me, I do hate to go about looking worse than an old washer-woman. If I had the chance I'd work out and earn something. It sticks to me what Fred Stanley said, that he'd rather have me for a partner at a concert or party, than any girl about here, only that I dressed so shabbily, but I'll study, and learn, and read, and think, and I'll show Mr. Fred Stanley that it's not the dress that makes the woman—I'd rather have my soul well dressed than my body any time.'

"And so we patched up our poor little longing desires with this ill-fitting theory, and we made our father proud of us in his way. He had good sense, and his judgment was correct, although he was ignorant of human nature, and had no knowledge of how to deal with those who could not see clearly as he did.

"So we made suits of the hated blue calico, even to sun-bonnets, little, corded starched ones. We had entirely outgrown our chip bonnets with the pink bows, they hardly covered decently the great, frizzly twists of reddish-brown hair that piled up on our big, round heads.

"Before I was sixteen our father married, and then I began to think I would like to work away from home and earn something for myself. Next to books my highest ambition was a lustrous black alpaca dress. All the girls of my acquaintance could afford them, and they all looked so pretty in them.

"I said nothing about it, however, but as I sat one day sewing, making what my eldest brother had long desired, 'a coat with two tails to it,' I resolved that the very next man who came along in a carriage, sleigh, wagon or bob-sled, on the hunt of a hired girl, I would really go.

"About eleven o'clock that same day there was a gruff rap at the door by a sturdy hand in a mitten, and a little, red-faced man asked, in a fine, squeaky voice, if we could tell him of any family in the neighborhood whose daughters worked out.

"I said, 'well, I don't know, sit down and warm while I think about it.' On inquiry, he proved to be a Mr. Burns, who had married Johnny Dike's sister, and lived about three miles distant, on the Sunset hills, we called them, because they were away to the west of us and at night the sun seemed to go right down into them.

"I said, 'maybe I would suit you, Mr. Burns.'

'Of course you would,' said he, 'but you don't want to work out; you're making fun.' I replied, 'I don't want to work out; I would hate to be separated from the children; I don't know how to do many kinds of work, either, but I do so want a new alpaca dress, and, Mr. Burns, if you'll take me, I'll go with you,' and my voice trembled and the tears choked me.

"Well, I'll cheerfully take you, my child, and you shall have a silver dollar every Saturday night, and I'll fetch you home on old Gray every time, too. I'll warrant you know to do our little common bit of housework.'

"He stayed till after dinner, and had his horse fed, and when I began to get ready to start I had to cry, because I loved my home and the poor children so much. But I pulled my hood down over my face, and tied up my few clothes in a little bundle and jumped on the old white horse behind him and held to his 'sheep's gray' overcoat, and, with my family all standing around the block grinning joyfully, sorrowfully and mischievously, I started.

"Now mind," said father, 'this is Thursday, try and stay away until Saturday,' and he laughed, and thought the parting shot was such a good one.

"We had to go through the village. Oh, I did hope none of the boys and girls would see me, but just as we passed the cabinet-shop who should come out but Fred Stanley, whistling along cheerily. He stopped instantly and stepped back and looked amazed. I felt my cheeks glow and the tears come to my eyes, but I held my bundle in my lap and hung on to Mr. Burns's overcoat, and talked away as though I did not see Fred at all. The old horse must have enjoyed my discomfiture, for he poked along very slowly with his head down.

"Can't you go faster, please," I gasped, through my gathering tears.

"Oh, yees; yip! here Gray! yip! yip!" said he, digging the horse with his heels.

"Just then the corner of my home-made barred shawl touched Gray on the flank, and he plunged forward, and I screamed and let go of my bundle, and flung the other arm around my employer. He howled out, 'whoa there! what y' about? whoa there,' in a voice loud enough to rouse the whole village population. He pulled back on the reins and nearly crowded me off over the flowing tail. In the trouble my employer's large white hat tipped forward and slid down over his eyes, and he drew the beast blindly up against the fence.

"Fred gallantly came to the rescue and picked up my bundle and a pair of blue yarn stockings that had fallen out of it, and reached them up to me, saying, 'the horse became frightened, I presume.' Fred never looked so pretty, only that his beautiful white teeth showed over much. I thanked him with assumed cheerfulness and put a smile upon the face, that, glowing like a poppy, wished itself six feet under the snow.

"The woman was delighted to see me, she had a baby two weeks old, and four or five children besides.

The father and the older children had been doing the work for a few days, and the little log house looked like it, too.

"She called me 'Miss' whenever she spoke to me, and she thanked me for everything I did. As soon as I warmed my feet, I turned back my sleeves and asked what was needed to be done worst of all. She said a little washing—some baby clothes, a shirt apiece for the children, and some bed and table linen.

"While the water heated, I made beds, and swept, and put the house in order, and I must say that I economized time to a very good advantage. I had cried occasionally behind her husband's back all the way there; but now that I was really earning the coveted alpaca dress, I made myself believe that I was quite happy.

"When the washing fluttered on the line, I rolled down my sleeves and said: 'What next?'

"Make the wee baby a slip of a dress and a petticoat.

"With her help they were made before sunset; and then came the milking. Our men always milked at home, and I didn't know how very well, and didn't even know our own cows. She told me they were kept in the lot below the barn, both dark red, and quiet-looking cows that were easy and safe to milk. With a little twinge of homesickness, I put my shawl over my head and ran down to the lot, and found and brought them up to the milking-yard in my careless, hurried way, when, behold, I had driven up the oxen! Their sober, quiet cow-faces had misled me. I looked all around to see if any one was in sight, and I was thankful to know that there had been no spectator. I brought up the cows then, and after a good deal of trouble, with one hand at a time, and with the milk working back the other way, I succeeded in finishing the job, but I was very tired, and perspiring at every pore.

"By the time the milk was strained I was crying. I did wish I could only get the dress without going away from home to earn it. I resolved to make a cheap one answer; and before an hour passed I resolved to make a very cheap one suffice.

"As the sun set, its golden glory shone upon the eastern hills, and I knew my own dear home was bathed in its light. I grew more and more homesick, and I thought if I stayed a month I couldn't eat anything. Oh, I knew the children would miss me when they played 'blind man's buff' and 'hide and seek' in the evenings at home!

"You may get supper now whenever you are ready, Miss Callie," said the woman; "and, if you please, I'd rather have mush and milk for supper. You may make tea for yourself if you prefer, and there are all kinds of fruits and preserves in the cellar—just get whatever you like best. You've worked so hard since you came, that you'd be better off to have a cup of hot tea, I think."

"We sipped our mush and milk at home; we didn't call it food; and I detested it; and then I had never made mush in my life, but I knew the form to go through while making it. I boiled water in

the teakettle and poured into a clean kettle, and put in salt, and was getting ready to thicken it, when the woman crept up softly with a light in her hand, and looked sharply into the kettle.

"Is there not water enough?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. I was looking to see if everything was perfectly clean; some girls are so careless; and I do like my mush to be marvellously clean; but there's not a speck in that kettle. Oh, I know I'll like you, Miss Callie," she said, warmly; and then for the first time I saw that she had beautiful brown eyes of a ripe, nutty color.

"When supper was ready, I dallied with my spoon, but I was so sick for my home that I could not swallow. I resolved to try and stay until Saturday night, anyhow, and then to get some girl to take my place. Alpaca was too dear for me to buy; blue calico was a very good substitute, and I began to rather like it.

"The brown-eyed woman said she never ate such good mush, and the little boys said, 'More, more yet!' while the father looked over at me patronizingly, as much as to say, 'It takes me to find the good hired girls.'

"The little boys went to bed early; the mother occupied a bed at the farthest end of the kitchen, and she lay there cooing over the little baby; I sat and read, and Mr. Burns looked over his account book.

"I was very sorrowful and uneasy. It did seem that all the little arms at home were reaching out pleadingly for my return. I felt too badly to cry—crying wasn't half expressive or strong enough.

"I looked out of the eastern window, and the full moon was just rising over the peaked tops of the eastern hills beyond my home. The very face of the moon looked over at me sadly, pityingly, understandingly. I couldn't endure the torture any longer. I went into the other room and dropped my bundle and things out of the window.

"Fiddlesticks! Who cared for alpaca! It would soon crease and grow dingy and old, and it wouldn't stand washing; and wasn't an intelligent girl clad in the commonest blue calico richer and more of a queen than a frivolous, silly, ignorant one rustling in silks? Wasn't a contented mind wealth? Wasn't the companionship of one's little brothers and sisters at home better than all the fading finery in the world? If Fred Stanley cared for a girl's clothes, was he the snob worth caring for? No, I didn't want an ell of alpaca until I was well educated, and could teach and earn it without such heart-breaking privations as this!

"I wrote a little note, saying: 'I'll die here; I must run home; I am so sorry for all of you, and for the trouble I've caused you; but I can't endure this; you must forgive me.' And then I signed it 'Callie,' and slipped it in my pocket slyly, yawned and said it was quite bedtime. Then I went to the door, remarking, 'Oh, what a glorious evening!' and carelessly stepped out and twisted the note about the door-latch, and tiptoed around to the window, and put on my hood and shawl and stole cautiously out to the road.

"I didn't know the way home, but knew the right direction after I had run half a mile. The night was cold, and a deep snow lay on the ground; it was between Christmas and New Year's, and the moon was full. I ran with all my might, occasionally looking back over my shoulder, fearing to see an angry man in full pursuit on a poky-headed white horse.

"A few rods from home, and I could not restrain the jubilant shout of joy that would come out. I stole in softly at the back door and crept into bed, laughing hysterically, while the tears ran down my cheeks. I was so happy I couldn't sleep for crying, until nearly midnight. I had ran those three miles without stopping. I was awakened in the morning early by a dazzling light in my eyes, and there stood all the children, bent over, around my bed, laughing uproariously and feeling of me, and questioning and

congratulating me, just as glad as though I had returned after an absence of a year.

"My employer, surprised at my long absence, went out to see if I had not slipped and fallen; he called me in vain, but when he opened the door to go in, he found the note, and it explained all to his own satisfaction, and that of his cooing wife.

"It changed her coo to a moan of—'What will we do now for a girl?'

"Mr. Burns laughed in spite of himself, and was very sorry, and said he would have taken me home on old Gray that very night, had he known my anxiety and home-sickness.

"And, girls, this is the reason I don't like my new alpaca dress—it brings up from the grave of the dead years remembrances of my dwarfed girlhood, that are too painful to think of, realities I try to forget."

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY WESTBROOK.

AS a matter of course, Hatty had lovers. It took Mrs. Harvey another inward struggle to accept the plain facts of this epoch of her children's lives. Seeing what they were and where they were, whom would they be likely to marry? Ordinary workmen and an ordinary workingwoman? No, not Milly, at least, Mrs. Harvey felt almost sure. As for the other two, she was not a fool to think that in their present circumstances, they had any claim to aught higher. If George was fit, in mind and even manner, for any lady, the mother could impartially own that his surroundings were not. His wife must be prepared to wash and scrub and cook, without any thought of wrong done to her. His soul and his life had different claims, and one or the other must miss something in the future.

Hatty took everything quite equably, and did not feel in the least abashed or angered that her first offer of marriage came from a working shoemaker.

"Only I'm sorry when a decent man makes a fool of himself," she said, "I'm sure I'd put him off plain enough for him to understand, if he hadn't made up his mind not to."

Mrs. Harvey, accustomed to the cautious advances and careful distinction of grades of a more reticent part of society, was somewhat scandalized by the frankness and courage around her. She, herself, married at three-and-twenty, had refused but one previous offer, and could only plead guilty to one or two silent lovers, one at least of whom, she felt sure, had kept from declaration from his just sense of certain rejection. But Hatty's admirers seemed to take for their motto, "Nothing venture, nothing have." Hatty's own characteristic report of the matter was true enough.

"You can't be civil to a man but he thinks you're willing to marry him, and if you're not civil he thinks it all the more."

Mrs. Harvey could only silently wonder what it would end in. Hatty herself seemed perfectly heart-whole. Nor could all her mother's watchful affection detect anything amiss in her conduct which could explain her troubles. She was only impartially cordial and open, which was so ingrained in her nature that when she sincerely endeavored to be austere and repellent, it only resulted in a spasmodic, overdone shyness, which might easily be mistaken for arch coquetry.

Presently there came a lover of a very different kind to the honest shoemaker, the sharp saddler, and the earnest, blundering corn-chandler's "young man" who had already presented themselves.

When this one began to "drop in" of an evening, he did not make all the family uncomfortable by sitting on the edge of his chair and blushing and stammering. He had a bit of news for Mrs. Harvey, a fitting pleasant word for Millicent, and an argument for George.

His name was Harry Westbrook, and though he lived in the same lowly street with the Harveys, he had "gentle blood" in his veins. Once, in the course of some appropriate conversation, he took from his pocket an old signet-ring, with the family crest engraved thereon, and showed it to Mrs. Harvey. The well-bred, dignified woman liked him all the better for having it, and for not wearing it.

He was tall and fine-looking, with a something in mien and manner that set him apart from the handsomest of the workmen around him. And he had also that greatest charm of all, a sad history.

His spendthrift gentleman-father, born to "hunters" and "meets," had fallen to die from the effects

of a ducking he had received as a "welsher" on a fifth-rate race-course. This ne'er-do-weel's wife had been a simple decent woman of lower birth, who had been dazled into marrying him while he was still handsome and fascinating. Poor thing! Even from her own son's account, one could hear she had paid very dear for her folly. His childhood had been spent in furnished lodgings, each more squalid and disorderly than the last. The scrapegrace father, alternating with circumstances from cruel penuriousness to mocking prodigality, had often clothed his half-fed child in rich velvets, and hidden his wife's bruised arms in Lyons silk. But the poor woman had done her best for her boy. She had taught him all she knew, and then starved herself that he might be taught more. She had striven to screen his father from blame, even while training him to loathe his father's courses. She died first, mercifully spared the last cruel pang of such a death as her husband's.

All this was indicated rather than related by Harry Westbrook, and it touched Mrs. Harvey's motherly heart. She felt that she could not be surprised if Hatty listened to his wooing.

Hatty was a riddle not easy to read. As the young man's attentions advanced her cordiality retreated, but not in the old laughing, skittish way. During his visits she would stay more than half the time in her own room, and then come down grave and silent.

As the family acquaintance with Harry increased, Mrs. Harvey, though she grew to like him more and more, began to have her doubts and fears. It was hard to say that he was not a religious man. He had attended church regularly since they had known him. (He now went to Zion chapel.) He stayed quietly in his dismal lodgings during the intervals of service, in spite of all temptations to seek fresh air and change. He kept a sort of humble, pathetic silence whenever sacred topics crept into conversation, or if he spoke it was just with one or two half-yearning words. And yet—

Still, even if he were not yet "altogether a Christian," how few holy influences he had enjoyed hitherto, poor fellow! There was a good deal of poetry left in Mrs. Harvey, elderly widow as she was, and not all her sharper experiences of life had destroyed the old humble simplicity that had always preferred others to herself. Like an unsuspected skeleton at the bottom of a calm, sunny river, the pain of her own half-sympathetic marriage lay unspoken in her heart. She would pray, and she would exhort, that her daughters might never know what that was. But if Hatty only saw the difference which she could see between this lover and all her other lovers, if her warm, young heart caught the love-version of her own calm, motherly liking for the youth, then it seemed to Mrs. Harvey that her daughter was caught in the grasp of a terrible temptation from whose intricacy she could see no way of escape. Hatty seemed just the sort of woman to refuse to see the entanglement, and to walk straight into it blindfold, and singing.

It seemed to Mrs. Harvey a much harder pass than that agonized decision of hers which had made them all into poor working people. And yet Hatty had always said, "She could never have done that."

There was one thing which Mrs. Harvey forgot. Something which we are all prone to forget. Not that God shows a way of escape along with every temptation. Mrs. Harvey remembered that full well, and reiterated it in her prayers, and tried to take comfort from it; but failed because she could not see the way herself. But she forgot that this was not her temptation, and that there was no need, and, therefore, no promise, that she should see the outlet.

Hatty grew much graver and gentler. She would take her work off to her own room, and sit there alone for hours even when no Harry was haunting the family apartment. A responsibility had fallen on the girl. She had a question to answer to God and to her own soul.

She was such a young thing—scarcely nineteen yet—and still it was two months ago since Harry had said to her: "Miss Harvey, you must know what you are to me. Do you think you can like me?"

They were walking in the twilight, for he had waylaid her on some household errand. And Hatty had found that the easiest answer was the truth.

"Of course I like you, Mr. Westbrook."

"Don't say it so," he had answered, hotly. "I mean can you love me better than anybody else, and forever and forever? Don't say a word now, it would be too hasty either way. Think it over, and tell me when I ask you again. You must be everything to me or nothing."

None of her other simple lovers had ever spoken so. And it was those last words of his that haunted her—"everything or nothing." Could he be everything? Would it be a very praiseworthy or happy life that had him for its highest point? And yet would not his utter withdrawal make a very unbearable blink?

Hatty did not put it so. She had never talked metaphysics with George and Milly; but she said to herself: "I wonder if all my ways are his ways, and if not, I wonder if I could give up mine for his. I don't quite know what his ways are, I'm not even sure that he has any yet, and if so, then who knows what they will be? He's lived a sad, unsettled life, poor boy—always 'in tarts,' as our minister would say. One never hears him talk about things near at hand and likely. It would be better to think about a rise in his salary than of what he'd do if he had five hundred a year. That only seems a worry to me, and enough to hinder one getting on at all. But religion is nothing unless it makes us charitable to the ways of those who have had disadvantages. And I'm sure if I'd been in Harry's place, I'd not been near as good as he is: I don't think that I am really as good now, if only he could see a few things a little differently. I wish he had not told me that he never cared to go to church till he saw me. Mother does not know that, and have I any right to tell her what

poor Harry said in strict confidence, only to show me what a good influence I had over him?"

And so there was rather a bewildering complication that night when Harry Westbrook announced to Mrs. Harvey that "he had received hopes that he himself might some day call her mother."

"What, are you and Hatty really engaged?" Mrs. Harvey asked.

"It's no use saying engaged," Hatty had spoken up, rather decisively for a young lady in her interesting position, and with a swift flush passing over her face. "It's no use saying engaged till one knows when one expects to be married. And we don't want to be married for a long while yet."

"I shall have to be rude enough to bid you speak for yourself," said the lover, gallantly.

"I can't understand you one bit," Milly said to Hatty that evening when they were both shut up in their bedroom. "You were never angry with the ridiculous people who made you offers, and now, although you are going to accept Harry's, you seem half as if you resented it."

"I don't understand myself, and I don't try much, because I ain't worth the trouble," Hatty answered.

"I do hope you will take care what you do," Milly went on; "don't play false in your thoughtlessness. Harry is just the man who could be terribly injured by want of heart in the woman he loves."

Hatty gave a low whistle. It was a shocking habit of hers, generally indulged in, when, in her own phraseology, she had something to say, which she could not "bring out."

"Yes, indeed, Hatty," Milly urged, in her young enthusiasm, "you may have his welfare for this world and the next in your own hands."

"Mayn't he have mine, in his turn?" Hatty inquired humbly.

"Men are different to women," Milly answered, loftily.

"I think I'm a very old woman to you," Hatty observed, as it seemed inconsequently. "I ain't got any romance in me; at least, not your sort."

"You shouldn't give Harry hopes unless you love him," said Milly.

Hatty said not a word, and did not whistle. Milly's advice, like most advice in love affairs, was given in the dark. There was much in Harry's history and character, over which the motherliness of Hatty's nature yearned with an infinite dumb tenderness, and which gave an agony of strength to his appeals for her love. And she must be "everything or nothing," and she really loved him far too well for that dread alternative. Indeed, Hatty had such a clinging kindness for every human being with whom she had ever come in contact, that she had rejected the shoemaker and the saddler with all the less pain, because she would still see them, day after day, in their old places, and she had never felt quite comforted concerning them until they had resumed their former habits of neighborly greeting and chat, and had, in fact, quite settled it in their own minds, that they

had never had more than "a foolish fancy" for her.

But, in her own heart, Hatty had long laid down laws concerning the marriage state, to which she clung with that narrow persistency which is the weakness of an uncultivated mind, and yet so often its best stronghold. Very few need to open a grammar, if it were no use to learn a rule, unless one could remember all its exceptions. And it is better to forget a real exception, than to make a false one.

One of her rules was of the headship of the husband over the wife; in her own words, "that no woman should marry a man she could not look up to." She made no philosophic distinction about mental and moral powers, laws of compensation, etc., all of which are not without their wisdom and justice, but which often sacrifice clearness to effect like "Old English" letters on a sign-post.

She had often said, half playfully, half seriously, "If my husband wanted coffee, and I wanted tea, I'd like him to be the sort of man to whom I give his own way directly, without even letting him know it wasn't mine."

Now, ninety-nine people out of a hundred—Hatty herself and her sister Milly included—would have decided that Harry Westbrook was altogether the superior of the couple. He was better read, and, in every conventional sense, he was better bred, for he made no mispronunciations, nor indulged in the rough-and-ready phrases with which Hatty liked "to cut her way straight into a truth." And yet Hatty felt herself noways inclined to give up her own ways to his, and was actually beginning to doubt whether her old admiration of such dutiful surrender was not a mere girlish folly.

Mrs. Harvey did not grow better satisfied with her future son-in-law. He was as well-behaved as ever, but in the quicker current of their more familiar acquaintance, little straws began to show which way the wind blew.

"My hair has fallen out a great deal lately," Hatty chanced to say.

"Oh, we must stop that," Harry replied with solicitude. "You have such lovely hair, and I admire beautiful hair so much. Indeed, I think everybody does. A woman is nothing without her pretty hair."

"Then what is she to do if it all falls out?" Hatty asked, only half archly.

"Wear a wig," said he.

"Well, yes, if she was a disagreeable sight without one," Hatty answered; "but I wouldn't wear one without telling everybody that it was a wig. I hate deceptions."

"But you need say nothing about it," said Harry.

"There's sure to be something to make one mention one's 'hair,'" Hatty retorted, "and whenever that happened I should say 'my wig' instead."

"Is not that straining truth too far?" Harry asked.

"You can't strain truth," said Hatty; "truth is truth, and everything else is lies."

"Well, if you were wearing a wig, I myself would rather not know it," Harry observed.

"I fear you set too much value on perishable externals, Harry," said Mrs. Harvey, very gravely, and her heart grew sore to feel how soon the hard work and many cares of young, needy married life, would wear away the physical bloom and beauty which even the mother was half afraid were Hatty's chief charms in the eyes of her lover.

"I hope you pray to God to guide you, dear," she would often say to her daughter. "I think only God can guide us in these matters, for our dearest friends do not know what will really be best for us. Ask Him to lead you to what will keep you nearest Himself, dear, and pray Him to keep out of your heart anything that can come between you and your love for Him. Better give up anything than Him."

And then the mother would sigh within herself, feeling that this daughter of hers was cast in no heroic mould. Not that she feared Hatty would wilfully hold everything cheap in purchase of a brief day of false, passionate love. A woman must have gone far downward, before Satan tempts her to try that turning. But had Hatty the determination which can tear up what has taken root deep in the soul? Besides, what was to urge her to such decision? The young man could not be said to have deteriorated. At least, Mrs. Harvey could not feel sure that he had, though she sometimes thought he seemed a little changed—less serious, more trifling. The first was, their early acquaintance with him had been like one of those fair-shimmering spring evenings, which promise such a glorious day, and yet sometimes die away into a gray, dull noon—so imperceptibly that you could not say when the last sunshine finally faded out.

There was only one person in the little social circle who had never given Harry more praise than a dubious "Heigh!" and who now spoke out plainly. This was Miss Brook.

"I never liked him," she declared stoutly. "Hatty had better have married the saddler, for he is a honest, well-doing young fellow. I'm glad he's got somebody to take him. I looked in upon him and his new wife yesterday, and their pretty parlor does him credit. It's quite a picture."

"But one does not marry for a pretty parlor," Mrs. Harvey remarked, laughing, half sadly.

"No, but one marries for what gets one," said Miss Brook, severely. "It's eighteen months since this young spark first saw our Hatty, and a whole year since he first had the impudence to speak about her to you, and what the nearer is he to being married? Wasn't it only our Hatty's own good sense that saved her from parading a trumpery ring on her finger, and looking like a fool to the whole parish?"

"What can he do?" asked Mrs. Harvey, forlornly.

"Do! Work all night, and live on bread and water by day! Do! Anything!"

"He would only break down his constitution."

"Fiddlesticks! Constitutions are made to be broken down one way or another, and you must take

your choice between. Don't a long, lingering, diddle-daddling engagement break down a woman's constitution?"

"I'm afraid it often does," Mrs. Harvey said, with a sigh.

"More than often. And wastes her life as well, for it's an awful strain working with one's hands in one place and one's heart in another. And yet I'd bid a true woman wait for her lover twenty years if there was any God's reason why he should not marry her out of hand. But if he's only sparing and saving his own precious constitution, I'd leave him free to do the same to the end. A man can no more take his constitution with him to Heaven than he can take his silver and gold. He's only got to make the best use of it in this life, and it's generally as true with it as with money that there is which scattereth and yet increaseth."

"It was my plea, remember, not Harry's," said Mrs. Harvey.

"If I was a young man, with a girl waiting to marry me when I could afford to take her, would I go and buy fine new satin stocks at four and sixpence?" asked Miss Brook, with withering sarcasm. "Would I have a single pair of gloves in my possession, let alone three pairs, one lemon colored? These wouldn't be my ways, Mrs. Harvey; and I'm double sure they would not be your own."

"For Hatty's sake and his own, we must hope he will grow wiser," said Mrs. Harvey. "But the poor lad has had but little enjoyment in his life, and is likely to feel it hard to be called to so much self-sacrifice."

"So much self-sacrifice!" echoed Miss Brook, with a snort which meant more than a dozen dictionaries could convey. "But it's the way with human nature. Whenever there's one, like yourself, that's lifted an hundredweight, you are always so fearful that another may be crushed beneath an ounce!"

"What can I do?" sighed Mrs. Harvey. "Certainly I am not satisfied about Harry. With all his moral conduct and correct outward observances, I fear he is not a thoroughly Christian man. But how can I expect an affectionate girl, seeing everything through the first light of love, to believe this? There seems too much in his favor. It would be different did he go into gayeties and dissipation."

"Go! There is no go in him!" said Miss Brook. "He won't even go to the dogs—he'll wait till they come to him. He wants a good moral electric shock—something that will go right across the torpid grain of him."

In truth, though Hatty did not own it to herself, she was not happy in her love-affair. The sunshine seemed gone off the world; faith and energy lay tranced in her heart. How was she to know that this was actually the consequence of the evening visits and chats, which, indeed, were assuming an undue position, as the only charms of her life? She still taught in the Sunday-school, but her class was not as attractive as it used to be, and she had lost two or three of her best scholars, and really sometimes

gave a serious consideration to Harry Westbrook's frequent hints that she should resign her post. Not that she showed any falling off in zeal or diligence that was perceptible to the old minister or to Mr. Webber, the superintendent. Hatty's conscience was still in her work, though her enthusiasm had faded. There was no comfort in sermons now-a-days, and no relief in prayer. Hatty's sole safety lay in the misery that she felt because this was so. It was the one imperishable seal of her redemption. She was inside the Father's house, though she had left her sheltered seat by the hearth, to stand shivering on the threshold.

And then Harry Westbrook lost his situation. He had applied for an increase of salary, and his application not being immediately granted, it had seemed to him a right and prudent course to menace his employer by unpunctuality and negligence.

"I thought I would show him what I was worth," said Harry.

And perhaps he did—only the employer showed him the door.

"But I have not quarrelled with him—oh, dear, no," Harry explained. "I have been in to see him, and had quite a pleasant chat only this morning. And I've quite talked him over to understand that he did not really dismiss me, but that I grew dissatisfied, and left to better myself."

And open, truthful Hatty said not a word. She had learned that it was no use. Remonstrance only led to a war of words, in which his subtler wit always bore off the victory, and left the pain with her.

"Harry Westbrook is a fool and worse," was the comment of her Brother George. "Give him up, Hatty, and don't waste another thought upon him."

"Give him up, in his hour of trial and adversity!" said Milly. "Hatty is no true woman if she can do that. Only let her be faithful, and she will be sure to win her reward."

True words indeed! But with a truth beyond Milly's romance.

Harry did not find it easy to obtain a new appointment better than that he had lost. One or two worse ones offered themselves, but he rebelled against "going backward." Yet presently he would have been very glad of another chance of these. He had saved but little, and was soon deep in debt at his lodgings. Hatty heard all the details of the misery; how he was bullied and insulted—how once he walked the streets the whole night rather than confront his landlord, who became so alarmed, that he came out to look for his lodger, and, glad to find him safe and sound, led him home without one angry word for that time.

Any one who knows a woman's nature can guess how blindly and devotedly Hatty clung to him now. When nobody knows what of bitter change and agony any day may bring forth, every trifling endearment or petty act of good nature, assumes such a cruel, wringing pathos!

Everybody openly blamed him now. "They had

all turned against him in his trouble," she cried, in desperation, only wishing in her inmost heart that she could really feel it was so.

"It often seems so," her mother said, with sad gravity. "His troubles have shown what he is. But if, after what has passed, he became heir to a million, you would find that my censures would only become doubly as strong."

And yet, while Mrs. Harvey did not spare her daughter from hearing the severest judgments on her lover, and repeatedly expressed her decided opinion as to Hatty's proper course, she never personally urged her to give him up. She felt it too sacred a matter for the pressure of even a mother's authority. Such giving up must be voluntary to be effectual. A bitter life is better than a blighted one, and it is useless to break off an engagement, if a heart breaks with it.

CHAPTER VII.

MATED FOR LIFE.

IT was an unusually damp and trying November. The house was dull and dreary as it had never been before; for Hatty was benumbed and depressed, and everybody else was silent and sad for her sake. Not that she neglected her domestic work. There were days when she "tidied" with doubled, desperate energy; but the little touches of gaiety were gone—the pink jug was no longer artfully put in front of the green plate. "It did not matter" now with Hatty, while to her mother, for the first time fully comprehending of what lightness and ease of heart these little things had been symbolic, it did matter very much indeed.

There came a single heavy knock upon the door. Hatty started. She started at every knock now. Then she went to open it. Though she had seen Harry the evening before, she had all sorts of vague fears about people with news of a dead body discovered, with a letter from her upon it. Instead of this tragedy, she found only a rough errand lad whom she knew to be in the service of Mr. Webber, the Sunday-school superintendent.

"Our housekeeper is taken sudden bad with the erysipelas, miss," he said, "and I dare say you know, miss, the three children has the whooping-cough. Says our housekeeper, says she, 'I'd be easy in my mind, if Miss Harvey would come round for the day, for she's a fine hand with sick children,' and I wish you would, miss, for the master has been up and down with them all night, and now he's up and down out of the shop, and he looks like a ghost, miss. Ain't you well yourself, miss?"

"Oh, yes, I'm quite well," Hetty answered, a little inclined to feel it "a bother" that her own afflictions were not of that ostensible kind which entitles the sufferer to the luxury of strict retirement. She actually hesitated a whole minute before she said: "Tell the housekeeper I'll come."

She went back into the house to finish something she was about. As she was putting on her bonnet,

she said: "One can't refuse when one's asked; but I wish people would let me alone."

"No you don't, Hatty," said her mother, gently. "You only fancy so. I know better." She was glad of an outer-world interest for the girl.

Hatty turned and kissed her. She was usually very demonstrative among her nearest and dearest.

"It's nice to hear you say so," she sighed, "but I'm getting sick of myself."

And so she went away. Turning into the Mile-End Road, she met Harry Westbrook.

He walked on a few yards with her. He had no hopeful word to say. There was no luck for him in the world, and he wished he was out of it. He was only a burden to her, he knew that. And she did not need any burdens, it seemed to him her life was hard enough already. He only wished he was a rich man, that he might take care of her. For himself, perhaps the grave was the best inheritance. Then he said good-bye; it was an unpleasant, foggy morning, to be out in. He should have liked to see her again in the evening, but he begged her not to hasten home a moment earlier on his account—only he should like to see her, for there was no knowing how little longer he might see her at all. Good-bye again.

The clouds, through which her mother's words had let a little sunshine, closed again over Hatty. But she went patiently on her way.

Mr. Webber kept a large shop, and described himself as "a bookseller and stationer, wholesale and retail," but his literary stock seldom got beyond spelling-books, ready-reckoners and elegant letter-writers, and his best profits were on grocers' stationery, packing-paper and cardboard for fancy boxes. He was a widower, and his three motherless children had, till lately, been "boarded out" in the country, whence they had now returned, sadly unruly—a sore trial to their patient, pious father, and the prim old woman who managed his household.

Hatty went up to the great first-floor sitting-room, over the shop. The three children were there by themselves. Little Ellen, the youngest, perched uncomfortably on a sofa, coughing and fretful. Dick, the eldest boy, hinting the younger, James, about the room. There was a chorus of delight at Hatty's arrival.

But she went away for a moment to see the invalid housekeeper. She was an ancient spinster, as kind and good as she could possibly be, but one of those women who are positively terrified with the management of children. It had been bad enough while they were well. Their sickness had driven her almost frantic, and Hatty felt quite sure that her convulsions had been the active cause of her utter disablement.

"It's all very fine to say it's only a common child's disease," said the good woman, gasping in her darkened room; "but what's the doctor been examining Dick's chest for, and saying we must take great care of him for as strong as he seems? I should just like to let the doctor himself try to take care of Dick

Webber, that I should! And then he says they must do this, and they mustn't do that; but yet I must be considerate, and not cross 'em—the cough makes children so nervous. I'd like to see the doctor make little Ellen drink mutton-broth without crossing of her! But it will be all right to-day, now you've come, Miss Harvey, for you've a genius for it."

Not at all nonplussed, Hatty went to her task, and found it sufficiently engrossing to make her own anxieties grow very far off. She knew all sorts of lively games, which yet did not knock the children's sorely-needed breath out of their bodies. When Mr. Webber came up to dinner, he blessed her in his heart. He looked pale and worried, poor man, for it was a busy time in the shop, and he had all a father's feelings and a man's helplessness. Bad as was the day, he had not hesitated to run out, that he might himself choose a toy for his little white-faced Ellen, who looked so dreadfully like her mother in her last illness. His kindness was its own reward, for Hatty, with her quick woman's wit, made it a stringent condition "that now papa had been so good as to buy such a pretty doll, Ellen must take her broth without saying a word to fidget him, or else surely she would be ashamed to look at his nice present."

It was the most peaceful meal that Mr. Webber had enjoyed for a long time, and he felt quite loth to leave the snug, bright room, for the cold, damp shop. He actually indulged himself in ten minutes' chat before the fire.

"But I must be off at last," he said, cheerily. "Dear me, but the shop I half shrink from to-day, would have seemed a paradise to me, compared with the cold, damp outhouse I worked in, in my young days. But nobody need complain when their hard lines comes early. And as for fun and excitement, it comes natural in those rough ways. And there's worse mental exercise than pulling hard at the two ends to make them meet."

Mr. Webber was a little plain man, who did not talk immaculate grammar, and whose education was solely made of the strange odds and ends of religious magazines, mutual improvement societies, and the like. Yet the world was the better for Mr. Webber by one godly home, and one honest Christian example.

"I only wish Harry was a little like him," sighed Hatty. "Every hardship would grow easy then."

Mr. Webber saw a pretty picture when he came up after tea, to release Hatty from her labors. The two youngest children, weak and easily wearied, had fallen asleep on the sofa, and for their sake Hatty had put the candle behind the screen. She was seated in the firelight, with Dick beside her in the great arm-chair, which was quite roomy for them both. Her arm was round the boy, whose head rested on her shoulder. Mr. Webber could hear their low voices as he came softly up-stairs. Dick used to sit just so in the twilight, giving childish confidences to the mother who had been dead nearly five years already. Dick had never sat so since. His father was often sorely troubled about him. He had to be strict and severe to

boisterous lawlessness. He had to be law and justice; but it was with a forlorn sorrow that there was nobody to be restraining mercy. As the good father saw his rebel subdued for once, happy and earnest, his heart grew so full that he could trust himself to eavesdrop no longer, but dashed into the room and broke up the pretty picture.

"I wish Miss Harvey would come and live here always, instead of old Mrs. Gambr!" said the boy that night.

Hatty found Harry Westbrook awaiting her in her own home. George was out. Mrs. Harvey and Milly were both seated at needle-work with their heads bent very low. They both rose up as she entered, and left the room. As Mrs. Harvey passed out she took Hatty's face between her hands and kissed it fervently.

Astonished, Hatty turned to Harry. His face was bright and eager, and he stretched out his hand and drew her fondly toward him.

"All the terror is over, darling," he said. "I have the offer of a good appointment. I got it through my old employer. I shall be able to marry you directly, and we shall live in such ease and luxury, for the climate is healthy and native service is cheap in the hill-country of India."

Hatty put her hand to her forehead, and her heart felt cold and dead.

"It may seem hard to you to go at first," Harry went on, blithely; "but you will have me, darling? Surely, you will be quite satisfied with having me, all to yourself? For my part, I am glad to go, I shall like the change, and a change for so much the better. We shall be waited on like princes, over there, Hatty. No common people always treating my beauty as an equal, and worrying her to help them out of their troubles."

Hatty drew herself away from him. Her mother or her neighbors would scarcely have known the handsome girl as she gazed at her lover then. The outlines of her face looked strong and hard. Her voice was deep and harsh.

"I cannot go with you, Harry. I cannot leave everything else. Oh, Harry, I dare say you will call me false and fickle. But I cannot—cannot—cannot leave everything else to go away with you."

He might have thought that her words could be presently combated, but there was in them a cry of agony—a tortured rending in two—which he could not mistake.

"Have not I heard you preach that man or woman should leave father and mother and cleave only to wife or husband?" he asked, with a passionate bitterness.

"Yes, yes," she cried, "the Book says so, and it is so. Unless it is so there is no true marriage. Unless a woman would cheerfully follow a man to the ends of the earth, she ought not to marry him. She has not the true wife's love for him. I have loved you—yes, Harry, I have, I have, among other things. But all by yourself, I don't love you enough. I can't tell how it is, Harry, you know I'm not clever. But I'm

thankful you asked me to go to India, because as I can't say 'Yes,' it shows me I'm not meant to be your wife anywhere. I hope I haven't done you any harm already, Harry, but it wouldn't undo that to do you the greatest harm of all, and go on to be your wife now I know I oughtn't to be."

"It is quite natural that you should feel leaving your mother and sister, Hatty," he pleaded, "but if you would only be patient and think of me you would be able to bear it."

"No, no," she wailed. "Perhaps I might for some people—I don't know, maybe I haven't got enough heart for such deep love. But I can't do it for you. I'd be a happier and a better woman, living here, an old maid, just going wherever she was wanted, and doing whatever nobody else cared to do. I'd have more satisfaction in that, Harry. Oh, forgive me, forgive me!"

"Shall I stay at home?" he asked, mournfully. "Or shall I go away there till I have earned some money, and then come home again and try to settle down?"

"Not for me!" she said. "This has come like a flash of lightning, and shown us what a dangerous way we are in. Because the lightning goes out the way doesn't get safer, Harry. If this had not come to test us, Harry, I might have married you, and lived to grow what you wouldn't like, nor God either."

"And you don't think you'll miss me when I'm gone?" he pleaded.

"I shall! I know I shall," she owned, with a burst of tears. "But I don't know that I shall miss you more than I should what I should leave if I went with you."

"I think you are putting too much stress upon very natural feelings," Harry observed, more hopefully. "I dare say most women who have gone with their husbands to foreign lands heartily wish themselves at home again, and wonder how they could have come away. Yet it is but simple homesickness, and wears away in time."

"Yes, yes, Harry," she interrupted; "I know it is so. I have heard mother say that one may often wonder how one had strength for this or that, and feel that one couldn't have it again. But then one had it at the time it was wanted, and one thanks God for that. I haven't it, Harry. I've felt for a long time that this was coming somehow."

"What! that you meant to give me up?" he said, stepping back, stung.

"No," she said; "but I've felt something was wrong. Life didn't fit me, and I don't think it really fitted you, either."

They sat silent. Both their heads were buried in their hands, and great tears kept falling on the table between Hatty's fingers.

She looked up at last.

"When do you go?" she asked.

"In five weeks' time," he answered, heavily. "I am required to leave for Southampton the day after to-morrow. I meant to return here to be married last thing before I sailed."

Another silence.

"You'll want a great outfit," she said.

"Yes," he replied; "it will be easily bought. My new master makes an allowance for that. He would have made an allowance for you, too."

"Harry," said Hatty, eagerly, "don't buy everything. Let me do some sewing for you—it will show me that you forgive me."

He looked at her earnestly.

"You shall have some, Hatty," he said. "That shows me you mean all you're saying. I believe that—you do love me—but not in the wife's way. Make me up anything you like, and send it to my lodgings. I'll say good-bye now. Don't speak another word. And don't come out to the door. I can't stand it."

She sat still where she was, till she heard the street door close, and his heavy footsteps pass the little courtyard. She still sat motionless, till her mother and Milly came creeping back with eyes full of fearful interrogations.

"Harry is gone," she said, quietly. "It is all over. I could not go away with him. Don't talk to me about it."

And she rose and went away to her own dark chamber, and did not come in again to supper.

But next morning she prepared breakfast as usual, and then went out and bought some fine linen, and set herself diligently to make it up into the most elaborate shirts. It was the dainty shroud of a still-born love.

She did not see Harry Westbrook again before he died. A little note from him acknowledged the receipt of her farewell gift. Mrs. Harvey, Milly, and even George, all read it. Anybody might have done so.

"MY DEAR HARRIET: Thank you for your token of remembrance. You have always been very good to me, as you are to everybody, and I shall owe you much of my pleasantest recollection of England. As for what is left, you would not have given it me but in kindness, and I hope it will do me good, that you need never feel that you did anything but what was right. My best love to all, and

"I remain, always yours gratefully,
"HARRY WESTBROOK."

"There must be a great deal of good in him, after all," said Mrs. Harvey, whitfully.

"Yes, very likely, if you stirred him well up," commented vigorous Miss Brook. "The worst of the people with a great deal of good in them is, that few are ready to tell 'em there's more evil! Our Hatty has been a true friend to Harry Westbrook."

Good Miss Brook's active interest in the Harvey household was rewarded by a sweet sense of property therein. Between Mrs. Harvey and her the children were always "ours."

The mother had no more reason to fear any flights or vagaries in Hatty. Her life had had that priceless touch of responsibility and sorrow, which gave

her ripening beauty a sweet, womanly sedateness, and shamed away the light, shallow love which had before haunted her footsteps. As months and months went by, and she still remained so serenely sober, so solitary among her old associations, Mrs. Harvey actually began to think that after all Hatty might become an old maid.

To be sure, George and Milly had got into such a habit of laughing over Hatty's lovers, that they could not leave it off, but must sometimes twit her about Mr. Webber, and the regularity with which he kept her supplied with a loan of Sunday books. Hatty bore it with her old patience for a long while, but at last she flushed tearfully, and sobbed, "That she had let them laugh about a good many, and they might, as long as they liked; but they had no right to make game of a good, serious man like Mr. Webber."

"Certainly not," chimed in Mrs. Harvey, quite innocently. "It is natural that Hatty should not like to hear any foolery about an old friend, for whom she has such a deserved respect."

She was still as profoundly innocent, when one evening Mr. Webber called and inquired pointedly for Mrs. Harvey.

"Something about that delicate little daughter of his," said the good lady, as she adjusted her cap and bustled to receive him, only to be confounded by such incoherent speech as this.

"Your daughter Harriet—have long seen her inestimable value—I am not young—nor at all worthy. But she says she can look over that. My dear children's best interests safe in her kind hands. Home like home again. My boy Dick worships her. So good, she would not make a fuss about anything, but shall have new carpets and papers, and everything right. May suit her better than a younger man. She says she can honor me—I don't know what for. Hope you will pardon what must seem like impudence in a widower and middle-aged, but we both want your blessing, and I'll do my duty to your child, as I know she'll do the same by mine."

"And can you really love him better than poor Harry?" Milly asked in another chamber conference.

"I know I'd go to Van Dieman's Land with James Webber if he asked me," said Hatty, bravely, with a strong light in her beautiful eyes, and a tender quiver round her mouth. "James Webber carries God in his heart, and that would make it home wherever he went."

There was a quiet wedding, with Milly and little Nelly Webber for bridesmaids, and then the wedded pair took the three step-children with them on their week's honeymoon at Richmond. There was no such long difference between the ages of the husband and wife as to make a romance or a scandal. She was twenty-two and he was thirty-eight.

Miss Brook officiated at the marriage, terrible in an old brocade that had done service in the days of her youth. She went through the ceremony so diligently that she even echoed the portions set apart for the bride and bridegroom.

She drove home in the same fly with Mrs. Harvey,

and could not resist making a few personal observations.

"Ain't you sorry now that Hatty put such a many stakes down in her own place, that she couldn't strike tents and off at any word like a marching soldier? Can't you see now, that them God doesn't give much romanticalness to are just those that haven't got what is necessary to keep romanticalness from being sheer rubbish? Can't you see now that from every temptation God makes the way of escape suitable to the nature He offers it to? Is He a mocker that He should bid a rabbit save its life by running up a tree, and a cat by burrowing in the ground?"

And so Hatty settled down to the homely, loving life that was fittest to bring out the best of her, and to make her of most service to God in this world.

PART II.—HOW GOD GUIDED A GENIUS.

CHAPTER I.—THE TALENT PUT TO INTEREST.

ALL through his diligent boyhood and youth, George Harvey lived a kind of double life. He might talk over some of his duties and prospects to his mother and sisters, but the real secrets of his working existence remained in his own heart. If Mrs. Harvey had known all, she might have felt goaded to snatch him from it, at any cost, as a brand from the burning.

George's was a very hard place to begin with. It was easy to describe himself as "reading boy," and to speak only of his wonderful trials and successes in his old skill in deciphering writing. To the brave, manly lad, it was equally easy to be silent about the errand-going, window-cleaning and office-cleansings, which earned more than half his humble wages. When George's hands looked unaccountably red and scarified, there was always some reasonable account of a seasonable and obliging assistance which had been required in the matter of presses and types. It was the truth certainly, but it was not the whole truth, nor yet one quarter of it.

Oh, reader, in thy praiseworthy severity toward shams, include not under that name all things which are not precisely what they seem. Was He an impostor who supped at Emmaus in the guise of a stranger? Stop the counterfeit coin, and destroy its baseness forever, but condemn not the foreign piece which thou hast taken unawares into thy purse. It may not be good to pay thy baker's bill, but it may be worthy to grace a royal cabinet. Askest thou, what is the use of the secresies, and euphonisms behind which grow up only fair flowers of endurance and sacrifice? Askest thou, why should not the world see these beauties, these virtues? Why dost thou store thy dainty plants in winter? Why dost thou not leave them open to sweeten the north-east wind, and enliven the snowy landscape? Answer that question, and then be content to love even thy nearest and dearest, in the faith that they offer to God far sweeter blossoms than they can ever give thee in this world.

Poor little George Harvey, with his Greek verses,

and his many crowding fancies!—no loving heart less tender and true than the heart of his Heavenly Father could have borne to see him, in his little greasy apron, rubbing away at smoky windows with sore, chapped hands, or going from tap-room to coffee-house, collecting the unctuous dinners of the ribald journeymen. He patronised the exact side-streets where he knew his mother would never see him. He met Milly once, and exhorted her "not to tell," and she was worthy of him; and did not, and never even mentioned it to himself, till years and years afterward. And surely God wrote down his name in His book of heroes—a larger volume and of a totally different contents, to any such work current in this world.

In their most prosperous days, George had enjoyed a small weekly allowance, which he had always hoarded for the purchase of books. But this was now set afar off, among unattainable luxuries. He had just to go over and over again, his old *Heather*, his old "Pilgrim's Progress," and his very ancient and battered *Plutarch's Lives*. He was often very tired of these at first; the mystery was that he grew less and less so. He did not remember that a sage had said, "Fear the man of one book."

George's scrambling duties led him among many varied people. He did not make friends as his Sister Hatty did. Or, rather, he made friends to himself, but was not made a friend of. He filled his own heart and imagination rather than entered into others'. He really knew more about many people to whom he never spoke an unnecessary word, than did Hatty of those with whom she sat and chatted for hours.

There was the woman at the boiled-beef shop. George knew quite well that she had been a great deal better brought up than the vulgarly handsome "master" who sat in her parlor smoking a long clay pipe. George quite understood that she was very unhappy, and though her eyes were red for weeks after her baby died, still George did not think she was altogether sorry. Heaven preserve the little printer boy, but he had his private doubts, which he would not have breathed to a living soul, whether she was really "Mrs. Smith." He always put her wasted tawdry figure into Hatty's song of—

"Oh, no, we never mention her,
Her name is quite forgot."

And yet she was kind to the little quiet printer boy, and let him look over her shop-bundles of waste-paper, and pick out whatever he chose.

Then there was "Mr. Rollo," who wrote poetry, and got George's master to print it on credit. Mr. Rollo had been a wealthy tradesman's son, but he had been quite above the shop. He could not find Helicon in the cellar, nor Parnassus behind the counter. It staggered George at first, and he thought Mr. Rollo a shrinking, sensitive soul, too "sweet" and "light" for this hard work-a-day world. With Mr. Rollo in his eye, George even wrote a secret stanza about—

"That lofty soul, that noble mind,
Which no fit resting-place can find,
But bravely meet its lonely doom,
And only asks—a poet's tomb!"

But George presently discovered that if Mr. Rollo could not find Helicon and Parnassus in the shop, he seemed to find them in still stranger places. Did he think the gutter was Helicon, that George had to pick him out of it, one fine winter evening? Did he think the police-cell was Parnassus, that he went there regularly every two or three months for blacking "Mrs. Rollo's" eyes? Why had he married poor Mrs. Rollo, if he did not like her?—and George could not wonder if he did not, for she was vulgar, fat and loud. By and by George heard that Mrs. Rollo had a little money! It was altogether a shock to one's ideas to think—

"That Heaven-born genius so should fall!"

But still poor Rollo was kind; he was the very first person to whom George ventured to show his own rhymes, and Rollo lent him Crabbe's "Poems," and Walter Scott's "Antiquary," and patted the boy's shoulder and said, with something very like a tear in his fishy eyes, "that he'd better stick to his work, and that would make a man of him."

Poor little George! Once he set his boyish heart on buying a bound and ruled book wherein to copy his poetical efforts. These things were not so cheap sixty years ago as they are now, and it was a very common-looking thing, priced eighteen pence, on which George set his fancy. But his wish was a profound secret. Nobody knew that he wrote poetry, and yet the longing for utterance was so strong with him, that it seemed to him as if an invisible public would read and sympathize, if once his rhymes were legibly written out! He used to picture to himself how he might die, and his writings be found afterward, and his name made immortal! Morbid fancy of green youth, fruit of folly and not of genius! But in his case the sacred salt of genius preserved it from corruption into mere egotism. For he hoped it might bring friends to help his mother and sisters when he was gone!

But the practical part of the question was about this eighteen pence, and what were the legitimate means of secretly acquiring such a fortune!

Now in the office, there was a young printer, with whom George was on rather more intimate terms than with most of the other men. Mrs. Harvey heard occasional mention of his name—James Murray, but if she had known all about him and his history up and down, she would almost have died of terror for her poor boy's morals and manners.

James Murray did not know how he came by his name. His earliest recollections were of living with his mother in varying sets of furnished apartments. He had known none of the restraints and instructions of even nominally decent homes. He had been born and brought up at the bottom of the blackest pit of human depravity. It was a miracle that he was not a thief, in the coarsest rendering of pick-pocket or burglar, but that was the utmost that

could be said of him, for sense of morality he had none.

In birth, in breeding, in that grain of mind and frame which grows out of these, George Harvey and James Murray stood at antipodes. And it was from their very distance that they drew together.

The other men and lads in the place were ordinary work-people, with the common merits and faults of their class—left, at that date, very much in their native "rough." They disliked George, calling all his little ways which differed from theirs, "a setting up," and constantly jealous of the superiority his quickness of mind gained over their untutored strength. They despised James. There were always fights arising out of their coarse insults about his parentage; for though James confided to George that he did not much feel the sting of these, he always made them an excuse to display his physical prowess, as the best proof he could bring forward "that he was as good as they were."

The melancholy mystery of James Murray's whole life gave him a weird interest to George. George had put him into two poems—"The Foundling," and "The Homeless Wail," and we must say that James would not have known himself, and yet, perhaps, his failure would have lain with his own perception, rather than with George's art. Perhaps George, looking straight out of his innocent boyhood, saw the nearest to what God himself saw—a sight utterly sad and pitiful, to make angels weep and fiends rejoice. George was not yet philosopher enough to say coolly "that every human being must have had a chance in life," and so pass by, self-satisfied, on the other side.

James Murray, who kept no "Sunday best," had once, from a lounging post, seen the Harvey family going to church. He could not understand it at all—was as far from it as the best of us are from the angel's song and service. "She's a fine woman, that little chap's mother," he said, afterward. "I'd have liked to go up and speak to 'em, if I'd had on a decent coat."

It was this James Murray who happened one day to tell George that "his old landlady was in an awful pickle, for she'd a swell lodger who wanted his boots cleaned for him, and her own hands were bad with the gout, and she was 'queer' and so suspicious of strangers that she would not have one in, and her own nephew said she might get them done how she liked, for he was above being any man's flunkey."

George thought it over all day long. He was not without a boy's dislike for "menial" work, but he argued within himself, that when he already did so much like it, it was rather foolish not to do a little more, when he wanted eighteen pence so very, very much! "It is easier doing it when one is not forced to do it, too," he argued within himself. "It is the forcing that breaks one's spirit. I should not like to be forced. I should not like mother to have had to say to me, 'George, you must take any sort of place you can get, and you must not be particular what you have to do, for you must earn money.' I came here of my own accord, and I don't see why I shouldn't

clean these boots for my own pleasure. This common boy, the old lady's nephew, is afraid of seeming a flunkey, because he is one already. I've heard mother say that nothing honest is beneath a gentleman, because, whatever it is, he can do it from a gentleman's motive, and in a gentleman's way."

Was he a poor little moralist on stilts? Never mind; stilts are only folly at a country fair, but we fancy we remember hearing of a district in Germany where some peculiarity of the soil sets all the sensible people walking on stilts, and only fools trail through the bog!

So George made up his mind to clean the boots, and requested James Murray to introduce him to the "queer" landlady, in case she might be disposed to trust him as not altogether a stranger.

"Well, this is a rum go!" James not unnaturally ejaculated. "Why, I wouldn't do such a thing myself, unless I hadn't a bit of bread to eat without it! But I'll tell her she can trust you—yes, with untold gold on her kitchen table, if she likes, and that's more than she could do with some that pay her rent, I can tell you!"

And so George cleaned the boots, and was pronounced by the old woman "a regular nice, decent lad," and became hateful to her nephew on account of his aunt's praises. The bitterness of the deed was over after it had been done once or twice, and as the old lady's hands were not quite recovered when the eighteen pence was earned, George resolved to go on as long as he was needed. The worse of it was, the walk to and fro took up his small leisure, and prevented him from getting as far as Cheapside to buy the particular book on which he had set his heart. "One can't be earning and spending, too," George said to himself; and, besides, had a capitalist's comfortable inclination to wait and choose the best market.

In the meantime James Murray had been going on very badly indeed. In the lodging-house kitchen, George had learned more about him than he had ever heard before. Now, George regularly read the *Youth's Magazine*, which the grocer's wife lent his Sister Milly, and its simple, moral stories fired him with a desire to do good, like their Christian heroes and heroines. He wanted to make some drunkard sober, some infidel believe, some Sabbath-breaker attend church. George did not know that he was not a Christian himself, nor did he suspect that Christianity meant any more than these good outward things—except that there was what seemed to George a mere formula attached to his favorite stories, which, in his turn, he was quite ready to repeat, though with no more meaning than the muttering of a magic spell. He was like the poor little bird in the dark inn-kitchen, who mistook a lamp for the sun, and sang its matin at vesper-time! He could not have understood the question, "Do ye fulfil the law of Christ?" for he had not learned that there is no fulfilment of the law out of Christ. But the little dim artificial light he had wanted to share—sure sign that a higher law was working in him than any he yet knew how to obey.

He wanted to do good to James Murray; he "talked" to him very sensibly as to his outward failures and delinquencies, and James was often seriously attentive. But George spoiled all by winding up with religious exhortations, which his unmeaning utterance spoiled as an ignorant translation can spoil the grandest original.

Oh, if the aspiring missionary had only heard his subject's candid opinion of him.

"He's a good enough little chap, but I can't make out half what he means, and I don't believe he can himself."

And yet, never mind. Aspiration is the upward path. Desire precedes fulfilment. Let each, in whatever gibberish he can command, tell his fellow-sufferers and sinners that there is a Fountain of Living Water, and what he believes to be the best way to it. Their empty vessels, big and little, may have to wait awhile before the stream of pardoning love shall fill them. Nobody knows who shall first be filled—the last may be first, and the first last—perchance he who told of the Fountain may fill his own vessel from his who once did not even know that there was such a fountain!

George had been at his "menial" duty nearly six weeks when James Murray sauntered into the kitchen, and throwing himself into one of the chairs, announced: "I ain't going up to work with you to-day; and if the governors think o' sending here to look for me, tell them to save themselves the trouble, for I'll be off within half an hour after you go."

"Off? Where to?" George asked, in astonishment.

James laughed. "Don't know, and don't care," he said, recklessly. "I can't be much worse than in prison, and if I stopped I'd be there to-night."

"What do you mean, Jem?" George inquired, kindly.

"Oh, I've been behaving like 'a warning tract,' or your clever talk, mate. I've gone from bad to worse. I've sworn and drank long enough; now I've been picking and stealing, and when you write my history I don't know whether you'll need stretch your fancy much to just finish off that I died on the gallows at last!"

"What have you stolen?" George asked, knowing the young man quite well enough to accept his plain statement as no exaggeration of fact.

"Was cleaned out last night, and one of the governors had left three shillings and sixpence on the shelf, and I took it up. Old tell-tale Cater saw me, but I said I was taking it home with me to keep it safe from the boys. I tried my luck with it and lost, and ain't got a penny to refund with. I'm deep in debt here, too, so it's a good opportunity to clear all scores by cutting away. I'll enlist, or go out before the mast. I've tried something like a decent life, and made a mull of it, and now I'll try the other."

All for three-and-sixpence! When a soul treads the slimy paths of sin, it takes a very little slip to slide him down that yawning precipice below, whose bottom no man knows.

All for three-and-sixpence! And George Harvey had absolutely four shillings in his pocket carefully wrapped in a fragment of that scribble which he was so modestly anxious to see at least in fair and flowing manuscript.

Honest, enthusiastic little soul! He had not yet heard of the refinements of that delicate philosophy which hesitates to use its powers for good lest it should be guilty of bribery or compulsion! He looked upon this as a glorious opportunity, and it did not cost him half the struggle to give up his earnings as it had to earn them.

"I'll lend you three-and-sixpence, Murray, and you can take it back with you this morning," he said; "but I can't do it unless you'll promise me to sign the pledge, and go to church every Sunday for three months."

"That's stiff conditions, my boy," returned the other, with half a jeer; "I don't think my respectability is worth so much."

"Oh, yes, it is," George urged, adding, not without shrewdness, "and did you not tell me you were to get a rise in your salary in two or three months' time? Do you want to lose all the advantages you've been waiting for so long?"

James whistled. George's earnestness touched him a little, and gave him a momentary glimpse of life in a new light. Like many another, he cheapened and half-suspected the benefit that was thrust upon him.

"Where have you got so much money from?" he asked.

"Out of these boots," said George, laconically.

"I dare say I should never pay you again," James remarked, coolly.

"Never mind," said George.

"How can you tell I'm not hoaxing you because I know you have got a little loose tin?" James presently inquired, with a hoarse laugh.

George gave him one quick glance. "I'll take the chance," he answered.

"Can't you let us off the pledge?" James asked, mockingly. "As for church, I can do that. It's a warm sitting, and it's winter already."

George shook his head. "It is drink that is ruining you," he said, with his premature preciseness. "Church would do you no good, with a gill of brandy in your head."

James reflected. And it struck him that if George lent him this money, he would have no means of enforcing his conditions. He might please him by "turning" into church sometimes, but as for the pledge, he need not take it, or, for that matter, if he did, he could break it.

"You're a briske, young one!" said he. "Give us over the coin."

And George counted out his little hoard.

James scarcely thanked him, but he turned back on the kitchen threshold, to say: "I'd better wait for you to come with me to the office, else I might still cut and run, and take your money with me, without giving you my precious soul in exchange."

The two did not speak much all day; but when the heavy rattle of the presses ceased, and the men began to turn down their sleeves, and wipe their faces, George went up to James.

"I know a place where you can take the pledge. I'm coming with you. There'll be a lecture first. I told mother I was going to hear it, so they don't expect me home till late."

"You're a determined young dog," said James. But he offered no opposition. The lecture might prove "a lark," and there would still be plenty of time to "get off" the pledge at last.

In those days the Temperance movement was not the wealthy or widespread organization which it now is. Gough was not yet born to adorn it with oratory, nor had Mathew yet consecrated it by his zeal. The noble army of self-denial had not arisen, and there were few total abstinents except reformed drunkards.

Yet this simpler state of matters was not without its advantages. Temperance at the table was not then in much danger of breeding intemperance of the tongue. It had not become an element in political life, and it had few advocates except men of simple and vital piety, who were in no danger of mistaking a means for the end, and who fostered little excitement, and less self-laudation.

It was such a man who addressed the meeting that night. The plea with which he came before the people, was after this wise:

There was One who came to live among men, and show what God had meant them to be, and, at last, to die among them, by their hands—to die for them, taking the punishment of their sins upon Himself, that those who would clothe themselves in His righteousness might pass from the just wrath to the pardoning mercies of His Almighty Father. It was on the divine idea of the sacrifice that he dwelt. And when he came at last to press his special plea, it was pointing to the story of the Cross, and urging "that He died in His love for thee; canst thou not do this small thing in love and gratitude to Him?"

There was a grandeur in his simple eloquence.

"For thee Christ gave up His Father's throne, and the worship of angels, and all the indescribable bliss of Heaven. For thee, instead of these, He took up a frail mortal body, and became a poor, despised man, who had not where to lay His holy head:

"For thee He endured temptation, persecution and treachery. For thee He was scourged and spit upon and mocked. For thee He hung among the common malefactors. For thee He bled, and died in agony.

"For His sake, can you not give up the cup that starves you and strips you and slays your wives and children? For His sake can you not give up the glass that seduces you to workhouses and madhouses and jails? For His sake can you not give up the fiery poison, which you will loathe as it should be loathed before you have abstained from it for a year? For His sake, oh, my brethren, can you not give up

the deadly drug that will send you besotted to the doom He died to save you from?

"Don't you believe in 'giving up,' my friends? Is there nobody who has ever given up anything for you? (Ay, that there is, like a little Briton, thought James Murray.) And wouldn't you hate yourself for a mean, cowardly worm, if you took their kindness and flung it back in their face? (It is awfully shabby—of course I never meant to do it, thought James Murray.) Then why do you do to your divine Saviour what you wouldn't do to your human friend? If there's one here who feels he hasn't a bit of goodness of his own, and that he don't even know what goodness is, you're the man that Jesus wants, my brother. (Then that's me, thought James Murray.) Come to Him—just as you are. Put your dirty, stained life in His hand, and He will make it pure. And I, as His servant and because I love you for His sake, stand here and entreat you to come and be one of us. If it will help you to tell me your difficulties, I am quite sure Christ has an answer for them all. We want to aid you, as brothers should aid each other, and may the blessing of God be about us all."

"I'm going to stay," whispered James Murray to George. "Don't you wait. I'd rather go up by myself."

He signed the pledge that night.

He repaid George's loan in less than a month. And the next time he was called ugly names in the office, his face turned very red, but he did not offer to fight.

George went with him to many an evening service and Bible reading among his new friends, but he grew often weary where James sat interested and delighted. George thought the difference lay in James's utter ignorance which made every holy thing a pleasing novelty. George became terribly afraid that such a complete change could not last, and that he should have the humiliation of seeing James fall back to his old ways. He could not understand the entire difference in his tone of thought, which was presently manifold. Strangest of all, it was to find how James was heartily ashamed of ways and characteristics which had formerly been his pride—that he no longer called arrogance and brutality "high spirit," nor mistook ribaldry for wit, nor shamelessness for candor.

Poor George, he would have only cut off the tops of the weeds, and because a wiser way had uprooted them, and sown honest corn in their place, he doubted, and was almost glad when James, by and by, went away, with a creditable character, to a better situation in a midland town. As if any body was ever quite lost sight of in this little world, where, if you flee from London to Caffraria, you shall find your old next-door neighbor's brother living in the nearest shanty. Let us take heed what we cast into the sea of life, for it will surely be thrown ashore again at our feet.

And so George's poems were fairly copied out at last.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE HARVEY'S FIRST SUCCESS.

AND then George's life flowed on very evenly for years. He rose in his employment, and became a first-rate compositor. Many and many an one might have thanked him that in some occult way their lucubrations appeared in proof, with mended punctuation, grammar and even sense. But they only thought "how much better it read in print."

"I would not trouble myself thus for nothing, Harvey," his fellow-workmen would say.

"In all labor there is profit," George smiled in reply. He grew more popular as he grew older.

But all through those quietly prosperous years, there ran a strong under-current of excited interest. George must have been about seventeen when he first sent a "poem" to a magazine. He did it in secret, and when he had done it, he trembled to think what an awkward revelation its return would make. For George gave his own name and his own address, too open to think of any double dealing, and too generous and unsophisticated to suspect that his lowly habitation might offer no attraction to the editorial eye.

But George need not have troubled himself about "returned MS" that time—no, nor for long afterward. Not until his mother and sisters had guessed the mystery of his interminable copyings, and watched for the postman's knock as eagerly as he did himself.

"Do not speak to him about it, girls," exhorted Mrs. Harvey. "Wait till he speaks himself. Suspense and disappointment are often easiest borne in silence."

"But he might show his writings to us," Hatty had protested. "Because the stupid magazine people don't care for these, he needn't think we shouldn't." And it became a stereotyped form of unfavorable criticism with her.

"I'm sure George could have done better than that."

George actually greeted it as a step made in the right direction, when his papers began to come back "with thanks." But why need we go into all the details of a story which in some form is as old as genius itself? Why need we tell of the sour editor, who made the poor lad wander for two hours in the dark in Hackney Fields, by scrawling over the back of his very best production, "Let the writer learn a useful trade, and forget that he had ever the folly and presumption to think of verse-making?" Why need we tell of the kind editor—no, it was an editress!—who lifted him into the seventh heaven by writing him a pretty little note (which had a deep black border), saying, "You only need patience and cultivation. You have the gift, and it lies now in your own hands. I can appreciate your poems, in spite of their technical crudeness, and they have touched me—you may guess how much, for I could not find time to write thus fully to many of my would-be contributors. They remind me of my younger and brighter self, before I had lost faith in everything but

blue skies and green grass. I should like to see you, but will not, for my acquaintance would be no real benefit to you."

It made George very happy when he read it. It was the first warm grasp of a comrade's hand. Years after, when he read it again, it made him very sad; for, by that time he had learned enough to read a woeful tale between the lines.

Despairing of the magazines, George collected his poems, and resolved to face a publisher. He chose one who had recently issued a little book something in the style of his own production. How it would have daunted George had he known that its author had published strictly on his own account, and was already fifty pounds the poorer for the transaction!

George left the packet of poems and a very modest letter, saying he would call again in a few days. He did so, and a smirking shopman told him that if he waited a moment, he thought "Mr. Dunbar would see him." And George sat down to wait. He fancied that a superior-looking young man, seated behind a desk, looked pointedly at him; but ere he had time even to return the glance, the shopman came back and summoned him to Mr. Dunbar's presence, warning him familiarly that "he would have to speak up well, for the governor was dreadfully deaf," and with great trepidation, George entered the dreadful sanctum.

"Come in, come in and sit down, my lad," said a cheerful, rubicund old gentleman. "And so you write poems, do you? Bless me, you look very young! And what else can you do besides write poems, young man?"

"I am a compositor," said George.

"That's right—that's right. A starving genius is never the best sort of genius, my boy. And I can tell you, my lad, you write a deal better for being a compositor. Says I to my nephew when I read your verses, says I, 'This young fellow has lookit outside his ain head,' and I can tell you, my freen, if the greatest genius doesna do that, his genius soon gets blind in the dark! And now, my dear laddie, you mustn't mind me saying that these things won't sell. If I were to publish them, instead of my paying you, I should want you to pay me; and there wouldn't be tea sold except what you bought yourself to give to your friends, who would laugh at you behind your back. And now, what did you say your name was, my boy?"

"George Harvey," faltered poor George.

"And are you with your own people? Have you still got your father and mother?"

"Only my mother," said George.

"Ah, she's a widow," observed the old man, with a kindly insight deeper into the little tragi-comedy before him. "And has she been a widow long?"

"Seven years," said George.

"And are you a Londoner-born?" asked Mr. Dunbar.

"Yes; I was born in Buckingham Street, by Charing Cross," said George. "We were better off before my father died."

"Harvey!" Buckingham Street, Charing Cross," echoed the publisher. "I have a brother doing business in the wharves below there; surely, I've heard him speak of the Harveys—something about your mother behaving in a vera honorable way about her husband's debts."

"My mother did what was right," said George, proudly.

"Yes, yes—a weel-respectit woman—an' there were some that didna say much, that noticed a good deal. So, so. Well, my boy, if you'll take an old man's advice, what you've got to do is to wark for the magazines, and the editors and sub-editors will tak care that you dinna write what fouk winna read, an' they'll lick you into shape fine."

"But they won't have anything to do with me, sir," said George, laughing.

"Willna they?" answered the good Scotchman. "Ha' ye ever tried the *Thoughtful Hour*?"

"No, sir," said George, "I did not dare, for far inferior papers rejected me with scorn."

"An' did it never strike your semple mind that your morals might be too guid for them as well as your rhymes too bad?" asked Mr. Dunbar. "'A' well, the editor of the *Thoughtful Hour* is a godly man, frae my ain toon in Dumfriesshire, an' I'll gie ye a line to him. Mind, I canna make him tak your verses, and I dinna think he will tak mony, whiles, but I'll tell him to speir himsel' at what you may send, and gie ye a word o' advice, whaun you need it, an' 'accept' ye as soon as he can. An' when the *Thoughtful Hour* accepts, it pays. And, hoo, good-day, my man, and ye needna thank me, for it's an unco' pleasure to come across a bodie whose sel', or their verses either, are worth saying a guid word for."

As George, in his delight, almost stumbled along the dark passage which led from the private room to the shop, he jostled against the young man whom he noticed behind the desk.

"The shopman tells me you are Mr. Harvey," he said, interrupting George's apologies. "My uncle gave me your manuscripts to read. You are one of the right sort, and we shall hear more of you. I am glad to have seen you."

And George went home, as if he had wings rather than feet. If such was the foretaste of fame, what must be the sweetness of its full fruition? Ah, George, George, you cannot eat a peach without brushing its bloom away, and many a beautiful picture looks fairest from the distance. Fame's trumpet sounds well down the aisles of the past, but it often seems only discord to the ears that are nearest.

Then George despatched a little budget to the *Thoughtful Hour*, and for four months that oracle preserved a dead silence, and George began to fear that he need only thank kind Mr. Dunbar for fruitless good intentions.

It was Hatty Harvey's duty always to answer the door, but whenever there was a postman's call George always went out of the parlor and stood on the mat. If it was a family letter he came in again with Hatty, if it was anything for himself he took it from her,

and retired to the back room, and stayed there as long as he liked, always sure that when he chose to join the family circle no remark would be made nor question asked. Is not such silence the very heart of confidence.

They kept it so implicitly that the mother and daughter never even said a word to each other whenever Hatty came in alone.

"He would not like to be talked over," Mrs. Harvey had decided, "and there is a fine instinct by which people always know when it is done."

They only suspended their work for a single significant glance at each other, one night when they heard him pacing about the next room, with a strange new vehemence. They were all stitching with their usual industry when he came in, and said, with suppressed excitement, that could not pause to go through any unnecessary explanation—

"One is taken at last! They have sent me a proof and a draft. Look!"

He spread the papers on the table. Milly caught up the poem. Hatty seized the draft. But the mother's eyes were on her boy's face. It was white and sharp in its agony of triumph, with a wild, strong light in the dark-blue eyes. It was as the fierce ecstasy of a dumb man, who suddenly finds voice. She had often pondered if her child really had genius—or only its terrible treacherous simulation. That never troubled her again.

"A whole guinea! And yet I'm sure it's worth more!" cried Hatty, not in the least ashamed of her keen interest in the practical part of the affair. And why should she be? For honesty is before honor; and though man must write his poems in sounding words, God's poems are printed best in the brave and silent duties of common life.

Her voice called George down from that point of acute rapture whereon mortals are never very safely poised, to those simple facts which great raptures and agonies are only made to sanctify. He did not sharply rebuke his sister's observation as degrading to the high vocation which was opening before him. It revealed the soundness of his nature that he was wise and sweet in his hour of joy. At the very moment of his own triumph he unconsciously felt, clearer than ever before, that life was holy and beautiful on all its sides, and that only God can rightly judge which side is highest.

"I hope I shall soon be able to make things very different for you all," he said proudly. "I've never said so before, because mere talking is no use."

"I know it is not much yet, Hatty," he went on, deprecatingly, "but it is only the beginning." And then the pride of his order flushed up, and he added: "Money need not represent the value of the work. Some things cannot have money value. Fifteen thousand pounds could have been no nearer to the value of 'Paradise Lost' than the fifteen pounds that the Milton family got for it. You don't think your linnets' songs are only worth the seeds you give it, Hatty. But the seeds are all that you can give."

"But I'd be ashamed of myself if I gave it just as

little as would keep it alive!" Hatty muttered, wagging her head.

"This is really worth very little," he said, taking his poem from Milly's hand. "I only wonder that they have taken it at all. I never thought less of anything of mine than I do of this poem as I read it now. Nothing more than any old man in my hero's place must think, if he would only think it aloud."

"But then you ain't an old man, and that makes it wonderful," persisted downright Hatty.

"A little appreciation makes one very humble, mother," said George to Mrs. Harvey, as he bade her good-night. "I thought there was something in me, and while I was snubbed I could assert that something! But now—I'm afraid!"

There was no sleep for him that night. Slumber never brought such dreams as he dreamed—wakeful. Those poor shillings, marked on that draft—what agonies of mental arithmetic were they not carried through! So many poems, so much money. So much money, so much improvement at home. Out of this, his very first literary earning, he must make some gift to his mother and each of his sisters. Something pretty as a keepsake, and pleasing as a present, and yet something that should spare the household purse, always so sternly absorbed. God had dropped the seed of a true poet into the lad's heart; and thus it was striking root downward and bearing fruit upward, spreading its sweet aroma through all the ramifications of his nature; not growing on the surface of his life, but drawing his life into itself.

Well, it is something in one's life when the first watchful night is one of hope and joy!

CHAPTER III.

HOW GEORGE GOT LOST IN THE SUBLIME DARKNESS.

GEORGE never "woke one fine morning and found himself famous." He worked his way on slowly and surely. Editors and publishers who were pleased with his poems, began to suggest that he might find new successes in prose. Their encouragement was not always as entirely flattering or beneficent as it might appear, since the idea generally seized them when some "regular hand" had failed them, perhaps on some subject that was already advertised, and the tyro was expected to write at a shortness of time which the "regular hand" would utterly have repudiated, except at very different prices. George knew all about it, but he had lived no glass-case existence, but an honest open-air one, and instead of being sensitive and indignant, was contented and thankful, and was, perhaps, all the more grateful to his employers, because their favors did not lie upon him as a heavy burden, but were borne between them, as cheerful mutual obligation. "George is a genius," Hatty used to say, "and yet he's as sensible as if he was stupid!"

George continued in his printing-office until more than a year after his sister Hatty's marriage. At that time he accepted the post of sub-editor and general literary factotum in the house of a rising pub-

lisher, who wanted to get as good an article as was to be had—cheap.

He had been the financial head of the little household for some time before that, and, indeed, his commencing salary was not much more than the wages he had earned among the presses—was, in fact, no more, considering the extra expenses of a changed social position.

We can do things a little different without letting them cast much more, his mother reflected, and their changes were made by that prudent standard.

They left the homely house at Mile-End for an old-fashioned cottage at Hackney. They got this on very moderate terms, because the landlord lived next door, and was "particular," and would not take children, or a piano, or people who kept late hours. It was a pretty little cottage, scarcely larger than the Mile-End one, but with a trellis-porch, a Virginian creeper and Gothic windows.

"Just such a quaint, genteel place as I always thought I should like to live in when I got old," said Mrs. Harvey.

Another change on which George insisted was, that his mother should give up all work for money. They had lost their old housekeeper Hatty, and George commanded that his mother should take her place, with the assistance of a little maid hired from the workhouse.

Milly still continued her designing, and earned a very fair female income. Then, as the Hackney cottage boasted an extra bed-room, it was arranged that Miss Brook should come and live with them. It was a plan which conferred a benefit on all parties concerned. Miss Brook put her own furniture into the empty room, and paid the five shillings a week, which had been her accustomed rent for years. That made a considerable item in the rent of the Hackney cottage. At the same time, Miss Brook had hitherto been penned in her own narrow precincts, frying comfortless chops in winter, and in summer eating cold dinners and drinking milk, sooner than light a fire. Now she had "the run of the house," and lived cheaper and better by sharing the Harveys' food. Miss Brook still frowned and spoke as sharply as ever, but the Harveys never noticed it, for they knew it meant smiles and approval. George had made two or three "characters" out of Miss Brook, and had put her in two or three poems. She had such a strongly-marked self, and yet spoke so little of herself, that she was really exciting to the imagination, like some of those gaunt old Border keeps, which have survived their very names and traditions.

But George presently found that he must be prepared to attend an occasional dinner-party. Flattering letters came to him, from wealthy, would-be literateurs.

Now, in his own home, at his mother's side, George Harvey had always enjoyed the very best society—that of a thoughtful, cultivated Christian woman. She had really formed her son's taste upon this standard. But connoisseurs of all kinds are at times liable to be diverted out of their better sense. Men who can

appreciate Velasquez and Vandyck have been bewitched into buying Sir Peter Lelys.

George Harvey was but young. And if there were some trials and temptations of literary life, against which his Spartan training had forearmed him, there were others to which it left him peculiarly open. The lowly printing-office, the free gibe and comment of the work-people, but served as a foil to set forth the charms of the soft-speaking, complimentary society into which he was now introduced. At first he did not care for it at all, was only too glad to escape from it to a bread-and-cheese supper, and the simple talk at home. But after a time the poison began to work. Its sickly taste began to seem only sweetness. An appetite was forming which could be satisfied with no other food.

He began to think that perhaps public opinion in his home had grown rather too simple and direct—that perhaps life had a few interesting corners which must be measured by some rule less stern and straight than that of "Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man."

He fancied that there might be some truth in the delicate and wide views of his new friends, and that most ministers of the gospel were too "narrow." Not that these superior people censured them for it—the common multitude required bonds and bounds, but they were elevated above such things, as the man is elevated above scholastic discipline. It was a dainty compliment to George, when referring to his minister, they observed "how beautiful it was in him to be ready to learn of a man whom he could teach."

They never said that anything was "wicked." There were men in the "set" who had two wives, or at least a right wife and a wrong one. Their stories were whispered about as interesting secret tragedies. They might mean suffering, and sacrifice, and sorrow—they might mean anything but what they unmistakably did mean—sin. And yet it is wrong to say that they never said anything was wicked. Whatever injured themselves, either in fact or fancy, was unpardonable. Whatever would not be injured by them, was coarse selfishness or black ingratitude. In a word, they forgave everybody's enemies but their own. But this inconsistency was not apparent to George, while their acquaintanceship was new.

They went into such charmingly courageous arguments. Nothing was too sacred to be doubted and discussed. "Perish whatever will not bear handling," they cried. "Fancy if a burglar said so of your jewel-case!"

They were so gentle, too, and tender. The women among them could not believe that the taint of sin was already in their "sweet and innocent little ones." It was quite natural and interesting that they should smash their toys, make targets of windows, and insist on tasting every dish at table. It was also "natural" that they should pull the cat's tail, but they evidently judged her a higher order of being, for it was not natural if she turned round and retaliated. Then she must be beaten and banished.

"Well, I do believe in innate depravity," George

observed (it had been their last argument), "and yet I cannot remember the least inclination to worry an animal."

At first George fancied that the reaction of their doubts and uncertainties was but a refreshment and stimulant to his own spiritual nature. The fact was, he did not yet understand that spirituality is quite different from mere mental grasp. There were beliefs which he held the tighter for any effort to draw them from him. He was a Christian in his understanding, and it had a side-light into his heart, which otherwise was yet in darkness.

There are many people, especially those of quick and thoughtful capacity, who, born in Christian homes, can never tell precisely when first the light about them shone also from within. It may have been such a little taper at first that, though it would have shone plainly in darkness, it was smothered by the brilliance around. Often it burns so for a long time, is almost extinguished, and then its revivifying is likely to be mistaken for its first appearance.

George presently became aware of an uncomfortable change in himself. His regular prayers and public devotions began to appear wearisome and useful formalities. The Bible seemed half a dull truism, and half an incomprehensible mystery. Life looked like a tangle. The dogmas on which he had rested seemed to bend beneath him, like bodies without a living soul. What had satisfied him hitherto sufficed him no longer. He thought he needed less—he really needed more. He was like a man throwing away a precious stone as useless, because it is not yet set and polished.

Yet he had misgivings that this was not a change for the better, and wanted to hide it as much as he could, even from himself. But it would come out. It is as hard to hide a dead faith as a dead body. These acquaintances of his found it out as vultures find carrion.

"We always thought you would soon rise above the circle of the creeds," they congratulated him. "We knew you would soon be strong enough to recognize the sublime darkness, without trying to dissipate it with a farthing candle. Submit yourself to the mysteries of the Infinite. Rest assured that the Supreme Intelligence which turns the dead leaf into manure for the next spring, will find some satisfactory use for our lives beyond the grave. Let positive science be your undeniable revelation."

George stoutly denied that he had reached any such point of enlightenment, but the others shook their heads and knew better. George still went to church; he still read family prayers,—Mrs. Harvey having long since delegated that duty to him. But he did not pray in private. Sometimes he knelt down—dumb. Even his desk-work had ceased to be a joy to him. He did not know what to say; he had nothing worth saying to his fellows. What is there to say about a "supreme, silent Intelligence?" Who is to be the perfect ideal of the Friend and the Benefactor? Who is to be the Husband of the widow, or the Father of the fatherless? In his secret heart,

George Harvey felt that his questionings were going far beyond the avowals of his acquaintance. And so he was, for his doubts were sincere, spiritual throes, theirs but social excuses.

But it all lay between God and his own soul. His nearest and dearest never suspected it. Only his plain-speaking Hatty observed to her husband, "George always seems to me to be in a bad temper when he comes from service on Sundays."

CHAPTER IV.

THE TALENT BEARS INTEREST.

GEORGE lived on somehow, as people do live through great struggles or great sorrows. He knew now that he had lost something whose possession he had never realized before. He missed it, as the world would miss its unnoticed blessing of air, light and water.

He could not help seeing an outer difference in himself. It was no longer easy to put aside his own books, and read aloud from some volume that interested his mother and Miss Brook. It was no longer a matter of course to postpone some purchase for himself, that he might the sooner buy some article for Mrs. Harvey, or some trifle to beautify the home. To remember birthdays seemed but a trivial impertinence, unworthy of the "stern reality" of life.

He gradually grew taciturn, and was often touchy and irascible. Mrs. Harvey feared he was working his brain too hard, and George himself tried to believe in the motherly apprehension.

He would go and sit in the Webbers' house of an evening. He did not speak much, and the good little stationer was often sorely awed by this strange genius of a brother-in-law. But George liked to hear him talk. His simple views of life, his perpetual consciousness of a higher law, and his trustful confidence in its finalities, were to George's wrung and jaded sensibilities like a sweet fairy tale among bewildering geometrical problems. It soothed him as such, but it did him no more good, because it was a seed that fell on such stony ground as this.

"He is naturally a good man, and he is satisfied and happy because he is not very wise. He has faith, because he does not know doubt. His soul has known no struggle, no yearning. It may be well to be so—especially for him!"

George forgot that nobody knew of his own struggles and yearnings, though they might begin presently to perceive upon him the signs of defeat. We are all so apt to forget that other men's histories are not written as plainly upon their backs, as our own is, in our hearts.

Another woeful experience for George was, that as he had lost his old and merely half mechanical faith in God, he had gained faith in godless men. He invested love and confidence in people with whom, in his old simplicity, he would have had no close personal relations. He was doomed to find that hearts, unfertilized by divine love, are too sterile for any wholesome human growth.

It is no use going into unprofitable details of the relations of "the natural man" which poor George found himself suddenly forced to receive. There was one with whom George had held many a metaphysical disquisition, and who had startled him by such views as that "surely what are called sins are merely natural developments in certain persons, since almost every particular evil trait of humanity is found, as it were, personified in some species of the animal world"—who believed "that the world was a vast machine, bound to work remorselessly on from some uncertain beginning to some unknown end"—who held that "prayer was a useless fiction, and free-will a mere chimera, whose nearest fact lay with those who knew they had none, and consciously surrendered themselves to the despotism of their fate."

In a little money-matter with George this individual became involved in what looked awfully like a particular mean and base embezzlement, for which he could find no available defence except two lies and a dash of defiance. George let him go unpunished, except by a little suspense as to whether "fate" destined him to a police-cell, and by the awful consciousness that there was at least one person in the world who knew the measure of his natural goodness!

Still, George comforted himself that he had never had the highest opinion of the stability of this individual. For one peculiarity of his enlightenment was that it had made "hail-fellows-well-meet," with some whom he secretly distrusted and more than half despised.

But there was one who had been the very ideal of George's new spiritual world. He had not so much disputed the letter of religion, as insisted on its needlessness for those who walked in the spirit. He had neglected Sabbath observances because he said all days should be Sabbaths. He had slighted God's ministers, only because he said that all men should be priests unto God. He had never kneeled to pray, because "every thought should be a prayer." His only doubt of Scriptural inspiration was his belief in the equal inspiration of many other books. He had smiled benignly on the grand doctrine of the atonement, because he regarded it as the "artistic embodiment of that spirit of sacrifice which was the highest secret of life."

To this man there came a trial. Only a commercial difficulty, which he had to reserve to meet, because his delicate and liberal taste had preferred sumptuous luxury to the "low gratification of hoarding." And now he began to clutch at anything that might save him. No matter what it might be, he would grasp it—tear it up—if it would only check his fall for a moment. He who had despised "pennurious economy," was not below claiming its results from any trustful hands. A hundred broken hearts and bruised lives were to him as nothing compared with his own broken fortune. He would take the bread and cheese from those that had earned it, that he and "his own" might enjoy the Dives' paradise of "firing sumptuously" every day. Self-sacrifice was

the good and beautiful thing for everybody but himself! ✓

George said nothing. Never one bitter word passed between him and his former friend. The bitterness was too bitter to be borne in the mouth. The fallen idol was shivered in too many pieces to be touched. Bury the rubbish.

It was just after this sad and silent burial that George sat one day in his office, blank and dreary. It seemed an empty world beneath an empty heaven.

"If there was a God who cared personally for us, I think He would pity me," George pondered.

There was a rap on the door—a strange rap. Nobody who came there knocked with a walking-stick. George's heart gave a curious thump.

"Come in," he said.

There entered a man about thirty. A well-dressed, pleasant-looking man, with very blue eyes and a humorous mouth.

"You don't know me, I see, Mr. Harvey," he said. "But perhaps you'll recollect the name—James Murray."

"I beg your pardon for coming here to bother you," he went on, as George greeted him warmly, and drew up their chairs together before the fire. "But I've never been in London since we last parted, and I've been reading you in the magazines, and I could not help wanting to say, 'God bless you,' and how glad I am that you are in a way of doing good to plenty others as you did good to me."

"I'm afraid I don't do much good to anybody else, if I did any to you," said poor George, humbly.

"No mistake about me," responded James. "You know that I was as thoroughgoing a young black-guard as there can be in this city, for I'd never have gone of myself where I was likely to hear how to be anything else. There's a way in which it wasn't you who did me any good, sir; because it is only God who can take the evil spirit out of a man and put in a new one—just as it's only God who can make the right medicine do good to a sick man. But the doctor that prescribed the physic, and the nurse that takes the sick man to the doctor are all in it, and they all deserve gratitude and love."

"And you really are a different man to what you used to be?" George observed, rather dreamily.

"God be praised I am, sir," Murray answered devoutly; "and I may say it, for it's not to my own glory, and its best sign is that while I used not to think myself a sinner, but just what was quite natural and like everybody else, now I know both what I was and what I am still, sir."

"And you are happy and doing well?" George asked.

"Yes, I married a nice, good little woman, and we've got a pretty baby, and I'm head man in Dash & Blank's printing-office, in Leeds, so we get along very fairly in our small way. Of course, it's very different to yours nowadays, sir. But if ever you're passing a night in Leeds, you must put up with us. The bedroom is nice and comfortable, and we can sleep on the parlor-sofa as easy as anything. It

would be a real treat to do it to accommodate you, sir, and we'll be hurt if you don't prove it. Mary told me to say so, sir, and that she comes from the North, and is a fine hand at Peterborough cheese-cakes. I'd be a happy man to take you into my Sunday-school class, and say to them, 'Here's a gentleman you've often heard about, that's been my best earthly friend.'

"Have you ever met any doubters—religious doubters?" George asked, anxiously, but with a strong effort to appear unconcerned.

"Dear, yes, sir, lots. Some of all kinds. Some that couldn't believe, and some that wouldn't; but the first sort mostly come round at last. I've met people that didn't think there was a God, and people that didn't think He troubled Himself with anything except the earth and the stars—folks who couldn't get further into the Bible than the first chapter of Genesis. I've seen people that don't think we want a Saviour. I can't say I've ever been troubled with doubts myself. You see it was only likely that most of the Jews in Jerusalem should be exercised in their minds as to whether Jesus was the promised Messiah or not, but I don't suppose the widow of Nain, or Jairus, or the man born blind, had many doubts about it. They knew. So do I."

George Harvey looked earnestly at his companion. The man seated at Christ's feet, clothed and in his right mind, could not have been more unlike the raging lunatic among the tombs than was the decent, cheery, kindly artisan unlike the profligate, artful, reckless lad of fifteen years ago. One might as well assert that a barren field had become a fruitful garden, by some force of its own, as that such a change had been wrought without any exterior power. George knew by bitter experience that "nature" in itself has elements of decay, but not of restoration.

He took James Murray home with him, and the good, simple-hearted man amused them all with the history of his old admiration for Mrs. Harvey, and his feeling that he should like to speak to her if he had a decent coat.

"I never thought to be sitting supping with you," he said. "That would have seemed too good. But God gives us a deal more than we ask Him for. Did it ever strike you, Mr. Harvey, that we should be awful poor creatures, in soul and body, if He gave us nothing more than our prayers?"

George sat in his room till late that night. His soul felt like one who has just come out of a fever, weak and faint, not fit for strong meat, and feebly grateful to resign itself to a narrow pound and a shaded light, but yet thankful to know that its ghastly horrors and terrors are over with its delirium, and that it is still safe in a breezy world, where God's sun is shining. And into his silent heart it seemed to him that Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said, "Peace be unto you. Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands: and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing."

And on his knees George answered and said unto him, "My Lord and my God."

Next Sabbath he took a class in a waterside ragged-school.

(To be continued.)

UNFORGOTTEN.

BY ADA M. KENNICOTT.

"KEPT close is not forgotten,"

Oh, loyal, loving heart,
From sweets of home and kindred,
Of love and friends apart.
Though a stranger might not deem it,
Though no eye the proof may see—
"Kept close is not forgotten,"
They miss and pray for thee.

"Kept close is not forgotten,"
Oh, dweller with the dead,
Though thy name we rarely mention,
As our daily paths we tread;
The heart turns to its treasures—

How often none may tell—
"Kept close is not forgotten,"
Thou art remembered well.

"Kept alone is not forgotten,"
Oh, patient, toiling throng
In field, or mart, or workshop,
With pencil, pen, or song.

All ye who bravely labor,
With purpose pure and high,
"Kept close is not forgotten,"
Your recompense draws nigh.

God setteth all His jewels,
Yet never one may know
The place He will assign it,
Or why He worketh so;
Yet doubt we not, nor murmur,
Whatever may befall—
"Kept close is not forgotten,"
And He remembers all.

CONSECRATED GROUND.—When Molière, the comic poet, died, the Archbishop of Paris would not let his body be buried in consecrated ground. The king, being informed of this, sent for the archbishop, and expostulated with him about it; but finding the prelate inflexibly obstinate, his majesty asked "how many feet deep the consecrated ground reached?" This question coming by surprise, the archbishop replied, "About eight." "Well," answered the king, "I find there is no getting the better of your scruples; therefore, let his grave be dug twelve feet deep—that's four below your consecrated ground—and let him be buried there."

DO THE GOOD THAT LIES NEXT TO YOUR HAND.—"Never fail," says Macdonald, "to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Trust God to weave your little thread into the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet. The grand harvest of the ages shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden itself to a thousand years, and the thousand years shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day."

THE OPIUM DEATH.

A WRITER in the *New York Observer* gives under the above caption the following sad story of an opium-eating friend. The habit of opium eating is said by physicians to be gaining ground rapidly in this country among nearly all classes; and its effects upon mind and body becoming more and more generally disastrous. If any reader of this happens to be among those who are tampering with the drug, we trust the narrative given below will act as an effectual warning.

I have a sad, strange story to tell. Did I say "strange?" Alas, I fear it will be but a recital of things familiar to some of my readers; and it is in part for those few, hoping that it may warn and help, that I tell it. But rather I write to warn any who may be in danger of the bondage, concerning which is this true and mournful history, than from hope of benefitting those already enslaved.

I have many times felt almost persuaded to write of what has been hid away in my memory for years; but as often have I shrunk from bringing forth to the public gaze the sorrows, the weakness, the struggles of one very dear to me, although facts, places and persons might be shrouded, as they will be, by fictitious names.

Of late so many facts and statistics have come to my notice of the alarming prevalence of the evil of which I write, among—I will not say *especially*—but *even* among the more educated and refined in both city and country life, that I am constrained to break the long silence I have kept.

Says one writer: "Opium is a corrosion and paralysis of all the noblest forms of life. The man who voluntarily addicts himself to its use, would commit, in cutting his throat, a suicide only swifter and less ignoble. The habit is gaining ground among our professional men, the operatives in our mills, our weary sewing women, our disappointed wives, our former liquor drinkers, our very day laborers, all our classes, from highest to lowest, are yearly increasing the consumption of the drug. The terrible demands made on modern brains, especially in this country, by our feverish competitive life, constitute hourly temptations to its use as a sedative."

When lately I read the testimony of an eminent physician—"I have known of more deaths from the use of opium in some of its forms, than from all forms of alcoholic drinks"—I felt that I might no longer stay from holding up what might prove as a beacon light to some whose feet were turning aside from that Temperance which is one of the fruits of the Spirit of God, bringing them back to the way of sober self-denial. For this I write, for this I earnestly pray. If it be given me to know in Heaven that one soul has been kept, through God's blessing on my weak words, I shall forever praise Him that He permitted

me, helped me, to tell the story, even though now it wrings my heart to write it.

My first remembrances of Ellen Gordon picture her as a young, lovely woman, refined, educated, and gifted with no ordinary talent, possessing a rare dignity combined with a sweet graciousness of manner, that made her not only admired, but beloved by all who knew her. In a beautiful home, surrounded by loving children, and tenderly guarded and cared for by a devoted husband, she had all that earth could bestow of happiness.

Nor did she rest in these things. Her loving, child-like spirit saw God in all; and I well remember how I felt much as I were listening to an angel when she talked of the works of a loving Father, whether she recounted to me her impressions of Niagara, or traced His love in the forming of a daisy, so clear was her vision of His power and love. I was much younger than she, yet she honored me with her love and friendship, and spoke to me without reserve—the more freely, she often said, because I was too young to criticise her enthusiasms.

For some years we rarely met. Trials in her family, my own marriage, and our separate places of abode, rendered personal intercourse well nigh impossible, and letter writing, with our respective family cares, was a difficult matter, and became very infrequent. Yet the old love never died out.

One evening, in the summer of 184—, my husband said to me at the tea-table: "James Matthews called at my office to-day."

"Did he say anything of his sister Ellen?" I inquired.

"Yes," was his reply; "Mrs. Gordon is in town, is at his house, much out of health. She is very desirous to see you."

"I shall not wait, I assure you," I said, eagerly; "why not go this evening?"

"James said that he thought she would rather see you alone, as she is unwilling to see general company; and her best hours, that is when she is most herself, are in the afternoon."

"Is she very ill, then, Paul?" I asked, a vague terror seizing me. "What do you mean by saying 'most herself.' Tell me all you know."

"James thought that you ought to know before you saw her, that you might understand, and not be too greatly shocked by the change in her appearance. Mrs. Gordon is a victim to the terrible habit of opium eating; dying from its effects, he says, very rapidly. You will, I imagine, find her but a wreck of what she once was, of the woman you so loved and admired."

"Loved and admired." The words sounded to me like a death knell. Was this indeed a thing of the past? Was the Ellen Gordon of my youth no longer anything but a beautiful memory? I could not believe it; I could not realize the meaning of my hus-

band's words. They pierced my soul with anguish, though they were spoken tenderly, as knowing the bitterness to me of their import. I had read the "Confessions of an Opium Eater," and had gleaned some parts of Coleridge's dark and sad history; had read how this fearful habit had wasted his frame, poisoned all the sources of enjoyment, dried up the fountains of natural affection, and fastened upon him a load of mental agony that became daily more intolerable; but I had never seen its effects, and therefore only faintly realized them. I found it impossible to think of Ellen Gordon as such an one as De Quincey or Coleridge.

The hours passed wearily enough until the time arrived indicated by Mr. Matthews as the most suitable for my call. Ellen was expecting me.

How shall I describe my once lovely, cheerful friend? Seated in a large chair, rocking dreamily to and fro, with her head bowed, her hands moving restlessly upon her lap, and picking idly at her dress, she did not appear to notice my entrance until her daughter, touching her shoulder, said: "Mamma, here is Mrs. Fenton." She raised her head a little then, took my offered hand, held it for an instant, but with scarce a return of its pressure upon her own, and motioned me to sit down beside her; requesting her daughter to leave us together in tones that sounded like the echo of her dead voice—that voice I remembered as so clear and musical.

We sat in silence for some minutes. I could not speak—she either could not or would not. As we thus sat, I noticed the changes in her whole appearance. The face I remembered as full and oval, was almost fleshless; the once bright eyes hollow and dull, wearing an inexpressibly mournful expression; the clear skin had become olive-colored, and was drawn tightly over the sharpened features, on which dwelt a look of great mental anguish. The beautiful hair had lost its brightness, looking, not so much gray, as dead and lustreless. Her whole form was shrunken and bowed, and to the dignity and grace that formerly characterized it, had succeeded an appearance of utter helplessness, of cowering apprehension, as if some fearful danger threatened. I may not have noticed all this at once, but it was the impression carried away from that first visit.

At length she broke the silence, for my own lips were weakly closed, my tongue seemed chained.

"You find me altered, Sara."

"Yes, my dear Ellen," I replied; "you have surely been very ill."

"Ill!" she said, and paused—then, "yes, if illness that may be called which is one lingering agony brought on and continued by one's own free will."

"Your own free will, Ellen? That cannot be—surely it is beyond your control!"

"They tell me it is not; they despise me because I cannot free myself from this bondage, and they will make you despise me."

"That is impossible, for I believe in you too thoroughly. If I could only help you."

"I am beyond help; even my physicians tell me

that—though they need not, I feel it too surely. But you will believe in me no longer, Sara, when you know all."

Then she poured out in one resistless tide of saddest eloquence, of which I can give but a faint shadowing, the story of her struggles and her despair. It would consume too much space to write this conversation, or those that succeeded it, fully as I can recall them; therefore I shall endeavor to give in brief outline all the sad history related to me from time to time during these, my last interviews, with my dear afflicted friend.

In 183-, about ten years before the date of our renewed intercourse, she suffered fearfully from nervous disease, causing almost sleepless nights for a long period, a state of health brought on no doubt by extreme debility. Living in the country, several miles from any town, or from any medical practitioner, she struggled hard against the suffering and the increasing weakness it entailed, using such simple remedies as were recommended by friends, but without obtaining relief. At last her husband insisted upon calling in the aid of a physician, who immediately prescribed the use of opium in the form of morphia. This acted like magic, subduing the pain and giving her, even on the first night of its use, refreshing slumber, which she considered a boon to be thankful to God for, notwithstanding the succeeding nausea of the morning.

After a time the opium became indispensable. The agony of pain, the weary nights returned, and her physician ordered from time to time an increase of the dose, never warning her or her friends of the danger of continuing its use, or the importance of leaving it off as soon as practicable. When the physician ceased his visits the remedy was still at hand, and as the usual dose lost its power to quiet her nerves, she went on increasing it, until she, as well as her husband, became alarmed at the large quantity necessary to produce the desired effect. I never knew the amount of the dose reached, but suppose it to have been very large. I do not believe—indeed I am very sure—it was never taken from any craving for excitement, nor from any love for the taste of the drug, which ever remained exceedingly distasteful to her.

Her eyes were opened to her danger by what she thought a casual and inadvertent remark from a friend though, I think more probably dropped purposely in her presence, and she made an attempt to abandon its use. For awhile hopefully; for a gradual diminution of the dose seemed to exert no unfavorable effect. But on its entire disuse, days of intolerable pain and sleepless nights of fearful agony ensued. Again the physician was summoned, and by his advice she resumed the use of the poisonous drug, finding it necessary to take larger doses than before. He expressed surprise at the continued use, and at the large quantities taken.

Whose was the sin? If Dr. — had not made the opium disease his study, being a regularly educated physician, he must have known the danger of a continued use of the drug, and his consequent

duty to guard against its abuse in all cases where he felt called upon to prescribe it. If it was his ignorance, was it not in his case sinful ignorance?

"I have tried," she said to me one day in despairing tones, when I spoke to her of the possibility of deliverance, "I have tried again and again, but the suffering has been too fearful. Dr. — told me that fearful consequences would follow, that my nerves were so shattered, that I would probably die in the attempt; or what seemed more terrible still, would become insane. My appetite failed entirely, intense neuralgic pain seized me in every part. The slightest exertion of mind or body was impossible to me. I was sunk in the Slough of Despond. It was useless. I know, Sara, you will think me weak; I despised myself, but I went back. Even my husband, though his face was like the image of despair when he said it, told me it was useless."

"Since then, Ellen?"

"Since then I have not tried, but have taken my dose morning and evening, though I loathe it, and loathe myself for taking it; but I cannot live without it, and I do not dare to die. I know that either way I must die ere long, for I feel that the poison is destroying me. My heart seems breaking with misery, and yet it will not break. I long for death to deliver me, and yet I fear it with an awful terror. The ease and quiet which the poison once gave me, no amount will procure for me now; I only take it to live. I cannot save myself: O, that I could warn others!"

* * * * *

Some three years previous to the time of which I write, her loving, patient husband died, taken from her suddenly under very trying circumstances. The opium had lost its power long before to excite or to quiet her nerves, but in no wise was she released from its bondage. She was compelled to take it to keep the very current of life, miserable as it was, from coming to flow.

The story of her husband's death was told without a tear; hers were dry eyes that could not weep, and she seemed to wonder calmly that mine should overflow, as they did occasionally at their recital, spite of all my efforts. His loving forbearance and patience was not succeeded in any wise by the son and daughter to whom he committed the care of their mother, the wife of his youth, still tenderly beloved, though so changed. They could not sympathize in what they considered blameable weakness, and treated their only surviving parent with little respect and tenderness—let us hope without intending to do so.

They had not the courage to refuse to supply her with the poison, fearing the consequences of sudden or even gradual discontinuance; nor the firmness to insist upon no augmentation of the dose, as their father had done for a long time. Yet they believed that "if mother would only exert herself to try to conquer the habit, she might get over it." This they made no scruple of saying to others, in and out of her presence, and though she heard it unmoved apparently, yet I do not doubt that it went "sharper than a serpent's tooth" to her heart, dulled as were its

perceptions and its capabilities of feeling. It was to this she alluded in our first interview, and I was soon made sensible of her meaning by the cold, sneering remarks of her daughter, who treated her with a sort of contemptuous patronage, that often stirred my wrath, though I deemed it wise to control it.

Could she have forgotten all the love, all the teachings, all the blessings of her childhood, that she could thus requite so coldly, so impatiently, that once tender, patient, unwearied mother-love? And yet I can see that from their standpoint it must have been very difficult for her children to comprehend how one who on all other matters seemed perfectly sane, and whom they had always been accustomed to regard as possessing an unusual share of decision and mental power, should not be able to free herself from the chains of such a habit. They did not know how utterly it destroys the power of the will. The will may indeed prevent the forging of the chains, but it rarely has power to enable the enslaved victim to break them. But they are now where all is made plain, and if the children have seen and regretted their lack of duty, the mother has forgiven and still loves on.

I never saw my friend in a natural state of cheerfulness during all these days, though I was with her frequently. Once or twice there was an attempt at gaiety, but it was only like the faint mocking of the gentle humor, the flashing, genial wit of former days. The same stony calm, the icy despair which met me on my first visit, was her habitual state. I parted from her with a sinking heart, anguish thrilled me from head to foot; to leave her thus seemed more than I could bear, for I knew it was our last parting on earth.

An impenetrable veil was drawn by her children over the last days of her life—happily they were but few after our parting. I could learn nothing save that "she remained much as when I saw her." I know not if she saw THE DELIVERER before her eyes closed upon earthly scenes, but I believe that He came at the last and brake her chains, leading her captivity captive, and restoring her to the liberty with which He makes His people free.

God forbid that I should excuse or extenuate sin; but to the sinner let us be merciful, even as was our blessed Master while upon the earth, merciful as He is now: and has He not left us an example that we may walk in His steps?

I have said I had little hope to influence those in whom the habit was confirmed, but yet I do believe that even such may, if they have any power of the will left, emancipate themselves. Much and protracted suffering must doubtless be encountered; but, in the words of another, "it is a choice between two evils. If he abandons opium, he must count upon much suffering of body, many sleepless nights, a disordered nervous system, and, at times, great prostration of strength. If he continues the habit, there remains, as long as life lasts, the irresolute will, the bodily languor, the ever-present sense of hopeless, helpless ruin. The opium eater must take his choice

between the two. On the one hand is hope, continually brightening the future; on the other is the inconceivable wretchedness of one from whom hope has forever fled."

"The medical profession are not agreed as to the treatment of this opium disease." Are they not supine and careless about the matter? How is it less dangerous than alcohol! And yet they, or many of them, fear to prescribe alcohol in cases where they see it to be the only remedy. But this insidious,

serpent-like drug, is permitted too often by the medical attendants to wind its crushing folds around its victim, all unwarned of evil, till writhing in its grasp, he awakes to find his efforts unavailing to deliver him from the cruel fangs which have entered into his soul.

"O, that I could warn others," was Ellen Gordon's oft-repeated cry—a cry that has come from many another captive, agonized heart. Will others heed the warning?

THE CHASSEUR ANTS.

BY G.

A LADY who had been living for some months in the West Indies, gives the following account of the Chasseur ants, and remarks that many disagreeable looking insects perform important uses in the economy of nature, which are not generally known, and which she should not have been an eye witness of, had it not been for her residence at Laurel Hill, Trinidad.

She says, my attention was arrested one morning by a number of small blackbirds, such as I had not seen before, on a Calabash tree near the kitchen. I inquired of my colored girl, what could be the cause of the appearance of so many of these blackbirds. She said, "Misses, dem be a sign of the blessing of God; dey are not the blessing, but only de sign, as we say, of God's blessing. Misses, you'll see afore noontime, how de ants will come and clear de houses." I thought it some superstitious idea of the girl's, and paid no attention to it, until about two hours after, when there were an uncommon number of Chasseur ants crawling on the floor of the room. My children were so annoyed by them that they beated themselves on a table. They did not crawl on my clothes, but I was surrounded by them, and soon they covered the walls of the room. Thinking I would take the children into an adjoining room, separated only by a few steps from the one we were in, I found that not only the floor and walls, but the roof was covered with the ants. The open rafters of a West India house at all times afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, with many cockroaches, now their destruction was certain. The ants ascended as if trained to battle, and threw down the roaches and other insects to their comrades on the floor, who by their united efforts dragged them away with great rapidity. The ants did not stop to devour their prey, but conveyed all to their storehouse.

The jack-spaniard is the wasp of the West Indies; it is twice as large as the common wasp and its sting is more painful. It builds its nest in trees, and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. They were not such easy prey, for they used their wings, but not one of them was left; the moment they attempted to rest on the window or any place they were caught by the ants. Two of them alighted on the dress of one of my children. I entreated her to sit

still and remain quiet. In an almost inconceivable short space of time the ants had possession of the two jack-spaniards, and dragging off the wasps, they had done the child no harm. If one of the ants had been stepped on, or in any way injured, we should have been summarily punished. I opened a large chest of linens, which had been much infested, for I wished to take every advantage of such able hunters. The ants were already inside. I pulled out the linens on the floor, and with them hundreds of roaches not one of which escaped. After destroying the insects, the ants commenced an attack upon the rats and mice, and strange as it may appear, they were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them as they had done the insect tribe, covered them over, and dragged them off, with a celerity and union of strength, that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. It was about ten when the ants first appeared, and at two the houses were cleared. Then the negro huts were cleared in the same way, and by five in the afternoon the whole was over.

The grass round the house was now full of the ants, and the blackbirds, which had been in the trees all day, darted down among them, and destroyed thousands of them, before they could make good their retreat. No such blackbirds were to be seen before or after that day, and the negroes assured me that they never were seen but at such times. If every one was to love and perform the use that they were designed and best fitted for, as well as some insects do, there would be very few idlers or beggars to be met with. And all who o the best they can, in the position in which they are, and wish to do the will of Him, who made all for use, will not have lived in vain, in this busy world.

DUNELLEN, NEW JERSEY.

MONEY, says Colton, is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; while health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect, that the poorest man would not part with his health for money, but that the rich would gladly part with their money for health.

MANY a one has kissed the trouble at parting that he met with trembling.

THE COTTAGE AT LONG BRANCH.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

IF you had gone to Long Branch last summer and driven out on Ocean Avenue, past the great hotels with their gay, crowded, picturesque life, past the beautiful cottages, whose varied and graceful designs give an indescribable poetic charm and sentiment to the whole landscape—if you had driven far up the long avenue with the soft laughers of the out-going tide, making a pleasant murmurous air among your thoughts, you would have reached at last, on the side nearest the sea, a simple brown cottage. It stood far back from the road, with winding walks and clumps of shrubberies in front. There was nothing in this cottage to strike you on first sight, it stood there in its quiet brown, conspicuous for plainness among its more pretentious neighbors. A two-story cottage surmounted by a French roof; all around it ran cool, deep upper and lower verandas, in whose delicious shade one could sit all day and hear the sounds of the sea. Indeed, the longer you looked at this cottage the more, it seems to me, you would become penetrated with a sense of its quiet home-atmosphere and comfort. That was all?

Not quite all, as you will see. There was a flag-staff run up from the roof with the dear old stars and stripes waving proudly in the sea winds, and the foreign ships, outward bound, or coming into port, when they passed by, would salute this cottage, firing and lowering their flags, and all day long there would be eager, curious faces leaning out of the elegant carriages which swept back and forth on the gay drive, and you would have the secret of the lowering of flags and the firing, and all the eager curiosity, when somebody glancing toward the plain brown cottage with the deep verandas would say simply: "President Grant lives there."

And because he is to be this for the next four years; because you have just declared it too with a loud heartiness of utterance which has shaken the land; because a certain natural curiosity always attaches itself to the family and daily living of the head of the nation, I have concluded to tell you about some glimpses which I had into the home-life of the President's household last summer.

This was the way it happened. The friend whose guest I was at Long Branch was the friend of the President, his tenant also.

On the opposite side of the avenue, and almost facing his own, General Grant had erected a pleasant, spacious cottage, intended sooner or later for his own occupancy.

My friend, the kindest and most generous of hosts, had taken this cottage for the summer; so it came to pass that the President was also our landlord!

There are days which lie in all our memories as though we had heard "The horns of elf-land faintly blowing" through them. Such a day is that first one

I passed at Long Branch. It was just after July's fiery sword had swept over the great city, and reaped its terrible harvest of death.

Going out from days which had walled us up in their midsummer heats, into the coolness and quiet and delicious sea-breezes of Long Branch, was like entering another world. I seem to see it all as I saw it from my window that first morning—the ships coming and going in the distant horizon like "sheeted phantoms," the sunlight glimmering among the sails—the long stretch of gray, unbroken beach, and, greatest of all, the old ocean with the splendor of its rising and falling tides; the glittering sweep and retreat of the surf on the sands, and the shout of the waves that was like the chorus of an army returning from victory.

All these things make that first day at Long Branch seem to me unlike most of the other days of my life.

General Grant was to leave Long Branch on the following day for a tour among the Northern Lakes: so it had been arranged that I should meet him informally that evening, and a little after dusk we went over to the brown cottage through the shrubberies and the winding walks, my friend, with his pretty wife, and myself.

The President and Mrs. Grant were just rising from the table as we entered. After the usual introductions were over, and before we had had a fair chance to look in each other's faces we went out on the piazza, and the stars were overhead, and the surf played among the sands below, and its voices came softly up to us like the hymns of worshippers.

There was no company at that time and the General took a chair at my side. Perhaps we talked a little at first, perhaps we did not. Sitting there my thoughts went back over half a dozen years to a scene and place very unlike this one.

I was once more in a quiet village a few miles from Boston. The tender April sunshine shone in at the windows, the soft south wind was whispering among the flush of rock-maples, and the delicate green of the budding oaks.

Nothing broke the glad stillness but that soft ripple of winds, or a robin song pouring into the golden heart of that April afternoon. Then, of a sudden, I heard a voice. It came up the stairs with one throb of ecstasy like the flash of a bugle. This was what it said: "Grant is in Richmond. The war is ended!"

All over the land amid the thrill of leaves and the songs of birds, other voices were saying these words that spring afternoon—north and south, east and west, they were saying them—mothers and wives, sisters and daughters as they will never say any words again.

"No more battle-fields, no more weary marches, no more heart-aches, nor wrench of partings; no more broken homes, nor columns of "wounded" and

"dead" in the papers. For those four long terrible years, how we had waited and hungered for these words; and now they came flashing and singing into the heart of the April afternoon. "The land is saved! The war is ended!"

And the sun went down, and the moon came up that night, and looked down over the quiet New England town, as though she, too, knew all about it, and was glad, and the bells of Woburn, coming softly through the distance, told the same story to another tune.

"I wanted to thank you then, so far as words could," I said. "I have wanted to thank you all these years, and the time has only come for me to do it to night."

The General laughed a quiet, half-deprecatory laugh. "Oh," he replied, "whatever I may have done it is likely some other man would have done all just as well. Somebody is always raised up for the necessary work, you know."

"But who would have done yours, General?"

"Thomas, or Sherman, or Sheridan, perhaps."

The manner, even more than the words struck me. There was such an evident desire to appropriate no large honor or glory to himself. It was simply, "Somebody else might have done it as well." It seemed to me that there was something morally sublime in that answer; but I am sure Grant himself never thought so.

Indeed, the modesty, the total lack of anything like self-assertion in the man impressed me during our whole talk. I had heard him described as cold and reticent. I found him quite the reverse, while he listened with his shrewd, courteous attention, he was always ready and able to sustain his full share in the conversation.

He has not, of course, an imaginative or ideal temperament; his genius is of the practical, organizing kind. He has a wonderful memory for facts and details, and if yours is of the slipshod order, he will be likely, in his quiet, straightforward way, to put you right in any small matter of dates or names where you may be at fault.

We are accustomed to think of Grant as a man of iron nerve, and almost superhuman physical powers, with about as much practical knowledge of pain and weariness as the old heroes and demigods of mythology. I learned during the course of the talk, that he had, all his life, been the victim of more or less frequent and distressing forms of headache. To those who are his fellow sufferers, that fact will seem a great deal, establishing a kind of bond of sympathy between him and them. He stated, however, as a curious fact, that the war seemed to have cured that malady. He had but one attack during the campaign.

At last other company came in, and Mrs. Grant made a place for me by her side.

There is one question which a woman always asks about a President, and which, while it seems of vital importance to her, is the last that occurs to a man, and this question is "What kind of wife has he?"

It is not a question of mere idle curiosity. The woman who is the wife of our President, is to be for one or two "political Olympiads" the lady of the nation, the representative of American womanhood. Can it be to us, for a moment, a matter of indifference what manner of woman the wife of our President is?

We do not ask that she be beautiful, or graceful, or highly accomplished. Many women are all this who are no honor to their sex; but we do desire that the wife of our President shall be a woman we shall not blush for; a woman with dignity of character and tenderness of heart, possessed, too, of quiet good sense and tact, and representing in the high place where she stands, all that is true and lovely and of good report in American womanhood.

With this feeling I took my place by Mrs. Grant's side that evening, a good deal prejudiced, I confess, by some antecedent circumstances in her favor. In a few minutes we were talking much as though we had known each other all our lives. There is a quiet, unaffected simplicity about Mrs. Grant which strikes one on a first interview. She has a pleasant voice, with a little feminine lisp along the syllables. She impressed me as a genuine, warm-hearted home woman, with quick sympathies and enthusiasm. There was something almost touching in her evident devotion to her husband, in her absolute faith in him. It was sufficiently apparent that he filled the wife's heart and bounded her horizon, whether she called him, half-unconsciously, "Ulyse"—and I wondered whether that was the name with which, long ago, he had wooed the warm-hearted western girl—or "Mr. Grant," or occasionally "the General."

She talked about her girlhood, and her life during the war, and her home at Washington, and I listened to the pleasant voice, with its little twinkling lisp along the syllables, and the soft laughter of the waves on the beach below rippling among her words, and I said to myself, "Here is a woman to whom a little child might go in its sobbing grief, and be sure of soothing and pity."

Mrs. Grant's talk showed me some pretty little cabinet pictures of her home at Washington, which I am afraid I shall spoil if I attempt to reproduce them here.

She spoke of her attempts to make a real home-life in some corner of the great house at Washington. "Nelly," the name of the little girl, that night, far across the sea, was always slipping into the talk—you saw she was the central figure of the household—"Nelly plays, and so do I, a little, and during the winter evenings when there are no receptions, we gather into one of the smaller rooms, and have a quiet, cosy time, just as though we were at home, and a few friends had dropped in to see us.

One saw it all through her words, the quiet home-picture, the girl midway in her teens, with her bright young face bending over the piano; the mother looking on, with her pleased eyes, the boys clustering around, and the lights shining over the pleasant home-scene, just as they had shone softly long ago on another home-scene in the quiet western town, before

the war came and swept away a great many people from their homes, and among them—Grant from Galena.

But the pleasant summer evening with its stars overhead, and its soft rush and retreat of the surf along the beach, was over at last; an evening so quiet and homelike that I could scarcely believe at that very time men were in the thick and strife of another election, and that the quiet man who used to sit every morning in a corner of the piazza, listening to what the waves had to say to him, was in everybody's thought and on everybody's tongue.

The next morning the President and his family left Long Branch, but Mrs. Grant had kindly given orders that I should have the entree of the house, so one day I went over and was marshalled by the housekeeper, "from turret to foundation stone," although in inverted order. The interior in its simple appointments corresponded with the outside.

The rooms were finished in woods, black and oak color I think, and the furniture, dark and simple, was always in good taste.

But the homelike air pervaded everything. It was just a place to rest and dream in. I wandered from room to room, and everywhere the same sense of rest, ease and comfort followed me.

In the parlor were pictures and books, and the library that opened out of it had a fine portrait or two of the General's staff looking down benignantly on the writing-table, where the President spent more or less of every day.

It was just the ideal of a simple, quiet home by the sea. It seemed as though the world's loud rivalries and strifes could never find its way into that delicious repose.

The housekeeper, too, seemed the kindest, most unpretentious soul in the world. She had been with the family for several years, and her affectionate loyalty was quite touching. Her talk, too, gave me a great many fresh, vivid glimpses into the family life.

Her admiration of Mrs. Grant as wife and mother, as woman in short, was unbounded. I remember one instance she related to me as illustrating Mrs. Grant's natural avoidance of display, and her wish to save the Government all unnecessary expense.

When she first entered the White House as its mistress, she found the furniture, much of it, in a dreadfully shabby and dilapidated condition. I suppose it always is after going through its four years' wear and tear.

Mrs. Grant, however, patriotically resolved that she would spare the Government any additional expense of furnishing for the next Olympiad. She went to work, and set others at it, directing and supervising. We all know what a tasteful, energetic woman can accomplish in this line. All the shabby old furniture was rejuvenated with bright, fresh damasks and rups and covers of that sort.

I suspect Mrs. Grant's experience in her Western home may have served her at the White House. At

any rate the old furniture, with the new covers did duty for nearly four years, and when, at last, it became absolutely necessary to refurnish some apartments, Mrs. Grant said quietly to her housekeeper, "The old furniture has done well enough for us, and we may have another President next spring, and if we do, the new things will be just the thing for him!"

Saying this, she never suspected it would get into print, and if she should ever chance to read it here, I almost feel as though I wanted to be at hand, to ask her forgiveness for telling the story which yet was too good to be lost.

"You must see Nelly's room," said the housekeeper. Indeed, the little, liquid dissyllable had been slipping in and out of all the talk, just as it had that first evening. It was evident the family pride and tenderness centred around that young girl who was coming far across the seas in a month or two, to the hearts who were waiting with hungry eagerness to receive her.

I could not help thinking of her with a kind of tenderness that had a touch of pathos in it, the object of so much cherishing love and care, and hoping that she inherited the native kindliness of her mother's heart.

"Nothing is changed in Nelly's room. We keep everything just as she left it when she went away," said the housekeeper, as she opened the door and led me into the room, almost as though it were a sanctuary.

It was a simply furnished, pleasant chamber, such as any young girl might nestle in. All around her at Long Branch were far more sumptuous chambers than this which sheltered the President's daughter. There were little pictures and ornaments all about the room, none of them expensive; some, indeed, might have adorned the play-house of a child, yet the young girl across the sea had evidently treasured them all. The whole room gave me a pleasant impression of its owner's fresh girlishness and simplicity. The world had not spoiled her then, it seemed.

"She is so fond of the sea," said the housekeeper, bringing up one little reminiscence after another, in order to make the household daughter clear and vivid to me.

"When the new cottage was finished we talked of going into it, but Nelly said: 'No, I like the old house best. I can run down the bank and plunge into the surf whenever I want to. Don't let us leave the sea.'"

And so they stayed. And at last when the house had been all gone over, I went out on the veranda, and stood there awhile, in the pleasant midsummer morning. There was nothing to break the beautiful stillness, but the sound of the waves as they came roaring and sweeping in like a vast company of glittering chariots upon the beach. Occasionally a great, white seagull circled, with slow grace through the air. The ocean lay in its wide, still splendor all around me.

I thought of all the strife and tumult, the struggle

for place and office, the shouting crowds, the processions and pageants which were filling the summer air and shaking the souls of men; and there was that peaceful sky overhead, and the great ocean below, and the stately ships coming and going softly with the sunlight on their sails.

What a commentary this was on all the struggle and raging outside. And the eyes of the whole nation were turned on that quiet brown house, in whose veranda I was standing that midsummer morning, listening to the clear bugle of the winds, and the deep bass of the sea.

It was hard to go away. I promised the housekeeper—I promised myself to come again every day, and sit there in the cool shadows and hear the psalm of the surf; but the cottage across the avenue had its own alluring programmes, the walks on the beach, the watching the sea-bathers swinging in the surf, the searching for rare treasures of pebbles in the sand, and all the rides and rambles which make Long Branch the attractive place, it is to those who go there to enjoy its splendid sea views, its soft landscapes as nature spreads them, not to plunge into its Vanity Fair of display and dress and dissipation.

So that first morning and evening at the President's were the last, for I never sat again in the deep upper veranda and watched the sails with the sunlight on them, and listened to the psalm of the sea.

It seems to me I cannot better close these little glimpses into the household life of the nation's soldier and President, than by repeating a little speech of his housekeeper, which quaint and homely as it was fairly illustrated her idea of the heart and character of the man. "General Grant is so thoroughly kind-hearted, that I do believe if a cross dog was barking, he wouldn't stop him, unless he was afraid the creature would do some harm to somebody."

EXTRAVAGANCE AND DEBT.

WE know a family consisting of father, mother, four daughters and one son. The father is a superior watch repairer, has a shop of his own, and earns, with the assistance of an apprentice, about four thousand dollars a year. He is most devoted to business and free from all expensive indulgences.

We do not know a man more harassed by debts and poverty. Whatever stock he may have on hand must always be in the name of a friend, or his creditors would soon dispose of it.

The way in which those four thousand dollars disappear we desire to give the reader, with some reflections thereupon.

House-rent, \$600; shop-rent, \$350; gas and coal, \$175; dress for self and wife, \$150; spending-money for fifteen-year-old son, \$100; allowance for each daughter, \$350; two servants, \$190; food, \$1000; extras, say, \$500. This, altogether, amounts to about \$4500; so our good friend F runs behindhand about \$500 per year. These accumulating debts make his life a constant humiliating struggle. He said recently

that but for his helpless family he would gladly take refuge in the grave.

Now, as our friend will read this, we shall take the liberty to say a few plain things, which we sincerely hope may help him out of debt and into a more comfortable frame of mind.

We shall presume that to-day you owe \$1500, and shall likewise presume that you would make almost any sacrifice to rid yourself of said debt.

We shall not advise you to work harder yourself, for you already go quite beyond your endurance.

First, discharge your servants, and let your wife and daughters cook and make the beds. This will save you, in salary, board and waste, at least \$500. A good beginning, you see.

Next, reduce your daughters' dress expenses to \$150, which will save \$400. If you or your daughters think a plainer wardrobe will make them less respectable, you are all very much mistaken. They are not half so widely known as your debts, and every new and rich addition to their dress excites anything but admiration. We know several young men who admire your girls, but are deterred from visiting them because of the facts we have mentioned. The reduction we have suggested in their wardrobe would add more to public esteem and popularity among all classes than anything else we can think of.

Then stop the hundred dollars which your son expends every year for segars and ice-cream, and take him into your shop in the place of your apprentice. Here you will save at least \$400 more.

And, finally, reduce your table expenses to \$500, which will be infinitely better for all. If you leave off the pies, cakes and puddings, you will have better digestion and finer complexions. If you live on plain, coarse food, you will all have sweeter breath, whiter teeth, finer skins and longer life, and, what is not unimportant with you, save \$500 per year.

If you will run your eye over these several items, you will find the aggregate \$1800. This will soon make you a rich man.

Allow us, dear friend, to say that you will never know a happy, manly hour until you have done something like this. And we trust your daughters will not be offended if we say that any objection they may urge to this retrenchment will discover a lack of decency and honor, which in a woman is perfectly shocking.—*Dr. Dio Lewis in To-Day.*

MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE.

WHAT'S the use of always fretting
Over ills that can't be cured?
What's the use of finding fault with
What we know must be endured?
Does it make our burdens lighter
If we grumble 'neath their load?
Does it make life's pathway smoother
If we fret about the road?
Better use our time, than fill it
Full of signs and vain regrets
Over some imagined blunder—
As does he who always frets.

THE SERPENT AS A SYMBOL

FROM "RENDELL'S ANTEDILUVIAN HISTORY."

THERE are few facts better attended by historical evidence, than that the serpent has, by all the nations of antiquity, been regarded and employed symbolically. It is conspicuous in their history, it stands out in their fables, and it is visible in their religion. Herodotus informs us that it was sacred at Thebes; and the hieroglyphics which have been brought to light in our own times, abundantly show that it must have been used in an emblematical way, among the ancient Egyptians. Bryant, also asserts, that in the first ages, the serpent was extensively introduced into all the mysteries that were celebrated; and that, wheresoever the Ammonians found any places of worship, there was generally some story of a serpent. There was a legend about it at Thebes, at Colchia, and Delphi. Even the Athenians had a tradition that the chief guardian of their Acropolis was a serpent.

It is sometimes presented under a variety of ideal forms, nor is it uncommon to find it represented with a human head. It is impossible, rationally to contemplate these circumstances, and doubt that the serpent sustained some symbolical character.

The facts at once suggest, that such must have been the design of the serpent, said to have been more subtle than any beast of the field; and here we make the question, of what was it significant? The various nations, by whom it was symbolically used, do not appear to have viewed it under the same aspect. Uniformity of idea in this respect, would not long continue, after that knowledge had perished, which originally directed its selection for a symbolical purpose, and when men were left, with no other guide than a fallen fancy, and no sounder principle than caprice, to conduct them in the profound matters of religion and its objects. The serpent is said to have been worshipped, from the circumstance of it having been mentioned and set apart, as one of the objects associated with the religion of Egypt. This was the opinion of Eusebius and others; and it might have been the case in the most corrupted periods of Egyptian learning. That is, it might then have become the symbol of something to be worshipped; but, although it was always a symbol, that was not always the object of it. The serpent came to be spoken of as sacred, only from the circumstance of its having been associated with religious sentiments, it was not at first set apart to be worshipped, nor for any good it could bestow, but rather to be dreaded for the mischiefs it might originate.

It was the symbol of something that might, if not guarded against, be disastrous to mankind. Hence we find it so frequently referred to in legends of remote antiquity, as having exercised an unfavorable influence upon the destinies of the people. Every one knows that the figure of a serpent biting its tail is very ancient; it is commonly regarded as the em-

blem of eternity: but is it not rather a representative of evil punishing itself? In Phœnician Mythology, we read of a serpent surrounding an egg, plainly implying the danger of sensuality, with which life is beset from its very beginning. Among that of the Greeks, we are informed of the hair of Medusa being transformed into serpents, because she had violated the sanctity of the Temple of Minerva. The serpents are evidently, employed to represent the evil she had perpetrated. The serpent, Python, which is fabled to have sprung out of the mud left by the deluge of Deucalion, was an emblem of the evil occasioned to Greece by the overwhelming of Thessaly. The serpents which the infant Hercules strangled in his cradle, were, unquestionably, a representation of innocence conquering the blandishments of sensuality; and the Hydra, which he afterward overthrew, was a representation of those evils which the labors of energy and fortitude may overcome. So also, the Caduceus, which was a rod entwined by serpents, and with which Mercury is said to have conducted souls to the infernal regions, plainly symbolized the evils which cling to power and so conduce to misery. Esculapius, the medical attendant on the Argonauts, is always represented with a serpent entwined about his staff, to denote the power of the physician over the diseases of humanity. Many other instances of the emblematic use of the serpent, could be easily collected from the writings of the ancients, but these are sufficient and plainly show, that the emblem of that whereby man fell was preserved among mankind for a long time after the reminiscence of its definite signification had passed away. They retained the emblem, with some general idea of its meaning, but had lost sight of its precise signification. For this we must go to analogy and the Scriptures. These are the only sources, whence satisfactory information can be drawn, and these will show us that the serpent was the sensual principle of man. "Of all the objects of the animal kingdom, the reptile tribe is the lowest, of which serpents of various kind and species are the most conspicuous. Of all the degrees of man's life, the sensual and corporeal are the lowest; because they are nearest to the earth and are actuated by merely earthly appetites, influences and causes. These lowest degrees in man's nature partake the least of what is truly human in man, and the serpent, their corresponding emblem, is of all animals the most remote from the human form. As the serpent crawls upon the earth, so the sensual principle in man is nearest akin to the earth, which, if not elevated by the rational and spiritual principles of his nature, may be said to crawl upon the earth in like manner. As sensual things have a tendency to fascinate and charm the mind, because sensual delights are more vividly experienced than any others, so certain kinds of serpents, especially the more malig-

nant, are said, by naturalists, to fascinate and charm their prey before they devour it." The general analogies, so satisfactorily presented in this extract, assist us in perceiving certain general resemblances between the serpent and the sensual principle of man.

Now the serpent which was in Eden, we believe to have been the sensual principle, that was connected with Adam's character. For a time, there was with him a realization of the Lord's injunction, to be "wise as serpents." The sensual principle, at first, was right and orderly, because it stood in its proper relation to the dictates of his higher nature.

It was among the objects upon which the Divine

approbation had been pronounced; for the Lord declared the creeping things to be "good," yea "very good." This then, was a characteristic of the serpent, or, more literally, of the sensual principle of Adam, as declared of it by the Lord himself.

So long as it was employed instrumentally, to promote the ends of spiritual use and order, so long it was wise; but when it was directed principally to secure the gratifications of corporeal nature, it became most subtle. The wisdom of the serpent is the circumspection and prudence of the sensual principle of man; the subtlety of the serpent is its artifice and deception.

OUR CLUB.

BY ANNIE L. MURPHY.

II.

OF TONGUES.

LITTLE EFFIE SEYMOUR, knitting her brows, was twirling nervously Charley Churchill's ring upon her finger.

"For the tongue is—What is that the Good Book says about the tongue being a deadly poison, Mr. Morton," she said, turning to the young theological student who had lately drifted into our circle.

"And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity, an unruly evil, full of deadly poison—is that what you mean, Miss Effie?"

She caught her breath, and clasped both hands closely over her heart with a swift, involuntary movement that spoke volumes of her painful experience in the "deadly poison." We all knew the meaning of the pathetic gesture. But shrinking from the sympathy which she saw she had evoked, she started suddenly from her seat in the shadow, and vanished from the room, too proud to betray how much she was suffering from her hurt.

Jean Mariott's great, gray eyes blazed with indignant lightnings.

"We have laws," said she, "to punish the violation of our natural rights—one may not, indeed, with impunity steal our purse, or murder us in cold blood—but for the refined cruelty, the demoniac torture inflicted on sensitive souls by meddling, malicious, mischief-making tongues there is no penalty, or none, at least, adequate to the offence. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, can there be no statute enacted which shall compel people to mind their own business?"

"My dear, Jeannette, it would cast such a host of good folk out of employment," said Templeton, drily.

"Especially the women—which would be ungallant and ungenerous, you know," added Roy Sherwood, with a spice of malice.

"I wish every woman who utters an uncharitable, spiteful and venomous word had to suffer with a

blistered and swollen tongue which would hold her silent for a month," burst forth Jeannette to whose intense nature we have to yield a wide latitude of expression.

"What a vindictive spirit, Miss Jean," laughed Roy, sarcastically. "The suffering perhaps might be endurable, but the silence, you know, would kill the unfortunate culprit in a week."

"No better than the fault itself do I like the sneering, carping, cynical temper which misses no occasion to make it the subject of low jest," returned Jeannette, severely.

"Women talk, and talk abominably about each other, I admit with all candor, but I observe with sorrow that men are not free from the same vice."

"In a word, you agree with the sharp, epigrammatic Mrs. Poyser as regards women—that 'God made 'em to match the men,'" said Templeton, good-humoredly.

"But, Jean, of tongues there are many," struck in Dell Falconer. "Is it only the spiteful and venomous, pray, that you include in the blistering penalty?"

"By no means. There is the sly, insidious, insinuating tongue that hints at evils which it dare not name—the kind of tongue the Apostle James must have had in mind when he said, 'it setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell.'"

"And there is the secret mole-burrowing, tale-bearing tongue, that whispers in strictest privacy the scandalous story it would not syllable to any one in the world but *you*, because, forsooth, it does not want to make mischief," added Mrs. Templeton.

"And the busy, officious, meddling tongue that harrows you up with a timid hesitating report of all the disagreeable things people are saying about you, because it feels you ought to know, and because it loves you so," chimed in Dell.

"And the soft, sweet, melting, traitorous tongue

that draws from you almost unconsciously your heart's closest secrets, and straightway runs and delivers the precious morsels into the jaws of your enemies," said Sherwood, viciously.

"And the smooth, friendly, plausible tongue that would not do you any injustice for the world, but stabs you more cruelly and unmercifully than your bitterest adversary could do," continued Jeannette.

"And the hot, rash, angry, impetuous tongue that in a moment of frenzy, lashes with scorpion fury its offending victim, setting all hearts ablaze with its own unholy fire which, when it has smouldered out, leaves but a heap of dull, cold, lifeless ashes, where once had been a tender and loyal friendship," murmured Edna Templeton.

"And the sharp, critical, censorious tongue which darts at every weakness and folly of friend and acquaintance, leaving unmarked the generous virtue and the worthy deed," added Jeannette.

"Come, come, good friends," interrupted the professor, "you may go on classifying tongues in this fashion till you have quite exhausted your defining powers, and what do you prove except that our poor, crossed, crazed, and perverted human nature has infinite ways of torturing itself, and that tongues are only exponents of inner evils which would utterly consume us if we kept them pent up."

Our young theologian who had maintained the serene silence of superior wisdom during our vain discourse here opened his lips with the oracular air too often seen in youthful teachers, who are apt to announce a truth, old as eternity, as if they were its first herald, and with a delicious enthusiasm which alas! too often cools under the sad experience of years.

Said he, "Instead of spending our breath in exacerating effects, we should go farther back and endeavor to extirpate the causes. If hearts were overflowing with love and charity there would be no sharp, wounding, malignant tongues; and to rid the world of these we have only to expel envy, malice, hatred, and all that evil brood of passions that make their nest in the human heart."

"Tut, tut, young man," smiled the professor. "You are fresh and untried in the work of wrestling with human depravity, and you feel, no doubt, strong and valiant and bold, a moral Hercules, able and ready to undertake the task of cleaning out these Augean stables in a day. Heaven knows I would not lessen your ardor or your courage, but 'tis likely a little longer service in your chosen field will weaken your confidence, in the case of expelling the brood of evil passions from the human breast. They will not out at your bidding. The most you can do will be to convince the sinner of his sin and lend him your sympathy while he works out his own regeneration. You see we have each got our own stable to cleanse, oh, Hercules, and it is a brave soul that accomplishes the labor in the compass of a lifetime. The millennium is not reached in a day. The lion has got a long, painful journey to make before he can lie down with the lamb. But, meantime, since evil is present

with us, and we cannot put an end to it, shall we not make it subservient to our growth in the higher life? These stinging scorpion tongues, for instance, may we not compel them to contribute to our spiritual development and progress—to do us good when they mean us harm?"

"What! Are you crazy, Professor Engel?" demanded Dell Falconer, with lifted brows. "A bitter, spiteful, slanderous tongue 'contribute to our spiritual development'—ha! in the direction of devils."

"A slippery, treacherous, serpent tongue that undermines our faith in God and human kind, subservient to our growth in the higher life?" questioned Jeannette, slowly, with wide thoughtful eyes on the professor's face.

"A lying, malevolent, unscrupulous and hypocritical tongue that rakes up every hellish passion in the heart, a ministrant to good—an aid to spiritual progress?" sneered Sherwood, in that disagreeably sarcastic and skeptical way of his.

The professor smiled in our critical faces.

"Is there anything so strange and absurd in all that?" he said. "Whatever calls for the exercise of patience, forbearance and charity must, if met in the right spirit, aid in the development of those admirable virtues, and so far minister to our good."

"Yes, but how many of us have the 'fight spirit,' or can feel anything but a masterly and overpowering rage when unjustly and maliciously assailed?" flashed the Falconer. "I tell you, Herr Professor, it makes anything but saints of us to be stung, and goaded, and harrowed, and fretted, and victimized in every way by impertinent, meddling, scandalizing, misrepresenting tongues."

"Why, as to that, we are as free to be fiends as saints if we will, and nothing shall compel us to choose the good if we prefer the evil," returned the professor, mildly. "But what is the merit of being sweet, and generous, and gracious, and large, and noble, only so long as we have no temptations to be anything else? If our integrity will not stand the test of direct assault, if we cannot face the adversary with calm, brave, unflinching front, fearless of all that hate and malignity can do or dare, what are we worth to our fellow creatures as examples of sweetness, tenderness, magnanimity, courage, strength, patience, and long suffering? We may fling away our opportunity to prove the beauty and grandeur of the Christian virtues, we may sink ourselves to the level of such as malign and traduce us, and malign and traduce again; there is no law, as I said constraining our choice between the true and the false, the good and the ill."

"Well, I will say for it," burst forth Jeannette, with a great struggle, "this freedom of choice when we are all upheaved, and turned topsy-turvy with passion and injured feeling is something dreadful, and it would be an unspeakable relief to know there was only just one thing possible for us to do—the thing we want to."

"But the momentary satisfaction we might find in doing that, would not, when the passion is spent,

compensate us for the loss of our proud consciousness that we are rational beings, with power to act nobly if we will."

(The professor paused here and glanced around at the slight rustle caused by the return of Effie Seymour to her shadowed corner, while our divinity student, moved uneasily as though fighting an impulse to go over to her side with the comfort and sympathy which the youthful and tender-hearted shepherd, fresh-called to his work, naturally longs to give to the shy wandering lambs of the flock.)

"But there is another view," went on the professor, "not a pleasant one to contemplate, but none the less true, I suppose, on that account. There may be a retributive justice in the wounds and thrusts over which we cry so lamentably. A sleepless and avenging Nemesis lashes us in these cruel, lacerating, irritating, tongues. We are loth to recognize the fact. Our suffering seems horrible unjust and unprovoked. We feel ourselves the unoffending victims of evil and unlawful machinations. But have we never been guilty of inflicting pain and discomfort through idle, thoughtless, or hot, impatient words, quickly forgotten by us, but remembered, perhaps, with rankling bitterness by those whom they concerned? Have our judgments always been tempered by the abounding love and charity which we could desire should be exercised in the criticism of our own follies and weaknesses? Have we, in all our relations and dealings with our fellows striven to guide ourselves by the tender, clear, and beautiful light of the Golden Law?"

There was a little silence, followed presently by a confused murmur of conviction, dissent, expostulation, denial, acknowledgement, during which our young student seized the opportunity to cross over to Effie's window, drawn by an attraction none the less powerful, sweet and irresistible because he could not explain it, and didn't try. We marked curiously that the gleam of Churchill's ring was gone from the slender hand put forth to make room for the sympathizing friend, on the tete-a-tete in the shadowy recess of the window, and in our conjecture as to the secret of its disappearance, we lost for a moment the thread of the discourse which was shifting warmly from one to another.

When we caught it intelligibly again Templeton was saying: "I have questioned sometimes whether there were not also a wholesome restraint in the vixen tongues of society—whether the free and wholesale cutting and hacking which we have to undergo in the dissection of our character and motives has not a beneficial influence on such of us timid, approbative souls as have the fear of adverse criticism so continually before us that we are withheld from doing anything knowingly to invite it."

"Out upon an integrity, a morality like that!" cried Jeannette in a glow of indignation. "The person—man or woman—who is restrained from doing evil, through dread of public opinion is deserving of less respect than the bold, open and avowed sinner,

and his or her fair action is a spurious coin that will not pass current with the pure, high fearless souls that reverence virtue for its own sake, and seek it for its own rewards. Besides, popular sentiment is not the test of morals. Society has no just standard of right—it is one thing to-day and another to-morrow, this thing here, and that thing there, and whoever is governed by a law so fluctuating must be as unstable as water, driven hither and thither by every shifting breath of opinion. Out, I say again, upon such pitiful, cringing, cowardly time-servers! Better I like the brave, free, daring spirits who are a law unto themselves, and who will act boldly up to their own convictions of truth, though the heavens fall, and the whole superstructure of society be ground to powder."

"Have a care, Jeannette," warned Templeton. "It is just such reckless, restless, audacious, innovating spirits that to-day are seeking to overthrow the whole fabric of our social, moral and religious life, aiming their deadliest blows at sacred and time-honored institutions; and striving to substitute for a tried and established order of society their own wild, chaotic, disorganizing schemes of reform based on the freest exercise of individual liberty."

"What then? It is *truth* that we want though we pluck it from the ruins of all that we once thought precious," Jeannette began a trifle excitedly, but the professor's clear steady eye caught and held hers, glowing and pulsing with flame, and she stopped abruptly like a child chidden by its master.

"That subject is too broad to discuss with haste or passion," he said, quietly. "And you are in a mood to speak more warmly than you really feel, and more strongly than your judgment in cooler moments would commend. Another time, Jeannette. We shall have to concede to friend Templeton that there is a basis of truth and justice underlying the ruling principles and prejudices of society, and the wiser of us, however hardly pressed, will hesitate about hurling ourselves against them with a violence more certain to wound us than to shake them. Still, where our own sense of right clearly conflicts with the recognized social law there is no question, in respect to our own conduct in life, as to which we should follow—only let us be sure that it is conviction and not contrariety that rules us. Of one thing, however, do what we may, we shall not escape the vice of tongues. People will talk—talk mischievously, talk maliciously, talk censoriously, talk uncharitably, talk rashly, unreasoningly, passionately; talk idly, recklessly, thoughtlessly, for the pure sake of talking, and without consideration of the evil consequences involved. And while it is wise in us to mark the drift of the muddy current, to study its secret sources, and to mind what tributaries we yield to it, we should not suffer ourselves to be overwhelmed by the bitter, unclean flood. Quick to perceive, frank to acknowledge, prompt to remove the evils indicated by our critics, we ought at the same time to guard against a morbid over-sensitiveness concerning what is said about us."

"Nor need we be too solicitous to show that we have

been misunderstood, and go about explaining, apologizing and defending, as if there were no other way to demonstrate the purity of our motives, and the honesty of our lives. A character that cannot vindicate and clear itself of all aspersions by a simple, straightforward course of action will never get justice or appreciation by argument or appeal. And what if we even have to submit to be misunderstood, to have our purposes grossly misrepresented, our actions fully misjudged? There is nothing so terrible in all that. Conscious of our own integrity, with heart pure and hands clean before God, let the world judge us as it may—what matter? For, after all, it is not what people think of us, but what we are, that chiefly concerns us."

Was it the student's sympathy or the professor's philosophy that brought such a wonderful glow and radiance into Effie's tear-wet face suddenly turned to the light? With the swift, beautiful impulsiveness by which she so often startled us, and which cool, cautious people did not understand, and alert, suspicious people misconstrued, she flashed from her seat, and darting up to the professor, dipped her lovely head with the motion of a humming-bird, and touched her lips to his hand.

"God bless you," she said, in a fervor of gratitude.

"And, good angels guard you, my child," he responded in a quiet fatherly voice.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPEBERRY POTTS.

No. II.

THERE is many a girl called beautiful whose handsome face will not bear a good look at it. The features may be fine, and the complexion faultless, and to a careless observer she may be very pretty; but watch her awhile, wait until she is not talking, and until the smile is faded and the light of laughter gone from her sparkling eyes, then you'll see her as she is.

A face in repose tells the true story. It tells of a daughter whose selfishness is proverbial in the home circle; of cross words flung at her father and mother, of bitter taunts given to her brothers, of unkind treatment to her sisters, and of a jealous, captious, unhappy disposition, irascible, overbearing and self-important. That smooth pink and white face will tell all this, if it is hidden there at all.

When the features are in repose and the mind in its usual state, not elated or excited—if the girl is unlovable at home and not of a sunny disposition, the face assumes its everyday, stolid, sullen, ugly look, and a close observer cannot help but read it aright.

That sweet mouth settles down into a cold dissatisfied expression, it droops at the corners, the rosy cheeks hang sullenly, the eyes look as though there were hidden, back of them, really vicious, hateful thoughts.

We see such faces every day, and while we are sorry, we can't help feeling glad that "truth will out," that it is impossible for a handsome girl to hide an ugly disposition. It is good enough for 'em, too.

Let mothers teach their little daughters that every mark of ill-temper chisels itself into the features, defaces them, leaves its mark to remain through all time, not even to be removed from the face by death.

I often read one thing in pretty faces, and the girls don't know that I see it, but it is just as plain as is this written page before me. This is what I read:

"I think it is a shame that I, Flora Arabellie, should have to work just like a kitchen-girl! I do hate to drudge at milking and scrubbing and washing

dishes, and if there's one thing more than another that I despise, it is cooking, bending over the hot stove and ruining my complexion, and making my hands red and wide; just a complete drudge for those big boys and father and the young 'uns! It's a burning shame! I was born for something better, I feel it; but how can I rise when I am fettered thus?"

Pooh! nonsense! I guess when the world needs you you'll find your place. There has never yet been a man or a woman, filling high places, who did not come up, step by step, from a lowly estate.

Think of Lincoln, working for his board and clothes, and coming home Saturday nights and finding his mother banging away at the loom in the "lean-to" attached to her lowly cabin; of Sherman whose grand march "down to the sea" thrills all hearts, a little bound boy picking blackberries on the hills about Lancaster; of Farraday, marking off into seven divisions the loaf that was to last him a week; of our worthy President smelling nothing but leather, in his shop in Galena; of Greeley going to bed hungry, and of dozens of other cases, and be content to do your duty. If you do not fulfil your duty where you now are, you will not be apt to do it elsewhere.

I hesitated when I wrote *high places*, for it is a high place to be sister in a family of brothers.

No doubt, in the sight of angels, it is a higher place than the President's. So much depends on the sister. Sometimes I think her influence is more than the mother's because boys will make a confidante of a loving sister, in a way that they will not of their mothers. They can tell the sister everything, and she can soothe over their fancied insults, and exhort them to kindness and forgiveness, and she can make them more manly and noble and generous.

If I hear of a boy stealing, fighting, betting, racing, gambling, or getting drunk, the first thought of mine is that his sisters have been derelict in their duty.

So when Flora Arabellie makes an ugly face, and calls her daily duties, dirty drudgery, oh, I think

what a beautiful work is hers! if she only does it through love for her dear ones.

I call it an exalted work to cook good wholesome dinners, on time, to give the brothers clean under-clothing, and warm woolly socks and mittens, and see that they don't creep into beds not made, or only "spread up;" see that they have good books to read, that they use no vile or profane language, or slang phrases. Try and make their homes so attractive that they'll say: "there's not another spot on earth like this."

If father scolds, smoothe over and make allowance for his hastily spoken words, and do all in their power to make them temperance men, and upright, pious men who will reverence women.

Indeed I think the best way to make men venerate and think highly of women is for the sisters to set a good example themselves.

There is no end to a sister's duties; her work is far-reaching, and glorious in its good results.

I feel my eyes snap when I hear an upstart of a girl call housework drudgery; I see no such a thing as drudgery in this social life of ours, and the woman who calls the labor of love and duty, by that disrespectful word, is to be pitied.

I made a mistake last week and baked too many loaves of bread, and the day following I was sick and it was not carried down cellar, and now we have been eating dry bread..

The deacon helps me out of many a trouble by telling me how his grandmother used to do, in New Salem, Mass., when he was a little boy. He says she used to freshen dry loaves of bread even if they were a week or ten days old. I followed his direction and dipped a dry loaf two or three times in a pail of water, put it in the bread-pan in a moderately hot oven and let it remain half an hour, turning it over once, letting the heat of the oven gradually diminish, and the bread came out just as good as new. I was delighted with the plan and would recommend that only one loaf at a time be renewed. To save a trip down cellar with the loaf after supper, it may be wrapped in a damp towel.

We are all bird-lovers here at the deacon's, and I guess the brothers won't care if I tell how tenderly they woo the birds.

We killed a very fat cow yesterday, and when I went out to save the tripe, I saw one of the boys up in an apple tree with a hammer and nails, pecking away at something. I stole around and found that he had cut the udder in strips, and was nailing them to some of the big branches, out of the reach of prowling dogs and cats. That was for the little birds to eat all through the winter.

We always put the useless offal up in the trees for the birds, and the balance we leave on the ground covered in a way that nothing can reach it except the chickens. It is excellent food for laying hens.

When I was a little girl it was considered a fortnight's work to clean a tripe. I would rather clean

one now than to wash a bed-quilt, and this is the way I do it.

Let it be laid on boards to keep the outside clean. Shake the contents out well through a small hole, and put in about a pint of unslaked lime with two gallons of warm water. Place it in a tub of water and agitate fifteen or twenty minutes, or until the lime is well-slaked. The inside skin can then be scraped off. The lime takes out all odor and leaves the tripe nice and soft. Cut it up, wash it well, and keep it in a weak brine that is to be changed occasionally.

Broil it like steak, buttered and peppered, or, dip the pieces in melted butter and fry them. I am sure I cannot see why poor people who buy their meat, don't use tripe, when they can get them for nothing.

If I were a widow I'd show you how to manage. Whenever somebody killed a beeve I'd swoop down like a big buzzard.

I am pleased with the way Cousin Barbara manages little bib aprons. When they begin to break at the elbows she rips the sleeves out and changes them, the right to the left, and the left to the right, and that brings the worn place inside of the arm.

It takes no longer than to patch them and looks a great deal better.

Cousin Bab is a charming woman. I told you once about her coming to our house and hawling right out, because the hogs had gotten in and destroyed her flower-beds; well she has better judgment now, and Tucker, her husband, better appreciates her now than he did then. She can lead him by a single hair, and I believe the secret is, that she is always one way, calm, cool, self-poised, gentle in her sweet way of reproving, and there is never a frown on her brow. I often think it must belittle a wife and mother to let her family see her angry, her face red and distorted with passion, her voice shrill and sharp, and her moods frequently sulky ones, and, perhaps, I only surmise this—her language coarse and vulgar. I hope this latter is never the case. I don't know that it is.

If it is, dear ones, for her poor sake keep it a secret in the sacred bosom of the family. I know that trouble and trials not heroically borne, with sickness and shattered nerves, and a weak faith in God and man, might possibly result in this unhappy state. If so, be kind and careful, and let no word or deed of yours add a feather's weight to the burden she totters under in her weakness.

While Cousin Barbara was here I was showing her a blotch of ink on my white apron. I had soaked it in buttermilk, and smoked it over brimstone, and tried every way to get it out, but it only grew brighter. I was vexed when it happened. The deacon was hanging a rennet up over my head, and knocked down a bunch of pop corn and tipped the inkstand right over into my lap. It was a careless trick, and if I had been looking up I might have got hit in the mouth and been disfigured for life; might have

changed my smile, for which I am noted, into a horrible grimace.

Barbara said one of her girls had carried her ink-stand home from writing-school in her pocket, and it leaked, and quite ruined a white ruffled skirt. One of Tucker's aunts was visiting there and she soon took it out. She made a strong solution of oxalic acid, wet, and held the place over a current of steam, I think she said the tea-kettle with the boiling water only covering in part the base of the spout. Wash and scald well, and if the first application don't remove it, try again. This will also take out the stain of iron rust. Oxalic acid looks just like salts, so much so, that lately a poor wife, half-asleep in the early dawn, gave her sick husband a dose and killed him. I recommend that it be used and kept in a state of solution. Let the bottle be plainly labelled *poison*. As soon as any drug or acid, or medicine comes into house be sure you label it. Do it while you are sure that you are not mistaken in the correct name. And when a physician leaves medicine you should write on a slip of paper and put in the receptacle with the medicine, just what he said about it. If we are watching in the night with the sick, and are sleepy, or scared, we are very apt to make mistakes. I know that I cannot trust myself. I always write down the doctor's orders.

Hoh! hoh! I've just been out raking up and carrying in chips! I always feel myself to be on the safe side if I have a good heap of dry chips stored away. If I am in a hurry to make a cup of tea, or boil an egg, or toast a slice of bread, I only want a few dry twigs and a handful of chips. It is nonsense to waste good wood just for a little hurried fire that you only want for a few minutes.

So, every time the men cut a few sticks with an axe, send the little ones out to gather up every chip, and put them away in a dry place for mother. A child can show its love so charmingly this way, better than all the kisses they could give. It teaches them thrift, and economy, and good management, besides.

We've had a visitor for over a week, Cousin Becky Donaldson from Pa. She said she had been *dousey* (she don't mean dousey at all, at all; look in your dictionary and see) and she thought a jaunt out amongst her kin would brighten her up a little and make her feel better.

She has dyspepsia, and is low-spirited, and sunken-eyed, and nearly all her conversation is about murders, and burglars, and robbers, and people falling out of upper windows, and from scaffoldings. At night, all the curtains have to be drawn, and the blinds closed, and the door bolted, and the lights turned half down, and after we go to bed we are be-wought to peep around under things and "see if there isn't a man hidden somewhere."

She wants us to talk in whispers, and when we laugh to put our heads down under the blankets, or press the pillows over our mouths.

Now the girls and I always do our visiting at the table and after we go to bed, and sometimes we grow

so boisterous that the deacon has to rap his knuckles on the wall intimating, "less noise." But then he's always had to do that, ever since he had a family.

Time was, when the laughter would burst out, and he would have to take a stick of kindling-timber and cudgel the bed-clothes that covered us. We would all howl out; "oh, papa! I'll-never-do't-again—I'll-never-do't-again!" and try to make him think he was killing us, and then the laugh would burst out again by the time he would be snugly in bed.

Some mornings when we ask Becky how she feels, she will say: "my head aches bitterly!" or, "are you sure the blinds were all closed and fastened on the inside; I thought I heard some one at the shutters about midnight."

She will frequently groan right out in a good, strong, full voice, coming upon us as suddenly as a thunder peal in a calm, midsummer day.

Some days she will sit and sigh with her eyebrows raised and her mouth drawn down at the corners, and her thin transparent ears sticking out like handles on a cream crock. She will say then that she has the "blues most dretfully," and she will say it looking us right in the eyes, and not a bit ashamed. Now I think any woman ought to be ashamed to own that she has them, because they are the result of one or more of nature's laws violated, and the confession brands one as a coward, a glutton, or grossly intemperate. For a woman especially, this seems coarse, unwomanly, out of place.

Blues and headache are the horned bug-bears that stand squarely in Becky's path, and instead of meeting them bravely she quails before them.

Now, honestly, the right name for these triple foes to which she succumbs is indigestion—not half so pretty, or interesting, or romantic as blues and headache. That's just it! she violates a half dozen of nature's prime laws, and then goes whining about over low spirits and uncongeniality, and the deceitfulness of the world, and the stubborn blindness of people everywhere, and unappreciative friends, and all the time I believe the secret lies in her two cups of strong coffee, or the hearty dinner of boiled pot-pie that night as well have been boiled cloth or leather.

One who does not work at real labor, demanding muscular exercise, cannot with impunity eat a very hearty meal of strong food and not have an interesting headache, or a poetical spasm of the blues.

If one drops down on flowery beds of ease, she must not be surprised to feel the pricking of an occasional thorn. Nature cannot work well with any of her wheels locked.

The best preventive I ever found for the blues was to have my mind at work cheerfully, entirely, my heart full of hopeful thoughts, and my hands, and head, and feet, busy and moving.

Have the whole machinery a-going, and you may snap your fingers disdainfully at the first blue that peeps.

Have you nothing to work at?

Interest yourself in the case of a poor theological student, struggling to acquire an education. God

knows the whole world is sprinkled over with them long-faced, sad-eyed, in rusty and seedy clothes, denying themselves half the comforts we enjoy, calling them luxuries, and trying to think they can starve and suffer along without them.

That is the kind of men who are often in colleges, and seminaries in want of clothes and money, fighting their way, inch by inch, with poverty, and, too often in spite of their strongest efforts, growing bitter and misanthropic. This is a field to which one may direct energies that are rusting with the blues, energies that if rightly directed could be wrought into a strong and beautiful and exalted power.

Another good work for one who has the blues, is to collect money enough to buy a sewing-machine for a poor widow, dependant on her own exertions for the support of her family.

Then, there are poor children to be clothed, and wood-piles to be made before lowly doors, where none are now, and poor women to be instructed in the knack of managing, and planning; there is more charity in that sometimes than in merely giving—then there's a weak brother who can't stand the color of the wine in the cup without tasting it; he needs an encouraging word and a pat of congratulation on the shoulder.

And when you do talk temperance to a man, some things are to be avoided—don't say "I—I"—and "you—you," with your hands folded or your thumbs sticking in the arm eyes of your vest, say "we," and "my dear friend," and "my poor brother."

I have been told by reclaimed inebriates that when a man came to talk temperance and reform, it only exasperated them to see him stand up high and dry, and free from the vice, and say *you* instead of that sweet, tender plural *we* and *us*.

A poor man with the ban and the curse upon him needs to be approached carefully and kindly, and after the manner in which our Saviour dealt with the erring. He must not be made to feel that there is an impassable gulf between them, or a barrier that is insurmountable; the secret lies in putting one's self on a level with him, in remembering all the time that it is only through God's infinite grace, that he has not fallen even lower than his poor brother; he has the same passions, it may be, undeveloped, the same proneness to evil, but not the same weakness. We know not but:

"Unto the angels who love him,
He may be better and purer than you."

If you work kindly, and in good faith, and with sincere earnestness, and patience, and forbearance, your efforts may be rewarded, at least, you may assist him to take two steps forward and upward, and that is very good, even if he should slip back one step, be of good heart; it was a move in the right direction. Remember always to think kindly and to let,

"The sweet mantle of charity cover
Errors that only the infinite knows."

We little Pottas were brought up to reverence an intoxicated man.

Our father always had a weakness for drunk men; he never felt better than when he would find a half-frozen one. He would sling him on his shoulder like a sack of grain and come in with his prey, and warm him, and chafe him, and make him drink hot coffee, and then put him in the best bed, the one that had the white curtains about it.

Many a poor old fellow would waken in the morning, sober, and not have the slightest knowledge of how he came there. My mother heard one poor creature mutter once in the early morning light: "and this is Heaven?"

My gold pen rolled off the table the other day and stuck in the carpet. One point was twisted out, and one in. I said, "oh, my good Cousin-David-pen is ruined!"

Tarrey Taney, one of the students, was here getting out his Latin lesson with the girls, and he came running into the sitting-room saying: "Miss Potts, tinkering gold pens in my forte, let me look at it."

Would anybody believe it! He laid a piece of soft morocco on the desk, placed the pen on it, and gently rubbed down the back of it with a bit of cork; it straightened gradually, then he rubbed harder, and in a few minutes the pen was as good as ever. I was very grateful. I would not have given him one cent for it when he took it into his hands.

He says a gold-pen dealer told him once, that pens should occasionally be placed on soft leather and rubbed down the back with a cork, that it kept them in good order and the diamonds secure.

To take a peep into Deacon Potts's pantry you would think there wasn't much in it, but that is all owing to the late arrangements which we have just perfected.

The mornings were too cool to eat an early breakfast in the dining-room, and it was too much trouble to bring out the table. So we moved the pantry-table into the kitchen, and then we missed it and really couldn't spare it. I could have made a store box, tipped on its side, answer, but it would have to be moved when we would scrub. I studied about it two or three days, and at last it came to me.

The end of the pantry was just wide enough to take in the large cupboard and table. A chair-board runs all around. I had a shelf, two feet wide laid, one end and one side on that, and then a cleet screwed on to the cupboard to hold the other end of the shelf. It is a good arrangement. While we are using it we keep a brown paper cover on it, but after the work is all done up we lay a fresh newspaper over it—makes it nice and tidy.

I don't like to see pots and kettles in sight in a pantry; if other women don't, and they have no sink with door to hide them, they can try my plan.

Take a store-box about eighteen inches deep, nail two cleets inside, set it up on one end with the back to the wall, then fit a shelf in on the cleets, mind that you measure correctly, before you saw off the length so as to make a good fit. Stand this in a corner of

your pantry. Now you want a top to it, which will be made of a board longer and wider than the upper end of the box is.

Make a curtain of dark calico, run a stout cord through the wide hem of it, and tack it on around the edge of the top cover. If to be used daily, spread a paper over it, if not, something nicer.

Cooking utensils are unsightly and it is gratifying to have them covered in such an innocent way.

I know how to make all kinds of improvised furniture, and nothing pleases me better than to flourish carpenter's tools, and make blocks, and shavings, and new things. None of my furniture stands very close inspection however. I remember one time, years ago, of trying to cover the gray stone mantle above the old fire-place, with boards. I had nothing to nail to, and my poor womanly ingenuity suggested nothing better than to bore holes in some linn planks, put strings through, and hang them up over the stones, one tied to another.

I was very tired at night with lifting boards, and reaching higher than my head, and boring, and working to such a disadvantage, but the gray stones were covered, and I sat and looked admiringly at my own handiwork. I had pasted paper over them so the men would not laugh at my work.

Just before bed-time, as we all sat about the fire, with good will toward everybody warming our hearts—suddenly there came upon us a sound like the breaking up of ice, a clashing and a crashing, and down came the whole structure.

The Pottases made their coat tails fly through the air. I only wonder now that there was a pot left to tell the tale. It just grazed the back of the deacon's head and shoulders, and smashed in a tea kettle that stood on the stove near by, frightened the brothers, waked the baby, and made the cat's tail look as big as a box.

The dust and ashes and cinders flew, and the words spoken were not much to the credit of the amateur carpenter.

A curtain, say two widths wide of calico across the corner of the kitchen, or pantry, may be made to cover things on a row of shelves things unsightly, or meant to be covered from the gaze, or dust, or to make a cosey appearance. This is a good suggestion where you have not as much room as you really need. Try it and see.

I have learned some things about the temperature of water that all young housekeepers may not know. If you put any kind of meat on to cook in hot water it toughens it, and extracts all the nutriment, but it will enough if you want the water for soup or gravy.

If you put it on to cook in boiling water, it softens it and does not bring out the nutritious juices into the water.

— Just so if washing a discolored tablecloth; drop it into boiling water and it brings out the stains, into hot water and it sets them.

— If cooking meat that is strong or too salty, put it on to cook in cold water, and leave it in until the

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I received a letter lately from a lady who has kept house twenty-four years. Her penmanship was bold and brave, and showed uncommon energy. That letter was an open window into one woman's soul, and its earnest tone did me good.

When she sees this she will know that I thank her most cordially. Some of the suggestions in her letter are timely. She says: "I prefer to wash on Monday, then if I had a spell of headache, or company, or anything goes wrong, I have the satisfaction of knowing that my week's washing is done anyhow. Sometimes if it is stormy and I cannot hang out my clothes, I do not leave them in the rinse and finish Tuesday, but wring out and starch as usual, spread the brown towels in the bottom of the clothes basket, then lay in the other clothes, press down, lap the ends of the towels over the top, and set the basket in the cellar. In winter they do not freeze, and in summer do not dry next the basket. Of course colored clothes cannot be thus treated."

During this cold weather do not forget the chickens. Put all your scraps, crusts, cold potatoes, apple cores, little bits of meat, scrapings of the dough try, old biscuits, mouldy pies, little dribs off the breakfast plates, and everything eatable in a kettle kept handy to the kitchen. Add a quart or so of water, warm all up together, and when soft and broken up, thicken with corn-meal, put in a good sprinkling of pepper, and feed your chickens well.

Give them fresh water to drink. It seems to me if we give our chickens a warm feed once a day in cold weather, they may not die if the epidemic comes around next summer. I refer to flocks of one or two hundred—they could not be so well kept as could a dozen or so.

I was pleased with a bit of economy that I saw practiced lately at the breakfast-table of a couple of student girls. They had to study hard, and were obliged to economise time. Instead of a tablecloth their plain fare was laid out upon a *New York Tribune*. That saved a little washing, and was quite as nice as a tablecloth. They said a *Tribune* would last them a

ARTHUR

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knows the whole world is springier than their in-long-faced, sad-eyed, in rustier hair cut short. They ing themselves half the late style of dressing it de-them luxuries, and then they could give and keep it and suffer along with it.

That is the kind of a girl that was formerly a student of Bub's when ing their abroad, stayed with us one night a few often in go.

and now here at Pottsville we don't stand much on ceremony; the conventionalities of society don't hamper us one bit, this being the case I had no hesi-tancy in stepping up and feeling of her coat, and commending its fit, and asking for the pattern. And now see what I found out to tell you, poor girls and school-ma'ms whose dollars are running short. She told me it was one that she had worn for three con-secutive winters, and this winter, tired of it she had laid it away, but when she knew of her visit up here she began to look about for some kind of an outer garment.

She was a poor school-teacher the daughter of a widow, and she didn't feel able to buy anything new. She took the old gray coat out of the closet, and figured awhile and decided to make something new out of it, which she did by turning, cutting over into new style, putting on new trimming, new buttons, etc. It was a very neat garment and the color harmonized with her best dress.

I told her such economy was commendable, and I did wish there was more of it put in practice.

"We never let anything wear out at our house," said she; now she lives at Uncle's and she uses all his old coats to make new sacques out of. She makes real servicable and neat garments out of them after he tosses them aside.

The body and skirts and sleeves of a good-sized coat nicely sponged and pressed, and maybe turned wrong side out, will be found to contain a good deal of nice cloth. Sometimes with a little fixing the sleeves will be the right size already.

To add the finishing touches to a sacque, you sometimes need a bias strip or two of farmer's satin, or silk velvet, or a little trimming of pinked silk, or or fine merino, perhaps stitched or with thread of another color.

I liked the girl's spirit, and though she came from an obscure yet intelligent country village of perhaps twenty houses, I was not at all surprised to learn that she was reading Cæsar, and was well advanced in mathematics.

Whatever you undertake to make, girls, don't slight it because your materials are not new; and after you have made new coats, or wraps, be careful to fold them neatly when you take them off—that is the secret of keeping one's clothes looking fresh and new.

So many girls will throw a shawl across a chair back and pile other things on it, and when they are ready the next morning to put it away, it will be found stretched corner-wise, and creased and broken most shamefully.

I know of a white crape shawl that has been worn seventeen summers, and it is still folded in the first fresh fold—has no marks of a human neck in the centre of it, running cornerwise either, and not a stain except one little dot that seems as if made by the dainty touch of a baby's greasy finger tip.

The black Thibet shawl that I have worn to ordinations, and conventions, and protracted-meetings, and associations, for thirteen years, is still folded as when I bought it. It is just as good as new only for one place in the fringe. I was riding to covenant-meeting that time with Deacon Skiles, and when he sprang, kind of nimble-like, out of the buggy, my shawl fringe was caught on one of his buttons. It pulled me sprawling down into the buggy with my calash on the fore wheel. The button wouldn't let go. I was crumpled all up in a heap like a bundle of dried goods, and couldn't help myself at all.

But the deacon took out his knife and cut off the belligerent button. I knew that was a bad sign, then. I didn't care so much for the silk fringe, but I did hate to have people mistrust that I'd been sitting alongside of the deacon—near enough for my fringe and his coat button to get into a snarl.

I was afraid it wa'n't proper for a woman in good standing in the regular Baptist church. Every time I look at that shawl I sigh and think I will let the dead past bury its dead—let by-gones be by-gones; I'm sure if he can be happy with the likes of Rhoda Bowles, I can be happy without him. I really believe with the poet that "there's as good fish in the sea as these out of it."

THE FOOT BRIDGE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

THROUGHOUT the long hours of the day
How many tread its yielding plank,
That safely bear them on their way
Across the stream to either bank.

A motley throng, perhaps in haste
To chase their phantom, though it flies,
Once grasping it they hope to taste
The blissful joys of Paradise.

And yet, what thoughts beat through the brain
In time with footsteps fast or slow,
What hopes they carry in their train,
Or what unrest, we may not know.

Could all their fancies take dim form,
And hover in the ambient air,
How strange and sad would be the charm,
That little quiet bridge would wear.

But to that bridge who will repairs,
And passing leaves no other trace,
Than that which constant treading wears
Upon its hard enduring face.

Yet on our varied way in life
We leave the marks where we have been,
Disclosing in the restless strife
The silent path we tread within.

LAY SERMONS.

THIS UNEVEN WORLD.

BY J. E. —.

"NOW look at that fellow," said one poor man to another, as they walked home together; "Don't he take his ease? Nothing to do but ride around in his carriage and look after his money. If he wants a thing he buys it. If his children need shoes they have them, and he lives on the fat of the land every day. Isn't it a mighty unequal world?"

"Not so very, Hugh. I'll warrant he has troubles and distress enough of some sort."

"But nothing like mine, I can tell you. To be always so cramped and crowded for money is a harder burden than he has ever had, I'll venture."

"You think you would trade with him even, do you—just take his situation out and out, and give him yours?"

"Yes, if I could take my family with me."

"Ah, that's not in the bargain. His wife, I am told, is a shrew."

"I'm thankful I have the advantage of him there. If it wasn't for Mary's sweet, cheerful temper, I don't know how we should bear our poverty."

"Then his oldest son is a cripple."

"My Bob is straight and robust as that pine tree. It's something to be thankful for, Mason, that one's children are all sound and healthy, isn't it, though?"

"I should think so. That rich man sometimes sits up whole nights in hard study over his business affairs, while you are soundly, comfortably sleeping, Hugh. More than that; I know he is sometimes nearly distracted to raise five thousand dollars or so that must be had, feeling more cramped for money than ever you did in your life."

"Well, well, it may not be quite so uneven a world as we think for. But I am hungry enough for my good supper, if it isn't made of roast turkey and cranberry sauce. There come the children, running to meet me; so good night, neighbor, I hope you have as good a welcome waiting for you."

HOW TO LEARN SELF-DENIAL.

BY MRS. J. E. McCAUGHY.

"COUSIN Aggie, you are a mystery to me. How you ever manage to live I do not know, with so much sickness always in your home. Your husband was an invalid for years; poor Harry must needs break a leg, to enjoy your good nursing; little Carrie has had her 'ups and downs' pretty steadily all her little life, and now your husband's niece is with you, wasting with consumption, and taking all your leisure, just when it seemed as though you might take a little rest."

"Hush, Jenny dear, and don't complain of poor Hattie. She is here by my express invitation. The poor child has no other home, and what can she do without one. She is so comfortable and happy here, it is reward enough for all the care I give her."

"I don't complain, Aggie: I only wonder you cannot love sound sleep and ease and comfort as I do, for instance, or you could not bear it."

"Ah, Jenny dear, it is a good thing to bear the yoke

in one's youth. I never could have done half as well by my dear ones, if I had not served a long apprenticeship in self-denial in my early days. It don't matter much how the experience comes, so the lesson of self-denial is learned. It was just as hard for me as for any one, I assure you. I rebelled against it, and fretted under it for a time, but at last it grew easy."

"Taking up the same burdens daily, they at last become so much, a habit that you feel lost without them. I cannot tell you how I missed my brother's little boy when they moved away to the West. I had taken almost the sole care of him for a year, and no one thought I could save his life. He was always so wakeful and restless, I had little sleep with him, but it was a joy to see him grow stronger and heartier all the time. He has since become a very robust boy, they write me. After Allie went away I could hardly sleep for a long time. I missed the care so much. He kept me awake more when absent than when with me. It was my lot, Jenny, to have much care and labor for others in my childhood and girlhood, and it has been my preparation for the life-work God had in store for me."

"Self-denial cannot come to us by precept; we must have the sharp, hard practice, or we shall not attain it. It is a great blessing to have the lessons taught early before the opposite habits are fixed, for it is hard to take them up in later life. God has given us all abundant means of putting the great lessons of self-sacrifice. He has taught us into daily practice. The way to do good is open to every one, and we need to walk in His footsteps, who pleased not Himself. So shall we be His disciples."

SICK, AND YE VISITED ME.

MANY Christian women, anxious to do good, yet waste their time and effort in idle musings and wishings, while no decisive step is taken. If they were in such or such circumstances, they felt that they could do much for the benefit of society.

Now, there is a simple means by which almost every one can benefit the community in which she lives. This is by unceremonious personal calls. It does not require extra dressing and decorating to call on a poor neighbor, yet often such a little attention may be a means of great benefit to them, and a source of lasting gratitude.

It is impossible to appreciate the illness, the poverty or suffering in any form of another, except we see it. We may hear of it and sigh over it, but we shall rarely be stirred up to do something for it, except it come under our personal observation.

"The Lord show mercy unto the house of Onisaphoras," writes Paul, "for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain."

The call of this good man upon him, when he was a prisoner and needy, was remembered by Paul with gratitude, and made the occasion of this earnest prayer to God for a blessing upon him.

From many a full heart may go up such prayers for you and yours, if you will but show like kindness to those in need. It will refresh and bless your own heart by the exercise of this charity, besides bringing down a direct blessing from Him who takes note of all your ways.

RELIGIOUS READING.

PRAYER FOR NATURAL BLESSINGS.

I HAVE been asked the question, "Is it right and of any avail to pray for natural blessings?" The question has probably been often asked, at least mentally, by many pious and reflecting persons. But it does not seem easy to give a direct answer to the question in a few words. Every one must pray according to his own state, and according to his conceptions of what God is, and what He requires of us. What would be right and useful for one person, and in one state of mind, might not be right for another, or in a different state. But any prayer, reverently and humbly offered, is better than none at all.

As a general rule, and under ordinary circumstances, I conceive that it is not necessary to pray for specific natural blessings; first, because our Lord has promised that to those who seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all other needful things shall be given; and our Heavenly Father knows what things we have need of before we ask Him. And, secondly, because we do not and cannot know what things will be real blessings for us to receive, and are constantly liable to be mistaken when we suppose we know. Still, it is a duty to commit our natural and worldly affairs to the divine care in our prayers, and to ask for aid in the performance of our worldly duties, whatever it may be that we need therein.

But my correspondent asks further: "If we pray for a desirable good, humbly, and in submission to the divine will, will not such prayer tend to produce such a state that the good may be a blessing, and so come?"

I suppose that all true prayer is from God; that is, that He leads the humble and devout heart to make supplication for such good things as He is ready and desirous to give. How can it be otherwise with Him who is in the Lord, and lives from the Lord? And He may sometimes lead us to ask of Him the natural good things which He is intending to bestow. He may, and sometimes does, I believe, place us in such circumstances as to make it seem a duty not to be neglected, and a breach of our trust in His fatherly kindness, not to ask for such things. But we must then be in a state to ask them, not for our own sake, but for the Lord's sake, and for the sake of the use to which they are to minister.

Again, when we are in peril for our lives, it is to be deemed not only a duty to use all proper and possible means of escape and safety, but also to ask the divine assistance in our efforts. And why? Because our life in this world is a divine gift, which it is our duty to preserve and care for to the best of our ability, not so much for our own sake, as for the sake of our use in the world which the Lord gives us to perform here, and which He requires of us as worthy and faithful servants. And just in proportion as we acknowledge and feel ourselves to be His servants shall we be ready to accept the alternative of life or death at His hands, not wishing to choose for our own sake whether we shall serve Him in this world or in another.

But suppose we are saved; of how much avail was our prayer toward our escape? Perhaps much, in disposing us to receive from above the necessary wisdom and prudence to use the means of safety which were at hand; or in preserving us from the trepidation and distraction

which would have disqualified us for employing them; or in still other ways; and again, perhaps, very little, or none at all. None, certainly, we may presume, in inducing the Lord to provide for our safety, which He was intending to grant before our prayer was offered, while the very prayer itself was, if we may so speak, a reflection of His divine mercy upon ourselves, an inspiration from the same almighty love which wrought the deliverance. And this may have been brought to pass entirely without aid from human exertions, so that our gratitude to God, and our trust and faith in Him, may be all the stronger. But in either case, the soul that would humbly commit itself to God's care in the time of peril, will be the one that will most sincerely and heartily thank Him for the deliverance; and as the final and real end of prayer is to bring us nearer to God, and more fully into the acknowledgment of His providence, that end is gained in either case.

But again, suppose that our bodily life shall, after all, perish in the impending calamity, will our prayer have been in vain? Good men as well as bad ones lose their lives by shipwrecks and earthquakes; and does the Lord lead them to pray for things which He will not grant? He may permit it, just as He permits us to do many other things which we never should do, or should do very differently, could we foresee the consequences. But is prayer always in vain that is not answered in precisely the terms we pray for? Is it in vain if it strengthens our faith and trust in Him to whom we commit our ways? Is it in vain if we receive more and better than we ask? It is right, and just, that we should seek to preserve our natural life; but if the Lord should see fit to take it away now, shall we not be satisfied to find, when we awake in the land of immortality, that we have not really died, but that the Lord has given us a better life than that which He took away, and shall we not then thank Him that He has brought us thither?

Every one must be able to see that he who prays in a spirit of genuine piety, and humility, whether it be for natural or spiritual blessings, will feel that he is not dictating to the divine wisdom what it shall do for him, but will trust his Father in Heaven to do what His wisdom shall see fit, whether it accords with our wishes and expectations or not. If regeneration and eternal life be what we are seeking first of all, we shall surely claim that our Lord shall so answer our prayers as to aid in these uses, and lead us nearer toward Heaven, whether He grant what we suppose we need or not.

But though it may be at least sometimes proper, and may even seem to be a duty, to pray for natural good things, it may be presumed that the state in which we are inclined to do so is comparatively a low and external one. If we were in an elevated and spiritual state, we should be thinking little of external things, and still less of making them special subjects of prayer to Him who has them all in His care, and who will surely dispose them for our good, so far as we do not resist and thwart His purposes.

We must, however, pass through low and external as well as elevated states, and we must pray in states when spiritual life is feeble and flickering, as well as when it is active. And even our best states are so much tempered

with selfishness, that God must see much of it to forgive and excuse, as well in our prayers as the other acts of our life. To pass through these states, and to pray in them, in the best manner we can, is a necessary means of coming into higher and better states. We must not ne-

glect prayer or other spiritual duties now, because we are not good enough to do them acceptably. If we do, we never shall become good enough. An acknowledgment that we lack goodness is a sufficient qualification for prayer that the Lord will hear.—*D. H. H., in N. J. Mess.*

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

INSINCERITY OF SPEECH.

BY J. M'O.

A LADY was once expressing great regret that her daughters took no interest in religion. They seemed to have little faith or confidence in any one's professions regarding it. This seemed inexplicable to the mother, "when their early training was considered."

It was not so remarkable to a friend, who happened to be for a time an inmate of the family. A lady called one day, and was received with the greatest warmth and apparent pleasure. When she proposed going, she was urged to remain longer, and many expressions were used which seemed to imply a great enjoyment of her company. But no sooner had she left than the lady's tone changed entirely. She criticised her visitor unsparingly, and spoke of her annoyance at the protracted call. There sat the young daughters, listening to both conversations. No wonder they did not have faith in a religion whose very groundwork should be truth. The mother's example was a more powerful teacher to them than her words.

We should be especially careful how we greet the people our children have heard us criticise. We may lose our influence over them for all good by a little insincerity.

"Did you really think it was pretty, mother?" asked a young lady, respecting a piece of fancy work the mother had been admiring with much enthusiasm; "or did you only say so?"

Never let your children be for a moment in doubt on such a point. Oh, these sharp little eyes, that watch us so closely! "What manner of persons ought we to be," where so much is involved for their future? If we would have them hollow and heartless, with no faith in their fellow-men, we have but to show a little insincerity in our daily life. The lesson will take deep root and bear its bitter fruit.

BOYS.

THERE is an article bearing the above title in a recent number of the *Christian Union*, under the signature & C. H., which is so excellent in its ideas and suggestions in regard to the management of that troublesome portion of humanity, that we give it almost entire:

"Emily, bring your brother his slippers," has grown to be a proverb in one family, to express the climax of masculine inefficiency and of feminine indulgence. This, too, in a family where there is great courtesy between brothers and sisters, and a certain chivalric protection of the boy over the girl "out of doors." But within doors the boy, so sturdy and ready elsewhere, is a marvel of clumsy helplessness. Tablecloths slide before him; books and china fall with crashes to the floor; overturning chairs and work-baskets, out of doors he goes, with a whisp and a bang, leaving chaos behind him for sisterly hands to remedy.

Or, if a quiet boy, addicted to fireside lounging, he may watch the household movements from a corner of his

eye. He will come if you call him, to hold a skein of silk for your winding, but does it ever occur to him to spring forward and help with the heavy coal-scuttle coming into the room?

It is all the fault of his mother, doubtless, that he has learned this indifference to the weary work going on before his eyes. A country boy, in the wide, open kitchen of a breezy farm-house, may indeed be the hewer of wood and drawer of water, and take his part indoors as well as out. But the city boy belongs to the privileged class. He is waited on from morning till night, not only by the servants, but by sisters and mother.

In those small, smoothly-running establishments, where the women of the family give their time and strength to the home-keeping, the boys, the sons, are as young princes. They come home from school or from the store, tired enough, it may be, but the sisters and mother are tired too! The boys, at least, have had the stimulus of out-door life and air, while perhaps the family needs have kept the girls at work through the long afternoon hours.

What then? The boy spends his evenings over the newspaper, or lounges on a sofa, or goes "out," while the women clear away the tea-things, and get out the mending basket when all else is done.

The great difficulty, the absolute incompetence of "strikes" and Eight-hour Laws to grapple with the Labor Question comes home to every fireside. It was well and graphically put by the London *Punch*, in a fine cartoon last year. Time—Nine o'clock at night. The conventional British workman sits over his steaming supper, the mug of beer to his hand and his pipe laid ready for lighting, while in the dark background his wife, on her knees, is mopping up the floor. This hard-working female, evidently driven to the limit of endurance, thus expresses herself:

"Got your nine hours? Much good may it do you! I've been at work for fifteen, and hain't done yet!"

"Strikes" are of small use in her case; there is no tariff of wages for her toiling hours; nor would she have it so. As in the exact realms of science, the treasured epics of an older world are turned over rudely and thrust aside; so into the province of the emotions the exact sciences cannot come. There is no alchemy for a mother's love, no coinage of sisterly devotion, nor, within our finite comprehension, any possible scale of prices current for the bonds that hold a home.

Must we then go on forever with the women of the household bearing heavy burdens, while the masculine shoulders strip off all care with the overcoat, and come in, at night, as audience to the last act of the play?

We must begin at the beginning. One of the most scholarly men I ever knew, a close student of law and of life, had a keen comprehension of the way home matters go.

"Why should that poor, tired-out housemaid, who has been at the wash-tub all day, go out into the rain to-

night for oysters for me? Give me the basket; I will bring home my supper, the steak, or whatever else is needed; yes, and cook it myself on the chafin-dish, so that all you weary women may go to bed."

Did the fine critical faculty, which distinguished this scholar among his fellows, suffer any while the steak was cooking, crisp and rare? Rather it was the critical faculty, brought to bear on the little things of life, that rendered him thus a master of the situation.

"No man," so ran his creed, "unless he be a day-laborer, stiffened and saddened by coarse work, has a right to sit calmly lounging, or listlessly looking through smoke-wreaths, while a tired woman brings in wood for the fire or heaps up heavy coals on the grate. I am a bachelor, and know of nursery-life only the muffled sounds; but when I spend an evening with a married friend, and hear him quietly discuss the prospects of the nation, while overhead a weary wife is audibly wrestling with cross and crying babies, I wonder at the manly indifference he manifests.

"Is it, I ask, with stammering anxiety, 'that the children are ill?'

"Oh, no; it's the same every night! Mary can hardly ever come down to me before nine o'clock!"

"Come down to me!" the bachelor inwardly ejaculates. "Had I a wife!"

We must indeed begin at the beginning. Had that indifferent paterfamilias been trained as a boy to notice what was around him, to bear a hand in the little things of home, very possibly he, too, might have tried his luck at soothing the crying babies. Very possibly he might not have enjoyed his newspaper, or the last review, quite so keenly in the parlor stillness, while the hushing and coaxing and rocking went on overhead.

Why should we teach our boy that he is to be a mere whistling, romping, tearing and wearing member of the household, while his own sisters or women-servants work around him from weary chime to chime?

It is not necessary to define the limits, "thus far shalt thou go and no further." Every thoughtful mother can adapt her instructions to the need, or to the strength and deftness of her boy.

Why should he not make his own bed at times? Harry, Miss Edgeworth's Harry, in "Harry and Lucy," used to do it, and what was more, to the best of my recollection, his father showed him how! A very picture of a manly boy he was, growing up evidently to be a Gay Lussac or a Prince Rupert of our day.

Why should the boy leave his room a howling wilderness of boots and bats and inky pocket-handkerchiefs? If he be made occasionally to set it to rights himself, to get a dust-pan and sweep up the sticks and stuff, he will at least have an intelligent comprehension, another time, of the cost of the confusion.

Teach him all the graceful little *convenances*, how to deport himself before his elders, and the courtesy he owes to ladies, old and young; but teach him, also, why he is better fitted to carry home the heavy basket than Sophy, the servant-maid, and when he should lend a helping hand to women, young or old.

We hear a great deal of imperfect sympathies, now-a-days, as a sort of bitter drop in the cup of wedded life. These imperfect sympathies are charged generally, we believe, to the account of the masculine race. Tomes of poetry and hecatombs of bleeding hearts are laid to the charge of this new disorder.

Why else does Laura whine through sixteen stanzas,

or Clothilde rack herself through as many prose pages, but that she has given her heart where no response is, her life to *ce monstre*!

The disillusion of married life! Shall we lay all the blame on our grown-up boys? When the *cara sposa* discovers that the cakes and caramels of courtship are succeeded by tough butchers' bills and sloppy servant-maids; when after the day's fret and worry is over, her dear Charles lends her but an indifferent ear, and is surprised that she is so very used up and complaining, we must go back, not only to Clothilde's childhood, but to that of Charles, as well.

She may, or may not, have the cook-book by heart; but very sure, he is ignorant as a wild Indian of the cost of the home. He may foot it up, in dollars and cents, it is true; but of the *forces*, the physical labor, the executive energy, the moral balance required to keep all things even, he has not the remotest idea.

Teach him, then, O mother of romping Charlie, before that possible daughter-in-law comes upon the scene, that fine sense of fitness and order, that intelligent observance of the household machinery, that will make him charitable and helpful in season, and *sympathetic* always.

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

EVERY year thousands of infants perish victims to the use of soothing syrups. Every generation tens of thousands of children grow up only to enter the career of the drunkard, or suffer the prolonged death-in-life of the opium-eater, who can trace their vices and miseries to the same cause.

It is a frequent practice among mothers to give anodynes of some sort to their infants when fretful or ailing. Some mothers make a daily and habitual practice of the use of some favorite or widely-advertised nostrum. Now it is Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup; again it is Godfrey's Cordial; or it may be Dewee's Carminative; or possibly Paragoric, plain and undisguised. Those mothers who use the latter are probably in the minority; but there are numbers of women who would shrink with horror from giving their infants opium in any form, who yet administer the other medicines without scruple, believing them perfectly harmless.

We have before us an article written by a California physician who gives two instances of death, which came recently within his practice, from the use of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. He adds that it is impossible to estimate the number of children who are sent to the grave by the use of this nostrum alone. He says: "There are very few children at the age of six months who would not be poisoned to death were they to take the syrup as directed (namely: six months old and upward, one teaspoonful three or four times a day until free from pain), unless a tolerance of the drug be induced by its previous administration in small doses. The morphia in a teaspoonful of soothing syrup is equal to about twenty drops of laudanum. Here we have thousands of mothers and nurses, ignorant alike of the ingredients and the effects of this deadly nostrum, directed to give a child six months old morphia equal to twenty drops of laudanum, while a physician would not dare to give a child of that age more than three drops."

Dewee's Carminative has long been considered among the best of quieting medicines for infants, and we have heard it recommended by those who use it, "because," they said, "it has no opium in it." There was never a greater mistake. We have not the recipe for the Carmin-

ative before us, so we cannot give its ingredients with their exact proportions; but we have seen the recipe, and we know that it does contain opium in some form. The mother who gives this or any other of the advertised cordials or carminatives to her babe, may stand prepared for its early death, or else expect to see it grow up with a ruined nervous system.

It is said that the use of opium is fearfully on the increase in this country. Who can tell how much this state of things is due to the use of morphia in its disguised form during infancy! The early use of this drug will naturally lead, as the child increases in years, to the use of tobacco, opium or alcohol, to satisfy a morbid and depraved appetite. There is another point in the case which every one should consider. Those only who have been addicted to the use of opium, and attempt to leave off, and those who have been actual witnesses of such attempt in others, know the dreadful suffering—the utter nervous prostration, and untold agony of mind and body—which attends the breaking of this habit. What refinement of cruelty it is that inflicts this suffering upon a child! Yet, as the use of these anodynes is abandoned when the child emerges from infancy, there is no shadow of doubt that it is made to undergo all the tortures experienced by the opium-eater who is striving to free himself from the iron bonds of habit. Only in the latter case

the habit is generally relinquished gradually, and the misery, though somewhat prolonged, is rendered less intense; while in the former there is no system adopted in giving up these medicines. All is hap-hazard. The dose is neither decreased nor given at longer intervals. It may be abandoned suddenly, and then after the worst has passed and the system begun to recover from the effects of the drug, another dose, given for some trifling ailment, will place the child back at the starting-point with all the misery to endure over again. Again we say, what refinement of cruelty!

An infant well cared-for, properly fed, frequently bathed, comfortably dressed, used to regularity in sleeping and eating, and allowed plenty of fresh air, will need no soothing syrup when it is well. If it becomes sick, drugs should be administered on the prescription of a doctor alone.

Mothers have a fearful responsibility in this matter. Not only have they the present comfort of their little ones in their keeping, but they have their future well-being to consider; nay, even life and death are in their hands. As mothers would not sorrow over little graves; as they would wish to rear children to a noble manhood and womanhood, free from perverted appetites which lead to vice, let them beware of these Infant Exterminators. They are evil and evil only.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE WALKING LEAF.

"WHAT'S that?" asked Katy, looking up from the doll-baby she was dressing. "A walking leaf, did you say?"

"Yes, I said a walking leaf," replied Uncle Herbert, speaking like one who meant what he said.

"I've seen a leafy," laughed Katy, "but I don't believe anybody ever saw a leaf walk."

"Here it is—you can see for yourself," answered Uncle Herbert, holding out the book he was reading.

"Oh, that's nothing but a great bug or beetle!" exclaimed Katy.

"It's the 'Walking Leaf' for all that, little puss! Don't you see the name under it?"

"Does it make a bug a leaf to call it so, uncle?"

"Maybe not."

"Of course it doesn't; Uncle Herbert; and I'd like to know what the man who made this book meant by it?"

"Oh, that is easily enough explained. The animal so nearly resembles a leaf that it is often mistaken for one,

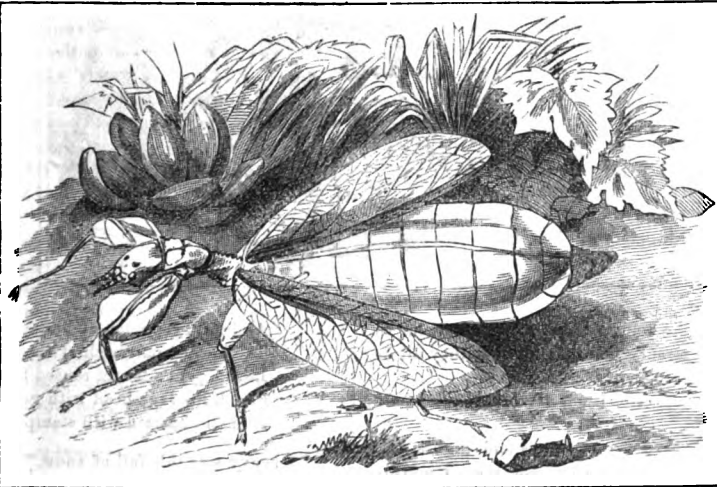
and naturalists—that is, those who are curious about the various objects in nature, examine them closely and write about them—have given it the name you find in the book."

"Well, I don't see that it looks like a leaf," said Katy.

"You would think differently if you saw one of these insects with its wings closed over its body and the animal at rest on the ground. Then you would be almost sure it was a leaf."

"Anyhow, I don't see any use in making a big bug or fly look like a leaf," said Katy.

"Don't you, indeed? Well, I guess there is



good reason for it. Would you like to know?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, every animal has its enemy that seeks to destroy it. Or, in other words, every animal that lives is the natural food of some other animal. Now, to each is given a weapon of defence, or some means of disguise or protection, in order that the weaker ones may not be utterly destroyed by the stronger. The bee stings, while the hare trusts to its swift feet for safety. Some animals

feign death to mislead their enemies, while others throw out a strong odor to drive them away in disgust. There is a butterfly, which on alighting so nearly resembles a leaf that the birds pass it by, without dreaming of the dainty morsel they have missed."

"Oh, but that is nice!" cried Katy, clapping her hands.

"And it is the same with this 'walking leaf.'"

"And that is nice, too?" added Katy. "Oh, now I see! Now I understand. Isn't it wonderful?"

"The world is full of wonders," replied Uncle Herbert. "We have only to open our eyes to find them all around us."

WINTER IN THE COUNTRY.

"THIS farm-yard scene is pleasant to look upon, even though it is midwinter, with the snow lying deep on everything and the air frosty and keen, because the cattle are well cared for, and the woman who is milking and the man who is feeding them are warmly clad."

So said Uncle Herbert, as he held a winter picture in his hand and talked to the group of children who had gathered round him.

"Don't people in the country sometimes get snowed up in their houses?" asked little Nelly.

"Yes, away in the North."

"So that they can't get out?"

"Not until they have dug paths through the snow."

"What splendid fun that must be!" exclaimed one of the boys.

"There is a beautiful poem by Whittier, called 'Snow-bound,'" said Uncle

Herbert, "in which he tells us how, when a boy, he was snowed up in his father's house, and how they all dug paths through the drift."

"Oh, read it for us! Do, Uncle Herbert!" cried half a dozen eager voices.

"It had snowed hard for two days and nights," said Uncle Herbert. "How it looked on the second morning the poet tells us." And he read—

"And when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sight of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers

Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift that once was road;
The bridge-post an old man sat,
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

"A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: 'Boys, a path!'
Well pleased (for when did farmer-boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And where the drift was deepest, made

A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish that luck was ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speck'd harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,

And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The horned patriarch of the sheep—
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep—
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot."

"So heavy was this fall of snow," said Uncle Herbert, as he ceased reading, "that all the roads for many miles around were blocked up, and no neighbor reached the snow-bound family for several days. Let me read you what the poet says of the third night and morning:

"And while with care our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,



With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

"Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedstead rock.
We heard the loosened clap-boards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost:
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snow-flakes fall.

"Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear,
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hill-side treading slow
We saw the half-buried
oxen go,
Shaking the snow from
heads upmost,
Their straining nostrils
white with frost.
Before our door the strug-
gling train
Drew up, an added team
to gain."

"Is that all of it?" asked
little Nelly, who had listened
with wide-open eyes.

"No," answered Uncle
Herbert.

"Won't you read more?"

"If you would like to have
me do so, I will read the
whole poem. It won't take long, and I think you will
enjoy it very much."

"Oh, please do!" they all cried.

And Uncle Herbert read for the children the whole of
Whittier's "Snow-bound," one of the sweetest poems in
the language.

It was an evening long remembered by the children,
who entered into the spirit of the poem, and enjoyed it
even more than Uncle Herbert thought they would.

The same pleasure is in store for hundreds of family
groups this winter. Get a copy of "Snow-bound," if it
is not already in your library, and have it read aloud for
young and old on some stormy night, when the snow
beats against your windows. You will find a new en-
joyment.

OUR LILA.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

She came on a Christmas morning—

The darling! years ago;

With eyes as blue as the violets

That were sleeping under the snow;

With a face as pure as the lilies,

That had crowned the noon of the year,

Yet wearing withal a look so sage,

That our joy was shadowed with fear.

The meek little mouth was a tremble,
As if with unspoken prayer,
So we thanked the Giver of all things good,
For a Christmas gift so fair.

And the year its golden rosary
Again and again has told,
Till on this beautiful Christmas morn
Our darling is seven years old.
As the Christmas bells are ringing,
And thousands of hearts aglow,
Are waking the song that first was sung
By the angels long ago,
Our Father we thank for His first great gift,
Then meekly and humbly pray
That *she* may be blest of that blessed One
Who was born on Christmas day.

EVENING HYMN.

RECEIVE my body, pretty bed;
Soft pillow, oh, receive my head;

And thanks, my parents
kind,
For comforts you for me pro-
vide;
Your precepts still shall be
my guide,
Your love I'll keep in mind.

My hours misspent this day
I rue,
My good things done how
very few!
Forgive my faults, O Lord:
This night, if in thy grace
I rest,
To-morrow may I rise re-
freshed,
To keep thy holy word.



THE VALUABLE VEGETABLE.

TWO maid-servants, Bridget and Valburg, were going
to the town, and they each carried on their head a
very heavy basket full of fruit.

Bridget grumbled and groaned all the way, but Val-
burg laughed and sang.

"What are you laughing for?" said Bridget, "your
basket is as heavy as mine, and you are no stronger than
I am."

Valburg said, "I have a very valuable vegetable in my
load, so I scarcely feel the weight."

"Oh!" cries Bridget, "what a precious vegetable that
must be! How I should like to lighten my burden with
it, too. Pray, tell me what it is called."

Valburg answered, "The precious vegetable which
makes all hardships light is—Patience. Remember,
Bridget, that 'Patience makes all burdens light.'"

If days are dark, and not a spark
Of sunshine comes to cheer you,
Then use your might to make a light
Of golden actions near you.

If you have troublesome work to do,
Putting it off won't help you through;
'Tis easier done the sooner you do it;
A task grows longer the longer you view it.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

RUTH.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn's flush
Deeply ripened—such a blush
In the midst of frown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell—
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veiled a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood amid the shocks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, Heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

MY LOVE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

NOT as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear
Her glorious fancies come from far;
Beneath the silver evening star;
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That does not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one's heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things;
And, though she seems of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is; God made her so;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That naught was easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonise;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh, and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

SERENADE.

BY EDWARD COATES PINKNEY.

LOOK out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up—look out, and be
A sister to the night!

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast;
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay,
With looks whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

LITTLE FEET.

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

BLESSINGS upon them, the dear little feet,
That patter and patter the whole day long,
Through alley and lane and busy street,
Never waiting to ask, "Is it right or wrong?"

Straying, it may be, far out of the way!
Wandering from home a bird from the nest;
Till a loving voice calls, at the close of the day,
"My children, 'tis evening; come home to your rest!"

God's pity be over the poor little feet,
And guard them from walking the paths of sin,
Till they near the gates of the golden street,
And the Father's voice calls His children in!

HE KNOWETH ALL.

THE twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to one who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at Thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeam bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
The path, since Jesus knows!

And He has loved me! All my heart
With answering love His stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean, confiding, on His breast,
Who knows and pities all!

BIRDS IN THE RAIN.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

OVER the roofs of the drowsy town
And streets unfilled by their wonted throng,
Steadily, softly the rain comes down,
Singing its sweet, monotonous song,
Drip, drip, dripping the whole day long.

Never another sound is heard
To break or lighten the slumberous spell—
No low of cattle nor voice of bird
Comes faint and far over slope and dell,
Nor whistle of workman, nor clang of bell.

"How do the birds like rainy days?"

Queries a childish voice at my knee—

"I wonder if every one of them stays
Close in his nest in some tall thick tree,
And talks with his feathery family?"

"When the clouds grow black and a rain-storm comes,
Not one of them flutters in sight or sings;

They never come for my scattered crumbs—
Are they afraid to wet their wings?
Do they have nothing to eat, poor things?"

"How dreadful to be so nicely dressed

They dare not even go out to dine!
Their week-day suit is their very best,
And cannot even be washed, like mine,
So, of course, they must keep it fine.

"What do the birdies say, do you think?"

Do they talk of their little ones flown away?
Or of wild flowers, purple and white and pink?
Or do they fret at the drops, and say
'There never was such a dismal day?'

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"Perhaps they practise some sweet new song,
To sing when the sun shall shine again—
They have trilled the same old tunes so long—
And warble together with might and main
To drown the sound of the lonesome rain.

"I wish I had been a Sunday child;
Then I should know what the birdies say,
If they were ever so shy and wild—
And to learn their language and where they stay,
I would sit alone in the woods all day.

"I know when the sun shines warm and bright,
They build their houses with care and pains—
They sing and twitter from morn till night,
They pick up insects, and seeds, and grains—
But what do they do when it rains and rains?"

Who knows? And still on the woodlands brown,
And the streaming roofs and the quiet street,
Steadily, softly the rain comes down,
Weaving a song in its musical beat,
Forever sad, and forever sweet.

Portland Transcript.

TO-MORROW.

BY MRS. MARY B. DODGE.

TO-MORROW, a beautiful day,
Is waiting for you and for me:
Bluest skies of a soft shining ray
Are impatient the shadows to flee.
Why care if the landscape be sullen and gray?
To-morrow will chase all the cloud-racks away.

To-morrow, you say, may be dull,
With the leadened-hued face of to-day,
Wait; its morrow with measure is full
Of a joy never spilled by delay.
If to-day born of yesterday baffle our will,
To-morrow, to-morrow is radiant still.

To-morrow is mantled in white
As pure as the soft-falling snow,
That rounds into waves of delight,
To cover earth's pitiful woe.
The gale may be sighing, the frost king astray,
Yet to-morrow will sparkle in crystalline spray.

To-morrow with roses is crowned,
A tender-eyed sylph of the May:
Flinging garlands of blossoms around
In a child-like, improvident way.
To-day may be barren, a chill in the air;
To-morrow young spring-life will bud everywhere.

To-morrow the birds without fear,
Flitting back to the woodlands again,
Will sing for the Summer that's here,
A full-throated, ravishing strain.
The world, now so silent of bird or of bee,
To-morrow shall echo with fluent gleec.

To-morrow is regal for all,
With a sceptre of love in her hand;
The weary but wait for her call,
To spring to the full-fruited land.
O'er the span of to-day we may tearfully grope,
But the arch of to-morrow is glowing with hope.

—Old and New.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

WHAT CLIMATE IS BEST FOR THOSE SUFFERING FROM BRONCHITIS AND TUBERCULOSIS?

FROM U. S. MEDICAL AND SURGICAL JOURNAL,

BY DR. A. E. SMALL.

BRONCHITIS, when chronic, is invariably aggravated by a cold or chilly climate. On this account it has been styled a winter cough. One subject to this affection may during the summer months enjoy tolerable good health, but as soon as late autumn or winter sets in, the surface of the air-tubes becomes easily irritated and inflamed, and from this susceptibility a distressing cough comes on, and continues, unless mitigated by remedies, until another warm season returns, provided the patient is able to survive the siege. We have known a bronchial cough to come on annually, increasing each successive year in severity, for fifteen or twenty years, before the vitality of the patient became exhausted. Winter after winter would a bronchial inflammation set in, attended with expectoration of much mucus, and not infrequently of mucus streaked with blood. Cases of this description are properly termed lingering consumption, and in frigid climates are sure to terminate fatally. We have known many cases of this disease stayed in its progress by resorting to a change of climate. The fact that such patients are always better in summer, naturally suggests that if warm weather could be protracted sufficiently, such patients would be restored to sound health; and to prove the reasonableness of this conclusion, a case of recovery is here cited:

A gentleman, aged fifty-two, contracted in the unpropitious spring of 1856 a severe cold, which fastened itself upon the mucus lining of the bronchial tubes, and occasioned a severe cough and a hæmorrhage. As the weather became warmer the cough subsided, and he apparently regained sound health. But there was evidently a powerful predisponent left, for on the approach of cold weather his cough returned and became very alarming, and he was recommended a change to a warmer climate. He went to New Orleans, and immediately derived benefit. He returned to Chicago in April, feeling quite well, and remained so for two years, when, upon a change of clothing, he contracted a severe cold, and a return of his disease with all of its alarming symptoms. A severe hæmorrhage, which prostrated him completely, together with rapid emaciation, and quick and irritable pulse, seemed indicative of immediate dissolution. A fatal termination of his disease seemed so imminent that the life insurance company in which he had a policy, upon a recommendation from its medical examiner, offered to purchase his policy at a discount, which he accepted. With this money he went to San Antonio, Texas, hoping to prolong his life for awhile. But finding the climate favorable, his health began to amend, and he finally recovered it wholly.

The reason why so many partially recover from chronic bronchitis during the summer, and relapse again on the approach of cold weather, is because the warm season is too brief in its duration at the North for the cure to be completed, and therefore a residence where there is no winter, or at most a very brief one, affords sufficient time for a full and complete recovery. We have seen many cases where recovery has taken place in consequence of the warm and invigorating influences of a genial tropical

climate. But we have observed another class of bronchial difficulties, coupled with incipient tuberculosis, that derived but little benefit from a Southern climate. But still we have observed that a different change of climate has operated advantageously to them. In feeble constitutions, smitten with bronchial inflammation and an evident incination to tubercles, we have known much benefit to result from a residence in the climate of Colorado.

So little attention has been paid to a proper discrimination of the cases that become benefitted, and those that derive no benefit, we will here venture the remark, that what will benefit some is absolutely injurious to others. For instance, cases of long-standing bronchitis are not benefitted to any great extent by the climate of Colorado. A tropical climate suits this class of patients much better, but feeble persons, addicted to bronchial cough and incipient tubercles, from our observation, are liable to an increase of difficulties in a tropical climate, because this favors a ripening and softening of the tubercles, although the bronchial irritation may be less. But they are likely to receive much benefit from the climate of Colorado, because the atmosphere is more bracing and supplies more nutriment to the blood, that stays the progress of tuberculous deposits. The same remark may be made concerning the climate of Minnesota, which all classes of consumptives are prone to seek. In this climate many have derived benefit, while by far the greater proportion have utterly failed, and this is owing to the fact that of those denominated consumptives a very large proportion suffer merely from bronchial inflammation, which is made worse by a clear, cold and bracing atmosphere, while those who are inclined to tubercles, and are feeble and exhausted, find a denser atmosphere beneficial, and oftentimes a source of strength. But in confirmed tuberculosis, we have yet to observe any cases that have been benefitted by a residence in Minnesota. While at the same time we have observed the most serious injury to result to those afflicted with uncomplicated, chronic bronchitis, and while we have observed the benefits of protracted seasons of warm weather for the latter, we have observed the fatal effects of the same upon those in the advanced stage of phthisis pulmonalis. There is this difference to be borne in mind between bronchitis and tuberculous consumption. The former may occur in robust constitutions, from a series of exposures and frequent colds; the first produce catarrh, and then cough and bronchial abrasions and hæmorrhages. The latter is, for the most part, constitutional and hereditary. The former require protracted seasons of warm weather, such as can be had in tropical regions, in order to afford time for the abrasions to heal, when the cough does not interfere. The latter require invigorating and bracing atmospheres, that keep up the strength by supplying pure oxygen for the blood, and thus prevent the ripening and softening of incipient tubercles. Many valuable hints may be received from the effects of climate in various localities from condition of health known to exist among the inhabitants. Cases of fatal consumption are found in all climates, because this disease is allied to hereditary constitutions, and the victims are born with the predisposing cause within them, upon which any depressing influence may operate as an exciting agent, and cause its

fatal development. This fact accounts fully for the universal prevalence of tubercular consumption in all climates. It is, for the most part, an hereditary disease. But bronchitis, before it has reached a fatal point, results from causes not inherent in the system, is seldom hered-

itary. Therefore, in warmer, or even in temperate climates, this disease is seldom fatal, and almost always curable. Therefore the selection of favorable localities for such as may be suffering in any degree from this affection is a question worth considering."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

A LETTER TO MISS PIPSISSWAY POTTS.

WE give below the excellent letter to "Pipsey," referred to in the January number. It will well repay the reader for the time spent in its perusal:

"I feel like writing a few lines to you this evening, but just as I take up my pen, dear Pipsey, I remember that, as our acquaintance is all on one side, it would be better to be a little formal at first, and say Miss Potts.

"Well, then, Miss Potts, I hope you won't be offended when I tell you that I have not read all your letters as soon as received—for the reason simply that I have not had time. Now, it is a standing joke of my husband's, that I 'never have time to do anything.' But, please don't tell it, for I know it's no credit to me.

"But, one evening, away back in the spring or winter, I read one of your letters, and it was the one in which you described your visit from Deacon Skiles. I had a good laugh over it—and a good laugh is worth something, especially to an elderly woman, whose life is full of work and care. A little amusement unbends the mind and freshens one up wonderfully. So I thanked you for it.

"I thought then I would surely read all your letters, but the children got sick, first one, then another, then two at a time, and between work, care and anxiety, all the bright summer passed, and I have spent only a few hours in reading.

"And now I must tell you how I first came to read your letters. You see, I lead a kind of tread-mill life. True, it has some variety. There is washing-day and ironing-day and baking-day. Also, by way of variety, we frequently have sickness, in the form of fever, neuralgia, ague, etc. I don't mean to complain, nor to get discouraged, but I do get tired, and often, when the still evening hour comes, which is almost my only time to read, I am so weary, my head swims, my pulses beat unevenly, my energies droop, and, in fact, there seems nothing for it but to drop to sleep. And so it was on the evening when the day had been sultry, when your letter came. When tea was ready I was tired out, and felt that a little fresh air would be the best supper for me; so, looking at Mary, and glancing round the kitchen in a way I knew she would understand, I just left it all to her and went out for a walk.

"I had resolved to make a call—but, as people who go out often cannot understand how I enjoyed it, it is scarcely worth while to tell. You see, we live out in the prairie land, and once out-doors, we can see so far. The eye has a clear sweep on one side over vast fields of grain, bordered by deep, green hedges, to where the clouds seem to bend down lovingly and rest upon the green earth. On the other side we are close against a grove of walnut, oak and hickory trees; and along the edge of this grove I took my way. I have always loved nature, and when I enter her haunts I feel that there is a spirit there with which I can commune. If I were a heathen I might think this the Spirit of Beauty, or Nature herself; but,

being a Christian, I understand that it is the Divine Spirit that is manifested so delightfully there. I love the great Creating Hand which has made the earth so beautiful, and spread around us so many objects to delight the eye and comfort the heart. There seemed to be a glitter of gold among the trees, for the sun was setting gloriously among crimson and amber clouds, which threw their reflection eastward, where the sky was bright with blue and salmon color. The beauty and glory of earth and sky acted like a charm upon my depressed spirits and weary frame, and I walked along with a step almost as elastic as that of a child, till I reached the cottage under the trees, which was the dwelling of my friend.

"I would like to tell you about my call, and the pleasant, friendly chat I had with my dear neighbor, who, though aged and infirm, has still a heart full of kindly sympathies and tender affections, which render intercourse with her always a pleasure. But this would make my letter too long, so I will only say that after a pleasant evening, I walked home with Fred, my little boy, who came for me. The moon and stars were shining brightly, and if possible, making the sky more glorious than the sunset, and as we walked along Fred asked, 'Ma, what is the moon hung on?'

"I answered, it was sustained by the word and power of the Creator; for I knew Fred was too young to understand any other answer, and I thought all the laws of Nature amount to nothing more than that, any way. I was pleased to see how this seemed to satisfy him, but he asked again—

"What do the clouds rest on? The air?'

"Yes,' I said, 'they rest on the air, or fly before its swift currents.'

"Well, ma,' he continued, looking upward, 'what do the angels walk on in the sky? Even a little babe can't walk on air; and angels are large—large as you, aren't they? I should think they would fall through.'

"Fred," said I, 'you must remember angels are spirits. A spirit can move like a thought. Our thoughts do not need ladders on which to climb into Heaven. Even now they are there, and in a moment returned again to earth.'

"Just then a meteor seemed to fall from the zenith, quivered a moment before us, and vanished in mid-air.

"When we entered the house we found all had retired, and though Fred was full of questions, he sank to sleep almost as soon as his face touched the pillow. Then I was alone, and it was bed-time; but the walk, the little visit, and the talk with Fred, had made me feel so wakeful that I had no desire to sleep, so I took up the HOME MAGAZINE, and read your September letter. Then an answer came flitting through my brain. It was a cheerful, jesting letter. But, instead of writing it down at once, I thought I would improve my acquaintance first, so I took down all the magazines and read all your letters. Then I found my ideas scattered, like a barrel of apples suddenly upset on a wide floor, rolling everywhere without

any particular aim. You had touched so many different subjects, and suggested so many different themes, that I felt a little confused. All at once a heavy weight seemed to fall upon my spirits. My arms went upon the table and my head down upon my arms—I felt my eyes were full of unshed tears, which I forced back and swallowed, only to feel a heavier weight at my heart.

"Dear Pipsey! don't think it was you that made me feel so sadly. It was a sorrowful memory awakened by your words on the subject of self-control. Oh, high and Heavenly art of perfect self-control! How few attain it. How many do not even aim at it, nor consider its importance. For the want of it, how many true hearts bear wounds which time cannot heal. How many a downy pillow is pierced by the pangs of self-reproach, and rendered sleepless by the cries of an outraged conscience. But how near akin to the angels do those few appear who tread with firm step the narrow path of duty, heedless of the slights of the scornful, the insults of the heartless, and the temptations laid by the reckless. I believe there is but one way in which we can remain calm and self-possessed amid all the trials of life, as well as its petty vexations, and that is by attaining that height of Christian experience and privilege where one lives by faith and not by sight. Where one realizes that our real life is in Eternity, that this is only probation-preparation. Where the soul claims the promise, 'All things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord,' and catching a gleam of 'the eternal weight of glory,' the things of this world dwindle by comparison.

"I am setting up late to-night. Ned, my eldest boy, has gone five miles from home, to listen to a political speech and witness a torchlight procession. I knew he would not get home before midnight, and as it is quite cool to-night, I filled up the grate at bed-time, put the coffee-pot on the stove, and set a cup with cream and sugar on the table close by, so that he could warm himself and have a refreshing drink, instead of going to bed chilled by the night-air, to have the ague to-morrow. As I turned to leave the kitchen, it looked so warm and comfortable, I thought this would be a nice, still time to finish this letter.

"One thing more, and I am done. Ned lacks a few months of being twenty-one. Yet there have been those unscrupulous enough to try to persuade him to vote in November. But I promise you no boy of mine will ever do such a thing. He will begin life as an American citizen with 'honor bright,' and may truth be his motto evermore.

"Wishing you success and happiness, I remain,

"Yours, respectfully,

"MRS. RUTH RAY."

IMPROVED CROQUET.

BY MARY ELLA HURTT.

THE other night sweet Jennie Lee explained to me "Croquet:

"You strike your ball just here, you see,

Your neighbor's to 'Roquet';

And you, if quite successful, then,

Can take what's called a *tight Croquet*."

"I think I see," I, musing, said,

"Is this the way 'tis done?

We'll call my *lips* the *scarlet ball*,

Your cheek the *white*—for fun.

The two collide!—just thus!—"Roquet!"

And now I'll take a *tight Croquet*!"

"You naughty man," she, blushing, said,

"You've spoiled the lesson quite;

Now listen while I finish it,

And learn the game aright.

A *loose Croquet* is thought the *best*

When 'red' collides with 'white.'

"For you can then go side by side

Across the field once more,

And every arch you pass, you can

Roquet it o'er and o'er;

And then, when'er it suits your plan,

Can take a *tight Croquet* once more."

"I see," I said, "and, Jennie, dear,

If thou wilt whisper 'yea,'

We'll make our life all summer-time,

And *always* play Croquet;

I'll keep you ever at my side,

And often cry 'Roquet!' 'Roquet!'"

PAY PROMPTLY.

IF fashionable ladies would only make it a rule to pay promptly for their dressmaking, what a blessing it would be to some poor needlewomen. Many of these fashion worshippers are keen to find out needy skillful seamstresses, who are glad to take work at the lowest prices, and who toil day and night, often at the shortest notice, to finish some over-trimmed suit. They bear meekly all the sharp words that heartless or thoughtless woman chooses to utter about their slowness, or the high prices they ask for making a dress; words which they would never dare to use in the establishment of a fashionable dressmaker. These small tyrannies are the marks of a mind correspondingly small, and the spirit stamps itself indelibly upon the face. Don't think you can practice them, ladies, and the world not know it.

The delay of a week in the payment of these little sums, so little to you, but so great to poor toiling women, may be almost a matter of life and death in the humble abode of the worker. If you cannot pay promptly for the making, you have no right to order it made, except with a distinct understanding. A woman who does so is worse than unjust; she is downright dishonest. Time, to the poor who work for daily bread, is very precious. If a week's pay must be delayed for a month, or perhaps two, the rent may fall short and a removal be required, occasioning the greatest distress, inconvenience and expense. Food cannot usually be bought on trust by persons in their walks of life, and absolute want may come upon them, just because your pay is held back. There are women in all classes of society who are negligent in this particular, and that, too, needlessly. When the money is in their hand, there are so many temptations at every turn to invest it in something to please the fancy. But we must come to regard the money fairly earned as not our own, even while it is in our hands. To use it is really to defraud another. BIRDSEY.

In whatever path you go,

In whatever place you stand,

Moving swift or moving slow,

With a firm and honest hand,

Make your mark.

We go to the grave of a man, saying, "A man is dead;" but angels throng about him, saying, "A man is born."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

At His Gates. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

This is the initial number of a "Library of Choice Fiction." It is an interesting story, as a story by Mrs. Oliphant could not fail to be, and it is properly illustrated. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Anthem Choir. By W. A. Ogden, Author of the "Silver Song." Toledo, Ohio: W. W. Whitney.

This book contains anthems, choruses and closing pieces, adapted to dedications, ordinations, installations, religious festivals, funerals and other occasions. A number of the best anthem-writers in the country have contributed to the work, and it seems in every way adapted to the use of choirs and singing classes. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Modern Leaders. Being a Series of Biographical Sketches. By Justin McCarthy. New York: Sheldon & Co.

For the past two years Mr. McCarthy has been contributing to the pages of *The Galaxy* a series of very readable articles, having for their subjects various persons of political, literary or religious prominence. These sketches as they are called are full of information, and display clearness of insight into character and superior critical ability. The most prominent men and women of the times, from Queen Victoria to "George Eliot," and from Archbishop Manning to Brigham Young, are sketched in turn. These sketches are twenty-four in number. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Daniel Boone, the Pioneer of Kentucky. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead.

We are provided a series of books about the pioneers and patriots of America. And as the leader of these, is given Daniel Boone, the backwoodsman, "one of the most mild and unboastful of men," and one of "nature's gentle men." The first chapter of this book is devoted to the discovery and settlement of America; and all through the narrative of the life of Boone is interwoven American history. The book is a valuable one, and will form an important addition to a boy's or girl's library. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Margaret. By C. C. Fraser Tytler, Author of "Jasmine Leigh." New York: Dodd & Mead.

A somewhat sombre yet not unpleasant story of a modest, self-abetting, yet talented English girl. It is well written, and though not sensational in character, will please the reader who prefers quiet thought and excellent sentiments to pretentious style. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Elsie's Girlhood. A Sequel to "Elsie Dinmore," and "Elsie's Holidays at Roselands." By Martha Finley, Author of "Elsie Dinmore," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead.

This is a story which every girl will be pleased with. It carries the heroine of two previous books on from childhood to womanhood, telling the reader of the years in which her character is developing, and her mind and body growing and strengthening for the real work and battle of life.

The Lillingstones of Lillingstone. By Emma Jane Weybourn. New York: Dodd & Mead.

An English story bearing no special characteristics, which will probably repay the reader. The book is handsomely illustrated. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

For Conscience' Sake. By the Author of "Alice Lee's Discipline," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead.

A religious story which will find its appropriate place in Sabbath school libraries. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Miracles of Faith. A Sketch of the Life of Beate Paulus. By Mary Weitbrecht. With an Introduction by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead.

"This story," says Dr. Robinson, "brings before us one of those most attractive and beautiful characters we sometimes meet with in real life: a faithful Christian woman whose entire existence seemed to be lost in the will and the wisdom of God."

Vick's Illustrated Floral Guide for 1873. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

We have received this beautiful book. Mr. Vick has this year surpassed himself in the beauty, richness and variety of illustration of this Catalogue and Rural Guide. The cover is printed in colors, and the frontispiece is a handsome colored picture of the new Japan Cock's-comb. This Guide is in future to be published quarterly, and twenty-five cents pays for the year. Those who after obtaining the Guide send money to the amount of one dollar or more for seeds, may also order twenty-five cents' worth extra—the price paid for the Guide.

The American Drawing Cards. First and Second Series. By Professor Walter Smith. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co.

The first series of these cards contains an elementary and advanced course in flat outline drawing. The second series illustrates the elementary principles of perspective by the representation of common objects in outline. These cards are designed to be used with any ordinary slate, or for drawing on paper or in blank drawing-books.

The Teachers' Companion to the American Drawing-Slates and Cards. By Walter Smith. Boston: Noyes, Holmes & Co.

The Teachers' Companion contains full instructions for drawing and illustrating each example on the blackboard, and is a valuable aid in the use of the drawing-cards.

Helps over Hard Places. For Boys. Second Series. By Lynde Palmer, Author of "Drifting and Steering," etc. Troy, N. Y.: H. B. Nims & Co.

The first series of "Helps over Hard Places" has had a large sale, and a well-deserved popularity. This new volume is especially good and, in fact, one of the best juvenile books of the season, and deserves as wide a sale as its predecessor.

Musings of a Middle-aged Woman. By Ailenroc. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

An exceedingly well-written series of papers on social themes, by a woman who has evidently seen a good deal of the world, and had a life-experience, that let her down to the heart of humanity. Such "Musings" are suggestive and helpful. The book is a good one. We have marked several extracts, but find room for only one or two brief paragraphs. This is good advice:

"Do not spend time and strength in talking of each other's duty. 'Be not busybodies in other men's matters,' but do your own duty in that state of life in which God hath pleased to call you. Do it bravely, independently, conscientiously; caring not for man's censure or approval, but taking the Word of inspiration only for your guidance. Quietly and firmly do right, trusting to God to take care of the consequences."

To a man who is disappointed in his wife because she is childish and not intellectual, she says:

"Brother with the 'child wife,' be thankful it is no worse. It might have been in these days of unfaithful wives. Be thankful that your wife is a child in innocence, in purity, in truth. Be thankful that she does throw her arms around your neck and yours only; and that she does nothing more culpable than draw pictures and play with 'Gip,' when she should have been attending to the dinner. You can be good, if you cannot be great. You have chosen your lot, and

must abide by it. You can make one little woman happy—one home blessed, if you cannot reform the world."

Heavenly Blessedness. What it is and How Obtained: In a Series of Discourses on the Beatitudes. By Rev. Chauncy Giles, Author of "The Nature of Spirit and of Man as a Spiritual Being." London: James Speirs.

Mr. Giles writes from the New Church, or Swedenborgian stand-point in theology, though he does not, in this handsome volume, present in any technical form the peculiar doctrines of his Church. The seventeen discourses with which it is made up are devoted chiefly to the work of showing how that heavenly blessedness of which our Lord speaks, in what are known as the Beatitudes, may be obtained.

Mr. Giles writes with a grace and beauty of style that makes his books very attractive, and with a simplicity and directness that holds the reader's thought. No Christian man or woman, no matter by what name he is called, or to what creed he may subscribe, can read these discourses without gaining in spiritual insight and power over his lower nature. We make a single extract, taken almost at random, from this handsome volume:

"The Church has ever been, and ever will continue to be, the saving power in human society. Corrupt as it has often been; few in number compared with the great mass of humanity as it has been, and continues to be, it is yet the salt of human society. It preserves governments; it preserves literature, art, science. It is the soul, of which these are but the body. The Church, directly and indirectly, is the moving impulse to everything which is good and true in human life. It may not seem so, for the combined operations of all the sects dwindle into insignificance compared with the armies of fighters and workers which the State employs. The money used to carry on her operations, is nothing but the crumbs which fall from the table of civil life; but her influence is more potent for good than all these natural agencies, which make so much noise, and occupy so much attention. The Church is the heart of humanity. It may be a feeble heart; it may be a cold heart, but such as it is, it is the vital force in human life.

"Demolish our Church edifices, disband our Church organizations, abolish the office of our ministers, silence the voice of the religious press, and let all the affection, the thought, the labor, the money, which is now employed in spiritual uses, be turned to natural and worldly affairs—let

our ministers become lawyers, and doctors, and financiers, and teachers of science—let the little army of men who are now enrolled under the banner of the Lord, and who must depend upon others for their support, turn their energies to trade, art, commerce, manufactures, and the preservation of human society would be impossible. There would be universal corruption.

"Abolish the churches, and all organized effort for spiritual instruction and use in this city, and what would be the value of property, in twenty, nay, in ten, or even five, years? The city would not be habitable. It would be among cities, and in the body politic, what the unburied dead of a battlefield are to an army. Every form of human society would turn to corruption. No trust would be sacred; no right would be respected; no virtue would be regarded; no human life would be safe. Vice would breed corruption; every foul lust would multiply and breed pestilence; violence would rage, and death would reign supreme. Why have Babylon and Nineveh, and the populous cities of a former civilization perished? Because there was not sufficient salt of spiritual life to save them. They perished, as Sodom and Gomorrah perished, because ten righteous men could not be found in their midst; and every city, and every form of civilization, will perish from the same cause.

"If every building for religious worship was razed to the ground, and every means of spiritual instruction and culture could be abolished, or suffer to fall for the means of support, the men who own property in the city, and the nameless multitude of rich men and women, would find it for their worldly interest to rebuild the churches, support ministers, and support church organizations with sufficient means to reach every man, woman, and child, with the light, and saving power of pure spiritual influence.

"They could not invest their money in any form in which it would yield them so large a percentage.

"It seems strange that men, that good men, who have some knowledge of spiritual truth, and some desire for the spiritual good of humanity, should not see this more clearly than they do. It is strange that we do not see that the highest, and the most interior, are the most precious interests of humanity. Those who work for them are touching the secret springs of human well-being. They are putting their hands on the helm of human progress; they are purifying the fountain, which feeds the currents of human life. They are providing and administering the salt, which is to save human society."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

DEATH OF MR. GREELEY.

IT is a long time since the death of an American citizen has so moved the hearts of the people. In the bitterness of a great political defeat, in the failure of, perhaps, a life-long ambition, and borne down by the saddest of domestic afflictions, Horace Greeley died, and in that instant political rancor, died.

It would take many volumes to contain all that has been said in his praise since the "golden bowl was broken." Few have written so tenderly and eloquently as Mr. Beecher, from whose tribute in the *Christian Union* we make an extract:

"On rich men's mansions and on settlers' cabins lies the shadow of a personal bereavement; and countless eyes grow dim with tears over the loss of a friend whom they had never looked on.

"Yet the dead man, lying awfully unconscious of this late-coming kindness, was but a simple citizen, not rich, not well-born, not well-bred, holding neither civil nor military honors. He has not been a successful man, as the world counts success; for he died with the dearest aspirations of his heart ungratified, and, all his life, went famishing for certain simple joys that most men have, and Heaven denied to him. Nay, at the last, it was out of the blackness of a great defeat, and the bitterness of a wide condemnation, that he stepped into the light and love of God.

"But in the hour when Horace Greeley died, unjust and hard judgment of him died also. For months, men have talked of him with eager attachment and advocacy, or with vehement hatred and abuse. To-day, his friends are hardly gentler towards him than his foes; for death is a beneficent spirit, and, taking away a comrade, leaves an angel; sealing his lips that they shall nevermore explain anything, touches our lips with a sweet charity and wisdom to explain all things that had looked dark in him. So now it is given to men who had honestly blamed Horace Greeley as a living force, now that he has passed away, to put aside the arrow aimed at his faults, and to lay with kindly hands a wreath upon his virtues."

"Perhaps there is no citizen left to us whose greatness is distinctively American as was Horace Greeley's. In no other country could he have been as great. For the common school and the equality of men before the law gave him his chance. Born to grinding poverty, but inheriting the quick and capable brain of his fair mother, he was at school and toiling away at the hard Old Testament nomenclature when a baby of four years old. The lad of ten found his school-days ended; for work pressed, and wages were small. And from the endless labors of a farm, the boy of fifteen went out to begin life for himself. Five years of indifferent suc-

cess in country printing-offices sent him to New York to seek his fortune. Rustic, awkward, raw-boned, homely, unused to society, friendless, poor, his capacity found work, his simplicity made friends, his loveliness won love. He derived fourteen hours a day for six dollars a week. He lived on Lenten fare. His horror of debt kept him independent. His religious feeling kept him pure. Good-luck and ill-luck followed him. He took them with equal mind. Ten long years of labor went to the first number of the *New York Tribune*, a penny daily. To independent thought, to social science, to popular education, to all causes that should benefit mankind, it was dedicated at its birth. The making of money was a secondary and trivial pursuit. Money came, however, and honor, and fame. The greatest American journalist had conquered his place.

"So robust a mind, so vital a nature, so fresh and youthful a presence had this tireless worker, that sixty seemed the very prime and flush of manhood, and years of labor appeared to beckon him. But many griefs broke the great heart, and the strong body crumbled in a day. From his life a great legacy remains; the vast influence of a generation which learned from him that honesty, honor, simplicity, frugality, generosity, purity, temperance, are above all worldly gains. From his death the gospel of tolerance takes deeper meaning, the cruelty of partisanship looks meaner, the charity that believeth all things, seems divine. For the rest, his friends will keep his memory green. They are in the market-place, the churches, the wretched tenant-homes, the mansions, the frontier shanties, the mines. The poor and the ignorant and the miserable have left no other friend so powerful. That is the story of his humanity. In every village some heart mourns him. That is the story of his personal worth.

"There are bleak skies to watch above the dead, and the earth offers but cold shelter. Yet one fancies that he whose life was full of storms, whose aggressive spirit could not rest, whose thoughts run ever on and on, should find a deeper peace in the rigid fixity of the winter slumber than in the languorous 'thrill and stir of June.'

John G. Whittier, in a letter to Rev. Dr. Chapin, regretting his inability to attend the funeral of Mr. Greeley, says:—"When I heard of his death there mingled with my grief a feeling of gratitude that I had been preserved from saying one word, through partisan zeal or difference of opinion, which could add bitterness to his life—that I had none of the late remorse over the dead for unkindness to the living, which is one of the saddest burdens of humanity. No words of praise are needed. They would be lost in the general eulogy. With common consent he will take a place in the Valhalla of American worthies as one of the greatest and best."

Many distant readers will be interested in the following description of the decorations of the church where the sole funeral services were held:

"Dr. Chapin's church (in New York City) is of pure Gothic architecture, and its sharply arched roof mounts far up into space. From the highest point of the inside of the building to the lowest, from end to end, and from side to side, emblems of mourning were judiciously arranged.

"The pulpit, behind and in front of it, glowed with the rarest and loveliest flowers gathered together in the most beautiful and suggestive forms. To the left of the altar was a design of a plough, of full size, made of camellias and other exotics. Beyond it was the design of a pen, several feet in length, and at the extreme right was a crown. The crown came last, but it was his—even at the last.

"The clock facing the altar was also surmounted by the cross and crown, and its hands had stopped when his stopped at ten minutes of seven o'clock.

"The front of the pulpit was covered by a tablet of flowers bearing the words he last uttered, 'It is done,' and over all was sprung a gigantic arch composed of *immortelles*, bearing the legend, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth' in letters of red, the border being green and the groundwork of white. In connection with these floral decorations it was remarked that in each and all of them, as well as in the other emblems in the body of the church, and over and about the coffin, the *lurel* and the *immortelle* held their places. It was life asserting itself over death."

A LESSON FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE death of Horace Greeley, and its attendant incidents, has set the American people to thinking. Here was a man of high integrity and blameless life, who had for more than a quarter of a century devoted heart, and brain, and hands to every good cause that claimed his advocacy. He was kind-hearted, self-devoted; a good citizen in all his relations; a friend of the poor, the humble and the oppressed. He had his weaknesses; but they were not on the side of vice or self-indulgence. They were of the head, rather than the heart. Now this man aspired to the highest office in the gift of the people, and was nominated for that office. Instantly he became the victim of a mean and cowardly and cruel political animosity, and journals published and edited by men claiming to be gentlemen and Christians, vied with each other in such coarse abuse and caricature, that a whole people were shocked and outraged; and even partisan papers devoted to the other side cried out, "Shame!"

Mr. Greeley's aspirations were not in the line of the people's wishes. Their choice was given to another. Disappointed ambition, and great domestic sorrow, were too much for the overtaken, overtried, worn down and exhausted man; and soon after his defeat he died.

The people have taken the lesson to heart, and there is sorrow and indignation all over the land, as well with political friends as political opponents, at the frightful indignities that were heaped upon this good citizen, now gone to his reward.

It is time that we learned a better way. Our political contests should be conducted in a different spirit. Because a man is a politician, it is no reason why he should be a brute and a liar. Because an editor or publisher is a politician, it is no reason why he should sink the gentleman and the Christian, and become the base and cowardly assailant of good men, seeking to destroy their reputations, and making their names a by-word with the people.

FANNY FERN.

THE last words of Fanny Fern were characteristic of her thoughtful love for the young, and in beautiful harmony with all that she had ever uttered. As the evening hours came on, and she knew that she was dying, her thoughts turned—not upon herself and the solemn realities she was experiencing—but to the one little motherless grandchild, who had been so unspeakably dear to her. "Put her to bed," she said, "and if I die in the night don't tell her till morning."

PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

IF we were to attempt to publish all the good things that I have written to us about the author of "Other People's Windows," we should have room for little else in our book. Before us now lies a manuscript five pages long, from a subscriber in Virginia telling us how Pipesey is read and appreciated there. We have not room for one quarter of it. After speaking of the comfort and cheer Pipesey's kind words have brought her in times of trial, the writer goes on to say:

"Like Lily we are so glad that Deacon Skiles did not get his housekeeper from Deacon Adonijah Potts's family. It was infinitely more appropriate that Rhoda Bowles should move into that sphere than Pipsissaway Potts, who, I truly believe, is mistaken when she thinks that her 'field is very narrow,' and would have been enlarged had she taken charge of the Deacon's roystering calves and motherless children. There are in the world so many more calves and motherless children than his that need her attention, and would have been deprived of it had not the obliging Rhoda stepped into the shoes waiting for Pipesey. And we all hope that it is indeed her very last chance, for never spoke Paul a truer sentiment than that 'the unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband; and we would unselfishly(?) have her remain in a condition in which she may attend to the Lord without distraction. We girls need her to teach us how to cultivate sunny tempers, to beautify our homes, and to be useful members of the home circle. Our brothers need her wholesome advice to tone

down their wild, irregular natures. Our parents will find the care of us more pleasant, and less overwhelming, if she will continue to tell them what to do with us. We, of all ranks and conditions, who are reached by her pen, will be the better for her words of wisdom."

A LETTER FROM A SUBSCRIBER.

EVERY mail brings us heart-warmed letters from old subscribers who have learned to love the HOME MAGAZINE. It is pleasant to know that it has cheered and comforted and helped so many. Here is an extract from the letter of a lady in Vermont that reaches us just as we are closing the present number. She says:

"You can scarcely appreciate the comfort your magazine brings every month to one so alone away up here among these Vermont hills, and just now so covered with a world of snow. It is said 'into each life some rain must fall,' and it seems to me that into my life more has fallen than is usually the case. But I know that 'God's ways are always right, and love is o'er them all.' I received the December number Thanksgiving Day; and such a lonely day it was, too, dear mother, brother and sister who used to be with us, gone to enjoy the upper and holier life, other friends away, and my heart seemed well nigh breaking, when I thought I will see what of comfort the dear Home brings me this time. The first I read was 'The Bachelor's Love Story,' that nearly choked my voice, and I read with tears falling thick and fast, for I could so well appreciate his life-sorrow. Then when a few friends came in to spend the evening, who love and delight in Pipey quite as well as I do, and that is well enough, I read the 'Windows' to them, it was almost too much for buttons and single-thread seams where the ends weren't fastened very well, and after Thanksgiving dinner, too, but we just survived the old deacon with his five roistering calves and. Pipey's dire disappointment. Long may she live to cheer poor world-weary mortals; wish I could just give her a good, sisterly hug. Long may the Home and its authors live!"

THE "GRACES."

ROSELLA RICE writes us: "A Wisconsin friend to whom I send your magazine wrote me the most rapturous letter about the 'Graces.' Her admiration of the picture is charming to hear. Think of that poor, lone woman on a farm in bleak Wisconsin, busy with her loom from morning till night, made so glad over the magazine and the beautiful picture!"

Another lady, who sent us a club, says: "Your pictures have arrived, and give universal satisfaction. One lady has hers in a frame. Says she would not take \$2 for the picture, or \$4 for the magazine. I am more than delighted with both. The magazine is a perfect treasure. The improvements far beyond my expectations."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Our New Picture, "The Christian Graces."

FREE TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER FOR 1873!

If anything sweeter, lovelier or more attractive than "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES" has yet appeared in this particular field of art, it has not been our good fortune to see it. There have been innumerable single figures of Faith, Hope and Charity, and groups of Faith and Hope; but this is, we believe, the only first-class picture in which CHARITY, "the greatest of these," come in as the central figure, and in a group of ideal faces of the loveliest type, shines sweetest and loveliest of them all—a fitting representative of our time, when Charity is coming forward and taking her true place as the first and greatest of Christian virtues.

Mr. Arthur's New Books by Mail.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

THE WONDERFUL STORY OF GENTLE HAND, and other Stories for Children. Elegantly bound and illustrated, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. S. Arthur, on receipt of the price.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and the "Man-Trap." For \$3.50 the "Man Trap" and "Gentle Hand." For \$4.00, "Orange Blossoms" and "Gentle Hand." For \$5.50, the three volumes will be sent.

Take Notice.

In remitting, if you send a draft, see that it is drawn or endorsed to order of T. S. Arthur & Son.

Always give name of your town, county and state.

When you want a magazine changed from one office to another, be sure to say to what post-office it goes at the time you write.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written plainly.

In making up a club, the subscribers may be at different post-offices.

Canada subscribers must send 12 cents, in addition to subscription, for postage.

If you cannot get P. O. order or draft, register your letters. Before writing us a letter of inquiry, examine the above and see if the question you wish to ask is not answered.

HOME MAGAZINE and CHILDREN'S HOUR (including a copy of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES"), \$3.25.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR and "CHRISTIAN GRACES," \$2.00.

Every subscriber to THE HOME MAGAZINE, whether single or in a club, will receive a copy of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES."

To Club-Getters.

Some of our club-getters have written to ask if "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," "BED-TIME," or "THE WREATH OF IMMORTALS," would be sent free to subscribers, in place of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES," if desired. We answer yes. A choice of either of these pictures can be made.

ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.

BANKING HOUSE OF HARRISSON GRAMBO,
No. 530 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Currency and coin deposits received, subject to sight checks, and interest allowed on daily balances.

Certificates of deposit issued, available in all parts of the country, and bear interest as per agreement.

Stocks and bonds bought and sold at the Stock Exchanges in Philadelphia, Boston and New York.

Special arrangements made for the accounts of Interior Banks, Merchants and Corporations.

SUNLIGHT GAS BURNER.—This new burner is giving great satisfaction. We have had it in use for some time at our home and office, and can speak understandingly of its merits. For sitting-room, library, office, or indeed for any room in which a clear, strong light is wanted, it has no equal. It is for sale in this city by Dreer, Smith & Dreer, S. E. Corner of Tenth and Arch Streets; and we advise all who wish the light of an Argand from an ordinary burner to try the "Sunlight."

NEW MUSIC.—W. H. Boner & Co., of No. 1102 Chestnut Street, whose advertisement will be found on another page, have sent us a piece of new music just published by them—The Anna Polka, by Jules Le Gendre—a bright, sparkling composition by the above named composer.

NUTRINA, the cheapest and best preparation of wheat extant. Far more digestible, palatable, and nutritious than wheaten grits or crushed wheat. Can be cooked in one-fourth the time, and is warranted to keep fresh and sweet in all seasons and climates. Sold by all first-class Grocers. Manufactured only by the Nutrio Manufacturing Co., 1520 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

DREER'S GARDEN CALENDAR FOR 1873.

—All who are interested in the cultivation of vegetables, plants or flowers, should send a three-cent stamp for a copy of the above; it contains 168 pages, illustrated with numerous engravings, with full lists of the best varieties. Also practical directions for preparing hot-beds, sowing seeds, proper soil and cultivation. Many new varieties of seeds and plants have been recently added to his collection, which will be found described in the calendar. Address HENRY A. DREER, 714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

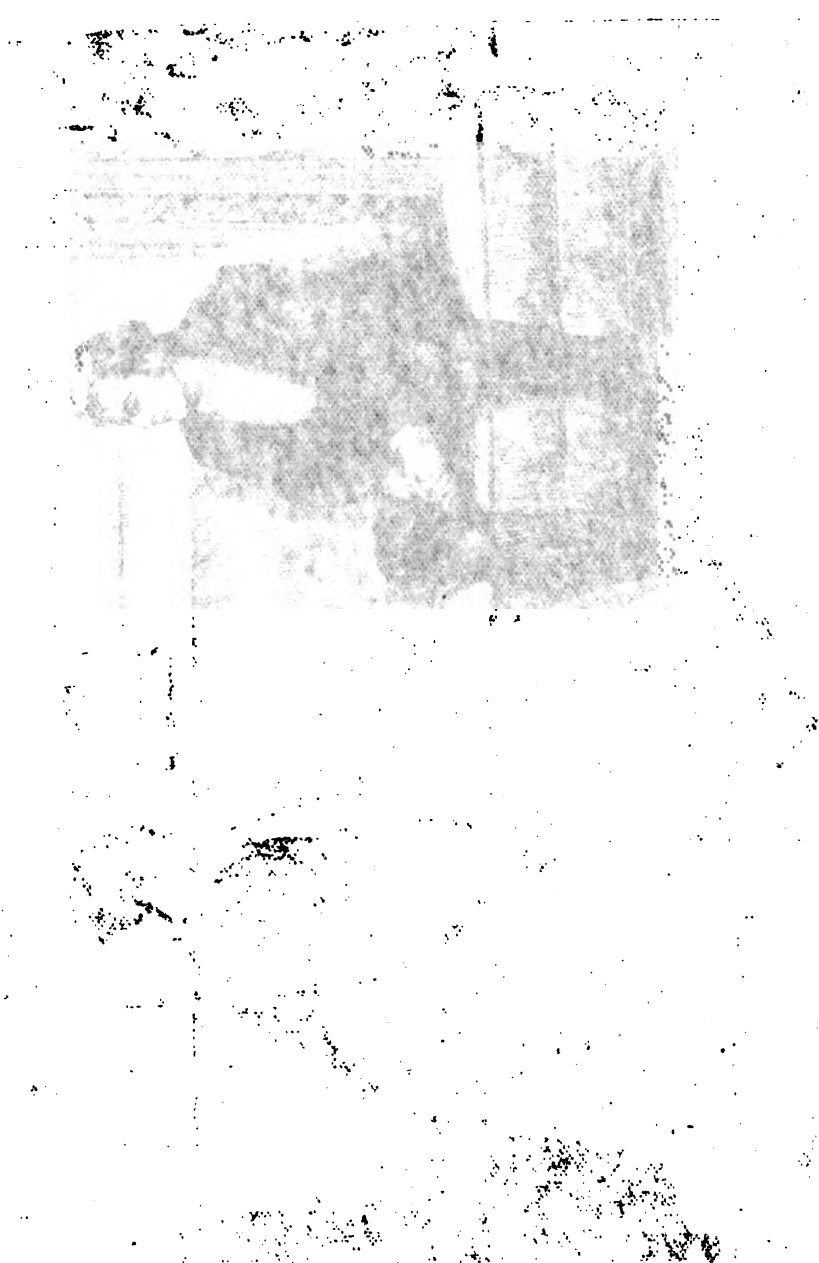
COUGH CANDY.—At this season of the year, when coughs, colds and bronchial affections generally are so prevalent, a box of cough candy is often found very useful, as well as very palatable. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, whose advertisement will be found on second page of cover, manufacture a very superior Cough Candy in connection with Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic and Mandrake Pills—see advertisement in this and former numbers of Home Magazine. Ask your druggist for Schenck's Pulmonic Candy. Manufactured by Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, N. E. corner Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia.

Mrs. ELIZA J. RAND, of Concord, Ky., has had a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine almost constantly in use for eleven years, and never had any repairs done on it. During the first year she made on it four hundred and twenty different articles, from the very finest to the very heaviest material, including leather. She broke but two needles during the eleven years, and those through carelessness.



CROOKED PLACES.

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VOL.



ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLI.

MARCH, 1873.

No. 3.



MY FRIEND'S RAVEN.

A REMINISCENCE.

A YOUNG man of finer promise than was my friend Burkhart rarely steps across the threshold of manhood. I recall him now, after thirty years, with a distinctness of personality almost as vivid as if I had seen him only yesterday. Handsome, in the finer sense with which we use the word when speaking of the man; cultivated, social, ambitious to make the best of himself, gentlemanly in deportment, and kind of heart—he was my model young man.

Burkhart was a student of law when I first made his acquaintance. Our literary tastes drew us together, and we soon became warmly-attached friends. Then, as now, the greatest peril a young man had to encounter was social drinking. Especially among law students, in the city where we lived, was drinking the rule instead of the exception. Burkhart was fond of wine, and kept it in his room. If a friend called to see him, he always welcomed him with a glass of sherry or Madeira.

I had been, very early in life, made sadly familiar with the evil of drinking—had taken lessons of prudence into my heart; and, though I rarely refused a single glass of wine with a friend, always drank it with a sense of danger and with an inwardly-spoken word of warning. I never kept it in my room, and only on rare occasions procured it for the friends who visited me. I was thought to be a little of the milk-and-water order by some of the faster young men in our circle, but I took their jests, and occasional jeers, good-naturedly.

After Burkhart's admission to the bar, he drifted into politics. He was a fine speaker, quick in debate, well read, and gifted with language. These made him popular. His political associates were all drinking men; and, during an exciting canvass, in which he took the stump for a favorite candidate, I was greatly concerned to see that the constant free use of liquor was beginning to show its unmistakable signs. His voice was getting deeper and hoarser; his face puffy; his eyes bloodshot. He had taken cold, he said, and grown hoarse through constant speaking in the open air and at night. I knew that much more than a simple cold was at the bottom of his changed appearance, and that he was taking freely of something a great deal stronger than wine.

I dropped a word of caution—but he laughed at me, at the same time betraying a little annoyance. This betrayal quickened my concern. It satisfied me that he had his own convictions of danger, but was trying to push them away.

At the close of one of these political campaigns, during the latter portion of which my friend had been all over the county, speaking every night, and drinking so freely as often to be visibly affected, I called to see him at his room. He was alone. He had done the work for which eager and noisy politicians wanted him; and now, that the election was over, it seemed as if he were almost forgotten. He felt this, for he said, after the first warm greeting—

"If you had called an evening or two ago, you would have met a room full. But I'm of no more use now."

There was a slight shade of bitterness in his voice. A bottle of wine was standing on a table in his comfortably-furnished room. He filled two glasses. I saw his hand shake as he held the bottle.

"Frightfully nervous?" he said, as he reached me one of the glasses. "I've been on too great a strain for the last six weeks."

"Glad it's over," I replied; "and if I were you, I'd keep out of this thing another year."

"Can't just do that," he answered. "Got my way to make in the world, and nothing puts you before the people like politics. I aim high, you know."

I sipped the wine he handed me, while he emptied his glass before taking it from his mouth.

"What have you there?" he asked, seeing a magazine in my hand.

"Something new and strange from our friend, Poe. Beats anything for weird interest that he has yet done. I thought you would relish something purely ideal after your surfeit of politics."

"I shall relish it keenly. Thanks for any diversion!" he replied. "Is it a trip to the Dog-Star, this time?"

In allusion to Poe's "Journey to the Moon," in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published not long before.

"No; it's a bit of the quaintest poetry you ever read. I don't know what to make of it. Can't see the allegory."

"Maybe he can't see it himself," said Burkhart, with a smile.

"Just as likely. And now prepare yourself for a treat in word-painting, and metrical art. The poem is called 'THE RAVEN,' and will, I am sure, make as much sensation, and give the critics as much to do and guess after as did the 'ANCIENT MARINER,' of Coleridge."

I opened the magazine and read the poem through, then lifted my eyes and looked at Burkhart, who had not spoken. He sat with one hand shading his face, and did not stir, until I said, "Well, what do you think of that?"

He started and aroused himself, and as he looked toward me I saw an uneasy look in his eyes, and a something like a quiver of feeling flash across his face. He glanced above the window, then down upon the floor, then shook himself and arose to his feet, and began moving about the room in a nervous, uneasy manner.

"It was like the spell of a sorcerer!" he exclaimed, with much excitement, and again looked, instinctively, to above the window and down at the floor. "I can almost see the foul bird and hear his croak," he added. "If I did not know Poe as well as I do, I should say that he had committed a murder, and that the raven was his conscience."

I laughed at his excitement, but he was so serious over the matter, and so nervous, that I thought it best, after discussing the literary merits of the poem, to get his mind away from it, and upon something, if possible, amusing. I was only partially successful. It was nearly eleven o'clock when I bade him good-night. What followed I will give in his own words, after saying, that on going to see him next day, I found him very ill, and learned that he had passed a terrible night.

"That poem finished me," he said, with an effort to smile, a few days afterward, when we were alone together. "Poe's raven was not half so real as the one that visited me. You saw how nervous I had become. Well, the moment you left me, I felt a sudden fear creeping into my blood. I did not know what it meant. Then a strange fancy possessed me. I was the poet in his lone chamber, and

"Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door."

"I felt my flesh creep and the hair move on my head. I could not rise, but fixed my gaze on the door. When

"The silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic
Terrors never felt before."

"Nothing was ever more real to me in the outside world than the vision I then saw. The door seemed to open, and a raven, black as night, with eyes that seemed coals of fire, fluttered into the room. A strange terror crept to my very bones. I started and shrunk back, shuddering, from the foul thing. As I looked at the bird, it seemed to lose itself in a dark shadow, out of which, in a moment or two, I saw faintly outlined, and then distinct in form, the head of a great serpent, the body slowly uncoiling itself in the mass of shadow.

"The abject fear I then felt it is impossible to describe. I would have leaped from the window had I been near it. As the serpent uncoiled, it began moving slowly toward me, its head rising higher and higher from the floor, until it was on a level with my breast. I caught up the nearest chair to defend myself and struck at the horrid thing wildly. The chair seemed to go through it, and break it into a hundred pieces, and then each piece became a serpent, and came crawling toward me on the floor.

"I could bear this no longer, but rushed from the room and ran down-stairs and into the parlor, where I crouched on one end of a sofa, shivering. I tried not to attract attention, for the true meaning of all this was beginning to dawn upon my mind. But I had been there only a few moments when that accursed raven stalked in through the door, and came flapping toward me!

"Not to have leaped up and cried out, would have been impossible. I made a rush for the door; but a strong hand was laid upon me, and a kind, assuring voice was in my ears.

"Much of what followed I do not remember. I can only recall it as a fearful nightmare, full of the most awful terrors, out of which I at last awoke, weak and exhausted, as from a spell of illness. You see my weak, nervous condition," and he held up his unsteady hand. "If I could tell the story of my 'raven' with half the marvellous skill at word-painting that Poe possesses, his

"Gaunt and ominous bird of yore,"

would appear of little more importance than a common blackbird."

My friend tried to smile, but it was in a faint, weary way.

"One interview with the bird is quite enough, I should think," said I, speaking soberly. "It is not likely that it would improve its manners on further acquaintance, or bring you better company than on the occasion of its first visit."

His face grew very serious, and his lips settled into a firm expression.

"One visit will suffice," he answered. "It is well, perhaps, that it came when it did. I have heard of

these frightful experiences, but never imagined anything approaching the dreadful reality."

My poor friend! So gifted, so ambitious, so generous in spirit, but so weak on the social side! The lesson of the raven did not suffice. Of course he set a guard upon himself; and for a long while afterward would take nothing stronger than wine. I ventured, on one or two occasions, to suggest strict abstinence, but he was annoyed and half offended. "Do you think," he asked, with a rasping tone in his voice, "that I am in danger of becoming a drunkard?"

I did not answer "Yes," for that might have caused a separation. I did think there was danger—great danger.

To my regret, Burkhart was nominated in the ensuing fall for the State Legislature, and accepted the nomination. The party that supported him being the strongest, he was elected.

Alas for my friend! He had too sensitive an organization to go through the fire of a political campaign and come out unscathed; for politics and whisky have become so closely allied, that unless a man drinks freely with anybody and everybody during a canvass, he cannot hope to have much influence with the men of the party on whom chiefly success depends.

I did not see much of him during the latter and more exciting part of the canvass that fall. But, when I did get sight of him, I saw, with deep regret, that he was giving way under the excessive strain. He looked far worse than in the preceding fall.

At last it was over. The votes were in, and my friend Burkhart was lifted to the honorable place he had coveted—the first step, in his ambitious thought, to higher distinctions.

I tried to get access to him on the night of the election, but he was too closely guarded by his crowds of political friends. I was anxious about him, remembering, as I did, so vividly what had happened a year before. He now had a room at one of the hotels. I lingered near this room until a late hour that night, feeling sure that when he came home he would need my care. And I was not mistaken. It was near one o'clock. I had been pacing the long corridor, upon which his room opened, for almost an hour, when, in turning, I saw him walking toward me. His steps were unsteady. Just before he reached me, he stopped with a sudden jerk back, and then swept in a half circle round some object on the carpet that seemed to fill him with disgust and fear.

"Oh," he exclaimed, calling me by name, and springing forward, "I'm so glad to find you here!"

And he caught hold of me with eager hands that I could feel trembling. He looked back, fearfully, and said, in a despairing voice: "It's that cursed raven again!" Adding, after a moment, and with a shiver, "and his infernal crew!"

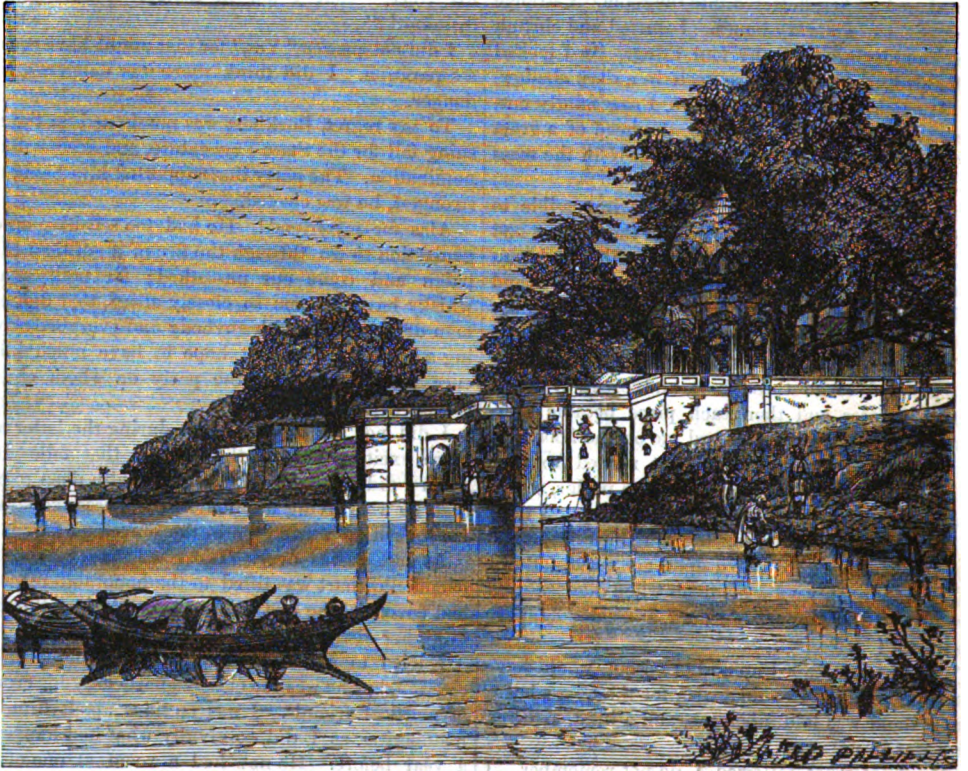
I got him into his room, and tried to quiet him; but that was impossible.

I will not describe the night that followed. It is

too dreadful. I have dropped a veil over it, and there it must remain.

My gifted friend never took his seat in the Legislature. The first step to a high and honorable career had been made ready for him, but his feet did not go up to it. When the morning broke, word went forth that he was dangerously ill. At nightfall he was dead!

and perhaps carry it away with them. A pilgrimage to this spot is toilsome and wearying. Gungootree is shut in by rocks and precipices. The traveller finds no well-prepared road ready for his feet. He must move carefully along the edges of precipices, avoiding loose stones, which may treacherously slip from beneath his feet, and send him headlong. Sometimes he must climb the face of the rock, and where there



THE GRAY OF THE MASSACRE, CAWNPORE.

THE SACRED RIVER OF INDIA, AND THE CITIES OF ITS VALLEY.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

AWAY up among the heights of the Himalayas, the Ganges, the sacred river of India, finds its first rocky bed. It enters the world from beneath a low arch of ice, the accumulation of ages; it is cradled amid the rocks and glaciers in almost inaccessible solitudes, and is nourished by the eternal snows. Here it pours its shallow waters over its bed of shingle, or springs in fantastic waterfalls from rock to rock until it reaches Gungootree, the Mecca of the Hindoo. Gungootree is considered the head of the Ganges, and here every year numbers of devout pilgrims come to visit the temple which rises above the infant river, to receive the benedictions of the Brahmins who have it in charge, drink of the holy water,

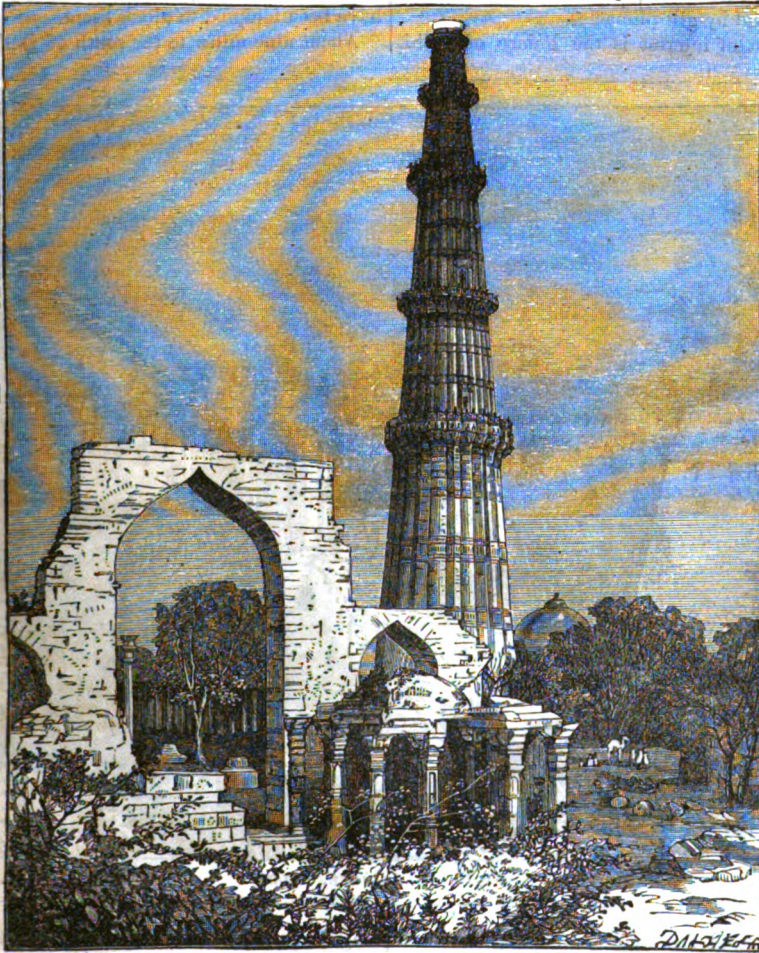
is resting-place for neither hand nor foot, ladders reach from cliff to cliff. Sometimes a frail spar is all that supports him over awful chasms. Religious enthusiasm must be strong, indeed, to thus carry pilgrims over these almost invincible barriers. The grandeur and wildness of the scenery at Gungootree is past description. Rocks are piled upon rocks around the bed of the stream, magnificent trees cast their shadows over it, and in the distance the eternal mountains show their snow-clad summits.

Leaving Gungootree, the Ganges, or Bhagirati, as it is here called, wends its way through the mountain fastnesses, and receiving tribute from the snow masses on every side, soon becomes a dark, rapid and broad stream. As it passes through the mountainous region, which extends far southward of the Himalaya Range, it is fed by numerous tributaries, some of them draining the Himalayas, others

flowing eastward and northeastward from the Aravulli and the Vindhya Mountains—ranges of Central India. The principal one among the latter rivers is the Jumna, a river itself of no mean magnitude. On this river is found the city of Delhi, a name familiar to us a few years ago, from the important part it played in the Indian mutiny.

But Delhi has a reputation other than this. It was once the capital of the great Mogul empire, and was probably unsurpassed in wealth and magnificence

as much taste as Mogul or Persian art could give birth to. Domes of vast circumference and fantastic swell crowned the summits of the mosques, and towered above the other structures of the city; palaces, cool, airy, grotesque, with twisted pillars, balustrades of silver and roofs of fretted gold; elephants moving their awkward and cumbersome bulk to and fro, disguised in glittering housings, and surmounted with golden howdahs; and gardens shaded and perfumed by the most splendid trees and sweetest



THE KHOTAB-MINAR, WITH THE GREAT ARCH, FROM THE WEST.

by any city in the world. In the days of its splendor it is said to have covered a space of twenty square miles, and its ruins at the present day but little less in extent. What its population must have been during this era, cannot now be ascertained, but previous to the Indian mutiny it had decreased to about two hundred thousand, and is even less now.

An old volume, speaking of this city, says: "Whatever Asia could furnish of barbaric pomp or gorgeous show, was there collected together, and disposed with

flowers of Asia; such were the principal features of Delhi."

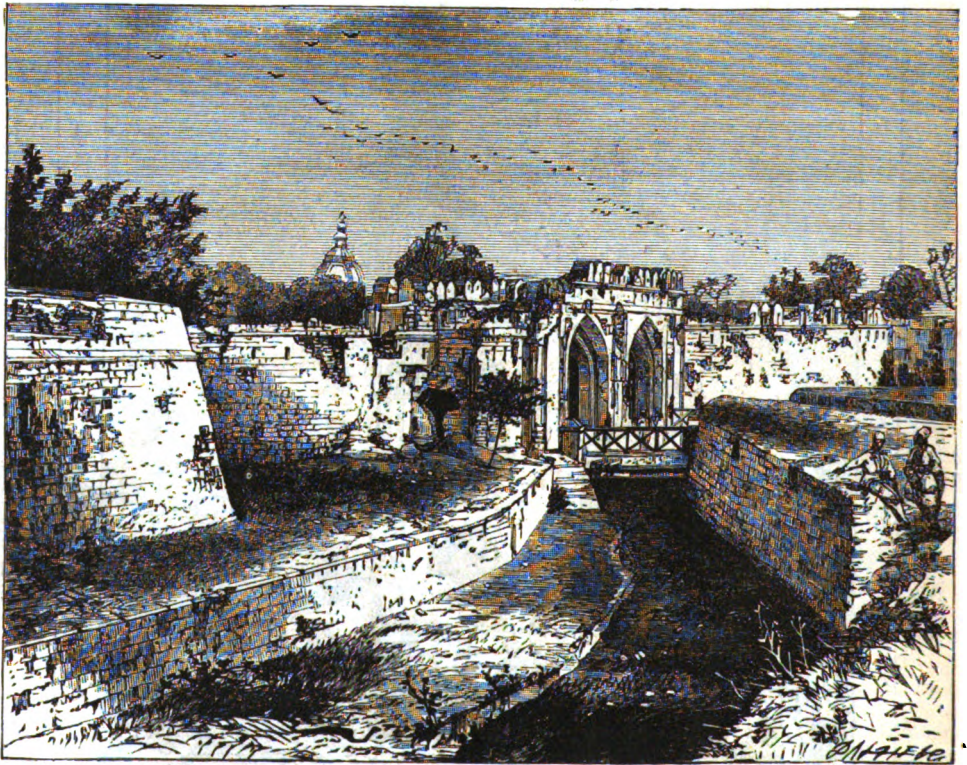
Its chief interest at the present day is in its associations and in its architectural remains. Unlike most Indian cities it is substantially walled. Its population is more Mohammedan than Hindoo, and stately forms of Afghans and Sikhs constantly meet the traveller. The great mosque, the Jumna Masjid, erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan, is the most imposing building of the town. It is placed on a

natural elevation of ground which has been levelled on the summit so as to afford a space for an open square of fourteen thousand yards. This square has three great entrances, the most magnificent being toward Mecca, and all approached by noble flights of stairs. The mosque itself occupies the fourth side of the square, and is about two hundred and sixty feet in length. Its general color is deep red, relieved by the pure white marble of the domes. The minarets are one hundred and fifty feet in height, and are built of black marble, variegated with redstone, each relieved by projecting galleries of pure white marble. The domes are topped by gilt pinnacles.

Next in point of interest is the Palace of Delhi.

pearance of a conflagration. The peacock throne was of an oval form, and placed under a palm-tree, which overshadowed it with its foliage. A peacock perched upon a branch near the summit extended its wings like a canopy over the throne. Both the palm-tree and the peacock were of gold, and the wings and leaves so delicately and exquisitely formed that they appeared to wave and tremble at the slightest breeze. The rich green of the peacock's feathers was represented by superb emeralds, and the fruit of the palm-tree, formed of brilliant Golconda diamonds, mimicked nature so admirably that the observer might easily have been tempted to pluck them.

About nine miles to the south of Delhi is found a



THE CASHMERE GATE, DELHI.

It is three thousand feet long and eighteen hundred feet broad. Its open court affords space for ten thousand horsemen. The great hall of audience of the palace is two hundred and eight feet long and seventy-six feet broad. It is of white marble, the roof being supported by colonnades of marble pillars. Here the famous peacock throne once stood, but it has long since disappeared, and its untold jewels have been scattered over the world since the raid and massacre of Delhi, perpetrated by Nadir Shah in 1739. In the days of its glory this hall was lined throughout with crystal, and adorned with a lustre of black crystal exquisitely wrought, which, when lighted up, caused the apartment to present on all sides the ap-

magnificent pillar or tower called the Khoodab-Minar. It is about two hundred and fifty feet high, and one hundred and forty-three feet in circumference at its base. It is built of red sandstone and is beautifully fluted, and four balconies encircle it at different heights from the ground. Within an irregular spiral staircase leads to the top. There are inscriptions a foot in breadth around the tower, containing verses from the Koran. Its builder, Kutub-ud-din, originally a slave, rose to be a general in the Turkish army, and finally succeeded his master, who had conquered Northern India, in ruling that region. He was the first of the Ghori or Pathian dynasty which commenced in the twelfth century, and was succeeded

by the Moguls in the sixteenth. The Khootab is a great column of victory. It may have been intended as a minaret to a stupendous mosque which was never completed, the ruins of which still remain at its base. Close beside the Khootab is a remarkable pillar made at a single cast of wrought iron, weighing about seventeen tons, fifty feet in height—about half sunk in the ground—and five feet in circumference. Though built about the sixth century, it shows not the least sign of rust.

The plains round about Delhi are strewn with ruins. Once populous streets are now heaps of rubbish. Only tombs remain intact to tell of the heroes and rulers who have once existed. And these tombs are immense in size, and wonderful and beautiful in their architecture. It is a strange lesson which this region impresses on the thoughtful traveller. It speaks of past grandeur lost in death and decay. Its records are of a dead yesterday. There is no busy life springing up from amid the tombs and ruins, telling of an active to-day and a hope of to-morrow. The past is all, and with the dead past everything is ended.

Among the many tombs is

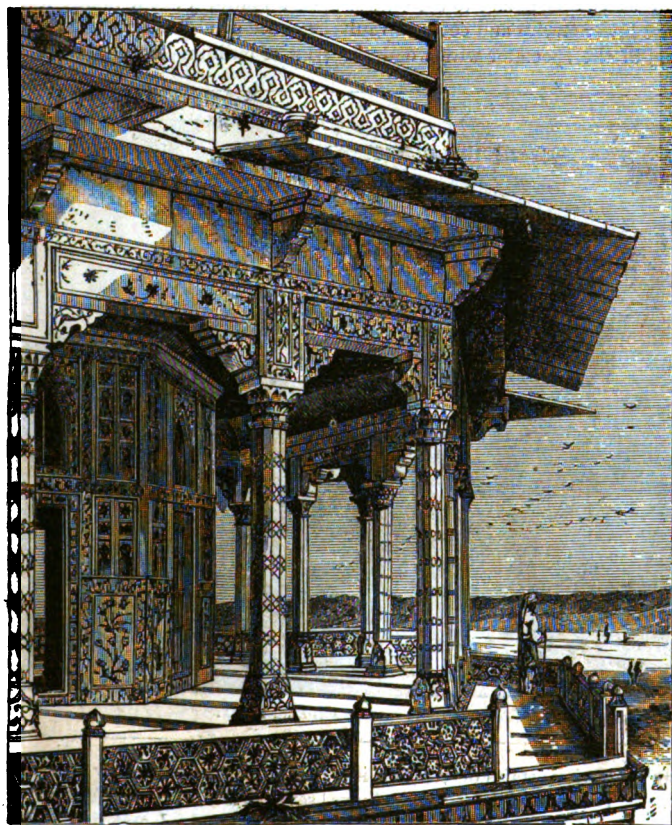
one of a great Mohammedan saint, Nizain-ud-din, who died in the fourteenth century, and another of a famous poet, Chusero.

The siege of Delhi has become part of Anglo-Indian history. It was one of the most terrible sieges of the Sepoy war, and in it was displayed some of the noblest acts of heroism. Delhi was made the Mohammedan rallying-point. The English were slaughtered without mercy. The town was so remote from the seaboard that troops could be sent only with the utmost difficulty to the struggling soldiers. One force of infantry and cavalry, sent to the relief of the English within the city, marched from the Punjab,

on the west, under a burning sun, five hundred and eighty miles in twenty-two days. The British troops finally arrived in sufficient numbers to force an entrance through the Cashmere gate, and, after an incredibly hard battle, resulting in terrible loss of officers and men, took possession of the city, relieved the little garrison within, and obtained the surrender of the old king and his sons. The few officers who survived this battle all received the Victoria cross.

On the river Jumna, almost directly south of Delhi, is the town of Agra, also remarkable for the beauty and magnificence of its architecture. Agra was once the Mogul capital of Hindostan, but it is now falling

into decay. The whole plain is covered with the ruins of its ancient grandeur. It is, like Delhi, Oriental, rather than Hindoo in its character. The city rises on the banks of the river in the form of a semi-circle, commanded by the immense fortress, which includes the imperial palace. This palace, one of the finest edifices in Asia, was erected by the Emperor Akbar. The great square of the palace, filled with rows of plantain trees, and surrounded by a beautiful gallery, was formerly adorned by six trium-



BALCONY OF ZENANA, AT AGRA.

phal arches, which served as the entrances to six broad streets. The architecture and decorations of the Zenana or ladies' palace rival those of the Alhambra in beauty and magnificence.

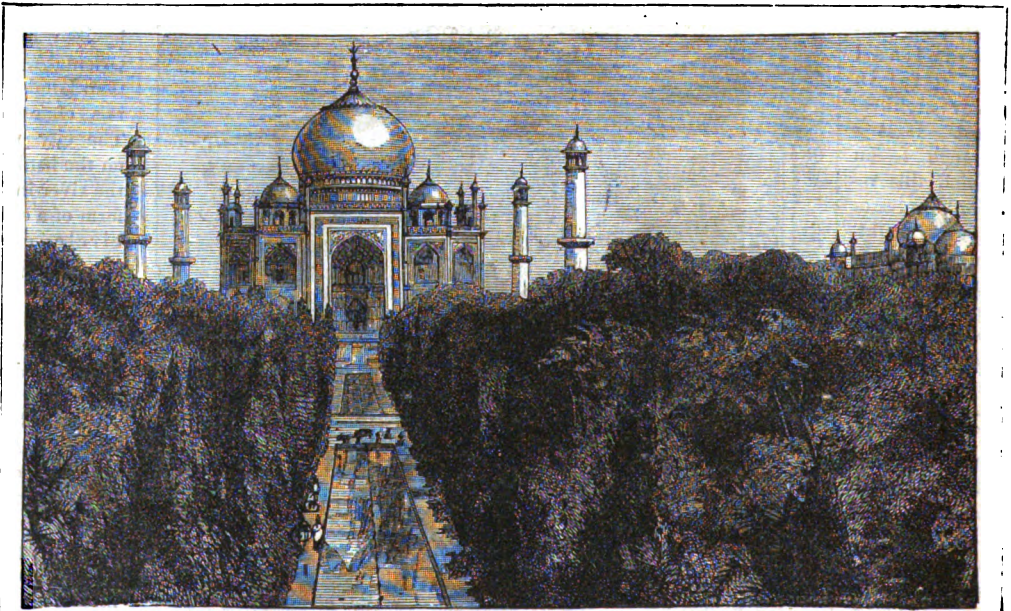
The late Dr. Macleod, who visited this portion of India a few years since, thus describes this palace: "As to the Zenana buildings, picture to yourselves rooms or boudoirs, call them what you please, opening one into another, all of pure marble; here a balcony supported by delicate pillars, with projecting roofs; there exquisite balustrades in delicate lace-like open patterns with no ornament save gilding;—the views extending over the country, and embracing the

Taj and the Jumna. Imagine again rivulets of water streaming from room to room along marble beds; gardens of flowers, and precious exotics—the creepers running over trellises, and shading from the heat the pathways across the marble floors, and mingling with the flying spray of fountains; and this on and on, from room to room, from balcony to balcony, from court to court. And then there are two recesses impervious to heat, whose walls are formed of innumerable small mirrors, with lamps without number, by which tiny waterfalls used to be illumined from behind, as they flowed into marble fountains and thence issued in bubbling rivulets or sprang into fluttering jets of spray of delicious coolness."

But as beautiful as is this palace to the outward beholding, there are lower stories and covered vaults which fill the mind of the spectator with wondering

miles from the town, on the west bank of the Jumna. Dr. Macleod thus describes this architectural wonder, as he just viewed it from the chamber of the gateway, and afterward entered it:

"From the arch in the gateway the eye follows a long, broad, marble canal, often full of crystal water, at the extreme end of which rises the platform on which the Taj is built. Each side of the white marble canal is bordered by tall, dark cypress trees, and on feast days about eighty fountains—twenty-two being in the centre—fling their cooling spray along its whole length, while trees of every shade, and plants of sweetest odor, fill the rest of the garden. The buildings which make up the Taj are all erected on a platform about twenty feet high, and occupying a space of about three hundred and fifty feet square. These buildings consist of the tomb itself, which is an



TAJ AND GARDENS, AGRA.

horror. There are mysterious stairs descending into empty cells and dark caverns. There are tortuous passages apparently leading nowhere, but investigation has brought to light walled-up apartments at their terminations. In one of these chambers, shut in by a wall eleven feet in thickness, were found the skeletons of a young man and of an old and young woman. A well was there, but with no means of drawing water from it. A beautiful landscape could be seen from the cell, but there was no possibility of communication with the outer world. Curious explorers have found deep wells with ropes hung from bearers across their mouths, on which skeletons of females were found.

There are in Agra palaces, mosques and tombs of bewildering beauty. The pearl mosque is one of the most perfect gems of art in India. The Taj, the most remarkable of the tombs, is situated about three

octagon, surmounted by an egg-shaped dome of about seventy feet in circumference; and of four minarets about a hundred and fifty feet high, which shoot up like columns of light into the blue sky. One feature peculiar to itself is its perfect purity; for all portions of the Taj—the great platform, the sky-piercing minarets, the building proper—are of *pure white marble*! The only exception—but what an exception!—is the beautiful ornamented work of an exquisite flower pattern, which wreathes the doors and wanders toward the dome, one huge mosaic of inlaid stones of different colors. Imagine if you can such a building as this—

'White as the snows of Apennine,
Indurated by frost,'

rising amidst the trees of an Eastern garden rich in color, fruit and flower, and standing against a sky of ethereal blue, with nothing to break its repose save

the gleaming wings of flocks of paroquets adding to the glory of color; and all seen in perfect silence, with no painful associations to disturb the mind, or throw it out of harmony with the pleasing memories of a wife and mother buried here by a husband who loved her for twenty years of married life, and who lies beside her!

"We walk up from the great portal along the central marble canal, ascend the platform by twenty steps, and, crossing the marble pavement, enter the Taj with a feeling of awe and reverence. Our admiration is increased as we examine the details of the wondrous interior. The light admitted by the door does not dispel but only subdues the gloom within. We stand before such a screen as we have never seen equalled. Divided into several compartments and panels, it sweeps around the marble cenotaphs that lie within it, and represent the real tombs seen in the vault beneath. It is of purest marble, so pierced and carved as to look like a high fence of exquisite lace-work, but is really far more refined and beautiful; for everywhere along those panels are wreaths of flowers composed of lapis lazuli, jasper, heliotrope, chalcedony, cornelian, etc.; so that to make one of the hundreds of these bouquets a hundred different stones are required. The Florence mosaic work does not surpass it."

Fatehpore Sikri is within a day's drive of Agra, and was built by Akbar. "Its buildings," says Dr. Macleod, "remain as perfect as when erected—its tombs being like poems in marble, its palaces of rarest beauty, and its remains, in short, so exquisite as do not exist in any other part of the earth."

Lucknow, another town rendered famous by the Sepoy rebellion, is also found in the valley of the Ganges. It is the capital of the province of Oude. Oude is a small province, but, being well watered by large rivers and smaller streams, it is one of the most productive in India. It yields crops of wheat, barley, rice and other grains, sugar-canes, indigo, poppies for opium, and all the richer articles raised in India. Lapis lazuli is also a production of this province. Lucknow stands on the banks of the Goomty, about thirty miles north of the Ganges. Though one of the most imposing cities of central India, some of its streets are so narrow that two carts cannot pass each other, and are sunk, in the quarter inhabited by the

lower orders, at least ten or twelve feet below the level of the soil. Every nook and angle swarms with beggars.

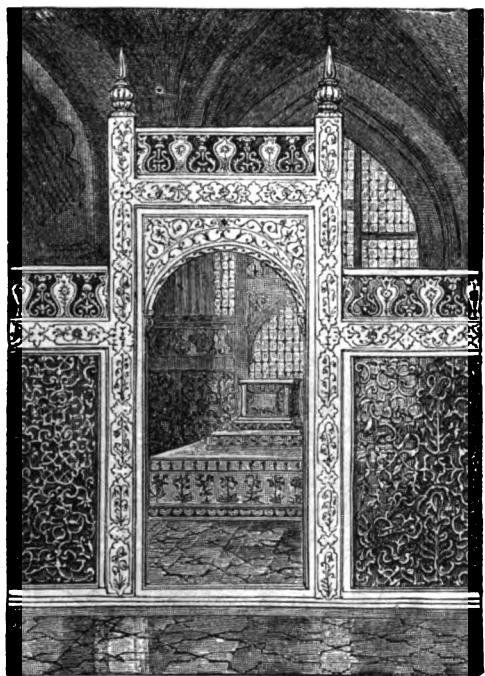
Differing from the Mohammedan type of Delhi and Agra, Lucknow is yet not Hindoo in character. It was once a town of two hundred thousand inhabitants, but since the mutiny its population has decreased.

The Kaiser Bagh, or palace of the deposed king, is one of the finest palaces of the city, though there are, or rather were, many others which rival it in splendor, but now all are silent and deserted.

Here, too, was a long-besieged English garrison during the mutiny. The incidents of their relief is already well known, but will bear repetition. For many weary weeks the little garrison had held out, though sorely pressed by their foes, and suffering daily loss at the hands of the enemy or by sickness. They waited, hoping for succor, until they were sick with hope deferred. One day one of the women caught with her quick ear the strains of "Annie Laurie," as it was being played by the approaching but still distant Highlanders, who were marching to their relief. The news spread like wildfire, and men and women who had borne danger, privation, and suffering with unflinching bravery, now gave way under the emotion of joy.

Lucknow is connected with Cawnpore by a railway thirty miles in length across a level plain. Cawnpore is situated on the south bank of the Ganges, and the river is

crossed by a long bridge of boats. There is little at Cawnpore to arrest the eye of the traveller. It is a military station, situated on a broad, dusty plain, and contains many evidences of modern English civilization, but little of the really beautiful or picturesque. If it were not for the associations connected with the spot, it might be passed over as undeserving of notice. But here was perpetrated one of the bloodiest and most blood-curdling massacres of the whole mutiny. A band of Europeans, seven hundred and fifty in number, including men, women and children, had maintained their position in the barracks for twenty days, holding out in the hope of obtaining relief. At last Nana, or Nina Sahib offered terms of surrender, which were accepted, and the English were to be sent down the Ganges to Allahabad. Twenty boats were ranged along the bank for their use, and when



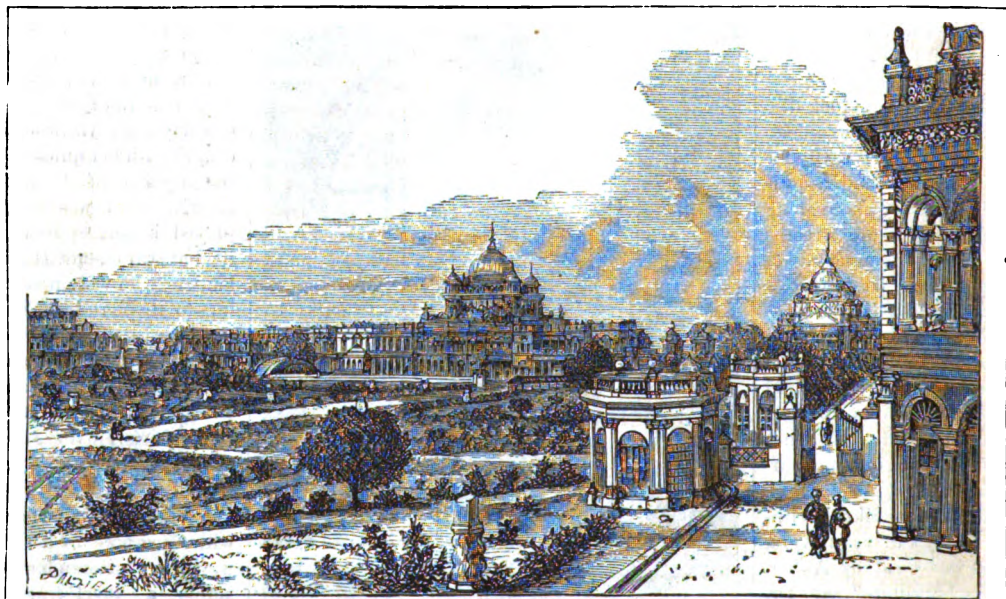
MARBLE SCREEN IN THE TAJ.

these boats were crowded, at a signal from the treacherous Nana they were set on fire. At the same moment guns from the shore, from the temple, and from the banks, which had been carefully concealed, now opened fire upon the wretched people. All the men were slain except two or three, who escaped as if by a miracle, and upwards of one hundred women and children, wounded and bleeding, were brought back to Cawnpore, and locked up in narrow quarters during the heat of an Eastern summer, their number constantly increasing as new prisoners were brought in. When General Havelock finally reached Cawnpore, not an English voice greeted him. All had been murdered two days before and thrown into a well. Around this well a beautiful wall has been built, and a white marble Angel of Peace, by Marochetti, stands over it in commemoration of the dead.

Allahabad is situated on the Ganges, about mid-

branch to take root in the ground, each, in course of time, to develop into a huge trunk, until a single tree assumes the magnitude of a forest, growing to a height and breadth which we, who are unaccustomed to such a development of vegetation, can scarcely imagine.

Benares is the next town of importance. It is a town intensely Hindoo in its character, and differs totally in appearance from Delhi and Agra, which may be considered representative Indo-Mohammedan towns. Its streets are narrow and winding lanes. The houses are built of solid stone, six and seven stories high. Carriages are impossible, and the traveller must even occasionally dismount from the elephant—the frequent means of locomotion—and do his sight-seeing on foot. Monkeys are objects of religious veneration in Benares and live and thrive in countless numbers and in perfect security. Holy



KAISER BAGH, OR KING'S PALACE, LUCKNOW.

way between its mouth and its source. Here the railway from Bombay connects with the trunk line from Calcutta to the Punjab. The town possesses a strong fortress, and played an important part during the mutiny. There is a magnificent palace within the fort, and there are other buildings of interest.

Allahabad, Mirzapoor and Chunar, situated along the bend which the Ganges takes at this point, are towns of more or less commercial importance. They lie nearest the great cotton fields of India. Huge convoys of cattle, bearing cotton upon their backs, or drawing rudely-constructed and heavily-laden carts, may be seen coming into these towns at the proper season of the year. The cotton is shipped at these points, and whole fleets of curious-looking boats bear it down the Ganges. Here and to the south will be found the famous banyan-tree of India—a tree of unequalled growth, which sends down branch after

bulls were once allowed to wander unmolested through the streets, and all considered it a privilege to feed them; but regard for personal safety has finally led to a restriction of their freedom.

The most famous factory of Benares is that for the manufacture of brocade. Here may be seen magnificent gold brocades costing one hundred dollars and even more a yard. These fabrics are beautiful beyond description, and display a refinement and a culture in art, in comparison with which the manufactures of the western world seem simply barbarous.

Benares is the Holy City of Hindostan. It contains a thousand temples, and tens of thousands of idols and shrines. Here countless pilgrims flock from every part of India to bathe in the waters of the Ganges, and to pay their devotions before the shrines. The most devout among them, if their wealth equals

their piety, build stairs or ghauts down to the river's edge for the accommodation of the faithful. These flights of stairs line the whole margin of the water and present every variety of architectural appearance. Here the learned men of India have lived, studying the Vedas, here miserable devotees have endured fiercest tortures, and here holy beggars have begged for alms. Here Hindooism flourished long before the Romans landed in Great Britain, and here it still flourishes as vigorous as ever.

There are about ten missionaries in Benares, but their hopes rest in the future rather than with the immediate present. The city swarms with Brahmins. Americans find a difficulty in comprehending the exact position of the Brahmins. They are the highest caste in India, the caste which is alone entitled to make priests of its numbers. But the Brahmins are a race rather than a class, and though very many find a livelihood as priests, carriers of sacred water, scholars, religious teachers, ascetics and religious beggars, still there is a large part of the race obliged to support themselves and families by other means. So they enter other pursuits besides that of the priesthood, and are even found in the Bengal army. But whatever their circumstances in life, however ignorant they may be, they never forget that they are Brahmins, and consequently entitled to look down upon the rest of the world.

Perhaps the most striking view which can be obtained of Benares is from the river. First of all, the Ganges, here broad and deep, is covered with boats of every conceivable shape; fleets of cotton boats going down to Calcutta; boats loaded with hay and grain; boats for travel, and boats for pleasure. Then along the shore are innumerable ghauts or stairways, some of them massive and beautiful, up and down which pilgrims are continually passing. Here and there is to be seen a Brahmin under his white umbrella, surrounded by a group eager to listen to his words of instruction or to receive his blessing. Here are the weak, the sick and the aged, come to gain strength or to die, as the case may be, in the sacred city and by the sacred waters. On one ghaut smoke constantly ascends from the burning bodies of the dead; on another the most dreadful crimes are being atoned for. And all this takes place, not on a single holy day or religious occasion, but day after day and year after year. It has been going on century after century. The religion which enjoins these customs was in its prime even before the Babe was born in the stable at Bethlehem. Behind these stairways, rising high up from the banks, is the city with the domes and spires of a thousand sacred temples, all of them more or less beautiful. Overtopping all are the stone palaces of the rajahs. It is a strange and bewildering picture to an European or an American, so old-world-like, so different from all we have been accustomed to see or even to think of. It overturns all one's preconceived ideas of religion and of civilization.

In front of Benares, even in the dry season, the Ganges is fifteen yards deep, and is a broad and rapid

stream. It is no longer clear. Its tributaries pollute its fair depths with mud and mire. At Chetopa the Gogra pours in a considerable volume of water, and shortly after the Soane and the Gunduck add their streams. The Ganges then spread out like an inland sea, and rushes along at the rate of three leagues an hour between banks from six to eight thousand yards apart. As far as this point rolling hills have approached its banks, and mountains have undulated the horizontal line. But now the country becomes more level. The depth of the river is not greatly influenced by the melting of the snows, but during the rainy season it becomes much swollen, raising twenty-five or thirty feet, and overflowing the surrounding plains sometimes for a hundred miles in extent. Its channel is constantly changing, and occasional long lines of sand-banks indicate where the river has at some time found its boundary. The banks of the Ganges, for its entire length, often present picturesque views of groups who come to bathe in it or drink of it. In the estimation of the natives the river is itself a deity, and the most sure way to Heaven is through its waters. Hence, when possible, the Hindoo comes to its banks to die, and the naked dead are cast into the sacred stream, there to become a prey to the alligators or perhaps, the parish dogs, which watch the stream for food. Its banks are lined with ghauts, and dotted with temples. It is itself one continuous altar or shrine where offerings are constantly being made.

In this portion of India the poppy is extensively cultivated, and it is from hence that much of the opium consumed in the world is obtained. Rice is the most common crop in the portions annually inundated by the river.

When about two hundred miles from its mouth, the Ganges begins to divide itself. Upon one of its divisions, called the Hoogly, is situated Calcutta, the chief city of Bengal. This city presents a curious appearance. The English element makes itself here plainly visible, and is mixed, yet never blended with native. English commercial houses stand almost side by side with Hindoo temples; and English residences with the palaces of wealthy natives.

The Brahmapootra river joins the Ganges a little lower down, and then these united rivers are divided and subdivided, pouring out their waters by many mouths. On the southern border of the Delta of the Ganges is a thickly-wooded, swampy belt, known as the Soonderbunds. The entire region is a labyrinth of creeks and rivers, and forests of vast extent cover the whole soil and overhang the streams, so that the masts of vessels sometimes become entangled in their branches. These wild and wide-extended woods are useless for purposes of cultivation, and are only inhabited by a few fanatical fakcers. In the impenetrable jungles the tiger finds its lair; alligators of enormous size bask upon the sunny banks of the rivers; huge serpents twist themselves among the trees; paroquets scream overhead, and monkeys spring from branch to branch. It is a strange, wild country, on the very borders of a civilization, the

oldest of which we have any record. It is a region given over to malaria, and to the dominion of wild beasts, and scarcely less wild and superstitious men. Through the hundred streams which divide the Soonderbunds, the Ganges pours its vast volume of waters into the bay of Bengal, and the mighty river is lost in the mightier ocean.

THE WANDERING ALBATROS.

THE Wandering Albatros is the largest of web-footed birds, the spread of its wings being sometimes twelve feet, and the weight twenty pounds or upwards. The wings are, however, narrow in proportion to their length. It is possessed of wondrous powers of wing, sailing along for days together

This bird is extremely voracious; it has been observed to dash at a piece of blubber, weighing between three and four pounds, and gulp it down entire. After this dainty morsel, the bird was not able to rise from the water, but yet swam vigorously after another piece of blubber on a hook, snapped at it, and was only saved from capture by the hook breaking in its mouth. The food of this bird consists chiefly of fish and mollusca, but it has no objection to the flesh of a dead whale, or to any kind of carrion. It is not a courageous bird, and is often compelled to yield up its prey to sea-eagles, and even to the larger kind of gulls. When food is abundant, it gorges itself, like the vulture, and then sits motionless upon the water, so that it may sometimes be taken with the hand.



THE WANDERING ALBATROS.

without requiring rest, and hardly ever flapping its wings, merely swaying itself from side to side with extended pinions. The plumage is soft and abundant, mostly white, dusky on the upper parts, some of the feathers of the back and wings black. The bill is of a delicate pinky-white, inclining to yellow at the tip. It is found in the Southern seas, particularly near the Cape of Good Hope, whence sailors sometimes call it the Cape Sheep. It often approaches very near to vessels, and is one of the objects of interest which present themselves to voyagers far away from land, particularly when it is seen sweeping the surface of the ocean in pursuit of flying-fish, or when it alights, as it not unfrequently does, upon the rigging of the ship.

Not unfrequently, however, on the approach of a boat, it disgorges the undigested food, and thus lightened, it flies away. Its cry has been compared to that of the Pelican; it also sometimes emits a noise which has been likened to the braying of an ass. Its flesh is unpalatable, being of a strong oily flavor, but some portions of it can be eaten, if properly prepared. The long bones of the wings are in great request for pipe-stems.

Angling for Albatros is quite a favorite amusement, and the bird often gives good sport, sometimes rising into the air, and being drawn down on deck like a boy's kite, but generally hanging back with all its might, and resisting the pull of the line by means of its wings squared in the water. It is no easy matter

to haul in an Albatros under such circumstances, and the bird often escapes by the hook tearing out or the line breaking.

Nothing, however, teaches it wisdom; for, in a few minutes, it is quite as ready to take the bait again. Even those which have been captured, marked by a ribbon tied round their necks, and set at liberty, will follow the vessel as soon as they recover themselves.

When an Albatros is hooked the others become very angry, thinking that their companion is monopolizing the tempting food. Down they swoop accordingly, pounce on the spot, and when settled on the water, are very much astonished to see their companion towed away and themselves left sitting on the waves with nothing to eat.

Should one of these birds be shot, the remainder pounce upon it at once and soon entomb their late companion in their rapacious maws. These birds may, under some circumstances, be dangerous to human beings, as they have been observed to swoop upon the head of a man who has fallen overboard—and their long, powerful beaks are fearful weapons when urged by those huge pinions.

The Albatros makes its home on the lofty precipices of Tristan d'Acunha, the Crozettes, the Marion Islands, and other similar localities. It heaps up a rude nest of earth not far from the sea, or deposits its solitary egg in a slight hollow, which it makes in the dry ground. The egg is about four inches long, white, and spotted at the larger end; it is edible.

Mr. Erie, who visited their nesting-places, writes in forcible language of the strange and weird-like scene: "A death-like stillness prevailed in these high regions, and to my ear our voices had a strange, unnatural echo, and I fancied our forms appeared gigantic, while the air was piercingly cold. The prospect was altogether sublime, and filled the mind with awe. The huge Albatros here appeared to dread no interloper or enemy, for their young were on the ground completely uncovered, and the old ones were stalking round them. The young are entirely white, and covered with a woolly down, which is very beautiful. As we approached they snapped their bills with a very quick motion, making a great noise; this and the throwing up the contents of the stomach are the only means of offence and defence they seem to possess. I again visited the mountain about five months afterward, when I found the young Albatroses still sitting in their nests, and they had never moved away from them."

Albatroses appear in great numbers toward the end of June about the Kurile Islands and Kamtschatka. The Kamtschadales make various domestic articles of the wing-bones, and blow up the entrails for floats to their nets.

It is one thing to wish to have truth on our side, and another to wish to be on the side of truth.

I THINK it best not to dispute, where there is no probability of convincing.

TO OLD-TIME FRIENDS.

BY EDITH W. KENT.

HOW I miss the dear old faces
That were wont to gather round!
And the old, familiar voices—
Only in my dreams they sound.

When I journey into dreamland,
(Ah, that those bright dreams were true!)
There I see the old-time faces—
Loving hands I clasp anew.

The olden home—I miss it sadly;
The beauteous fields, the dell,
Grand old mountains, trees and rivers—
All the scenes I loved so well.

Tidings of sad changes reach me—
Joys that *were* can be no more;
Some friends absent, some are present—
Some have "*only gone before*."

Strange, though pleasant, are the faces
Of the friends who clasp my hand;
But they cannot fill your places—
Oh, loved ones of native land!

But the same sun shines upon us,
That made bright our early days;
All the same the shade and sunshine
Of life's joys and weary ways.

Moon and stars, with light as silv'ry,
Shone upon us long ago,
When our hearts, dear Al, were blithesome,
And our homeward steps so slow.

And the same skies smile above us—
Their still beauty o'er us bend—
In their constancy, faint emblem
Of the ever-present Friend.

For, as ever, bending o'er us,
Is the same kind, watchful care;
Of the Father's loving kindness
Proofs are here and everywhere.

Though so far apart our life-paths,
Dear old friends of native land,
Let us seek one Blessed Haven—
Trust one Father's loving hand!

"I NEVER knew a man," says an old author, "who could not bear another's misfortunes just like a Christian"—which reminds us of the old lady who thought every calamity that happened to herself a trial, and every one that happened to her friend a judgment.

You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your reach; try your best, you can never recall it. Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a profane word.

We should not only break the teeth of malice by forgiveness, but pluck out its sting by forgetfulness.

THE DEAREST LITTLE WIFE IN THE WORLD.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"YOU'RE the dearest little wife in the world," said Clem Sandford, kissing the sweet lips of his pretty Katie, and gazing at himself in the mirror of her tender blue eyes. "And I'm the luckiest man in town," he added, as he kissed her again.

Katie looked happy. She went with her handsome young husband to the door, and stood following him with her eyes as he walked down the street. She waited until he was nearly a block away, hoping he might turn to get another sight of her, but he walked on without looking back.

The happy expression faded off slowly from the young wife's countenance—faded and faded, until the serene aspect that succeeded gave place to a look of care and disappointment. A baby's fretting cry came down from the chamber. Katie started and ran up quickly.

"Baby, darling!" she exclaimed, as she lifted her sick child from its crib. The large bright eyes and pale face showed that the illness was serious. The baby's languid head went down upon Katie's shoulder, and a feeble murmur of satisfaction came from its fever-stained lips.

For nearly half an hour the young mother paced the chamber floor, baby's head resting on her shoulder, sometimes singing a low droning song, and sometimes moving to and fro in silence with a manner so absent and absorbed that she seemed like one in a dream. Long before she knew it the baby was asleep. She was still walking the floor with the child in her arms when the door opened, and the coarse face of a woman looked in.

"I bees goin'," said the hard mouth, speaking out of the coarse face, and flinging the words with a sort of cruel satisfaction at the startled little woman.

"Going, Mary! Going where?" asked bewildered Katie, but half comprehending the import of what she had just heard.

"Going to lave," was answered.

"You'll not go until I get some one in your place, Mary?"

The frail little woman stood almost suppliant before the brawny Irish girl.

"I bees goin' now. My wake's up," returned Mary, sharply, and with a toss of her head.

"But, Mary, don't you see that I shall be all alone, and that baby is sick? What am I to do?"

And tears rushed to Mrs. Sandford's eyes.

"I bees goin'," growled the unfeeling wretch, and turning around, went up-stairs instead of back to the kitchen. In a little while she came down, bundle in hand, and took herself off, leaving Mrs. Sandford

almost in despair. She had asked for and received her week's wages on the evening before.

What could poor little Katie do but sit down and cry? and she did cry long and bitterly. In the midst of her despair baby awoke, and began fretting and moaning in the crib where she had laid him. At this moment the door-bell rang. Not until it rang again, and louder than at first, did it come into Katie's mind that there was no one but herself to answer it. Then she picked up baby hastily and went down-stairs. A man with an evil-looking face stood at the door. He had a basket of notions for sale, and made a movement to push by her into the vestibule. But an instinct of danger caused her to stand fast in his way.

"I don't want anything," she said.

"But let me show the lady what I have. Here are—"

The instinct of danger that led Katie to stand in the man's way so that he could not come in now caused her to step back with a quick movement, and at the same time to shut the door in his face. She heard him curse her as she did so. Weak and trembling, she went from the vestibule into the parlor, and sat there trying to collect her scattered and bewildered thoughts.

It took Katie some time to clearly comprehend the situation, and to see just what was to be done. She was young and inexperienced—knew little of the mysteries of housekeeping, and less of culinary art. So far, she had managed to get along "wonderfully well," so Clem told her on occasions when his comfort was specially secured; though it must be told that he was not chary of complaint when any jar in the home machinery disturbed his peace.

"What am I to do about dinner?" exclaimed Katie, as the actual state of affairs became clear to her mind. If she alone were to be considered, the case would have been simple enough. But she could not set Clem down to a cup of tea, and bread and butter. He must have his roast, and his vegetables, and his dessert. Clem always wanted "a good square dinner," as he called it, and he was particular about having everything "done to a turn."

What was poor little Katie to do about dinner? Baby fretted and moaned, and Katie could not put him down for more than a few minutes at a time. She cried a good deal in her helplessness. If it wasn't for Clem's dinners, and Clem's selfish regard for his own comfort, Katie would not have been so very unhappy. True, baby was sick, and she was anxious about baby. But the doctor had come in and pronounced him a great deal better than on the day before. So if only baby had been on her mind, the load would not have been very hard to bear. But, besides baby, she had her great, selfish, thoughtless husband to carry, poor weak little thing!

* This story with the accompanying fine illustration originally appeared in "TO-DAY," the new illustrated weekly published in Philadelphia, by McLEAN & STODDART, and edited by Dr. DIO LEWIS.

The hours went by. It was half-past twelve, and Clem would be home at two, and expect to find his dinner on the table. Katie had been trying for half an hour to get baby asleep, so that she could be free to see about dinner, but it was of no use: sleep was not in his eyes. So, at last, with baby in her arms, she went down to the kitchen.

She had been in the kitchen half an hour before to

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Katie, in despair, as she saw the almost fireless range; and seizing the poker, she commenced raking it with all her might. But, of course, this didn't help the matter any, only made it worse. Then she went to the refrigerator and took out the quarter of lamb that had been bought for dinner. This she put into a dripping-pan, and set it in the oven of the range. Next she brought up from



look after the fire, and found it nearly out and no coal in the scuttle. She had gone into the cellar with baby on her arm and brought up coal; she had raked down the fire and put on fresh coal; and now she was in the kitchen again to see about cooking the dinner. Alas for the fire! She had raked it nearly out, and the fresh coal looked almost as black as when she threw it on, filling the grate to the top.

the cellar a basket of green peas, and began shelling them, holding baby all the while. Her back was aching, her head was aching, and her limbs and hands unsteady from excessive nervousness. After shelling the peas, she got some potatoes ready for boiling. There were beets to cook, besides mint-sauce to make and some kind of a dessert to get up, for Clem never would go without his dessert.

Potatoes were put into one pot and the peas into another, with some water—the quantity guessed at in each case—and both vessels set upon the range. You might have held your hand upon it without getting burnt, the fire was so low. Away down at the bottom of the grate it had a bright glow, but the mass of coal heaped above to the very top was as black as when it came from the bin, and did not promise to be alive for an hour at least.

Steadily the hands moved over the face of the clock, and Katie looked at them in despair as they drew nearer and nearer to the dinner-hour, while the fire at the bottom of the grate made but slow encroachments on the mass of coal above. Half-past one, and the piece of lamb looked as raw as when placed in the oven. Not a bubble had yet risen to the surface of the water in which the potatoes and peas had been put to boil. As for a dessert, all idea of that had been abandoned. Baby was asleep, having worn out both himself and his mother with crying and fretting. With unsteady steps and an inward trembling, the result of sheer physical exhaustion, Katie now proceeded to arrange the table and get everything ready for serving the dinner as soon as the fire should accomplish its task. All she could do to help the fire she did, raking it with the poker every few minutes, and so hindering instead of helping. If she had let it alone after the first raking and too liberal supply of coal, it would by this time have got well ahead and been quite a respectable fire. But all it was able to gain in the five or ten minutes at a time that Katie let it alone it would lose when she made a new onslaught with the poker. Poor fire! Poor Katie! Poor dinner! A most unhappy and melancholy trio!

Ting! Ting! It was the clock striking two. At the same moment came down from the chamber a loud cry from baby. Katie threw a look of despair at the black and ashy range, and dropping the poker she had just lifted to give the fire another helping punch, ran up to her sick child. As she lifted him in her arms she heard Clem's key rattle in the door. It opened and shut with the usual bang. Clem was quick and emphatic in his movements. She sat down, weak and trembling. Up-stairs he came with two or three great bounds, clearing half a dozen steps at a time, like a great romping boy.

"Where's my little wife?" he cried, as he swept like a strong wind into the room where Katie sat, with pale face and tear-filled eyes, trying to rally her feelings and draw a veil over her countenance.

"Why, Katie!" exclaimed Clem. "Is baby worse?"

"He's a very sick child," answered Katie, trying hard to command her feelings.

Clem kissed them both tenderly, and said, in his light, confident way: "Oh, never fear about baby. He'll be all right in a few days. I saw Dr. Jones this morning, and he says the worst is over. And now, darling, ring the bell and order up dinner. I'm three minutes late."

"Dinner isn't near ready," answered Katie. "Everything's gone wrong to-day."

"Dinner not ready!" and Clem, as he said this in a tone of profound surprise, not unmingled with displeasure, drew out his watch and looked at the face. "It's five minutes past two now. If there's any one thing I insist on, it's punctuality. Not near ready! Did you say that, Katie?"

"Take baby, and I'll go down and see about it;" and Katie reached baby to Clem. "Mary went off this morning, and I've had everything to do myself." Katie tried to speak cheerfully, even to smile.

"That's too bad," said Clem, but in a tone of voice that showed how little he comprehended all that was involved in the sentence, "Mary went off this morning, and I've had everything to do myself."

"Throw things on the table as quickly as you can," he added. "I'll be down in a few minutes; am in a desperate hurry to-day. Must be back to the store by three precisely."

"It won't be ready for half an hour, Clem," returned Katie, a look of distress on her face. "I've tried my best to make the fire burn. Mary let it go nearly out."

"Half an hour! Why, Katie! When did Mary go?"

"Directly after breakfast," replied Katie.

"And you've been ever since trying to make the fire burn!"

The rebuke in Clem's tones hurt Katie more than the rebuke in his words.

She made no reply, but went down-stairs. In a few minutes Clem followed. He took in the prospect at a glance.

"Half an hour! Better say half a day!" he exclaimed, with ill-repressed anger. "What have you got? Leg of lamb; potatoes; peas. Humph! Poor show in every way! Guess I won't wait. Here; take the baby. Must be at the store by three—haven't a moment to lose."

"But you can't go without your dinner, Clem! I'm so sorry, but I've done the best I could," pleaded miserable little Katie.

"Poor prospect of getting it here," answered the selfish, unsympathizing Clem; and he put the baby into Katie's arms.

"You'll get something at a restaurant, won't you?" said Katie, more concerned for Clem than for herself.

"I don't know," returned Clem, in an injured tone. He was put out, and felt just ugly enough to let Katie know that he was annoyed and displeased.

But he did know, the selfish, ungenerous fellow! It was that he might have time to get a good dinner at a restaurant that he was so eager to get away.

So off he swept, not even kissing the dearest little wife in the world. Poor Katie was almost heart-broken. Clem's displeasure, added to the trouble and exhausting efforts of the morning, was more than she could bear. As the street door shut heavily behind her husband, great sobs burst from her heart, and she sat down with baby in her weak and trembling arms, moaning and crying in a way that if Clem could have heard it would have startled him into something like surprise and pity, if not shame.

And there she sat, crying to herself or hushing her restless baby in a sort of helpless despair—sat there alone, faint and sick in body and mind, while Clem was enjoying “a good square dinner” at a first-class eating-house.

After the pain caused by Clem’s selfish and unmanly conduct had lost some of its sharpness—only aching in a dull, heavy way—Katie went into the kitchen and removed the half-cooked meat and vegetables from the range. But just what to do with them she did not know. They had been intended for Clem’s dinner, but Clem had gone off, and there was no longer any use for them. As for herself, she had no desire for food—could not have taken a mouthful of anything. And now baby began to scream as if in pain. Katie rocked him in her arms, walked with him, sang to him, tried in all possible ways to soothe and quiet him, but all in vain. He screamed on, and writhed and threw himself about in evident suffering. Leaving the half-cooked dinner on the hearth before the range, Katie went up-stairs with her sick child. For more than an hour he cried on, and then from exhaustion became still, dropping off to sleep.

As soon as Katie, who had thrown herself on the bed beside her baby, found that he was sleeping, she rose up, intending to go down to the kitchen again, but as she raised her head everything grew dark. She knew nothing more until she found her husband bending over her with a pale and frightened face.

After Clem had eaten his “good square dinner,” he felt more comfortable in mind and body. His annoyance at the home irregularity and disappointment was over; he was at peace with himself and all mankind. He hoped that Katie was all right; had no doubt that she was, and would make amends for the dinner shortcoming by getting him up something specially nice for supper.

Toward the middle of the afternoon a business friend with whom Clem was personally intimate happened into the store.

“How’s that dear little wife of yours?” he inquired. Clem often bragged of his wife, and his friends, seeing how any reference to her pleased him, were in the habit of asking after Katie.

“Not over brilliant, dear little soul?” answered Clem. “Found her all out of sorts when I went home to-day. Sick baby, no servant and a half-cooked dinner.”

“And what did you do about it?” asked the friend, who knew Clem a little better, perhaps, than he knew himself.

“Me? What could I do about it?” and Clem opened his eyes with a sort of puzzled look.

“Sick baby, no servant and a half-cooked dinner,” the friend said, repeating his words. “Yes, what did you do about it?”

“The best I could. Had to be back to the store by three o’clock. Couldn’t wait for Katie’s dinner, and so went to a restaurant,” answered Clem.

“Didn’t go off in a huff and forget to kiss the dear little wife?”

The tell-tale blood mounted to Clem’s temples at this unlooked-for question.

“Why, Clem Sandford, I never would have believed this of you! The sweetest, dearest, daintiest little thing of a baby-wife to be treated so! I’m all amazement!”

“I was annoyed, that’s a fact,” confessed Clem, in a penitent voice. “When a man comes in on time, sharp set, and finds a half-cooked piece of meat in the range, servant gone, a wife with a crying baby in her arms, looking the picture of distress, and no prospect of dinner for half an hour, he must be next to a saint if he keeps his temper.”

“And doesn’t come down like a brute on his poor little overtaxed wife, whose head, maybe, is aching fit to burst.”

There fell a brief silence, the two men gazing, meantime, into each other’s face.

“Look here, Clem!” broke out the friend, a latent thrill of anger in his voice; “if I’ve really guessed at the truth, if you did come down on poor little Katie after this fashion, then you are a—”

“Brute!” said Clem, with an indignant emphasis. “But, you see, I didn’t. Not quite so bad as that, though I own up to having behaved a little shabbily. A hungry, disappointed, put-out man doesn’t always have the best control of himself—isn’t the most considerate animal in the world.”

“Went off in a huff,” said the friend, “to enjoy a good meal at an eating-house, without a word of sympathy for the dearest little wife in the world, who, without a servant and burdened with a sick child, had tried her best to get him up a dinner, but failed to be on time! I wonder what Katie was doing while he was enjoying himself at Price’s? I wonder if she had as good an appetite as her husband, and sat down to as tasty a meal? If there were no tears in her wine? Did I understand you aright?” went on the friend. “No servant? Alone all day with a sick child, herself a frail delicate little thing—a blossom that any sudden strong wind might blow away!” Clem began to move about uneasily. A look of anxiety crept into his face.

“You’d better get home as quickly as you can,” went on his friend. “I have little doubt, after a day such as Katie has had, you will find her in bed. What if baby were taken worse? What if Katie herself were to become suddenly ill, all alone in the house? Why, Clem, the more I think of it, the more astonished I grow! Take my advice, and get home as quickly as possible. You don’t know what may have happened.”

Clem, now thoroughly alarmed, was not long in taking his friend’s advice. As he hurried homeward, his excited imagination tortured him with a hundred frightful pictures. He called himself “a miserable, selfish brute,” “an unfeeling wretch,” “a cruel monster.” He was deeply grieved and penitent.

Turning, at last, the corner that brought him in sight of his house, he looked toward it anxiously. There was no sign of life; all the shutters, from the highest to the lowest story, were closed. He quick-

ened his steps almost to a run. A great pressure was on his breast. He could feel his heart beating. How still it was as he entered! "Katie!" he called, eagerly; but only the sound of his voice came back to him in a faint and ghostly echo. "Katie!" he called again, and the startled cry of his sick child rose, wailing, on the air in one of the chambers above. With a bound he cleared the stairway.

Across the bed, on which she had fallen in a fainting fit nearly an hour before, he found Katie. She was still unconscious, her face like the face of death.

"Oh, Katie, Katie!" cried the horror-stricken husband, as he lifted her in his arms and looked into her ashen countenance. He saw the muscles quiver about her mouth and throat, and had presence of mind enough to lay her back upon the bed and run for water, which he dashed in her face. This soon revived her. She opened her eyes and looked at Clem half unconsciously, then closed them and lay still for a little while.

"Katie!" called Clem, in a voice tender and loving. The eyes flew open, and light flashed into them.

"Katie, dear!" Clem bent down and kissed her.

"What's the matter?" asked Katie, making an effort to rise; but Clem held her down, saying—

"You've been sick, darling, and must keep still."

"Sick, Clem? Oh, no, I haven't been sick! Is it dinner-time already, Clem?" A shadow crept over her face. "I don't know what's come over me," she added, faintly, and shut her eyes in a weak, exhausted way.

"Oh, baby!" she exclaimed, as baby's cry broke out suddenly in a piercing wail, and she started up again. But Clem's hand pressed her back.

"You must be very quiet," he said, softly, yet firmly. "I'll see to baby," and he lifted the sick child from where he lay behind his mother and tried to soothe and comfort him, but he only cried the more piteously. Every moment Katie's strength was coming back. She now arose and sat on the side of the bed, reaching out her hands for the grieving baby.

"Give him to me," she said; and Clem, finding all his efforts to hush the child unavailing, laid him in her arms, where he nestled his head on her bosom, and grew quiet. For a little while there was silence. It was broken by Katie.

"I'm so sorry about the dinner, Clem," she began, in a regretful voice; "but I did the best I could. Mary went off—"

But Clem put his hand over her soft mouth, saying, "You never should have tried it, darling, and I was a selfish brute to act as I did."

"No, no, no, you wasn't, Clem. I ought to have looked better to the fire, and—and—and—"

But the poor little thing broke down, she felt so weak and helpless.

"I'm not fit to be anybody's wife," she sobbed. "I'm not strong, and I don't know how to do anything."

"Now, hush, Katie! I won't have you talk so.

You're the dearest little wife in the world," answered Clem.

"I'm little and weak and ignorant, and not fit to be anybody's wife," persisted Katie—and she was more than half in the right. Certainly, with all these disqualifications, she was not fit to be the wife of so selfish and self-indulgent a man as Clem Sandford, proud as he was of the sweet little blossom upon which only gentle summer airs had blown until transplanted to his garden, where chill winds swept over it too often.

"Now, hush, Katie, I say!" Clem repeated. "I'm not fit to be the husband of a dainty little darling like you."

And Clem was much nearer the truth than he thought. He was not fit to be the husband of any one like Katie. His wife needed to have strong nerves and physical endurance, to be skilled in the art of housekeeping, and thoughtful in the work of applying this skill to her husband's comfort. He had married for his own convenience and happiness, not thinking of these homely accomplishments in a wife, however, but none the less annoyed and disappointed at not finding them in his pretty little Katie, of whom, as we have said, he was very proud, and tried in his selfish way to love.

"A knowledge of one's faults is half the cure," and "Never too late to mend," are clever sayings, and true in many cases.

The truth was coming to the minds of both Clem and Katie, but it did not come in helpfulness. The mending process involved too much for their strength of character—self-forgetfulness for the good of others, and a persistent purpose. The "dear little wife" was more an untaught child than a well-furnished woman. She had few, if any, of the needed qualifications for the high responsibility she had assumed, and her deficiencies were more and more apparent to her husband every day, because these deficiencies were perpetually marring his comfort.

Clem tried to be more considerate of Katie after this, and she, poor thing! tried in a blind and desperate sort of way to come up to the requirements of her position. But neither of them was equal to the situation. Katie fell far short in her work—not because of unwillingness or indifference, but for lack of strength, training and skill. She had never been taught anything really useful at home, and did not know where to begin nor what to do in the business of orderly housekeeping, and so was completely in the hands of bad servants, and at their mercy. And they led her a miserable life, choosing in most cases to do their worst instead of their best, while she was powerless in their hands.

As a measure of relief to Katie, as well as comfort for himself, Clem determined to get his dinner downtown. The "dear little wife" opposed this. She could not bear the thought of being left alone all day, and so made a new effort to have his dinners better cooked and more punctual as to time. But Biddy, who happened to overhear Clem's proposition, set herself to work to mar all this. She managed to

spoil his favorite dishes, and to keep him waiting day after day until he would lose all patience and blame poor Katie for what she couldn't help, oftener leaving her with a tearful than a smiling face.

"I can't stand this any longer, and I won't!" he exclaimed one day, losing all control of himself, as the hands of the little French timepiece on the mantel pointed to half-past two. "If you can't make your cook have dinner in time, I shall go to a restaurant," and off he went to get a "good square dinner," while Katie betook herself to her chamber to cry helplessly all the afternoon.

After that Clem dined regularly at an eating-house, while Katie lunched without rely on anything that happened to come to hand, or went without food from breakfast to supper-time. Forlorn enough in mind as well as in appearance was Katie all day, but as the time drew near for Clem's return at evening she would put on a new exterior for her husband's sake, though as the months went by she grew less and less particular about personal adornment, and less careful to hide from Clem the weariness and discontent from which she suffered.

Another baby came, a dainty, perfect, fairy-like little thing, and Clem was in ecstasies over it. During the three or four weeks that followed—weeks of rest and freedom from care and annoyance, of rest from weariness and pain, of rest from a perpetual sense of incompetence—Kate seemed to be in Heaven. But when the nurse left her, and, weaker than before, she took up the old and new burdens, Heaven seemed to shut its gates upon her and to banish her into outer darkness.

To Clem she was no longer "the dearest little wife in the world," but a weak, fretful, complaining woman, who was no comfort to herself or anybody else. Poor Katie tried hard to be cheerful when Clem came home, but the faint smiles with which she greeted him did not light up her face with its old attractiveness, and so Clem did not respond with the old excess of fondness for which her poor heart longed. Out of her eyes the light would go suddenly, and the smile fade like an evening sunbeam, leaving her face cold and less beautiful. And so a wall of silence and reserve grew up between them, where once had been pleasant talk and sweet home sympathies.

So it went on, the husband and wife growing farther and farther apart, and less regardful of each other's well-being or happiness. The strong, healthy man, with the vigorous blood perpetually enriched by the "good square dinners" his frail little wife never saw or tasted, leaping along his veins and giving life and strength to nerve and muscle, and the weak, discouraged, exhausted woman, who was trying to keep step at his side, had little in common with each other, and that little grew less every day.

Nobody now heard Clem speak of the "dearest little wife in the world," and if any one asked for her, he would shrug his shoulders, and with an injured look, answer, "Sick," or, with a slight levity of manner, "All played out," or, "So, so, all that is left

of her;" and then, to more particular inquiries, would, maybe, expatiate on the present vicious system of educating girls, by which they were better fitted for being kept in glass cases to be looked at and admired than for useful practical women who had homes and husbands and children to look after.

It did not take many years, under the excessive friction to which Katie was subjected, to wear out the machinery of her life. A third baby was laid on her bosom, and again she was in Heaven, peaceful and happy.

Again she saw in Clem's eyes, as he bent over her, the old tenderness and the old love; and he saw in her pale, sweet face, and tranquil orbs a new and higher beauty, that drew upon his heart and touched him with a sense of reverence. They were lovers again, and in his thought Clem repeated the words once so often on his lips, "The dearest little wife in the world."

Again she was in Heaven, and in the company of ministering angels, and their states of peace were flowing in upon her. The angels that "do always behold the face of my Father" were about the newborn babe, and blessing the mother with their presence.

Ah! to have her go back again; to have the door of Heaven shut, as it were, and she pushed out into the world to take up burdens too heavy for her weak and bent shoulders! But it was not so to be. She had finished her work, poor and imperfect as it was, and had entered already into her rest.

Clem was sitting by her, on the evening of the third day after the baby was born, holding her thin hand, through which you could see the light, and looking into her pale face, that seemed as the face of a spirit. Katie's eyes were resting upon him. Such peaceful, happy eyes Clem had never seen before. There was not in them the "shadow of a shade" of earthly care, but only the rest and peace of Heaven.

"Katie!" he exclaimed, suddenly, rising and bending over her.

A quick change had come into her face.

"Katie! Dear Katie!" he called, putting his arm beneath her, and raising her from the pillows. Her head fell gently down upon his bosom. He called her again and again in tenderest words and tones, but there was no reply. Then a shiver of fear ran through Clem's heart. He lifted the bowed head hastily, and looked into the face of his wife. A single glance, and the story was told. Katie had fallen asleep, and her waking would be with the angels.

THINK ye, that sic as ye and I,
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Wi' never-ceasing toil;
Think ye are we less blest than they,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
As hardly worth their while?—BURNS.

It is time, indeed, that men and women both should cease to grow old in any other way than as the tree does, full of grace and honor.—MARGARET FULLER.

HULDAH, JACK DICKEY'S WIFE.

A STORY FOR GRANDMOTHERS.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

EVERYBODY said, "what a splendid match; he's pretty fore-handed-like, and she's *such* a worker, no danger of the grass growing under her feet!"

They were married the first of April, and moved into their own little house, a cosey, square building between two weeping willows on the only knoll on the farm.

The first of April—well, the middle of May they had radishes, and lettuce, and onions of their own raising on their table, while other folks' lettuce leaves were no bigger than your thumb-nail.

A web of linen towelling that she had spun and woven herself lay out bleaching on the grass above the spring.

Old ladies in the neighborhood said she was a marvel of a housekeeper, and that they'd just as lief eat their victuals off Huldah Dickey's bare floor, as off their own tablecloths.

But, Huldah was a scold, *he* didn't do this, and *he* didn't do that, and she found fault, and too often her words ran high and loud.

To her there was no music like the clacket-y-clack, back and forth, of the unwearied shuttle in the loom, all through the long days, even until bed-time.

What was the song of the robin on the roof to her? what the soft plaint of the dove in the willow, or the cricket in the grass?

If she heard them at all she thought them shrill, or mournful, or piping, and wished the loom could entirely shut out the lovely sounds.

They made her think of graveyards and of the long grasses that swept over sunken graves, and death and burials were to her the gloomiest things she could think about.

The next spring, early, a little daughter came to them. Jack's heart was brimful of the sweetest joy he'd ever known, he never felt happier than when the wee baby lay on his broad bosom clutching aimlessly at nothing. He used to pull its pink toes and touch his hard, woody-looking palms to its velvety cheeks and call it all kinds of sweet names.

When its moist little lips could frame the gurgling word "ta-ta," Papa Jack's joy was ecstatic.

When it grew older he would take it out on the green sward and lie down and let it clamber over him.

It would tumble about as aimlessly as a pumpkin, now bundling over his head, now sitting on his chest, and now tugging at his stalwart legs, trying to lift them.

But Jack couldn't get far enough away that the monotonous clack of the loom was not the unmusical accompaniment of their sport.

Huldah grew more and more industrious, her face grew hard and stern, and the muscles in her neck

showed like cords of hemp. When the baby cried she would weave all the harder, hissing out through her teeth: "bawl away, it'll make you grow."

And so the years passed by—the family increased to four little girls, small, shy, flaxen-haired creatures who had even their "stint of work" to do.

The eldest to sweep and wash dishes and "mother over" the others; the second to keep the hens out of the garden, watch the gap, water the calves, keep the baby out of mischief and wet the web that was bleaching. The child next to the baby could pick up chips and set the chairs back against the wall in a straight row. Two of the little girls had curly hair, but their heads were almost shaved because it took "too much time" to comb and brush and arrange curls.

And then, Huldah said, what good could curls do? you couldn't eat or drink them, or wear them for clothing, and they never brought a cent o' money into the house, and likely enough if they were left long the children would grow up to be vain and giddy and care only for dress. No girl of hers should go tossing her curls about to attract the attention of boys.

In the meantime piles of bed and table linen increased, and bundles of stocking yarn hung from the joists, some fine, some coarse and some "back-banded" and threaded different colors.

Huldah would weave as long as the light of day lasted, and then when the milking was done the two eldest children had to sit, one on each side of her, and learn to knit. She was such an adept, that *she* could knit all the time and never drop a stitch and watch both girls, too, almost at the same moment.

Oh, those were wearisome, lonely evenings!

They so hated the seam-stitch and the widening, and the narrowing, and the mystery of the heel, and the bungle of splitting stitches, and they learned to look upon life as one of bare servitude.

Everything seemed so bleak and dreary.

The worms had made nests in the weeping willows and Huldah gave her husband no rest until both trees, the charm and the beauty of their otherwise desolate home, were cut down and dragged away.

Jack begged, and the girls cried and besought their mother that the trees might be spared, but her will was law.

One day, when their mother was away at a quilting-bee, Aunt Hannah Simpson, a good old maid who lived with her aged mother beyond the pine cliffs, brought the girls a basket of pink roots and rose-bushes to set out in the door-yard.

They were delighted, and put them under the window and beside the door, and they rubbed their little hands and said: "We will make it look like Woodbine Cottage, where the preacher lives, and the

birds will 'light in the rose-bushes and maybe make nests close to the house and the young birds will flit about our very feet."

But the calves and pigs had free access to the doorway, and just when the pinks were swelling ready to blossom, the calves nipped them all off in one night.

The mother laughed heartily and wiped her eyes on the wrong side of her copperas-and-white check apron, as she said: "You'll find that 'cheating luck never thrives,' it's just good for you both—what good do pinks do, I'd like to know. You couldn't eat 'em, or wear 'em, or make money out of 'em."

"Oh, mother, they make everything look so pretty," said the children.

"They don't look half as nice as a good pile of new towels or tablecloths would, and they last no time at all, either. I'd rather have one good pumpkin to make into pie than all the posies that could grow on a ten-acre lot," said she, taking down from the wall a bundle of warp and counting the knots and beginning to calculate for a new web.

Two precious boy babies came to the cottage home, and the little girls' burdens and cares were heaped almost to the responsibility of motherhood. Their hands were brown and horny, and their brows contracted, their shoulders stooping and their lips began to grow curved into the wearied, dissatisfied expression that older faces too often wear.

Life was to them a treadmill—a ceaseless round of care and anxiety. If they proposed going out to search for wild flowers, their mother would make them extend their walk on to the swamp for rushes to scour the tinware, or to the quarry for a chunk of sandstone ready for scrubbing-day; or to a neighbor's for a huck-a-buck pattern for table-linen, or to borrow a seven-hundred reed and gears to match it.

Poor beauty-loving little children! how they wearied of the clacking loom, the buzzing wheel, of the whirling spools, the sharp, scary *thwack* of the reel and the wailing creak of the wide, warping bars! Was life all work, and worry, and drive, and bustle? Were they never to know respite from thankless toil? Was there no pleasure for them? Were the bare, bleak walls of that desolate house to shut out from them all outward sense of beauty and grace, and was never knowledge to open wide her arms to receive them? Was there no joy in this world for them?

This they asked themselves in their own broken, untought way as they lay in their well-furnished bed in the gloomy chamber overhead; asked it with low, tremulous voices, broken with sobs and tears.

But the end was nigh. ways. are not as our ways.

One day in the early spring Huldah had boiled a kettle full of thread-flax and tow—rinsed it thoroughly and hung it on the line. The thread for linen webs is always boiled in lye, or in ashes and water, instead.

"Now, while everything is handy," said she, "I'll make a barrel of soap; here's plenty of water, good ashes, kettles and all that is needed," and forthwith

she rolled up her sleeves and filled a barrel full of ashes and without the help of any one moved it, by dint of hard lifting, to the place she wanted it to stand.

Poor Huldah! at midnight her husband was awakened by a strange laugh beside him. He started—and reaching over he laid his hand on her forehead. She was burning with fever. He rose and lighted a candle and looked at her face. It was purple, and her eyes, wild and bloodshot, glared at him strangely.

"Did you come for your web, sir?" said she; "I worked hard to get it out, but I couldn't quite do it. I must get to work at it now," and she rose and flung herself from the side of the bed, before her husband could prevent her.

She raved all night—scolding the children, filling quills and putting them into the shuttle, working with yarn too finely spun, tying knots, sizing, measuring yards, counting threads, turning the beams and dropping the shuttles. Sometimes she would chill, and then a fever would burn her to madness.

Suffering all the agony of intense pain, she lived three days, not recognizing a face about her, believing herself in her loom, and among strangers—not at home.

The last words she spoke were: "I told you, Jack, that the web might have been laid almost a finger's length wider, just as well as not, it would have been that much saved, you know—after this let me alone when I am—am—cal-cu-la-ti-n-g a w-e-e—" and poor Huldah gave a shuddering gasp, drew up her writhing limbs—clenched her hard, little, knotty hands—then the muscles relaxed, and—the warfare was over.

A new little life went out with her own—it was well.

And this was the end of the "splendid match." Energy enough to fire the souls of a half dozen generals had been centred in that one little swollen form—a heap of clay now, pallid, cold, dead, gone. What did she do and what did she leave behind her? Who was the happier or gladder or better for Huldah Dickey having lived?

If I wanted to, I could not stop here. I must tell the rest.

When Hannah Simpson's mother died, dear Hannah! it alone among her roses, and pinks, and asters, and with all her sweet, loving, old-girlish ways still clinging to her.

She was left lonely, and so was Jack Dickey, and so were Jack's little old-women of girls, and little, old, work-a-day, mannish boys; and one day when Sammy Dickey was sitting trying to mend his chestnut whistle that wouldn't blow right, he got out of patience and blurted right out: "Father, I don't like this house—I'm a good notion to run off—right now!"

"Where would you run to, dear?" was the question.

"W'y over to Hanner's, and be her boy. She has

no boy, sir, to pick up a single chip, an' she needs me, too!"

"I couldn't spare my little Sammy," said his father, tenderly.

"Well, then, let's all go and live with Hanner, an' have her for our mother. I tell you I like 'er, and if you'd taste the pie an' dinner she makes you'd like 'er, too. She can mend trousers—oh—like—everything," and he essayed to lay one of his little, stubby legs up on his father's knee for a closer inspection of the late patch. "She never gets mad, an' she don't say 'git out, Sam,' and don't you think she says she likes little boys an' girls, and she—"

"Oh, father, do get her for our mother," said Tommy, "it'd be so nice to have good Hanner be the mother, and then we'd have such fun, you know, father, all of us together."

"Well, I'll see about it," said the father, hushing the clamor of tongues, and shoving the little, stained hands off his knees. He put on his hat and went out.

There was no romance or sentiment about sober Jack Dickey, and he went right over to Hannah's that afternoon, and told her what the children said, and then what he thought, and Hannah blushed, and cried—and—they both cried together, a gentle rain of tears.

Sammy's exhortation had been to the point, and his advice found favor and proved good.

In a fortnight Hannah was duly installed as wife and mother at the dreary, desolate cottage.

Then a change came. The neighbors pronounced it a "splendid match," likewise, and this time they were correct.

That event was the gate of gold that swung open and let the glory and excellence of this life pour in upon the old-young family. Love ruled instead of fear, caresses fell instead of blows.

A little, muddy step upon the sill, or a suggestion of apple-butter on the door-latch, never brought forth an angry word.

The flaxen heaps of bed and table linen, white as snowy drifts, were all laid aside for the four little dwarfed daughters.

Hannah said they cost a human life, and she could not bear to use them.

No one would recognize that bare home to-day. Flowers and vines and shrubbery surround it, and smooth grass-plats sweep downward beautifully from the picturesque eminence on which the newly-modelled house stands.

The cold, hard floor is carpeted, and the staring windows curtained, and climbing roses reach lovingly over the sunny walls and hang from the broad eaves.

And so, after much tribulation, came the angel of peace and folded its wings over the old-time home of Jack Dickey's Wife.

If we would build on a sure foundation in friendship, we must love our friends for their sakes rather than for our own.—CHARLOTTE BRONTE

LIVING.

BY A. L. MUZZEY.

FULL of sad strife the days wherein begins
The untutored soul to seek the "better way."
A thousand charms entice, and the old sins
So sweetly lure—'tis hard to say them nay.
Passion cries "give," but Reason says "withhold."
Ah, th' unlovely truth that must be told—
Evil the oftener wins.

Not that we love the ill for the ill's sake,
(A latent good lives in the hearts of all.)
But the besieging power of sin doth break
The weak walls of our purpose, and we fall
Unwilling captives to the might of wrong—
An armed host whose columns dense and strong
God's breath alone can shake.

And evil bears a countenance of light,
And hath a winning tongue, and though we try
And ever more do mean to live the right,
The tempter whispers, "Eat, ye shall not die,"
And all our good resolves drop in an hour,
Like precious fruit, stricken in the full flower,
By an untimely blight.

To do were easy if the deed were done
When we had willed it, but we find, alas,
The battle must be fought ere it is won,
The strong wall beaten down ere we may pass,
And while we count on victory, and dream
Of glorious deeds, swiftly away the stream
Of golden chance doth run.

The growth of Truth within our souls is slow,
But all things false must find their death at length,
Praises to Him Who giveth us to know
The measure of our weakness and His strength.
So, building not on sand, but on the Rock,
We fear nor tempest breath nor thunder shock
Of earthly ill or woe.

A TRUE WIFE.—The wife of D'Israeli, the eminent English statesman, is dead, and he has lost a companion who was a true helper in his struggles for literary and political success.

Many years ago, when he was just rising to eminence, she rode with him to the House of Commons, where he was to speak on an important question. He parted with her at the door of the House, and she rode on. As the door of the carriage closed it shut upon one of her fingers, crushing the bone.

She screamed, involuntarily, and he hurried back to inquire what was the matter. Fearing that if she told the whole truth it would weigh upon his mind and interfere with his speech, she replied, "My finger was pinched in the door," and gave him her unharmed hand to kiss. It was only after his return from a brilliant speech that he learned her self-denial and strength of will, through the greatness of her love.

MAN judges of the inward disposition by the outward acts: God judges of the outward acts by the inward disposition.

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.

CHAPTER V.

MILLICENT'S PROMOTION.

THERE is no use in denying that Mrs. Harvey felt a keen thrill of pleasure and triumph the first time that her daughter Millicent was included with George in an invitation to an evening party. Superficial people might suppose that the courage of her justice and the brightness of her self-sacrifice would have raised her above the minor pleasures and triumphs of life. Never. The great includes all beneath it. Nay, small pleasures are bigger and more important in large hearts than in small ones, only they are kept in due proportion. The quaint gargoyles of a cathedral are larger than those of a domestic chapel, yet they neither darken the painted window, nor obscure the vaulted roof.

Milly's social promotion delighted the mother twice as much as the girl. It was so strange to Milly, that it rather troubled her. To Mrs. Harvey, it seemed a delightful, easy and natural return to old ways.

"I'm sorry I have not lace to give you, my dear," were her first words on the occasion. "Your grandmother left me some beautiful pieces, but it was all sold with the other things. But fine white net is always lady-like, and it is not expensive."

"Am I to go, then?" Milly asked, with a slight flush deepening on her pale cheek.

"Of course you are, child! Why should you not go to your vicar's house, when he honors you with such a kind invitation? The vicar's lady has written the note herself, for I know her handwriting."

"I wish they had asked you instead, mother."

"Nonsense, child. What can they know of me, or expect me to be, but a poor working-woman? They pay me the highest possible compliment by acknowledging that my children are fit for their society."

"I'd rather they'd set me down as the same as you, whatever they think that is, mother," said Milly, sturdily, with a slight toss of the head, and a bewitching pout that gave a piquancy to the characteristic nose and lips.

"They'll see she's pretty at the vicarage," thought the mother, fondly, "though they'll be too well-bred to tell her so, as Hatty's set did."

"We'll take a drive to the West End," Mrs. Harvey observed, presently, "and go shopping at the establishment in Pall Mall, where my mother and I always dealt. I never see anything like the things that came from there. I would sooner wear one of their calicoes than other people's poplins. Plain things may be as cheap and humble as one chooses, or one's purse compels, but anything like luxury is not always good. Cheap necessities are respectable. Cheap finery is low."

Mrs. Harvey's heart was in a secret flutter when they started on their expedition. She had never been in that particular section of the West End since she left it in the forlorn first days of her widowhood. Life makes little distances very long sometimes.

The going back to an old long-unvisited haunt gives one a strange, sudden realization of the full weight and meaning of all that has happened between former times and the present. Among all the strange people thronging the familiar streets, none seemed so strange to Mrs. Harvey as the vision of her old self. What a weak, perplexed, despairing self it seemed! The consciousness of gained height and strength came to her, as in another sense it comes to the wanderer who returns home to find that the inaccessible mountains of his childhood are but mole-hills to his travelled eye.

The memory of herself in her widow's mourning, with hot eyes burning beneath her black veil, and heart torn with its own desperate energy and determination, seemed so strange that Mrs. Harvey caught herself recalling it as "poor thing," and pitying it as if it were a stranger!

The pair looked very insignificant customers in the great, wealthy, magnificent West End emporium. They were very careful not to buy an unnecessary yard of black silk, though to Milly her mother seemed recklessly extravagant over the fineness and quantity of the net, and the perfection of the Limerick lace gloves, of which a pair was bought at last, folded in a walnut-shell tied up with pink ribbons. But it was not silk, or net, or lace that Mrs. Harvey was buying, but the halo of old days, the long-abnegated graces and daintinesses of her early life, like jewels that had seemed lost, while only secretly taken away by some kind hand, that they may be given back re-set in the finest gold. Staid Mrs. Harvey, eagerly directing her daughter's purchases, felt oddly like the light-hearted girl who had once gone to that shop with that dear mother dead so long ago.

Then they came out of the shop and peeped about St. Martin's church, and Mrs. Harvey confided to Milly some of the glories of her wedding-day. Then they sauntered past a rich, staid-looking goldsmith's shop, the abode of one of Mrs. Harvey's old sweet-hearts, but she said nothing about that—only remarked that "Mr. Needham was still in his accustomed place." Then they went down Buckingham Street, and surveyed the Willow Walk. Their old house was sub-let in sets of chambers. Hundreds of old reminiscences came crowding back on the widow's mind. Things that had lain apparently quite forgotten, rose before her as freshly as if they had happened yesterday. And Milly saw a light come into her mother's eyes, that brought tears to hers.

"Dear child," whispered Mrs. Harvey, pressing her daughter's hand within her arm, "do not cry for me. It has all been so well and so good, and I'm so thankful to God that it is all safely over!"

And then they returned home, and set themselves to their pretty needle-work. Millicent herself was quite docile in the hands of her mother and Miss Brook. She was sure they wished to make her look nice, and that they would know better on such matters than she did. At least, if they and George were pleased, anyhow, that was all she cared about. She enjoyed their interest intensely, and thought that the party would at least give her something to tell them. She would have plenty of time to notice everything, for she did not expect to know any other guests at the vicarage, and quite realized that George's society was likely to be claimed by people who would not trouble themselves about her. Milly was in much the same mental and moral state as George had been in his early working-days—far more inclined to look on the world, than to mingle in it.

But Mrs. Harvey caught sight of her daughter's mood, and straightway exhorted her. Her etiquette was of that perennial sort which grows from Christianity.

"You have not only to be happy in your own fashion, Milly," she said; "you must help other people to be happy, and you must make your hostess's task easy, by letting her see that you are happy. That is the reason why we wish your dress to be pretty and pleasing; we owe it to our fellow-creatures to make ourselves cheerful and agreeable in their sight."

"Then, I'm sure it's a debt most people are willing to ruin themselves to pay, mother," said Milly.

"No, no, child," Mrs. Harvey answered, "the dress which ruins people is not planned out of kindness, but out of malice, not to please, but to provoke. I have known people who were always slovens among those they professed to love, take the greatest pains with their toilets when they went among rivals whom they disliked."

"Well, mamma, I can understand that," said Milly, "for, when we were in the mercer's, the other day, I could not help wishing that papa's cousins might happen to come in and see us!"

"My dear, my dear," replied Mrs. Harvey, "don't let that feeling creep into your heart. Why cannot we drink up our own cups of innocent delight, without leaving a drop to turn sour and physic others?"

Young Mrs. Webber was in and out constantly during those days. Last of all, she brought a gift from her husband for Milly.

"The only thing I ever longed to have!" the delighted girl cried, as she held it up. It was a delicate little miniature of Mrs. Harvey set in seed-pearls. "It must have been you who thought of it, Hatty."

"That it wasn't," Hatty answered, eagerly. "James is just the man to know what to give everybody. I was thinking of buying you a big gold brooch; but, says he, 'Hatty, won't it be better to give something worth twenty times more than the money it costs?'"

Miss Brook had her offering also. It was a coral necklace.

"I've worn it myself, in my time," she said, frowning. "I don't know whether you'll think it's any the worse for that. Mind, I don't say you will. It's forty year old, but it's the kind of thing that when it's fashionable, it's fashionable—and when it ain't, it's everything else."

Mr. and Mrs. Webber and the little Webbers came to the evening before the party, and Milly indulged them by dressing herself in her gala robes and giving them all ten minutes' sight of her. They might be only the "every-day wear" of thousands of women—the neat black silk, the net kerchief and ruff, and scarlet posy, the quaint necklet and the loving pendant. Little things, mere outward, transient things maybe. But the royal crown and sceptre are only outward things, too—the sovereignty is not in them. They are only symbols. Every palpable thing in this world is only a symbol. Let those who despise the symbols, beware lest they lose the things symbolized.

The two old women and the little children, the middle-aged man, and the happy brother and sister, crowded round the laughing girl and twined her this way and that, and commented and praised.

"I like the look of it, because it's a dress fit to live in—not only got up for an occasion," said Mr. Webber. "I've seen ladies with artificial flowers and false pearls sewn over their skirts, that all went smash when they sat down."

"Don't the red coral and ribbons come out beautiful, among the black and white?" remarked Hatty.

"You're like your grandmother, child," said Mrs. Harvey. "You know she was smaller than me. I've always wished I could have kept her life-size portrait, painted in just such dress as that. But God has given me a living picture instead."

"I've never seen anything prettier," said George, adding playfully; "and I'm an authority, because I've been to many parties already."

"Ah, but I won't believe your praises," Milly retorted, archly; "because you are my guardian, and you'll want to make me contented with myself to keep me from being extravagant." And with a roguish tug of his hair, she ran off to disrobe, followed by Miss Brook.

"It's all very nice, Millicent," she said; "and it's quite natural and right; but you'll find there's nothing in life that holds, except one's prayers and one's work."

CHAPTER VI.

A CASE OF CHRONIC DISEASE OF THE TONGUE, WITH HEART-COMPLICATIONS.

GEORGE Harvey was not destined to carry to his innocent evening party the light heart he had borne the night before.

He had recently published a small book of essays and dramatic conversations, and had thereby got into the hands of the reviewers. George was by no means

a person to be killed by a word; indeed, the sooner such sensitive people are put out of their misery the better. He had stood his beatings like a man, laughing to read meanings assigned to him which he had never meant, amused to find himself condemned for ignorance because of the grammatical or other blunders he had depicted in characters where such were natural, humble and attentive under honest criticism, warmly thankful for judicious praise.

But on the morning of the party, chancing to go into a bookseller's shop, he took up a certain paper, and read a fresh review of his "Talks and Meditations."

"What a delightful title!" it began. "We suppose it is intended to be redolent of the learned leisure of the cathedral cloister, or the well-appointed vicarage. Some green 'prentice boy, who can get nobody to talk to him, has talked to himself, imagining that his own poor, thin individuality can evolve other characters from its own non-existent moral consciousness. Mr. G. Harvey, whoever he may be, thinks that if he had been permitted to take a hand in the creation of the world, he could have been of material assistance to the Creator. Having arrived on the scene too late for this, he feels his next best step is to declare himself in the secret of the universe, and pass judgment on the mysteries of existence in much the same spirit as a pigmy ascertaining the stature of a giant by measuring his little toe! This raw youth must have been brought up among the muffins and toast of Little Bethel tea-fights, for he is actually narrow-minded and foolish enough to believe in the antedated Scriptural dogma that 'godliness is profitable unto all things, both in the life which now is, and in that which is to come.' He thinks that 'he is the man,' and 'that wisdom will die with him,' a fault which one never finds except among religionists, and which really puts such below the notice of easy, tolerant and cultured people. In fact, it is hard to say why we do notice such a nonentity as Mr. G. Harvey. Perhaps it is because we want to revenge ourselves upon him for burdening our library-table with such crude doctrinal trash as might be in its place in the reticule of an old maid on a mission to convert servant-girls and plough-boys. We can imagine that he may be very acceptable to some people, whose narrow minds think that going to church, hearing sermons, reading 'goody' books, and acting model husbands and fathers, or rather, we ought to say, wives and mothers, are all and the best which life has to give. Such people will take a pious pleasure in Mr. Harvey's coarse story of the drunken suicide, and, of course, prospective damnation of the poor, vain, heartless beauty, for whom one would have hoped some friends might have been raised up, although she had broken her father's heart, and refused her sister's counsels. To our mind it is sad to think of her golden hair dabbled in the gutter mud, and of her felon's funeral at the cross-roads by torch-light. Mr. Harvey is full of maudlin sentiment over the old father's death-bed, and the mainly sister's loneliness and struggles.

Readers of the class we have referred to will also be deeply interested in the metaphysics of the 'conversion' of the infidel French governess, Madame Gérard. In passing, we may notice that in the letter supposed to be written by this lady, Mr. Harvey spells 'agreeable,' 'agreable.' In fact, he is altogether too pious for spelling-books, the study of which he doubtless considers a sinful waste of precious time. In the last story of all, he spells 'perhaps' 'prehaps.' In fact, he knows nothing of any sphere of life but his own, which is one which nobody else wants to know anything about. The density of his social ignorance is such that he makes a fast young college man talk about his sister's 'blonde petticoat?' We should advise Mr. Harvey to turn his attention to penny-a-lining, by which his wonderful powers of spinning out will enable him to make a comfortable living. The whole contents of this volume might have been condensed into two pages, just as they may be described in two words, 'Arrogant impertinence.'"

Perhaps it was altogether wrong and foolish in George to feel the least pang at this tirade. He should have accepted it in its proper light, as a proof that he was sufficiently important to provoke enmity.

But it was its utter injustice that galled him. If his critic wished to make sweeping statements of his arrogance, self-conceit, and harshness, was it not his bounded duty to have brought forward extracts in proof thereof? From far different reviews George had already learned that a quoted sentence may be as fair a specimen of a work as a single brick of a wall. But still, that was a move toward fairness.

How aggravating, too, was the critic's fatuous belief that his own sympathy for a sinner was a genuine and beautiful thing, while the poor author's sympathy for those whose hearts she had broken could only be described as "maudlin!"

How hard, too, that the same reviewer who professed to despise as nothing the conversion of a wild, passionate, evil Frenchwoman to godliness, gentleness, and self-restraint, should often "be enthralled" by the "plot" of books whose only human interest lay in which of two equally worthless men, some vacillating girl would choose for a husband! And how intensely cruel that a person, vaunting a sweetness of charity even above "that which is written," should, in eagerness and haste to find fault anyhow, carp at a word which was quite natural in the English-French letter where it appeared, and condemn the author's ignorance for a printer's typographical blunder!

"If I could set up my books as well as write them," said George, "the fellow would not have to say that I could not spell 'perhaps.' But this is the sort of review which no man would be small and low enough to write, if he had to disgrace his own name by signing it."

The pity was that, even in his very first indignation, George did not remember that most people

would be as able as himself to detect the bad logic and petty malice of his assailant.

Then there entered a temptation. George said to himself: "I could not write a word that I do not think. I could not dishonor myself by black-leg heroes or adulterous heroines. But, perhaps, it is not my bounden duty to write everything that I do think. If they would prefer the play of Hamlet, with Hamlet left out, I know I could please them. I will write of good people, and their patience and brightness, and their conflicts and their heroic sacrifices, but I need not so carefully hold up that this goodness is not of the natural, but the renewed, man. People who could understand it, if I said it, will know it without my telling. What good does my plain speaking do, if it only raises a scoff? Perhaps I should only be 'wise as a serpent' if I dealt my goods so subtly, that some might receive a healing medicine in the belief that it was an intoxicating cup."

George said nothing about his review to the excited, merry little circle that gathered round him at dinner. The habits of his youth had made it an instinct with him to keep secret all unpleasantness. A wise and good reserve in many cases, yet sometimes a barrier that shuts out the open air and sunshine of common sense, for while to name some pains is to fix them, there are others that fly and vanish before plain description, like ghosts before the dawn. But once the barrier of reserve is built, it is hard to break it through, and it can be seldom perfectly done except for some new love, round which such silence has never been necessary.

Another talk with plain James Murray would have done the genius good that day.

CHAPTER VII.

A SIGN SENT FOR COMFORT.

THE vicarage stood within its own garden-walls. It was a prim red house of Queen Anne's time, with long rows of high, narrow windows. As George and Milly walked up the carriage-drive, the brilliant illumination within came glowing down upon them, through rich bits of stained glass with which the vicar's wife had enriched the stiff old casements.

There was an atmosphere of welcome in the very porch, where the door flew open before the knocker was touched, and a ready, pleasant maid stood prepared to receive the ladies' wraps, and the genial warmth went on rising till it culminated in the spacious rambling drawing-rooms, where the vicar's wife, Mrs. Devon, was waiting with a cheery word and smile for every one. Her quick eyes understood George and Milly at once. The young author she had often seen before, but the keen lady could read his whole family history in the simple little figure beside him, with its touching mixture of timid reserve and dignified composure, and its old-world etiquettes and graces hanging round it, like a soft old perfume.

"My young ladies must know you, my dear," the

lady said kindly. "For they have just been reading your brother's book, and are full of questions that he must take neither the time nor the trouble to answer, but I know you'll be glad to do it—just as I am glad to talk over Mr. Devon's sermons. We women may well be thankful when we can be proud of our men-folk. The girls are in the back drawing-room. Let us go there, and find you a seat with them. Here they are. This is my daughter Grace, Miss Harvey; and this a dear Scotch cousin of ours, Miss Christian Dunbar."

The two young ladies made room for Milly on the sofa between them. They seemed very different from each other. Grace Devon moved with a bird-like quickness, and shook up her frills like a bathing sparrow. Christian Dunbar was soft and quiet. Grace Devon poured a volley of chatter into Milly's ear before Christian said a word. And then Grace fluttered off to be hospitable to some "dear darling old lady," who presently arrived, and Christian and Millicent remained alone together.

Some visitor went to the pianoforte and began to sing. She had a sweet voice, and Milly asked Miss Dunbar what was her name.

"I do not know," she answered. "I am quite a stranger here. I have just come from Scotland for a visit."

"Have you ever been in London before?" Milly inquired.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I lived in London till ten years ago, when my uncle died."

"I fancied I had heard your name before," said Milly. "Very likely you always attended St. John's."

"No," Miss Dunbar answered. "My Uncle Robert was a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, and while he lived I went with him to his chapel. I hardly went out anywhere in those days. We lived very quietly together—he, my brother and I—in the old house over the shop in Paternoster Row."

"Mr. Dunbar—Paternoster Row!" Milly exclaimed, springing up in her eagerness; "why, that was the gentleman who did so much for George when he was nobody!"

A flood of passionate tenderness rushed instantly to Christian Dunbar's quiet blue eyes.

"Oh, don't say so, till you are quite sure," she said, "or I should be so disappointed. I'd sooner get a new pleasant memory of uncle, than find he had left me another legacy!"

"I know it was a Mr. Dunbar, of Paternoster Row, who was so kind to George," Milly said, decisively. "George has always kept on mentioning him, only I don't know many particulars. George has a way of keeping in things. But I'll fetch him—I'm sure he'll tell you."

"What a difference to what I thought!" reflected eager Milly, as she threaded her way in and out among the increasing guests. "I shall like going out after this. It isn't all stupid and superficial." It was her first personal discovery of the old truth, that we need but enter any sphere, from a prince's to a beggar's, and human interests instantly enter with us.

She brought back George in triumph, breathlessly exclaiming: "It was a Mr. Dunbar of Paternoster Row who was so good to you, was it not? This lady is his niece."

George Harvey and Christian Dunbar were both a little confused at this quick, direct introduction. George slipped into the place Milly had vacated.

"I am thankful indeed to meet you," he said. "It is a pleasure to tell my gratitude to one who loved Mr. Dunbar, as I can never tell it to himself in this world. A few months after he showed me kindness, I wrote to him, and my note being never acknowledged, I called at his office, and was told he was dead. I believe I was introduced to a nephew of his. I often wished I had known his name, that I might have told him of my sorrow that Mr. Dunbar could never know how serviceable he had been to me. But I feared that even if I found him out, I might only be troublesome."

"I wish you had," said Christian, for the first time raising her eyes full to his. "My poor brother had many private trials, and often got depressed and despairing about the world and human nature. A bright gleam might have done him so much good. I have lost him, too—he has been for five years with God. I wish you had found him out, Mr. Harvey."

"I wish I had," said George, earnestly. "I know his kindly enthusiasm, 'We shall hear of you some day,' seemed to do me almost as much good as your uncle's practical advice."

"That is it," said Christian. "It is not what is said, but when it is said, that gives words half their weight; and so I think the best way to be sure of saying cheering words at the right time is to say them always!"

"Indeed, they are often wanted when the want is not apparent," George observed, rather pitifully, though there was something in the pure and peaceful atmosphere about this quiet woman that seemed to set the jar of that hateful review as far from him as the coarse broils and blasphemy that must have been at that moment going forward in many not far-distant places.

"And yet I know it is so easy to be silent, for fear of being intrusive or impertinent," Christian went smiling. "If we read a book, and are specially touched and helped likewise, and think that we need not trouble the author with a letter assuring him of what he must know well enough already? If it be possible to carry on two trains of thought at the same time, I must confess that while I have been lecturing you on your reserve, I have been wondering whether you would be at all interested in a little incident I could tell you about your own book."

"Mrs. Dunbar," said George, "I am human—very human. And humanity is vain and—inquisitive!"

"Well, then, you must know that I travelled down from Scotland by coach, because I am a bad sailor," she began. "I was the only passenger from Edinburgh to London. All the Scotch people stopped at York, and I thought I was to finish my journey by myself, for the guard told me nobody else was

booked. But just before we started in the morning a lady came up, wanting to go to London. I saw that the guard looked suspiciously at her, and spoke gruffly. You know how quick those men are to detect anything wrong or queer. For luggage, she had only a little hand-bag. She was a tall, slight woman, and wore a long thick gray cloak, reaching down to the ground. But when she unfastened this, as she took her seat in the coach, I saw that her other garments were very unsuitable for a journey, for her dress was made of dark rose-colored satin, with white lace trimmings about the bodice—in fact, an evening dress, as if she had started on her journey in hottest haste. I should think she was about my own age—six or seven-and-twenty—and a very handsome woman, but with a beauty like that of burning ships or volcanic eruptions. I felt a little eerie at being shut in with her, after the sonsie good-wives with whom I had chatted and nibbled and napped during the early part of my journey."

"I should think so, indeed," said George. "It was too brave of you to travel alone."

Christian smiled. "I don't mean I was afraid," she exclaimed. "But it was awkward to have her sitting opposite me, death-mute, and staring straight before her, as if she did not see I was there. After we had driven so for an hour or two, I began to fidget about, and repair to my biscuits and sherry-flask. I offered her this and I offered her that. She shook her head, and answered, 'No, no,' without a word of thanks, but not rudely, only as if she could not be troubled. She made me think of that poor girl, Charlotte Corday, going up to Paris on her dreadful errand of assassination. At last I remembered your 'Talks and Meditations,' and I offered her that, asking if she would like to beguile the journey with it, for it was very interesting."

"She did not say a word, but took it, thinking, I fancy, that it would be a convenient refuge from further interference. She sat with it in her hand upside down for about half an hour, then detected herself, and reversed it with a start. Then she turned the leaves over and over and over, as if she were searching for something between them. Then some sentence seemed to catch her eye, and she read for a minute or two, and then again stared blankly out of the coach-window, but kept her finger in the place. Presently, she turned over the leaves to the beginning of that particular story. Then she leaned far back in the coach corner, and put up her hand so that I could not see her face. But I could see big tears falling fast. By and by, she let the book fall, and turned completely round, and hid her face in the carriage-pillows, and sobbed and moaned passionately. I tried to say something to soothe her, but she never answered nor heeded. At last she sat up again, with her face worn and wrung with agony. As we neared Lincoln, she began to draw up her cloak and make preparations for departure. 'We are scores of miles from London yet, madam,' I said, thinking she might be such an utter stranger as to mistake it. 'I know,' she answered, and picked up 'Talks and Meditations,'

and handed it to me. 'Would you like to keep it for the rest of your journey?' I asked. 'I shall have another copy for myself where I am going.' 'May I?' she said. 'Then God bless you!' and as she said so the coach stopped and she got out, and took out her bag, and feed the guard. 'I thought you was going to London, mum!' said the man, roughly. 'So I was,' she replied, 'but I have changed my mind.' 'Well, you can do that, so long as you don't expect us to return money,' he said. She did not answer him, nor did she go into the coaching, but walked quietly away, with her portmanteau in one hand and your book in the other."

"Do you know which story it was that she read?" George asked.

"Yes, I spelled out the title backward, as she sat sobbing over it. It was 'The Repentance of Madame Gérard.' I cannot help thinking, Mr. Harvey, that you have saved a vessel of life from a reckless shooting of some terrible rapid."

"Then God be praised for it," said George, earnestly; "and God be praised for bringing me here to hear the story;" and before he noticed that he was confiding to this lady, never seen before, what he had not confided to one of his familiar household, he had told her the whole history of the bitter review, and of the doubt and despair it had raised within him.

"But they were only for a moment," answered Christian Dunbar; "one feels thus for a moment. But one so brave as you would never long suffer from any enmity but God's."

"How do you know that I am brave?" George asked, sadly.

"Because you ought to be," she replied, "and as you are a Christian man, God Himself will make you all you ought to be."

"I should like you to know my mother," said George. "She would love you."

"I will call upon her," Christian promised, frankly; "is she anything like that dear, frisky, little kitten of a sister who was talking to me just now?"

"No, my mother is tall, and grave and sedate," George answered. "She has looked spiritual giants in the face and conquered them, and as the old tradition runs, has gathered their defeated strength into her own."

"And now let us go and look for Miss Harvey," said Christian, rising. She had that sweet, strange, womanly instinct of something in the atmosphere that made her withdraw into herself. A fancy-free maiden will not look at once into the depths of a man's heart, lest it be open to her only unguardedly. She will turn away, that he may solemnly lead her back again. She will not usurp her queendom. The crown seems nothing to her, till consecrated in the coronation.

Milly had left Christian and George together and wandered away. She went and stood near the piano, and listened to the singing. Her delight at the pleasure she had found for George made her feel quite at home. A young gentleman brought a chair to her, and invited her to sit down. She did so, and then

he asked her if she played or sang. She said no, neither. Then he said, he was sure she drew, and he smiled mischievously as he said it. Milly admitted it, and wondered how he guessed. And then they began to talk about pictures, and went round the rooms to study the engravings on the wall.

Reader, reader, do not laugh. There have been men—not poets or sentimentalists—but hard-headed, famous men of science—who in their youth have loved for years without a word. Little prim Milly, whom nobody had ever yet flirted with, had won such a love as this! This youth, whom she had never wittingly seen before, whose very name she did not then know—for Milly naively forgot all about an introduction—had for months watched her going to and fro with her pattern portfolio. He knew her name, and who she was.

She had a very pleasant time of it. The good old vicar, watching her dark eyes flashing in her excitement, said to his wife, "And so that's young Harvey's sister. We must look after all that family. There's more than genius in them. Genius may grow wild anywhere, but they are surely the stuff that makes its natural soil. I never saw young Maxwell so gallant before. Well, well, he is a good lad, and if he were my own son, I should think he might do worse than try to find out what sort of heart goes with that bright girl-face."

"Oh, George," said Milly, clinging to his arm, as they turned from the vicarage homeward through the dark lanes. "If parties are often like this, they are worth going to!"

And George thought so too.

They found Mrs. Harvey and Miss Brook awaiting them by the parlor fire. They both sat down and opened their budget of news. And actually before he went to bed, George had told them all about his review, and laughed over it! A secret drawer that has once been opened is never so stiff again, but still one does not show everything that is in it, and George did not then tell the story Miss Dunbar had told him. One maintains a sweet, curious feeling of confidence with another, by keeping something that one talks over with nobody else.

"Well, my son," observed Mrs. Harvey, "it is well to remember, especially among so much praise as you do get, that 'the friendship of the world is enmity with God.'"

"Miss Dunbar used almost those same words, mother," he said.

But Miss Brook punched the fire severely.

"Why can't people keep their tongues off what they can't understand, and won't try to," said she. "If a cat criticised a dog, what would her criticism be worth? If I was George, next time I wrote a book, I'd put on the title-page, that 'no one need trouble himself to review it, that didn't believe in God, read the Bible, live with one wife and pay his debts.' Let wicked infidels get their living by reviewing wicked infidel books—and a precious poor living they'd get."

"Oh, let them do as they like!" said George.

CHAPTER VIII.

GEORGE'S GIFT FROM THE LORD.

CHRISTIAN DUNBAR paid her promised visit to Mrs. Harvey. She did not come very soon, and she brought Grace Devon with her, and they arrived in the early afternoon, and found nobody at home but Mrs. Harvey and Miss Brook.

George was particularly anxious to hear every detail of that visit, and he heard all there was to hear, but Grace Devon had evidently talked a great deal more than Christian Dunbar.

And so friendly relations were established between the stately old vicarage and the Harveys' quaint green cottage. The worst of it was, Christian Dunbar was only staying with the Devons for three months.

"There does not seem to be half enough time in life," George observed, one day, *apropos* of nothing in particular. "So much has to be forced on, and may be spoiled in the forcing. If one could only take a little more time!"

"When an Indian chief heard some one make that remark," said Miss Brook, "he answered, 'I suppose you have all there is.'"

Somehow, at that time, there crept into the Harveys' household conversation a great many discussions about marriage. About the necessary means for marriage—about the proper time for marriage—about the duties and rights of lovers in sundry and divers positions. Miss Brook was a great deal more certain on all these points than Mrs. Harvey, and maintained her right so to be.

"Married people ar'n't half such good advisers in love affairs as single ones," she asserted. "They've muddled their minds with their own mistakes, and they go on giving you the particular good advice they wanted themselves, instead of what you want. Just as when you have the toothache, some good souls think it could do you no harm to take their pet gout-specific."

Therefore Miss Brook uttered her axioms like an authority.

"The necessary means for marriage are a sound head-piece and a strong right hand," she said.

"But it is generally fools who think themselves wise," put in Milly; "and the surest sign of one's sanity is to doubt it a little."

"Hold your tongue, child," Miss Brook retorted. "And the proper time for marriage is when one meets the proper person."

"Always provided he or she is equally agreeable, I presume," said Milly, wickedly.

"But when a poor man feels that nothing is too good for the woman he loves, it seems selfish for him to ask her to share his poverty and struggles," observed George.

"If she loves him, she's longing to do it," answered Miss Brook; "and isn't it selfish of him to balk her wishes for the sake of his own stuck-up pride?"

The fact was, George had not taken long to discover that life could never be what it had been be-

fore he had seen Christian Dunbar. Her coming had been like a burst of sunshine over a landscape—river and rock and tree are the same, but, oh, how different!

Perhaps one of her greatest charms for him was that she drew him entirely out of himself—that he could talk to her with a freedom with which he had not hitherto communed even with his own soul.

With all George's fear of selfishness, it must be admitted that he felt it to be a happy day when he heard that Christian Dunbar had a bare five hundred pounds for her whole portion, and that like the sensible woman that she was, she intended to leave it untouched, and to earn her own living as a teacher. She was not an accomplished woman: she neither painted, played, nor sang, but she was a good writer and arithmetician, and had persuaded her brother to teach her Latin, as a diversion during one of the melancholy fits from which he had suffered. She did not aim to do what she could not, but diligently sought to find what she could, and so engaged herself at a moderate salary, in "a preparatory school for young gentlemen."

It was within three days of her departure, when she and George met in an old church-yard, not far from both their abodes. Never mind how they happened to meet. Perhaps Christian had said something about passing through that church-yard on her way somewhere. And perhaps, on the strength of those words, George had waited there two or three hours. How could Christian know he would be there? And yet if she did not, why did she walk so slowly, and why did her heart beat so fast?

She came along under the new-budded trees, and George sprang out from a cross avenue, and took her hand, and drew it through his arm. He never knew he did not shake hands formally, and Christian did not notice the omission at the moment, but remembered it distinctly afterward.

What is the use of repeating what George said? It will sound stilted and unnatural to the reader who has not said it himself, and he who has said it knows all about it without hearing it over again! What did Christian say? Well, Christian was cooler than George; which is not uncommon, for while we poor men are in agonies of suspense, the dear ladies know their own answer, and either that it makes all right, or else that they do not care at all.

And then there came a girl-and-boy feeling into two glad hearts, and without heeding it, they went walking together hand-in-hand!

Let one fact reveal the love and unity of the Harvey household. George went straight home to his mother and sister, and told them of his engagement, and knew that the greatest pang of the telling lay with himself, and that they rejoiced wholly for his sake. He was the man of the house, and one who had been enabled to give the family a distinction that it would not have without him, but they were not women to make their gratitude a blight, and their love a fetter. It might be that their lives

helped them to such right-mindedness. They were no parasite women, trailing forlornly unless propped. They had learned to respect and trust themselves, and to know that life had plenty of flowers and fruit within their own reach. Beyond such tokens of brotherly love as he would continue to give, Milly had neither taken nor expected anything from her brother. She had been trained to feel it no wrong, but one of her noblest rights, to be independent. And when more women shall have sacred interests of their own, the will and the power to create their own spheres, and to clothe their own lives with appropriate beauties and duties, then surely the antagonism of mothers and sisters-in-law will cease, and the man without female relations be no longer justly regarded as the most eligible lover! Oh, if some of those who fear that the bloom of womanhood is so evanescent that it will perish in the first brush with the realities of God's world of work, would but reflect how it already turns to driest and bitterest dust in the stagnant atmosphere of helpless spite and repining.

George and Christian were not married till the first anniversary of their engagement. Christian went to her school, and earned enough to cover the cost of her marriage outfit, without breaking the little fortune that was her uncle's legacy. She made her outfit nearly all herself—all except what Milly and Grace Devon and Mrs. Webber begged from her. There was not a hireling seam in it. Womanly love and hope, friendliness and good wishes, were in every stitch.

But Christian came back to the vicarage to spend the last two months of her maiden life. She wanted to have her rightful share in the building of the pretty home-nest that George had found midway between her Uncle Devon's house and his mother's cottage. Mrs. Harvey and Milly were to remain just as they were. Perhaps, by and by, they might receive another boarder as well as Mrs. Brook, but it was no matter of stringent necessity. For Milly's little income went on regularly increasing, so that she was even inclined to pout and be a little affronted that George should be so determined still to set aside a certain allowance for his mother!

George and Christian lived in a fairy tale for those two months. They were privileged now to take long sweet lonely walks. Sweet and lonely—though they were often through noisy crowded streets. For Christian loved to be taken among the scenes of her lover's stern boyhood, and George loved to take her there. He took her over the old printing-office, and gave half-a-crown to a little red-haired lad who was sitting in his former place. He took her to the wretched little terrace where James Murray had lodged, and where he had gone to clean the boots. He showed her the boiled-beef shop. He made an effort to trace Mr. Rollo, but that failed.

"The mystery is," said George, "that as I revive the old associations, I cannot revive the old self that did not know you! I remember how I studied the sizes of penny rolls, but I cannot remember how my heart felt when it was empty. I think you must

have been always there, shut up, till that night when you opened your shrine, and let in the sunshine."

Christian begged for the little manuscript book that had been bought with so much self-denial. In long years after George had occasion to ask to look at it, when he discovered that his wife kept it in an antique oak dressing-case, among her jewelry and lace.

The wedding-day came at last. Of course, Christian was married from the vicarage, and Grace Devon had the arrangement of the wedding presents. Conspicuous among the dainty little bits of china and silver, stood an elaborately-carved bread-plate and butter-dish stand, which had arrived with a fancy card announcing them as "small tokens of the respect and love of James Murray, and Sarah his wife, with all good wishes."

The curate read the marriage service, because the vicar gave away his niece. Grace and Milly, and little Ellen Webber, were the bridesmaids. Christian insisted on Ellen Webber, because she wished to associate Hatty with the immediate marriage group. Christian found a great share of affection to spare for beautiful Hatty.

"It is such a pleasure to look at her," she said, "and I am sure it takes a great deal of goodness to keep beauty beautiful."

Richard Webber, our old friend "Dick," now growing a tall and very interesting lad, acted "best man." The whole made a group thoroughly typical of the best side of English life—of that free and yet conservative state of society, which binds such different men as the stately old vicar, and the homely tradesman, Mr. Webber, in bonds of mutual respect and amity, and yet leaves them far apart, where each can be happier, better and more useful than either could be in any false and affected "equality."

Mrs. Harvey shed two or three tears of thankful joy to see how wonderfully God had supplied the particular want of her son's position by leading him to a bride, in breeding and character every inch a lady, and yet with the simple ways and tastes, that would make her happy and useful in the household exigencies of "a poor gentleman."

"God bless you, George," she said, when the ceremony was over, "and be you thankful to Him that He has given you a wife whom He Himself loves better than you can."

"I say, Aunt Milly," said Dick Webber, as they drove back to the vicarage; "did you see that Mr. Maxwell peeping round the nearest pillar behind us, and he had on a rose-colored neck-tie, like your ribbons?"

But when George and Christian were seated together in the coach that was to carry them away for a fortnight among the Surrey hills, Christian suddenly turned to George and sighed: "I wonder what has become of that poor thing who travelled up from York with me scarcely more than a year ago?"

"What makes you think of her now?" asked George. "I don't know," Christian answered; "unless it is because I am so happy, and she was so sad."

(To be continued.)

REMARKABLE STRUCTURES OF THE ANCIENT AMERICANS.

IN a review of the work on "Ancient America," by John D. Baldwin, the London *Athenæum* says: Not many, perhaps, of those who habitually speak of the "Old and New Worlds" as a geographical expression, fully realize the idea of a dual world of civilization and progress; yet it is certain that, side by side with that of Egypt and Assyria, there grew up in America another culture, equal, at one time, in art, power and extent, and although, in so far as our existing evidence enables us to judge, unconnected, yet greatly resembling in system that on which our own civilization has been established; and were it not that these two cultures unfortunately came in contact during the climax of Spanish ecclesiastical bigotry and intolerance, the so-called new world might have boasted of an ancient history corresponding to our own. So completely, however, has the law of the survival of the strongest asserted itself under the influence of the monkish exponents of Christianity—so effectually did they succeed in snuffing out all trace of art and culture amongst the people whom they had conquered—that writers may now be found who, in the face of the evidence afforded by ruined cities, palaces, aqueducts and paved roads, deny the claim of the American continent to any ancient civilization higher than what might have been derived from the wild Indians, such as the Iroquois and the Algonquins, whom the Pilgrim Fathers encountered in the seventeenth century. Such views as these receive no support from Mr. Baldwin. The relics of ancient American civilization are to be found in these separate but nearly contiguous areas situated near the point of junction of the two continents.

Commencing with the northernmost of these divisions, commonly known as the region of the mound builders, we find in the neighborhood of the lakes, at the northern apex of the triangular region above mentioned, in Michigan, Iowa, Missouri, and particularly in Wisconsin, a tract of country characterized by the presence of large mounds designed in the form of animals, birds, serpents or men, in huge relieves. Next to this we have a district of which the State of Ohio may be regarded as the nucleus, but which occupied the whole valley of the Ohio and its tributaries, extending into Western Virginia, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Missouri. The special characteristics of this area consist of pyramidal mounds, usually from six to thirty feet high, but rising in some cases to sixty and ninety feet; they were generally square or rectangular, and were surrounded by winding staircases on the outside. This district is also remarkable for lines of entrenchment, from five to thirty feet high, inclosing usually from one to thirty acres, but extending at times to one hundred, two hundred and even four hundred acres. They frequently consist of combinations of square and circular figures, the accuracy and perfection of which prove, as Messrs. Squier and Davis have re-

marked, that the builders possessed some standard of measurement, and had the means of determining angles. There are no less than ten thousand of these mounds and fifteen thousand inclosures in Ohio alone. Lower down in the valley of the Mississippi, and along the fertile plains bordering the Gulf of Mexico, and to the westward over the Rio Grande, the inclosures are smaller and less numerous, and the mounds, though of the same character and more plentiful, are lower, and consist of truncated pyramids and pyramidal platforms. Broad terraces, elevated passages, aguadas or artificial ponds, and the use of sun-dried bricks, are peculiar to this region, the remains of which approach more closely in character to those of Central America than the ruins to the northward. Taken as a whole, the mound builders appear to have been inferior in culture to their Central American and Peruvian neighbors. They were an agricultural people; yet they made use of spun cloth, their pottery was in some cases almost equal to that of Peru, and there are grounds for supposing that they had a knowledge of astronomy. Their tools and other relics were composed of copper, silver, porphyry, greenstone and obsidian. Metallurgy, in the proper sense of the term, does not appear to have been introduced amongst them, for their copper tools were beaten into form, and contained in some cases blotches of silver just as it is found in the matrix in the pure state on the shore of Lake Superior, where they worked it in open cuttings from the surface.

Turning to Mexico and Central America, we find here also the antiquities of this central region distributed in three distinct areas. In Chiapa, Tabasco, Oaxaca, Yucatan, Honduras, Tehuantepec and Guatemala, the ruins consist of stone-built cities of great extent, palaces richly ornamented, and standing upon raised platforms similar to those found in the lower portion of the Mississippi valley, in all probability, served the same purpose. Most of these ruined cities are thickly overgrown with trees; and it is known that other cities lie buried in the forest districts, which have been as yet but little explored. More is known respecting the Mexican area from its having been the centre of Aztec civilization at the time of the conquest; and though some doubt has been thrown upon the accounts of the City of Mexico given by the Spaniards, it is certain that a comparatively high state of civilization, although inferior to that of Central America, existed in the valley of Mexico at that time. Their city had considerable architectural pretensions, and their temple was a rectangular terraced pyramid, ascending by a flight of steps on the outside, like the pyramids of the mound builders; but they did not possess the phonetic alphabet of the Central Americans, and their records consisted of picture writings.

The third sub-division of this central area is found in New Mexico and Arizona amongst the Pueblo In-

dians, the chief characteristic of whose culture consists in their residence in large communal buildings, each of which contains an entire town or village of small rooms ranged in three or four stories above each other, forming a huge rectangular structure not altogether unlike some of the great edifices in the ruins of Central America, such as the palace of Palenque or the Casa del Gobernado at Uxmal, but yet differing from them both in character and purpose. These buildings were in use at the time of the conquest, and are still inhabited in some places. The Pueblos are vastly superior in culture to the wild tribes of Indians on the north, with whom they are constantly at war.

The Peruvian ruins consist of cities, palaces, fortresses, aqueducts, one of which is four hundred and fifty miles long, and great paved roads, admirably constructed throughout the whole length of the empire, which latter were originated during the earlier civilization, and restored by the Incas. Their work was admirably done; but it is everywhere seen that their masonry, although sometimes ornamented, was generally plain and massive in style. They had no inscriptions, though it is thought that at the time of the conquest they possessed the art of writing in hieroglyphics. Their temples were not high truncated pyramids, and their great edifices were not erected upon terraces, as in Central America; but the doors in the older buildings around Lake Titicaca had the peculiarity of being narrower at the top, like some of the pre-historic structures of Europe. Their tools were of bronze; but it has been conjectured that, although iron was unknown in the times of the Incas, it may have been employed in the earlier times, as that ore is abundant in Peru, and some of the existing languages, if not all, have names for the metal. In their knowledge of astronomy, they appear to have been inferior to the Central Americans.

The antiquity of the mound builders is established by the growth of forest surmounting their remains. In the *debris* covering the ancient copper mines of Lake Superior, trees showing three hundred and ninety-five rings of annual growth have been found growing; and Sir Charles Lyell counted eight hundred rings in the trunk of a tree growing on one of the mounds at Marietta. It is evident also, in both cases, that several generations of trees have preceded those now standing in the soil. In the valley of the Mississippi, four terraces are usually seen, marking four distinct eras of subsidence since the river began to flow. The ancient works, mounds and enclosures are found on all these terraces, except the fourth or lowest; showing that this last terrace, which probably marks the longest period of any, was formed since the works were erected. Some of the mounds have also been destroyed by streams that have since receded more than half a mile, and which, at present, could not reach them under any circumstances. The antiquity of the latest relics of the mound builders is further confirmed by the state of decay in which all the skeletons of these people are found. Although the soil is not unfavorable to their preservation, only

one or two skulls have been found in a condition to be restored. In Central America, similar evidence of great antiquity is afforded by the growth of timber, and by the fact that everything perishable has disappeared, except the lintels of some of the doors of the more modern structures of Yucatan.

In Peru, Mr. James Wilson found, at various points on the coast near Quito, ancient pottery and other manufactured articles finely wrought, and some of them of gold, beneath a marine deposit of six feet, having trees growing on the surface which were older than the Spanish invasion; which proves that this land must have been submerged beneath the ocean, and again elevated to its former position since these relics were deposited.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

WHEN I am dead, if some chastened one,
Seeing the item, or hearing it said
That my play is over, and my part done,
And I lie asleep in my narrow bed—
If I could know that some soul would say,
Speaking aloud, or silently,
"In the heat and burden of the day
She gave a refreshing draught to me."

Or, "When I was lying nigh unto death,
She nursed me to life and to strength again;
And when I labored and struggled for breath
She soothed and quieted down my pain."

Or, "When I was groping in grief and doubt,
Lost and turned from the light o' the day,
Her hand reached me and helped me out,
And led me up to the better way."

Or, "When I was hated and shunned by all,
Bowing under my sin and shame,
She, once, in passing me by, let fall
Words of pity and hope, that came
Into my heart like a blessed calm
Over the waves of a stormy sea;
Words of comfort, like oil and balm,
She spoke, and the desert blossomed for me."

Better by far than a marble tomb,
Than a monument towering over my head,
(What shall I care, in my quiet room,
For head-board or foot-board, when I am dead,)
Better than glory, or honors, or fame,
(Though I am striving for those to-day,)
To know that some heart will cherish my name,
And think of me kindly, with blessings away.

A MAN who will disinherit his wife if she marries again, bears her the same kind of love that the Turk bears toward the women of his harem, and not the love which a free, true man bears toward a free, true woman. If he finds happiness in a married life, what a cruel brute that he should deliberately provide that when he dies, and his widow, recalling the happy days of her married life, should consent to marry again, she shall be deprived of the fortune which he leaves her! Such men were married in body, but never in soul.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPESEEWAY POTTS.

No. III.

I LIKE Ida's plan of making sheets.

Instead of the old over-and-over whip-stitch, she overlaps the two edges and sews them up on the machine.

Two seams close to the selvages are better than one. Some may object and say the seam will draw, but any seam in new muslin inclines to draw the first few washings. Let them be gently but firmly stretched when washed and hung upon the line, and, when shaken ready for the ironing-table the seams should be stretched again.

Her way saves a great deal of time.

The hem on the upper end of sheets should be made wider than the other to distinguish them, for surely no one would care about having the same snowy muslin about his face one night that had done good service for his own or some other one's feet the night previous.

Granny has been making us some new collars. Since Deacon Skiles is married I've taken to dressing up more than usual. I'm bound that folks shan't say of me:

"She let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

I have too much grit for that. No sorrow will feed on my cheek while it is warm with the mingled blood of the Broadys and the Snobseas.

I let Granny make the collars to suit herself—some were broad, some narrow and some notched. One made of eluiny lace to wear on special occasions was very pretty.

Every woman knows how difficult it is to sew lace, and keep the thread from slipping out of the needle. It will work out. I observed that every time granny threaded her needle she tied the thread in the eye—just as women do when they give a little girl a needle and thread and something to sew at to keep her out of mischief. The plan will be found good.

Had a little tiff with one of my neighbors this morning! Everybody calls me a good Baptist sister, and here I forget and have ill-natured spells often, and that's not what would be expected of a woman professing godliness. It came about in this way.

Some of my house-plants froze last night, and it nearly broke my heart for a little while. It seemed so hard to go right on and cook breakfast in a worldly way—broil steak, bake potatoes and have the aroma of coffee filling the kitchen, and the loaf lying on the white cloth, and the bread-knife beside it—all as if nothing had happened, when only a dozen steps away stood my darlings, cold and stiff in death.

A jewelled Madam Le Moine, with dazzling flowers shooting up like red flames through the mass of green, touched me sorest. Only the night before, the last

thing before I went to bed I stood with bared feet and hanging hair beside her in the treacherous white moonlight, and tenderly gathered her crowned head in my softest touch and kissed her, saying: "Oh, you old darling! you're too beautiful!"

Yes, she was too beautiful for the fate that so cruelly awaited her.

A rose geranium, three years old, that stood beside her, was bristling like a pointed bayonet. It looked as though it meant "war to the knife."

Just after breakfast my neighbor, Uriah, came in. I kept my back toward him and tried to talk as usual. At last he caught a glimpse of my face and blurted right out: "Been a cryin'? What's the fraction now?"

"Why my finest plants froze—last night—and I—I," and here I leaned my arm and my head on the table and cried aloud.

"Why you old goose you! would you howl over a few paltry, worthless weeds that have already lived past the season of green things? You astonished at you, Pipesey Potts," and he came up and laid his big hand on my head as gently as its avoirdupois weight would allow.

Touched? I guess I was! All the blood of the Broadys was boiling.

"Go 'way, you old virago!" said I, starting up, "I only know of one green thing living past its time, and that's you. You had no right to ask me what was the matter; you're impertinent, calling me a goose, when I'm a member in good standing in the reg'lar Baptist church. If you'd had one spark-o' kindness about you, you would have said you were sorry for me, and pitied me. That would have cost you nothing and would have done me good. I don't think you have much religion; old meanness!"

I looked up at my neighbor supposing that he would be standing there almost annihilated.

What was my surprise to see him doubling over with his hands resting on his knees, quite convulsed with laughter.

I stared at him as cold as granite.

"I declare, Pip," said he, "it does you good to get angry. I wish old Elder Nutt over at Bloody Run Church could see you with your bright eyes and red cheeks and scarlet lips, you'd make a conquest, sure. Let me see! you're five feet seven, ha, ha, ha! well I declare if you didn't look like six feet seven!"

Would you believe it? His laugh was so full of magnetism that I got to laughing, too. Uriah is such a droll fellow one has to laugh at him.

After it was all over and he had wiped his eyes, he said: "One thing, Pipesey, I don't just know what you meant when you said I hadn't much religion. What did you mean by that?"

"I can soon tell you what I meant. I had been

thinking all day yesterday that what we most need in our everyday life is more religion.

"Not that kind that shows itself in going to church regularly, and wearing our Sunday clothes, and sitting up straight in our pews, and singing hymns, and dropping something into the contribution-box, and discussing regeneration and sanctification with long faces—not that kind.

"We want a religion that comes right into the heart of the family, and keeps the father from saying spiteful things if dinner is late, or his coat or boots have been moved, or if the pigs get into the grain-field, or if a neighbor's cattle throw his fences—a religion that keeps the wife from fretting over unkind words, or grease spots, or tattle, or a cross baby. We want a religion that will make us speak kind words and think kind thoughts, and cherish charity instead of malice—a religion that will make us withhold unloving words, and give pity and gentle and generous words instead."

"Yes, yes; well, that's all right," said Uriah, and after telling me how to wrap up the pots and plunge the frozen plants into cold water, and partially save them, he left me with a laugh, that sounded down the path like the gurgle of a jug.

While I sit writing I hear the girls talking in the kitchen. How can I write with two such cheery voices filling all the space about me? And this is what they are saying:

"How do you feel, Dido, when you are abroad, and people are careless about introducing you to their families and friends?"

"Oh, it is a miserable feeling! I don't know very well how to approach any one under such circumstances. If I talk to them, I'm afraid they'll think I'm bold or ill-bred."

"Now, that time we were at Mr. Osgood's, you remember Fanny didn't introduce us to any one, not even her mother or those girls from the city; and I did so wish to talk to that lady from Newark, who sketched so prettily; but I felt as if I had no right to. Just because a girl lives away off in the country, it is no reason she shouldn't be polite, and try to cultivate habits that will stamp her as well-bred."

"How nice it was for Susie Harbison to introduce us to all her family when we were there—her father and mother, and the old-fashioned grandpa, and all the children shook hands in a way that made us feel as though they were real glad to see us. All those chubby boys stepped up and extended their fat, little palms in such a cordial way, you remember."

"Oh, Susie's a darling!"

"Many a girl would have kept her imbecile sister out of sight, tucked away in some lonely room or garret, but Susie marshalled her in, and said: 'Ida, this is my poor sister, Sarah; poor thing sees none of the joy in life that we do; shake hands, Sarah,' and the dull blue eyes gleamed out a faint flash from the clouded mind as she extended her hand. That just made me love Susie."

"Yes, and when her uncle came in at night from

his work on the railroad, all grimy and black, in his old, rough, patched, clothes, and Judge S— was there, on his way to Washington, Susie introduced Uncle Jack as kindly as though he had been a peer, and the tall judge shook hands so cordially with Uncle Jacky."

"Well, Susie has a way of putting people on a level about her. Now, many a girl would have winked, and blinked, and had her roughly-clad, toil-stained uncle sneak in at the back-door, and then stay in the kitchen, and feel as though he wasn't a man among men, but a something to be kept out of sight, for fear of disgrace. How he enjoyed the judge's conversation; and when he was reading from Shakspeare, it seemed to me that Uncle Jack's face became glorified. It was a treat to him, and will do him good as long as he lives. I'm like Susie, one person is just as good as another, only one may have lacked opportunity for development, that's all."

I was pleased with this conversation, and was glad that the girls saw so clearly. Just then the fire was low, and I ran over to the wood-house for an armful of wood. Just outside of the house stood father, the deacon, tugging away at a big lump of ice in the swill-barrel.

"Bad business, that," said I, resting my hands on my sides.

"Not half so bad as it might 'a' been," was the reply, as he lifted the cake of ice out by a stout stick that had frozen up in the swill. "Many an' many a bar'l has busted for me that wouldn't if this knowledge had only come to me sooner," said he. "You see, when this cold snap came on suddenly, I thought of the swill-bar'l away in the night, and I said, 'Well, it can't be helped now.' It happened, however, that the stick-I stir with was left poked down in the swill, and that was all that saved it. A bar'l, or a tub, or a pail, may freeze up solid, and if a stick has been put down in the water, the vessel can't bust. But it took me a good while to find it out—never knew it till last winter; lived seventy years before I knew it," and his eyes twinkled knowingly.

"Why, that's on the same plan," said I, "of putting a spoon in a glass jar when you are canning fruit; if you do that the jar won't break."

"Same philosophy, exactly," said he, as he gave the ball of ice a kick, and sent it rolling off down the hill.

The professor came up and stayed until bedtime last night. Ida was busy making my new scrap-book; Lily was getting her lessons and making selections for Ida; the deacon was reading the *Baptist Banner*; granny was knitting, and I had just ripped my old last winter's calash apart, preparatory to turning and making it over.

There is no need of me getting a new calash every winter—it is useless. I always make them over two or three times, then dye them a good, serviceable black, and put them in the missionary-box. Some poor preacher's wife or mother-in-law may be glad to get them.

I never forget my duty to the poor, especially those of the household of faith.

When the professor came, I laid my work aside, it required too much of close calculating for me to work and visit at the same time.

I brought out the basket of darnings. Among other things in it was a pair of new socks, badly eaten by moths—the poor student who owned them had never seen a moth, and wasn't to blame. The socks were brand new, and I could not think of throwing them in the fire. I had often darned moth-eaten garments before, and though it did seem quite impossible, I went about the job in my own way. Woolen yarn, no matter how fine and even, is too rough to mend this kind of a hole, because it will draw the work. I stretched the socks to their right size, by slipping my Baptist hymn-book under the holes, and then carefully darned, back and forth, up and down the leg, with a small needle and coarse silk thread. By this means my work was not disarranged, as it would have been by a darning needle and woollen yarn. In half an hour I had made the socks quite as good as new. One place in the leg was past mending, and I laid a fine piece of new flannel on the inside and darned over it.

Sometimes merchants almost give away shawls, and rubias, and hose that are damaged by moths. I wouldn't want to put any woman up to mischief—I would only say if any of you ever have such chances, don't mind a few moth holes.

Get some silk as near the color of the article as you can, and with a little ingenuity you can make the damaged things quite as good as new. If it is a rubia, catch it together tightly with the silk thread; if a shawl, darn it, dampen the place, press it with a warm iron and then raise the nap on it with a clothes brush. Handle carefully and as little as possible until after it is mended.

Somehow I like to make possibilities and realities out of improbabilities.

I found such a good pair of men's hose in an old wayside log cabin, one pretty day last October, when Ida and I were out in the woods after moss.

We had wandered, lured on and on by the beautiful trees, and brooks, and dells; and autumn leaves, and glorious views of perfect scenery, until the sun began to cast long slanting rays, and, still fresh with rapture, we found ourselves at least four miles from home.

Did we find moss? Why, bless your bright eyes, we almost waded in mosses of all kinds! We snuck to our catches in the plush that to me was finer than the royalist silk-velvet plush.

I knelt on it, and reclined on it, and laid my warm face among its cool pillows, fragrant with the most delicious woody odor. I washed it with the palms of my hands, reverently, lovingly, prayerfully, enthusiastically, gratefully. And, in pity for the pale, stiff faces in stifed city homes—faces that would give over such magnificence lying in wasteful splendour in the still, wild woods of Ohio—with a thought of those warming my heart, I touched it sorrowfully.

Oh, all the summers and winters does that bank of

thick moss lie there greenly! how it would feast such yearning eyes!

That broken gash in the wildwood, the tinkling brook, the little cabin, the cave in the hillside covered by vines, the rich garden spot, the spring in the mossy bank, the pines, the winding road, the dimpling waters of the creek, and the curving sweep of the railroad, make a finished picture that is before me every time I look up and see my fresh green moss-landscape.

What pretty tales it tells me, this bleak February day, of the budding and the blossoming that the summers bring to the delectable spot from whence I bore this pretty bit of good-cheer.

I never did like the winters with their palls of cruel white snow, hiding away all the beauty that makes me so glad, but I have learned how to pluck out the sharpest stings by bringing a bit of the beauty of summer indoors. It is my amulet.

Our travelling basket, big enough for a John-Rogers-family, we filled with sheets of rare mosses, pressed down in as a woman would store away newly-made puffy comforts, filled a big kitchen apron as full as it would hold, two large newspapers, and then I tied up a few choice things in my bandanna.

We went into the deserted cabin to look for strings to tie our bundles, and during the search I found the aforesaid hose and called Ida in. I said: "Sissy, look at those socks; brand-new, never been washed more than once; but 'he' put them right on and never took 'em off until they were worn out." See how he thrust his uncouth ill-mannered toes right through 'em.

"A careful wife would have made this pair and another to have lasted him all winter.

"She has just been 'lasy' and 'trifling,' I'll warrant, though her bustle and her beloved pannier were just right—faultless—and she would as soon have thought of being out of breadstuffs as 'whitenin' for her face."

We had a great deal of fun going home, laden with our big bundles of moss. We had to sit down often and rest, and it was late bed-time when we arrived at home. We smuggled our things into the cellar from the outside door, for fear the deacon would scold us. He didn't know where we were, for we had told Lily not to tell. Supper had been waiting an hour, or more, and the deacon had said he wouldn't eat a morsel of supper until we came, if it was midnight.

When he asked where we had been, I laughed and said: "Oh, you might know where—everybody is out electioneering now-a-days."

Lily was a little vexed, she said: "Samuel Weller liked widders, but Deacon Ports liked the wimmins."

That is a weakness in the men of our family, they'd rather stick around where we are, than to be with anybody else. They like our talk and stories better than men's talk.

I like to go to bed at nine o'clock, but often have to hint and hint, and then at eleven or twelve o'clock my hints grow more decisive, and I say: "Gentleman, you can be relieved," or, "Well, I bid you good-night," or, "You are well enough acquainted,

sirs, that we do not need to light you to bed." This last hint will unbutton a vest, or loosen a cravat, but often I have to say to Bub! "Young man! will you—go—to—bed?"

Oh, mothers and wives and sisters, this influence over "the boys" is no trifling thing! If the son or the brother with such loving confidence leans upon and clings to you, and listens to your lightest words, and loves your society, do you see how sacred is your influence? How watchful you need to be of every word you say, and every deed you do, how conscientious and how scrupulously honest.

Bub always watched me with lynx eyes. He has kept me in a straight jacket ever since he was two years' old. A guardian angel couldn't stick any closer. He was so practical, too, I didn't know that ever a slip of the spirit of poetry would find spiritual soil enough in the mind of the boy that it could take root and grow. But it did in these later and riper years of his.

The summer that he was three years old I was curious to know what he would think of thunder; I wanted to know what he would say of it.

When the first thunder-storm came in the month of May we went away up into the third story of the house. I opened a window; drew my chair up beside it, and took him on my lap. When a sharp peal came his blue eyes grew very big and earnest as he said: "What's that made of?"

"It is called thunder; it is 'way—' way—up in the sky."

"What make a fhunder?"

"God."

"Oh-h-h-h! wish He'd do it more."

"I like to hear thunder; it is so grand," said I, "poets call it the voice of God," and I said it reverently, hoping to strike the mind of the child with awe.

He leaned his white head against my bosom while his chubby hands, like two little pads of dough, lay in mine. He sighed often, and his long lashes fell as though he were buried in deep thought.

As the storm abated he stood beside the window in his chair and leaned out, listening. He would turn his head and listen to catch the distant reverberations. At last, when he could only hear the faintest sounds, he turned round, caught his breath in a restful way, and with a cunning little tinkle of a laugh that showed his pearly teeth, said: "A voice of God—No! He's gettin' pretty well thoked out, I tell ye!"

Let every woman who reads this, who is the praying wife of an unconverted husband, look well to her daily walk and see if she adorns her profession—see if she lives religion in her daily intercourse with her husband—see if her life is like an excellent sermon, before him every day. If you, poor wife, have been recalcitrant to your duty, and you read this with a saddened heart, or through a mist of tears, remorseful, is it not too late to setrace your erring steps.

Go with your tear-wet face to your bed-room and ask God to forgive you and strengthen you in your

new resolves, then go to your husband and tell him you have sinned, you have failed in your duty and that the sin of sensuality that the world accords to him, lies at your own door, from the fact that you have not set the example before him that you should have done.

Wives have much to answer for. For instance—and the occurrence transpires in every neighborhood, a girl who is a member of a church marries a moral man who is not a professor of religion.

We interested ones watch to see which is the positive and which the negative character, which is the stronger. Our regret is bitter when we see her neglect her known duty, and go a-visiting on the Sabbath day, or turn that day into one of revelry, or jolly re-union for all his folks. Oh, we're so sorry, when instead of dressing up neatly and going to church regularly with her young husband beside her, in a sweet, positive, earnest way, just as if she never dreamed of any other way, we see visitors drive up to the new home "bright an' airy" on a church day morning. We are sorry to hear the "quawk-quawk" of the fat Shanghais as they are borne to the guillotine—to see the glittering carriage whirl up to the gate—the baby-wagon standing out under the lilacs, the rocking-chair wheeled to the veranda, and to see the young girl-wife with flushed face, eager to please her new relatives, and afraid of "hurting their feelings," turn this quiet day of rest into one of visiting and recreation.

The moment a young wife ignores her duty to God and brings reproach upon her profession by thus weakly and sinfully yielding her principles, that moment she must lose the tenderest reverence of her husband.

Her influence is weakened henceforth.

A woman who only wears her religion on the outside, like an easy garment that can be laid off at a moment's notice, can never hope to have much power or influence over her husband. We know of cases where the wife is always asking the prayers of the church publicly, for her husband while he sits under the sound of her voice and gawks about and looks at the wall paper and turns up the side of his boot to see if the heel is wearing off evenly. Of course there are exceptions, but frequently we fear the spirit of the religion exhibited in the wife's daily life is not such that the husband would desire its possession. But if it is that kind that makes the wife patient and forbearing and forgiving and charitable, ready to confess a fault meekly and beg pardon for the weakness of her poor human nature, ready to submit to the dealings of God's providence cheerfully, whether provocation or sorrow or affliction, then will he have faith in her and set her apart, shined in his heart—a true woman—a priestess—a Christian.

The Widow Willson has five boys—she is a poor woman, and I have often wondered how it came that her boys were always comfortably and warmly dressed, and I made bold to ask her the other day how she managed to do it. I can't remember all she

told me, and I was afraid to write it down for she wouldn't have talked had she known there was a possibility of her getting into the papers. She makes their caps out of any odd bits of cloth—sometimes the top part will be cut in five or six pieces, with points to meet in the middle, and then she sets on a large button covered with velvet or cloth like the cap. The band that goes around is of leather or pasteboard covered with cloth—it should be an inch or so in width. Sometimes she varies the style and has the top piece gathered into fulness at the sides, on one of which she puts a tassel, and on the other a button. She takes visors off from old caps, or covers one with cloth, or gets a bit of varnished leather at the shoe dealers. There are a great many ways of making boys' caps, and they are all pretty and cost but a trifle. All that is required in the making of one, is a little ingenuity. They can be made just as pretty as a dear child can stand, and made of the remnants of men's fine clothes; cloth that could be used for nothing else but rugs.

Let me see—what else did she tell me; oh, her boys' drawers! She takes the pockets out of their last summer's half-worn pantaloons; sews up the pocket-places, takes off all the unnecessary buttons, cuts off the wide hem, rips the inside seam up a few inches from the bottom, takes out a gored piece and makes the leg to button and fit about the ankles, and—the drawers are made. This is a good plan, too, for poor laboring men who cannot afford to buy knit drawers.

Their vests? Well, she makes them out of old coat skirts, turned wrong side out; their mittens out of the back part of the legs of worn pantaloons. She lines them with flannel or cotton flannel.

Mittens made of cloth do not fit well about the wrists, they will "give" when drawn on or off, but she remedies that by knitting little ribbed wristlets that fit warmly and snugly over the bare red space between the end of the sleeve and the mitten. So many mothers quite forget that exposed part when their little boys go out to mess the cows, or throw out the ice-cold fodder, covered with the frosty siftings of snow.

I was at Lu's one day last week.

Pipsy Ellen had the quinsy and I went over to doctor her. I put on the deacon's camel cloth cloak, and drew a pair of his socks on over my shoes, and put my little shawl all up over my calash and I was as snug as a baby in its crib.

Just as I was going to cross the bridge, who should I meet but Deacon Skiles and that old man-trap, *Sticks*. That was the first time I had seen him face to face since—since he didn't marry me instead of his.

I felt like fainting, but I rallied and drew father's camel cloth cloak closer about my trembling form, and drew my head back bravely, and illuminated my face with the sweetest smile I could manufacture on such short notice. I didn't mean to stop, but he drew vigorously on the lines, and leaned away back in the

buggy, and pulled until his beasts slackened. I could see by the bundles and packs and things stowed about them, that they had been over at old man Bowlace's—her father's.

The deacon was bound to speak:

"Miss Skiles, this is Sister—Pott-t-t-t," said he, and just then one forewheel of the buggy went down into a shock-hole at the lower end of the bridge, and threw them both forward with a jerk that made her shriek: "My gracious alive, Simon Skiles, what ye beout!" And she made a grab at a crock of apple-butter that stood down between their feet, but not until the paper cover had burst and spilt the thick, black contents all over her shoes.

Such a look as she did give him! It was enough to annihilate all the deacons that belonged to the Pottsville Association! I turned away, pretending I had to cough.

When I looked again she had drawn her feet back and rested them on the toes—while she was not holding them up from the bottom of the buggy. She did look miserable enough to satisfy her worst enemy.

They both tried to pretend that that was nothing, but I could see that they were far from being cool and collected.

I smiled on, my very sweetest, and tried to look just as attractive as possible. I let a little slip of hair hang down over my forehead, and I caught the cloak together on my bosom with the hand on which glowed and sparkled a ring that Jonathan had bought in the cars along with a paper of cream candy.

It was a little embarrassing, I confess. There, with her feet in a crock of apple-butter, sat the woman who had forestalled me;—there, the man, beside whom I might have walked the rest of the way through life, providence permitting; and there I stood, a poor, lonely old stub, with nobody to care whether I lived or died.

Still, I smiled gee-lorionally.

"Whoa, there! you Jack!" said the deacon, in a shrill key, sawing the bits in the horses' mouths.

Poor things, they looked as though they were trying to sleep.

"Do your critters have the epizootic?" said she, wheezing dismally, and arching her thin eyebrows.

"Not badly," I replied, in my very silkkest tone, bowing graciously.

"Wull—the 'zootie's rather fatal," said the old, blue deacon; "anyways, it is up in our neighborhood," and his nose sympathized with his weak, watery eyes.

"What's the state o' religion now in Pottsville?" said she.

"Pretty fair, thank you," said I, bowing again.

"Old Mrs. Hanks joined meeting a couple of weeks ago—there's a very good feeling now, especially since the death of Cooly Henderson, on the railroad."

"Whoa, there! you Jack! you old sinner, you need a basting!" piped the deacon, as he chattered with the cold. "It behooves us all, Sister Potts, to heed every call of—you Jack!—of the grim monster, Death. We ort to have our lamps burning;

for, as the poet says, we know not the day nor the hour when—whoa, there, Jack!"

"Haden't you better drive on, my love?" said Rhoda, as she tried to compress herself into the smallest possible compass to get out the apple-butter.

"Well, I s'pect we had better. You must remember me to Deacon Potts, sister, and tell him we expect to eat a good hot Baptist dinner at old Brother Hammond's to-day, on our way home, or we would have called to see him."

The good-byes were spoken, the lines jerked, and they started. I looked over my shoulder as they drove up the hill, and saw, with twinkling eyes, a little squirt of apple-butter come over the side of the buggy at every jolt it made. I laughed heartily, drew the shawl closer about my ears, and trudged on.

What cured Pipey Ellen's quinsy, I have not time to tell now. My sleeves are rolled up, and the work in the kitchen awaits my tired hands.

THE REASON WHY.

BY BERTHA DRAKE.

"**M**ATTIE," said Mr. Graham to his wife, as the door closed upon their visitor, "I do wish you would be more cheerful. You hardly spoke while Cousin Frank was here, and looked for all the world as though some dreadful calamity was about to befall you. If you have any regard for my feelings, do try to be more like folks."

Mrs. Graham's head bent lower over the little half-finished dress upon which she was working; but she made no reply. She was evidently accustomed to such remarks. Presently, bursting into tears, she rose and left the room.

"Pshaw!" said her husband, as with a contemptuous smile he looked after her; "that's always the way. You must speak to a woman just so, or she'll begin to snivel. I say, Kate," addressing his sister, a bright-eyed, wide-awake-looking woman of some thirty years, "I used to think that women were almost angels; but I've come to the conclusion that they are about as full of faults as we poor devils are."

An amused expression on Mrs. Lyman's face was her only answer.

Mr. Graham sat for some minutes in moody silence, and then said, reaching for his hat as he spoke: "Come, sis, let's go over to Uncle John's. We'll be sure to find smiling faces there, and can manage, perhaps, to pass an evening very pleasantly. It's a pity a fellow can't take some comfort at home."

It was after considerable hesitation that Mrs. Lyman replied.

"Well, Charley, just wait until Bertie's jacket is done, for he is very anxious to wear it to school to-morrow; and then, if Nellie is asleep"—glancing at the cradle where lay the six-months-old baby—"I'll go with you."

As the clock struck seven the little garment was pronounced finished, and was placed by the kind aunt where Bertie could not fail to see it when he first awoke in the morning. Baby was now soundly sleeping, and Mrs. Lyman, after putting on her hat and shawl, stepped to the door of her sister's room, and said, "Mattie, we are going to Uncle John's. We shall not be absent long; but do not sit up for us unless you choose to."

"Very well," was the reply, but the tone in which the words were uttered, told plainly that the speaker

took but little interest in what was going on about her.

"Now, Charley," said Mrs. Lyman, as soon as they were fairly in the street, "I shouldn't have consented to come with you to-night, were it not that I wanted, as Aunt Hannah used to say, to give you a 'good big piece of my mind.'"

"Why, what for Kate? What great crime am I guilty of?"

"The crime of destroying your own happiness, and the happiness of those dearest to you."

"What do you mean? What can you mean?"

"I think, Charley, you spoke very harshly to poor Mattie to-night. I could almost have cried with her."

"Perhaps I was rather cross; but, Kate, that woman tries my patience dreadfully. She goes moping around, looking as forlorn and disconsolate as though she had not a friend in the world."

"There must be a cause for it."

"Yes, I suppose; but I think it would puzzle a lawyer to find out the cause."

"Don't you remember when she was otherwise?"

"Don't I remember? I think I do. There wasn't as pretty a girl for miles around as Mattie Standish was. I was proud of her in my courting-days."

"Yes; I well remember what a devoted lover you were. Our garden was robbed of its choicest flowers to be made into bouquets for Mattie. If fruit or confectionery was sent from the city, the very nicest was selected for that same Mattie. The latest magazines and papers were found on her table, placed there by my brother Charley. In short, nothing was too good for her."

"That's so, Kate; and those were jolly times. I wonder if Mattie has forgotten them?"

Without heeding his last remark, Mrs. Lyman continued: "I had a beautiful rose-tree at home, Charley, that was given me by a dear friend. As long as I watered it and tended it carefully it repaid me with many fragrant, beautiful blossoms; but after it had been in my possession a few months, I am sorry to say, I shamefully neglected it. Sometimes, for days together, I did not go near it. It faded and drooped. I renewed my care of it—but it was too late. My rose-tree died, and I learned a lesson."

Take care, Charley, that your Mattie does not share the fate of my rose. She has a peculiarly sensitive nature, and will not bear neglect any more than a tender plant will."

"But, Kate, Mattie knows that I love her as well as I ever did."

"What reason has she to think so? I was reading, not long since, of a gentleman who had visited in a great many families; and, among them all, he had found but very few really happy ones. The cause of the unhappiness, he said, was not so much the want of love as the want of care to manifest it. 'That is just where the trouble lies. If a man should tell you that you did not love your wife and children, you would be tempted to knock him down—you would, at least, call him a liar. But, Charley, what is love worth that is never expressed in words or actions. Play the lover again, my dear brother, and, take my word for it, you will have no cause to complain of Mattie.'"

By this time the door of Uncle John's house was reached, and there was no time for further conversation. They were met, as had been predicted, by smiling faces; and the evening might, indeed, have passed very pleasantly, if Mr. Graham had been in a mood to enjoy it. His sister's words had made a deep impression on his mind; and, though vexed at her plain talk, he could but acknowledge that she was right.

At an early hour they were on the way home, but more than half the distance was passed over before a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lyman was beginning to fear that she had seriously offended her brother, when he said: "Kate, I was almost angry with you, but I've come to the conclusion that you are more than half right. I've acted like a fool—blaming Mattie for what I alone was to blame for. Let's turn over a new leaf, and see if I can win the roses back to Mattie's cheeks."

"Spoken like yourself, my dear brother. Only live your courting-days over again, and you will again have reason to be proud of Mattie. Now, Charley," continued his sister, "just stop at Warner's, on the way home, and buy a basket of those nice oranges; then call at Osgood's, and get the latest magazine. Take them as a present to Mattie, and see how she will receive them."

Mrs. Lyman went directly home, and finding Mrs. Graham still busily sewing, gave her a good-night kiss, and went immediately to her room. Mr. Graham came in soon afterward, and placing the oranges, with the book, in his wife's lap, said, "Here, Mattie, is a present I got on purpose for you—lay aside your sewing, and enjoy these good things."

Mr. Graham gave her husband one quick, surreptitious look, and, as she had done once before that day, burst into tears.

"Why, Mattie," said Mr. Graham, "have I been so successful of you, that a little act of kindness like this affects you thus?"

"Oh, Charley!" said she, as soon as she could command her voice sufficiently to reply, "I thought you

had ceased to love me, and was just grieving myself to death over it."

"No, Mattie, I had grown careless of my vow 'to love, honor and cherish,' but God helping me, I promise anew to love and cherish you tenderly 'till death do us part.'"

It was all that was needed to make Mattie the cheerful, loving Mattie of old.

Mrs. Lyman was awakened the next morning by Charley's clear, ringing voice, as he sang the words of that most beautiful of Scotch songs—

"Her voice is low and sweet,
She's all the world to me—
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and dee."

"Ah!" said she, with a smile, "it didn't take a lawyer to find the reason why Mattie went moping about the house."

"Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them."

TO A FUGITIVE WIND.

BY CLARA STANLEY.

SWEET Wind that blows across the world,
Be merrily you go;
I fain would guess your happy thought,
Would know the thing you know!

Wide as you sweep, your open path
Is a mysterious way;
I feel your cool breath in the night,
Your tender touch by day;

Yet know not where your dwelling is,
Nor how you learn His will—
I only know one sovereign Voice
Can bid your wings be still.

Oh, bright wind, light wind, let me go
Abroad with you to-night;
Perchance the gates of Paradise
We'll reach by morning light!

Perchance some starry garden waits
For your sweet, coming breath—
Some lowly garden just this side
The golden gate of Death.

There—when your gentle whispers cease,
And your bright wings are still,
Perchance I may, with eager feet,
Climb Zion's sacred hill!

Oh, bright wind, light wind, haste away,
And show to me the way,
Where through the portals of the sky,
Breaks forth th' eternal Day!

When a man thinks that nobody cares for him, and that he is alone in a cold and selfish world, he would do well to ask himself what he has done to make anybody care for and love him, and to warm the world with faith and generosity. Generally, those who complain the most have done the least.

CHARLES DICKENS.—FIRST TIME AND LAST.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

IT was to be the first time with me, although it was, I believe, the last reading Charles Dickens ever gave in Boston.

What a furor there had been over him all winter in the staid old city that sits wrapped in her sea-fogs, with her face turned to the Mayflower and her treasured two centuries and a half of historic traditions!

Boston is quite too high-bred for any melodramatic demonstrations, and, it is presumed, would maintain her lofty serenity though the heavens should fall; but the advent of Charles Dickens shook her out of her sublime composure that winter. In fact, he took her heart by storm—the strong old heart of the city that struck its roots so long ago by the sea, and whose foster-mother was the cold northeasters of the Atlantic.

It took her fierce Januaries as well as her delicious Junes, to nourish the old colonial hamlet into what she is to-day.

But the Story-Teller came—"the greatest since Scott, one of the most famous since Shakespeare"—and Boston surrendered at once. She took the Magician, deep in his fifties, with his graying hair and beard, to her heart, as she had taken the slender, handsome, buoyant-souled young Englishman, the author of the *Pickwick Papers*, a quarter of a century before.

The very air seemed charged with his personality that winter. Mysterious and tantalizing rumors floated through the atmosphere. Everybody was on the *qui vive* for him. It was believed that he was liable to turn up at the most unexpected times and places; that he was taking our measure when we least suspected it, and getting his own squints and glimpses at our home life and ways. Like Hamlet's father's ghost, men cried of the great author, "'Tis here! 'Tis here!" and he was everywhere and nowhere.

Tempting little bits of news did leak out about him, and the public nibbled at them as though they were precious manna.

It came to be understood that there was a quiet house on Charles Street which was in reality the home of Dickens, whatever hotel lodgings he might ostensibly occupy; and that, sheltered under that happy roof, he was holding wonderful tilts of wit and humor with his author-friend, and a circle of choice spirits gathered about them.

But the world that was shut out had still the Readings, and they made the most of them. What a rush, and scramble there was those first nights for tickets! What risks were run—what hours of cold and fatigue borne bravely as soldiers on picket, in order to secure the coveted prizes! A few were induced to part with them at enormous premiums, and Midas and his family had the first chances, and people of shallower purges—and amongst them must always be

counted those of the author's own guild—had to bide their time.

Dickens was to read on that last night, "Dr. Mari-gold's Prescription," with that inimitable trial of "Randell against Rickwick."

The brilliantly-lighted hall was just filling as I entered it with my friend, who, having heard the great author several times, had "found her appetite grow by what it fed on."

How well I remember the first impression, the lovely toilets, the soft hum and rustle and flutter, as the audience took their seats—an audience that comprised whatever was finest in the intellect and culture of Boston!

It was a pleasure to be there simply, and to sit and wait with the others in quiet, pleased expectancy for the moment when the great necromancer should appear.

There were faces in that audience, too, whom people all over the civilized world would go far to see. There was Emerson, with his thin, scholarly, thoughtful face, that looked as if he had suddenly lifted it from the old book-cases among which he has browsed all his life, and, seeing him sitting there in quiet waiting among the others, some of his wonderful sentences would leap and throb across one's thoughts, clear and pure as rays from diamonds. There was Longfellow, with some gracious dignity which seemed the fitting atmosphere of his own perfect poems—the fine massive head, the rippling, glittering silver of the beard, the face so remarkable in its strength, and calm, and goodness. There, too, was Fields, the publisher of Dickens, the friend also in that deep, tender sense which we all know now we have read his book; and the beautiful woman by his side, of whose face it seems a kind of sacrilege to write, because another Chaucer or Shakespeare could alone do it worthily, was the wife of the publisher.

I was thinking of all this, when a stir in the audience drew my eyes suddenly to the platform, which a man was crossing in a rapid, rather business-like way.

Dickens, his first appearance, his whole manner, and the character of his readings, were so thoroughly "written up," when he was amongst us, that I shall only touch lightly here.

The first impression was so calm and business-like, that it might have been slightly disenchanting to those who had greatly idealized him.

Hero-worship is always a dangerous indulgence, but any slight chill of disappointment soon vanished under the spell of his reading. For, despite its simplicity, it was a spell. The dear old Christmas story could never afterward be the same to those who heard the author read it that night.

By some subtle trick of voice and expression, he individualized every character in the story. There

was Dr. Marigold, the itinerant auctioneer, with his white hat and a shawl worn loosely round his shoulders, telling his story of the Suffolk young woman whom he had courted from the foot-board of his cart. There was Mrs. Marigold with her frightful temper, and there, shining between the quaint, tender father, and the mother, so fierce and cruel in her outbreaks of passion, was the face of that dear, little, seraphic Sophy. The spell of that voice passing so easily from the "descriptive to the dramatic," striking out every character clear as a chisel, with its changing keys, entranced the whole audience. You might have heard the ticking of a clock, so still was it. Now it was the humor, now it was the tenderness, now the deep pathos of the story which lifted everybody into a common sympathy. Dickens was such a master of his art, too. There was nothing sensational or extravagant in the whole reading. He lifted one to his own height and fired the imagination and possessed the heart apparently without effort, as the soft winds blow, and birds warble, or, better than either, as the numbers sing their divine sweetness through some delicious poem.

Then came that great trial of "Burdell against Pickwick," which threw everybody into agonies of laughter. That great reader himself, carried away with the power and fun of his own creation, actually shook his sides with laughter, the sight of which added hugely to the general mirth.

In the midst of it all, I turned and looked over to the place where the Poet and the Philosopher were sitting with their friends.

I shall never forget that sight. It was worth going to see, even if Dickens had not been the magician which invoked the whole. Emerson was bending over, and almost writhing with laughter, and what laughter it was! Such perfect, delectable, boyish abandon! He was so hugely tickled! You felt that he laughed all through him, and with all his might at the magnificent fun of that scene between Sam Weller and the pompous, irate, old judge. It seemed that he had just reached the culminating point of choking and gasping. "I almost expected to see him throw himself down on the floor and have it out there in great boyish screams and howls of mirth.

It gave me a new idea of the fresh, simple, child-heart behind the soul and brain of America's great philosopher.

I have seen Emerson a good many times since among groups of friends, or moving with his quiet, thoughtful eyes along the streets, standing before vast audiences which hung upon his words, as though a god had come down once more to talk with men; but, for me, I shall always see him as I did that night, his head bent forward, his figure half-doubled up, and shaking with huge merriment over that magnificent fun. It was a new revelation of the man. I had heard him called cold and serene as some lofty hermit, that comes sailing down in sunny June out of Arctic solitudes, but the fresh, warm, throbbing heart at the centre came to the surface that night. I shall always be so glad I was there to see it.

I turned from the great Philosopher to the great Poet. It was a rich delight to mark the enjoyment of this last, though there was not the boyish abandon of Emerson about Longfellow.

The latter sat quite erect, his fine face fairly illuminated with his deep sympathy with the rich humor of the scene. He was laughing with a pure heartiness over the whole spirit and movement of the thing. I did not half suspect, as I had in Emerson's case, that the Poet would drop off his seat in a kind of apoplexy of mirth; something of the calm and gracious atmosphere of his own poems still seemed to surround him, but his full, vital, unrestrained enjoyment was a pleasant thing to see and to be remembered always.

And the beautiful woman, friend and hostess and guest by turns of Dickens, with something that was like the splendor of sunrise in her face, clapped her hands, and that, too, was worth going far to see.

But when I turned and looked again at the reader, another scene came up before me, so simple and homelike that it hardly seems fitting to set it here, although it came up to me and shut out, for a few moments, the great audience, and the brilliant lights, and all the splendor and fascination of the whole scene, and blurred the figure on the platform and muffled his voice until it seemed to be speaking in a dream.

It was only a little home vision that leaned out of the distant years. The soft lamp-light shone into the darkness of the winter evening, and gave the quiet, old room a quaint, pleasant air, which the garish daylight might have missed.

The mother, a gentle-voiced, pale-faced woman, sat there with her children, "three of them, all girls."

One of them, just in the blossoming of girlhood, sits at the table where the light falls clearest and reads. Oh, fair young reader, oh, wonderful book, for it is "David Copperfield." No matter if the clouds settle darkly and the winds croon weirdly outside. They who sit in the quaint, old-fashioned room, heed neither clouds nor winds. They are following the fortunes of David all along the thoroughfares of those wonderful chapters. How each scene lives and throbs before them. They quiver and glow with the varied passions of that marvellous drama. How real all the actors are!

That quaint, crusty Aunt Betsey Trotwood, with her life-long feud against boys and donkeys, and her warm, honest heart under all; the pretty, silly, little mother, and that monster of a Murdstone, with his hard, metallic sister, and that pleasant lunatic, Mr. Dick, and that delightful Micawber, with his domestic perplexities and his grandiloquent epistles, and faithful old Feggoty, and that dear, little, silly "wax doll" of a Dora, and that "lone, lorn critter," Mrs. Gummidge by the hearthstone, and Uriah Heap, smiling one's flesh crawl, as he crawls with his base, slimy soul along the story, and Twaddles with his misery and his merriment, and that awkward, homely, heroic Flanz, and that handsome, accomplished villain Stanforth, and "poor little Emily," and Agnes,

who is such an angel without wings that I can never quite forgive Curtis for that delicious bit of satire. Agnes is very noble and lovely and all that, but somehow she always does seem to me quite like David's aunt!"

Across all the years I saw the little homely scene, across them, too, I heard for a moment the soft voice of the young reader, and saw in the lamplight the glossy head and the fair face; alas! that all its fresh bloom could not persuade Death into a little longer waiting. I almost heard the indrawn breaths, and felt the hushes of suspense in some crisis of the story; the rapt interest, the delight, the exultation, the shrieks of laughter over some scene rich with Falstaffian humor, and over all the mother's pale face beaming with pleased attention.

It was a little homely scene that rose up a moment and shone and shut itself down. It seemed almost as much out of place at that time as Cinderella would in her dingy gown and bare feet at the Prince's feast but it had its own message to me, and when it had passed and I saw once more the quiet man, the world's great Story Teller standing there on the platform, I did not love and honor him less, for that winter evening, lying in the far-distant years which owned to him its grace and charm.

He stood there on the platform, the severe influenza which had seized him on entering our climate and which held him until he left it. Breaking out occasionally in swift, half-suppressed coughs, his whole face beaming with feeling, his eyes shining with a real tenderness upon his audience, and then he turned and walked away, and Charles Dickens had spoken to his "native Boston," as he happily called it, for the last time.

His last visit to our country, the honest delight with which the whole nation received the great Englishman, to whom it owed so much, must have touched and gladdened a nature so sensitive as his to the love and praise of his fellow men. Yet it was not all fame and flattery, cake and wine to the great master of the chords of human hearts, when he came among us that winter.

Fame has her own prices, and she exacts them rigidly. Dickens had his share of misapprehension of scandal, of that prying curiosity which always seeks to unearth the secrets, no matter how sacred or how painful, of a great man's life. And it is to be said to his credit, that he bore all bravely, for the most part, silently.

Yet not less must the stings have wounded and festered; the painful fact always being that there is usually no redress for hurts of this kind. A part of a truth is always the worst kind of a lie, and explanation may often include so much that is private and painful, and so involve the interests and happiness of others—that misapprehension and scandal seem infinitely preferable to this merciless tearing up of the roots and fibres of one's life.

I have hesitated a little about relating an instance which illustrates what I have said, and which occurred during Dickens's last visit among us, proving

that some wormwood dashed the cup of warm, spiced wine, which we offered to our great guest.

In this case the facts did seem at first to fairly make against him and the public to be less amenable to the censure of rash conclusions than it usually is when sitting in judgment on the private lives of great men.

Dickens is in his grave, and no living person, so far as I know, can be harmed by relating this incident of his visit:

I remember the surprise with which I first learned the story—repeated, too, amongst a company of intelligent men and women, that the widow of Charles Dickens's brother and his two children were living in Chicago in obscurity and poverty. The story represented the widow as an amiable and interesting woman, with two little daughters, bearing her ill-fortunes, so far as possible, with uncomplaining courage.

There was everything in the story, as related to me, to touch one's sympathies. The sources of my information placed the matter beyond doubts. It was received from the neighbors and friends of the lady herself. I am very slow to give any credence to the gossip which always aims its arrows at a shining mark; but I must admit that my faith in Charles Dickens staggered for a moment.

Here he was in our midst, drinking the incense of a nation's love and praise, reaping golden harvests from the audiences who hung every night breathless upon his words. All the time perfectly aware that a little way off the wife and children of his dead brother were enduring privations, if not positive suffering, from which he could so easily have delivered them.

Could the author of "Nell" and "Little Dorrit" be capable of the hardness, or parsimony, or craven spirit, whichever it might be, that was attributed to him? The talk and the indignation waxed warm; one of the ladies just returned from Chicago, related a plan which had been concocted by some of the people of the great western city.

Dickens had, of course, been invited to read there. When he came, a proposition should be made to him to give the widow and orphans a benefit night. If he refused,—well, there were people in Chicago who would take their own way and time of making the great author feel their indignation. So the talk went, painful and perplexing enough to those who knew and honored the man who had dedicated his splendid gifts to the poor and misused and forgotten of humanity.

Time went on, and Dickens did not go to Chicago. The influenza, which seized him on his arrival, forced him to return home, at the conclusion of his first season amongst us. He made, so far as I know, no explanation of his relations with the family of his dead brother, but he must have been aware of the position in which he was placed before the public, and, with his temperament, some of the barbed arrows of that time must have struck home.

Dickens, like other great men, did not find it all as

summer holiday's yachting when he trimmed his sails to golden gales of fame and prosperity.

Time, however, always works for the truth. After awhile the facts came out. The widow of Augustus Dickens died suddenly in Chicago. A painful mystery hung over her last hours. It was thought that her immediate death was occasioned by the use of some powerful narcotic. She had been ill for several days, and it was suggested that in some moment of acute pain she had inadvertently swallowed the draught which produced her death. There were suspicious circumstances, however, connected with her decease, which at least gave some plausibility to rumors of suicide on the part of the unhappy woman.

Whether the facts were ever cleared up, I do not know, for I am writing from memory, as I read the story in the newspapers. But I learned then, in connection with it, that the brother of Charles Dickens had left a widow residing in England, a blind and helpless invalid, who was entirely dependent for her support on her brother-in-law, and was generously maintained by him.

So in one moment Dickens's conduct was cleared from reproach; nay, it was shown to have been most delicate and magnanimous from the first.

What could the man do? He might have spoken and cleared himself in a moment; but, to do this, he must drag up from the grave the dead brother's sorrow or shame, and hold it palpitating before the world. He might have to stigmatise the woman who in Chicago bore that dead brother's name, and was the mother of his children, and—for I know nothing of the circumstances beyond the bold facts—may have been led to consider herself his lawful wife. At all events, she was a woman, and he who was so pitiful to the frail and fallen of her sex would be sure to spare one whose circumstances must have appealed so strongly to his sympathies.

Then there were those "two little girls." "Nell" and "Little Dorrit" again. Could the author of these have drawn down one shadow of reproach on these young, innocent heads?

However his heart might have warmed toward them, there was the memory of the poor blind English wife to come between; and a meeting, under the circumstances, could only have been most painful to all concerned. So there was nothing for Charles Dickens to do but precisely what he did—bear the misapprehension and scandal, from honest and kindly hearts, too, silently and bravely.

The old gods grind slowly. I am not certain whether Dickens was in his grave or not before the spirit which justified him to the world came to the light. It makes little difference now. What a very little difference everything will make to all of us in a little while.

Yet what a terrible shock it was when the belt, suspending down into the golden June days, filled with blossoms and the singing of birds, and over all the land they were saying: "The world's great story—*Tell us dead!*"

After the first great shock was over, I think it was a comfort to us all to learn that he went "through the golden gate into the skies" suddenly; that there was no long, wearing illness, no midnight watches, no slow breaking of the great golden cord, no agonized watching of the wasting of mind and body, until all that eager, vital, magnetic life, those untiring energies, those splendid spirits, that radiant, throbbing humor, that keen, darting, smiting sense of fun which immortalized whatever it touched, that generous, tender heart were all a wreck.

Dickens went, as his great brothers in the guild had gone a little while before—Allton and Prescott, Irving and Hawthorne, Macaulay and Thackeray. Probably each, had it been left to his own will, would have chosen the swift messenger to the slow-footed.

But "the world is full of their voices." Who can think of him as dead who made mankind so much better and happier for his living?

Can "David Copperfield" die to this generation or those who follow? The very air is filled with the people of his fancies. They come to us in lonely hours of the night, in watchings by sick beds, in all manner of loneliness and heartaches, and lift these bleak, toilsome days into new atmospheres of warmth and light, and the hours touched by the enchanter's wand glow out into a new beauty and grace.

It is the great glory of Charles Dickens that he was pre-eminently the author of the poor. Somehow, poverty, rage, wretchedness have seemed to gain a new significance and pathos since his genius touched them. Behind hard, sad faces and bent forms of men and women, under the tatters and dirt which we meet every day wandering on the streets and hugging the curbstones, we recognize a common humanity, and feel the instinct of kindred, which we did not until Dickens came, though before him Shakespeare had written and Scott had sung. His quick sympathy for the suffering, his reverence and pity for the meanest and lowest of his kind, his midnight wanderings among the lowest haunts of poverty and vice, as he found them in London, his untiring interest in all practical charities, as, for instance, the cheap lodgings of the London poor, seem always to me the rarest glory of the great man passed away. I think he would not have had it otherwise.

In the year's sunniest month, they laid him "whose presence was perpetual sunshine" to his solemn rest at Westminster Abbey. He had fairly earned his place there among the world's great men; but I believe he would have cared far less for that than for the knowledge that he had helped to lift the burdens, and make smooth the toilsome ways of humanity.

Dying in the summer that he loved, he will still make "summer in a thousand thousand lives."

There are some lines from "Bret Harte" which reflect with that marvellous touch of his, the whole scene like a clear mountain lake. You may have read them before, but they will never grow old. All through the rise and fall of the numbers it has seemed to me I can hear the winds blow, and see the

black waving of the pines; and, therefore, I close this brief sketch with them:

"Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras far beyond uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

"The roaring camp-fire with rude humor painted,
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth.

"Till one arose and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew.
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

"And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the master
Had writ of 'little Nell.'

"Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, for the reader
Was youngest of them all;

But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

"The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with Nell on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

"And so, in mountain solitudes p'ertaken,
As by some spell divine,
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

"Lost is that camp and wasted all its fire,
And he who wrought that spell;
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

"Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills!

"And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine;
Dream it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western Pine."

OUR CLUB.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

III.

HOW JEANNETTE AND THE PROFESSOR DISCUSSED THE TRUTH.

THERE was the faintest flicker of scorn about Jean Marriott's expressive mouth as she laid down the ultra progressive journal from which she had been reading an article on social and moral reform to a select audience, consisting of Professor Engel and the anonymous personage who has the honor of reporting the proceedings of the "Templeton Ethical Club," the members thereof, on this occasion, being represented by parties aforesaid.

"I do not notice that glow of enthusiasm in your face, Jean, which I marked the other night when you burst forth in an ardor of devotion and sacrifice—'It is truth that we want though we speak it from the ruins of all that we once held dear.' Here are the 'ruins' in perspective. Do you see Truth rising, spirit-like, from these desolated shrines, purified from all dross and corruption, and waiting to give herself afresh to us in the substance and forms of the new dispensation?"

And the professor looked with smiling curiosity at the earnest-faced woman opposite him, whose usually straightforward and unshrinking eyes were averted and downcast.

"I do not want to speak, Professor Engel, until I have had time to digest this thing, and to decide in my own mind whether it is good or bad," she said. "You know my proneness to hasty and impulsive judgments."

"Because it is your nature to give such, perhaps they are your truest," returned the professor. "First impressions are reckoned best. The soul's intuitions before thought and reason may be your safest guide."

"If I might distinguish between intuition and inherited prejudice," Jeannette said. "But I am so much

the creature of an influence that has had me always at a disadvantage, being exerted before I had power to resist—before I was born, even—how am I to know whether the impulse that moves me is of truth or of tradition?—the monition of the Spirit or the spur of superstition? Besides, you, with your strong prepossessions, would not trust nor respect my intuitions if they declared in favor of this matter. You would begin at once to reason with me on the fallacy of my impressions, eager to convince me that they were not to be relied upon. Do you mind how you checked me the other evening when you thought I was speaking too freely and too warmly?"

"Because I feared you had not measured your ground and might overstate yourself. Because you were so wrought up by the evils of one extreme you were in danger of precipitating yourself into the errors of the other. And because there were those present who would be certain to misconstrue you, and falsify your position in their after attempts to define it."

"Should that have any weight with me?" questioned Jean, with simplicity. "I am not cautious by nature. If I have a conviction I am constrained to utter it regardless of consequences."

"It is not only that you will suffer from misjudgment," said the professor, "but you imperil the truth which you fling unguarded into an atmosphere where it may be darkened, perverted and divorced from the good that is the life and soul of it."

"Could I so?" demurred Jeannette. "Does not God protect his truths?"

"So carefully that He only commits them to us in metaphors and symbols, in the deep secrets of nature and the unfathomed mysteries of spirit. Even the Christ spoke in parables to the multitude, only when

alone with His chosen revealing the hidden significance of His wonderful figures and mystical types."

"Do you know," Jeannette complained, "this seems to me the most inscrutable and mournful thing in the Providence of God, that there should be so much uncertainty and mystery regarding the truth—that it should be such a vexing Proteus in its shifting shapes, a chameleon in its changing hues,—that in our mad pursuit of it, we as often clutch the shadow as the substance,—that in our attempts to reason it out, we are quite as likely as otherwise to arrive at its opposite—that the thing which my brother regards as most certain and sacred, to me appears simply a snare and a delusion."

"My dear Jeannette," interrupted the professor, "there is nothing strange or inscrutable in all that, unless we choose to make it so. Simple, earnest, direct souls, striving to live open, pure, sincere, and honest lives, may accept without question their own clear impressions of truth, for they are the chosen to whom all mysteries are revealed, and secret meanings interpreted. It is the unstable and double-minded who cannot discriminate between the true and the false, and are led astray by their own evils."

"But, Professor Engel, there are truths which appear so beautiful, pure, translucent, and to which all that is good, and grand, and lovely in our natures responds with deep, solemn thrilling fervor,—and yet they lead us insensibly away from all our old landmarks, and we find ourselves in a trackless wilderness, breathing a wild, intoxicating air, dimly signalling the boundaries between the right and the wrong, and fraternizing with spirits whose bold, free utterances would once have seemed to us blasphemous."

And Jeannette took up again the journal she had cast aside, and ran her finger significantly over the page she had just been reading.

"They were Heavenly truths in the beginning, Jean, shining with the still reflected splendor of divine love; but they have fallen into evil, impure minds, and their light is now the treacherous, phosphorescent gleam that leads us into the marshes and fens of skepticism, and flashes out suddenly, leaving us floundering darkly, and sinking deeply in the mire and clay of sensualism, that sucks us evermore lower and lower until only the inextinguishable divine spark which holds us alive is left smothered in our natures."

"In brief, then," said Jean, pointing at the article under criticism, as at a pet viper in its cage, "you regard this as the wisdom described by the good James as 'earthly, sensual, devilish?'"

The professor nodded. "And yet—and there's the secret danger of it—trace it back to its pure, unadulterated source, before it was darkened, distorted and defiled in this gross, malarious atmosphere of the senses, and it was the wisdom of angelic life; and by virtue of that it holds a mysterious power, and exerts an irresistible influence over an order of minds that could not be deceived by unqualified evil; but, perceiving this grain of truth, grasp it, greedy and in-

discriminate, with all the defilements, deformities and delusions it has gathered in its descent. Take, now, for example, this principle of spiritual freedom—of individual liberty in matters of conscience and faith—nothing can be in itself more divinely true and good—nothing should be held more sacred and inviolable. It is not our God-given right alone, it is our most binding duty to follow the dictates of our enlightened reason, to hold ourselves free from the trammels of parties and creeds, respecting our own convictions, and giving reverent heed thereto. But the moment we forget that we are the humble pensioners of a Supreme Power back of us, that our ability to feel, to think, to act, to enjoy, is in and through this infinite inexhaustible Source of Life, upon which we draw unconsciously and thanklessly, as though it were our own; the moment, indeed, that we arrogate the Divine attributes, refusing homage to and recognition of a Higher than ourselves, we cease to rightly apprehend the true principles of human freedom, and it becomes a dangerous element of evil in our hands, a truth profaned and falsified."

"And it is this monstrous thing, you believe, which is so warmly advocated and persuasively urged by our friends, the reformers, as represented in the article just read," Jeannette said, smiling a little doubtfully, in the professor's earnest face.

"My dear friend," he responded, eagerly, "what sort of freedom is that which puts our lower natures in the ascendant, giving our baser instincts and passions slackened rein, and making the gratification of the senses the supreme aim and end of life? Is it not, indeed, the most object slavery that could be imagined or endured?"

"You forget," remarked Jeannette, in a controversial spirit, "that our free-school philosophers do not recognize anything base or low in our natures, but claim for every instinct and faculty an office necessary, honorable, holy and divine."

"I do not forget nor despise that point," returned the professor; "but I maintain that the head should be carried in the upper air, where the Lord placed it; and whosoever attempts to reverse the order of nature, by putting the feet in its stead, simply makes a spectacle of himself for gods and men, and betrays a retrogressive tendency toward his ancient progenitors—the apes."

"You are getting severe. Let me read you a glowing paragraph or two from this journal of free-thought, to soften a little your asperities," smiled Jeannette.

"Don't desecrate and corrupt the phrase, free-thought, by loose associations, Jean. I grant, there is a wonderful flash and roll of eloquence in this rallying-cry of Liberty, which sets the blood bounding wildly along the veins, and stirs the soul to passionate, unutterable yearnings for some vast, indefinable good, that cannot be grasped or measured in the sphere of humble, homely, plodding, everyday duties. But, take your brave philosophy with the crash and thunder of breaking idols standing through its fine, high, heroic swell of words, and put it to the test of

life, and you will quick crunch through the fair, tempting rind to the rotten, false heart of it. Carry out its grand schemes for the reformation and regeneration of society, and you establish a rude, lawless, disorderly community, where each, in his mad scramble for his divine personal rights, tramples recklessly on the rights of all others. God knows, there is need enough of reform in our social, moral and religious life as it is, but your crazy iconoclast, when he has broken our unholy idols, has nothing better to give us than the fragments. Your ultra-reformer is only a rabid, raving discontent, who, revolting against one class of evils, rebounds violently to the other extreme, and his last state is worse than his first."

"Let us trust then that he may rebound again, and in his mad oscillations he may somewhere strike the happy, golden mean," said Jean, hopefully.

"As a case in point, look at his position in respect to marriage," went on the professor, acknowledging the lady's remark simply with a bow. "There is no question, of course, that there are evils and abuses connected with the institution of marriage which cry loudly for consideration and reform, but the proposal to abolish it altogether for that reason is as absurd and insane as would be the proposal to banish the sun, because the thick, heavy, impure atmosphere which we exhale obstructs the free passage of the solar rays, and we do not get our coveted share of the orb's light and heat. No clear, rational mind can fail to perceive that it is not in the relation of marriage, but in those who rashly enter it that the trouble lies, and however sincere and well-disposed our reformer may be in his purpose and effort to set the ordinance aside, he cannot escape a recognition of the fact that the majority of those who rush to the support of his standard do not care a straw for the alleged wrongs of the marriage system, but chafing under the restraint which it imposes on their roving desires they hope by their clamor of injured innocence, and blighted powers, and violated rights to create a popular sentiment which will favor their lusts, level the distinctions between virtue and vice, and give to their loose, dissolute lives the seal and sanction of the law—the rank and dignity of honesty and right. And yet, so deeply implanted, so inwrought, indeed, is the conjugal principle in the soul, that not one of these probably would refuse to yield a more or less willing assent to the faith in one true, pure, indissoluble marriage; only declining to believe in the possibility of its realization in this world, and therefore railing at the folly of the attempt. As well give over the effort to live true, orderly lives, because we have temptations to evil and some are overcome. It is useless to hope for any good in the hereafter, that we do not strive reverently to win in the present. I tell you, Jeannette, if there had never been but one perfect marriage since the world began, it would sanctify the ordinance, counterbalance all failures, and justify fresh trials for a million years to come."

And the professor, his fine face all aglow with enthusiasm, looked at his companion as if he were

minded then and there to propose a practical illustration of the faith that was in him, for the benefit and encouragement of the timid and unbelieving.

But at the moment when the reporter was inwardly rejoicing with the hope that at last this tedious talk, so patiently recorded, was to have a touch of tender human interest. There was a stir and stamping of entering feet, and a ripple of laughter in the hall, and some of our good people came bustling in from the evening lecture at the college rooms.

"Why, how's this?" cried Dell Falconer, breezily.

"Here's the professor talking marriage, and Jeannette blooming like the rose under his ardent gaze."

"How know you what the professor was talking of, my keen Falconer?" said that gentleman, smiling, with undisturbed serenity.

"Trust a woman's sense to discern when love and marriage are in the air," was the quick retort.

"Her sense of smelling, Dell?" quizzed Jean, with the utmost simplicity.

"What business have you and the professor to be talking love and marriage, Jeannette?" questioned Roy Sherwood, throwing himself languidly into an easy-chair. "It might have been excusable in you at sixteen when hearts are so green and heads so soft that they cannot approach without inevitably running together in what they imagine an indissoluble union, but in your day and generation, you should be too wise to be flickering about that tender nonsense like moths about a treacherous light."

"On the contrary," said Jeannette, "it is just the wisdom of our day and generation that is needed to give worth and dignity to such 'tender nonsense' and exalt it to its proper place in our lives, and it is much more commendable in us to consider the same in the ripeness of judgment and experience; than when our hearts are greener and our heads are softer. However, the merit of the discussion in this case rests with the professor. I have not had opportunity to express my opinion in the matter."

"I was just about to offer you that opportunity when our friends came in," said Professor Engel, gravely. "I do not know why their presence should be regarded as an interruption. Will you marry me, Jeannette?"

The rose bloomed a little brighter in her cheek, the clear, straightforward eyes drooped for an instant; but she knew—this wise, simple Jeannette—that the question had been waiting for her the past six months, and there was no reason why she should meet it now with astonishment and trepidation. So, like a brave, sensible woman as she was, she answered frankly:

"With all my heart," and put her hand cordially in the one extended, to seal the compact.

"To have and to hold, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish,"—recited the professor, with grave tenderness.

"Till death us do part," responded Jeannette, solemnly.

A profound silence succeeded, in which the bold

woor reverently pressed to his lips the hand that he held, and bowed his head as though under the invocation of a blessing.

Then Dell, who had been standing before the grate, arrested in the act of drawing off her gloves by this unexpected and altogether surprising scene, suddenly threw up her hands and dropped into a chair with a breathless and horrified exclamation:

"Have you got that down?" she asked of the reporter, jotting away unnoticed in her quiet corner.

Jeannette and the professor looked around with a little start.

"Oh, yes, your folly is on record," said Roy Sherwood, with the air of an exasperated guardian rebuking two wayward, foolish and disobedient children. "Can there be anything more heartrending than this?" he added, turning to the reporter with a tragically-appalling look.

That unsocial individual shuffled her notes significantly.

"Read them," said Professor Engel, briefly.

"Read them!" reiterated Jeannette, in answer to an inquiring glance.

"Well, I must say, Jeannette, you seem to have taken a very tame, inactive part in this discussion," commented Dell, severely, at the close of the reading. "The professor has matters all his own way."

"It is always such a good way, you know," returned Jean, contentedly.

"The fact is, you oughtn't to have attempted the consideration of such grave, important subjects in the absence of your humble servant," said Roy, in an injured tone. "There was a chance for a grand, masterly argument, but you have made a weak, slipshod, one-sided, imperfect, inconsequent thing of it. And, oh!" he added, with a theatrical gesture of hopeless sorrow and regret, "had I but been here, I might have averted this final catastrophe!"

"If you please, good people," spoke up the scribe, who had come to the end of her paper, "what is to be the heading of this Club report?"

"Why, 'How Jeannette and the professor discussed the truth,'" said Dell, drolly.

"And thereby came to grief," subjoined Roy, with a dædal look at the happy faces opposite.

GIVING ADVICE.—We must use the gentlest manners and softest tones of address; our advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and the deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper manner.

A GREAT mind is formed by a few great ideas, not by an infinity of loose details.

UNSATISFIED.

BY H. N. ROCKWELL.

JUST what it is to me, if I could tell,
This strong and sweet and bitter cup of life,
To him whom I have loved and honored well
In all my darkest hours and saddest strife;
It would be rest to lay before his feet,
If but for once, the heavy cross I bear,
And read in his dear eyes a pity sweet
And royal as his soul is great and rare.
Why is the life I did not ask so sad?
And why so sweet, when all its joy must fade?
In this lone, starlit dusk, I would be glad
If I could reach beyond the chilling shade,
And touch his vesture as he walks serene
On heights my tearful eyes have dimly seen!

This I know surely, if I now must choose,
I would not blot from life its hours of pain,
If all its past I too must yield and lose,
Though the slow days were often dark and vain.
If I have read him truly—strong of mind,
Lofty of soul, and innocent of heart,
From mine, found worthy once so close to bind,
He cannot to a narrower spirit part.
Then let me rise to nobler aims and thought,
Rich by my losses, gladder for my tears,
And weave the tangled threads the past has brought,
To robes of beauty for the coming years;
Till in my life's pure shining all may see
'Tis happiness to love him worthily.

WHEN SUMMER COMES.

BY CATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

WHEN comes the golden, golden Summer,
And daisies blow, and daisies blow,
When all the woods are verdure-clad,
And warblers sing with trillings glad,
And by the brooks the blossoms grow.
Oh! we will roam the live-long day
O'er hills and meadow-lands away—
From dawn of day, till day is done,
Will sing till song shall reach the sun!

We'll pluck the berries, ripe and red,
That gleam among their dewy leaves;
We'll taste the plum of purple hue;
We'll roam the fields of barley through,
And nestle 'neath the shining sheaves,
See swaths of golden fall about,
And list the merry reapers shout—
And as the gleaming sickles swing,
A song of Summer years we'll sing!

Oh, meadows, waiting for our feet!
Oh, flowers, that blossom for our sight!
Oh, glossy-cheeked fruits, that glow
Through foliage where the saphyrs blow!
Oh, morn, of most refulgent light!
Time's coming, coming, coming,
When 'mong all beauties gladly roaming,
We'll rest 'neath forests' shadowing leaves,
Or listless lie among the sheaves!

WORKING AND RESTING.

BY SARAH HART.

"JOHN, I wish you would call at Mrs. Flinn's on your way to town and ask her to come next week and help me clean house. It's getting pretty late, and I don't like to put it off so long."

The man took a step or two forward, then turned toward the tall, spare, hollow-eyed woman, who was his wife, and answered: "Is it really necessary, Susan?"

A glance around the room was her answer.

"Let it go this fall," said the man. "I'm sure it don't look very bad."

"Oh, John! The house is dreadful dirty. Look at the walls and windows."

"Pooh! I see dirtier ones every day." Then, as if another thought had struck him, he said: "Couldn't you do a part this week and a part next?"

"I don't know. Perhaps so."

The answer came in discouraged tones, and the churning was continued in nervous, spasmodic jerks.

The man saw her discouraged look, and said, as he went out: "Well, if you *must*, I reckon I can let her know."

"I don't see how it is," said he, soliloquizing, as he trotted his horse at a slow rate along the winding prairie road. "I can't see how it is that Susan thinks she must hire so much done. Looks like she ought to be able to do all she has to do. Now in harvest time it comes a little hard for her. I hire three or four men then, that makes more cooking, but then I've heard wimmen say they'd as soon cook for six as two. Now, there's my mother; she used to cook for eight or ten men in harvest time and had seven children to do for. We've only four youngsters and don't milk half as many cows as father used to. But I reckon the wimmen them days were made of better stuff than now-a-days. Git up, Dobbin. I've hired a heap o' work done fur Susan this year. She had help when we killed, and then she was sick and 'Nerv Gilman come and stayed two weeks, and I had to give her five dollars and her board. I couldn't very well afford it, either, for my mowing-machine must be paid for this fall and I want to buy some more stock, too, this fall, and I must have a corn-planter next spring. But here, if I haven't passed Mrs. Flinn's and didn't stop. Git up, Dobbin."

What was the hollow-eyed, tired-looking woman thinking of all this time? Thinking of! She had no time to think of anything but work. The churning was not done, the breakfast dishes were unwashed, the milk was not skimmed, the week's ironing stared her in the face and last, but not least, was the little one tugging at her skirts, begging for nourishment. But it does not cry, so she keeps on at the churning until the little one's patience is exhausted and its screams are heard above the splash, dash, splash of the churn. The mother can no longer resist—baby must be cared for though all else go untouched.

She was naturally a tidy woman, and as she looked around upon the untidy house she grew nervous almost to despair and the tears fell fast upon the baby face at her breast.

Oh, how welcome are these silent visitors when the heart is overburdened with either grief or trial! They seem to be the rivers that wash our hearts from selfishness.

Mrs. Wilton wept long and bitterly; but when the tears were wiped away so also was her burden of toil and care, and tenderly kissing her sleeping babe she laid him in his crib and went about her work cheerfully, if not contented. She possessed a cheerful disposition naturally, but she was not a stranger to those hopes and aspirations that come to most of us to cheer our discontent. She loved beautiful things. She loved nature, and longed for a stroll over the prairie that lay broad and bright around her. But she found very little encouragement for luxuries, even the luxury of a ramble out of doors.

Her husband was a sordid, money-loving, money-getting man, who saw no use for anything that there was no money in. He knew all the ways and means of money getting and money keeping. He had taken his wife from a loving home in an Eastern State and made for himself a home on the prairies of the West. He was deemed a very shrewd man by the neighbors around. He knew when to buy stock and when to sell. He knew when a piece of land was worth buying or selling and was always getting some "good chance." His wife had long ago found out that money was his idol, and everything must be sacrificed to it—even herself she sometimes thought, when, with aching head and tired feet, she had sought her pillow. Thus the years had gone by until few would recognize in the hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked, prematurely-old woman, the fresh, rosy girl John Wilton had brought there eight years before.

Mrs. Wilton did not ask her husband if he had stopped at Mrs. Flinn's; she supposed of course that he had; and the following week she watched every day for her expected help. Watched but not waited, but as the hours went by she began the task and kept at it until all was done.

Mr. Wilton pretended not to see all this. He kept aloof as much as possible so as to avoid any explanation he might be called upon to make; but when alone by himself, he said: "Well, Susan is getting along nicely, after all. She'll have the house shipin' agin Saturday night, and then I'll just give her the money I'd had to pay Mrs. Flinn. It'll go toward buyin' the winter things for the family," and he gave the well-filled pocketbook a loving squeeze.

Saturday night found the house all shining, as Mr. Wilton had prophesied, but Mrs. Wilton looked more tired and worn than ever. It had been a hard week for her, and even the clean house was hardly a

recompense. But Mr. Wilton felt satisfied. Strange that he could not perceive the odor of the essence of life in the shining windows and whitened walls; but he only said, as he glanced about him:

"The house-cleaning is over, eh? Well, here's five dollars to pay your woman with," and he chuckled to himself, for he well knew some of it would come back to him in the shape of socks and under-shirts.

"I wouldn't, for four times that much, feel so worn out as I do to-night," sighed Mrs. Wilton to herself, as she thanked him, and stowed the pittance away for future use.

The weeks wore on toward winter, and Mrs. Wilton sighed heavily as she thought of the garments, large and small, to be bought and made. First, John must be fitted up; then the four little ones, and lastly, herself. Her own share would be slim, she thought, but then she had not much out-door work to do, and she could get along with less. But, oh! she did long so much for a new merino dress, with bright, warm tints, or a pair of gloves, or a collar and a bit of ribbon for her neck. But these were not to be thought of. Nothing but bare necessities could be hers, for John had been buying stock, and had paid for his mowing-machine, and met a note or two, and he felt "quite poor," he said.

Poor woman! She had not had a nice dress since her marriage. Then she had a good supply—but things will wear out, and most of these were now doing duty as childrens' clothes or skirts for herself, and her best dress now was a cheap delaine. She sighed just a little, half-mothered sigh, as she thought of all this on the day she went to lay out her money. It did not take her long to dispose of the small amount, for she had laid awake nights, pondering how to make one dollar do the duty of two, and the problem was worked out with the utmost precision.

Now that the goods were purchased, the next trouble was how to get them made soon enough. She had been obliged to put off purchasing for want of means, and now she could not tell which was most needed.

"If I only could get some one to help me for a week, I could soon see my way clear," said Mrs. Wilton to her husband one evening, as she sat stitching on the little garments; "or better still, had I a sewing-machine," she ventured to say.

Mr. Wilton knocked the ashes off his cigar, and said: "I don't see how it is, Susan, that you're always complaining of having so much to do, and wanting help all the time. Why, there's mother, she never used to think of hiring any work done. She used to make everything for eight of us, and weave all the cloth besides."

Mrs. Wilton did not answer, her heart was too full.

"Now-a-days, the wimmen want so much help to get rid of work," continued Mr. Wilton. "I'd like to get a sewin'-machine, but it's out of the question now, there's so much to be got."

Mrs. Wilton thought of the mower and the corn-planter, but she said nothing; she felt a little pang shoot through her heart, then it sank back again as a

heavy load. She did not go to bed that night until long after her husband was sleeping soundly. She had worked hard all day, and sleep would be a welcome guest, but the little garment was much needed, and she must sit up and make it. Oh, how her tired eyes ached, but not worse than the poor, hungry heart ached for sympathy and comfort. She thought of her money-loving husband, and wished he might become more thoughtful of her comfort. "If it were not for my children," she cried to herself, "I could see very little to live for." Then the thought of her little ones, motherless, sent the fresh tears to her eyes, but gave a sudden impulse to her tired fingers, and she stitched away for another hour and saw the garment completed, and neatly folding it away, she sought her much-needed rest.

Sabbath morning Mr. Wilton put on a warm, new undershirt, and saw his little ones looking fresh and sweet in their new garments; but he saw not that the fingers which had so patiently wrought out these changes were that morning scarcely strong enough to fasten the garments of the little ones about their chubby little forms.

Spring came, bright and joyous as ever, dotting the prairies with flowers and filling upland and valley with floods of melody. Mrs. Wilton had been growing thinner and paler all winter, and was now scarcely able to be about the house. The doctor had recommended rest—but how could she rest with so much lying undone about her?

"If I could only go away for awhile," she said, one morning, when she was feeling weaker than usual. "If I could only go home to mother for a visit, I know she could nurse me up all right again," and the pale lips quivered visibly.

"I wish you could, I'm sure," replied her husband. "But, Susan, I don't see how I can afford it. I might sell some of my stock, but prices are so low now, it wouldn't pay at all. I couldn't get much more for them calves than I give for 'em last fall, after keeping 'em all winter. And buying my corn-planter, about took all my cash."

Mrs. Wilton did not reply. Indeed, I doubt very much if she heard his remarks at all, for she was dreaming of the old homestead, with its wide gables and large, comfortable rooms—of the stately maples, that she knew were now putting out their young blossoms from their candelabra-shaped limbs—of the sloping meadow, with its violet-covered hillsides—of the robin's nest in the cherry-tree; and, above all, of the sweet, old face that loomed up through all, and with outstretched arms yearned to embrace her tired birdling in the home-nest.

John Wilton glanced at her as he went out of the door, and mistook the flush of anticipated joy for the bloom of health, and went off saying: "I guess she'll get better as the days get warmer. I will try to hire somebody for her this summer."

"I can do nothing for her," said Dr. Graves, to Mr. Wilton, who had followed him out of Mrs. Wilton's sick-chamber.

"Nothing for her? My God, doctor! You don't mean she is past all help!" and John Wilton's heart seemed to stand still for a moment.

"I did not say she was past help," replied the doctor. "The truth is, Mr. Wilton, your wife is worked down; and unless she has rest and plenty of it, she will die. And, I may as well say, she will never get rest here. She must go away where she will have no care of house or family or she will die. You may find another wife, but your children will never find another mother." So saying, the good doctor drove away.

The door was partly open, and Mrs. Wilton had heard, in her sick chamber, the doctor's words, and her heart gave a great leap; which, undoubtedly, would have created alarm for her had the doctor known it.

Oh, if she could only go home! Home to the old homestead—home to mother and rest, rest, rest. Oh, how long it had seemed since she realized the full meaning of that word. Even while she lay there she seemed to hear her mother's voice, and feel her soft hand caressing her. But the next moment came the realizing sense of the impossibility of such happiness. How could she go with the children, now that she was so weak; and how could she go without them? And how could she be spared to go, and, lastly, how could John afford to let her go? All hope seemed lost when she looked the matter straight in the face, and she turned her white face to the wall and shut her eyes as if to keep back the tears which she felt were coming.

Meantime, John Wilton was thoroughly aroused. He stood for a long time just where the doctor had left him. After a time, he started up as if seized by a new impulse and went into the house, to his wife's sick room. Mrs. Wilton was lying very still, with her face turned from him. He went softly up to her bedside, to see if she was sleeping. A ray of sunlight, coming through the torn window-shade, revealed a tear, trembling beneath the half-closed lids, and John Wilton turned away with a sigh, so deep, that his wife turned feebly on her pillow, and without opening her eyes, asked:

"What is it, John? What is wrong?"

"I am wrong, Susie, dear!"

It had been many a day since Mrs. Wilton had heard him call her Susie, and it was no wonder that she opened her eyes wide in astonishment.

He was at her bedside now, trembling like a convict.

"Do you hate me, Susie?"

"John, what a question! You know better!"

"You are an angel, or you would hate me. Here I have been killing you by inches for years, and never thought, until to-day, that you might be mortal. The doctor has been telling me that—that—"

"I heard it all, John," said Mrs. Wilton, the tears trickling slowly down her wan cheeks.

"Did you? Well, Susie, it shall be as he said. You shall have rest. You shall go home to mother, and stay a year, if need be."

"But how can you spare me, John?"

"How could I spare you forever?" whispered her husband.

"But, John, how can you afford it?"

"Well enough. But we must not talk about it now; you are too weak to be excited about anything. You are to get well as fast as you can, and in two weeks we will all be off to mother's."

Mr. Wilton proved a true prophet, for in two weeks' time Mrs. Wilton was far enough recovered to begin the journey. How far the prospect of that journey went toward making her able to undertake it, we will not say.

Mr. Wilton accompanied his wife. It was too much for her to undertake to go alone with the children, the doctor said, and Mr. Wilton was very obedient, cheerfully acquiescing in every suggestion and even suggesting things for her comfort, that he once would have thought unnecessary expenditure. But Mr. Wilton was not minding the expense now. He had sold his young stock for much less than he paid for them, that his wife might be nursed back to life and health. And he could but rejoice at the sacrifice when he saw her eyes grow bright and her step elastic.

"Stay as long as you please," was his parting message to his wife, as he bade her adieu at the door of the homestead.

Six months Susan Wilton stayed in the home nest. Oh, what a joyous, thorough rest was that! It seemed so good to wander about the old place again, almost as free from care, as in her girlhood days, now gathering the flowers from the hillsides, or bathing her tired feet in the meadow brook, or sitting beneath the shadows of the stately maples, twining their leaves into garlands, hunting hens' nests with the children, and enjoying all their games with a relish she never dreamed she could feel again. And what a joy to sit for hours at the feet of her who first guided her own faltering steps. The poor worn-out woman drank in every moment of joy as though she knew the cup would not always be so full.

But with returning health came a strong desire to return home and to its duties and cares once more. So, one morning in early winter, she left her good-byes among the hills of her old home, and went back to life's every-day duties with a glad and thankful heart. But the old life with its ceaseless round of work and "toil without recompense" was over. There were to be no more yearnings for sympathy, no more words of disapprobation, no more of the "penny wise and pound foolish" economy. Husband and wife share alike in comforts, and the old, hard life was buried.

"It is your everyday experiences which cultivate you,—the little silent workings within and without,—slower, perhaps, than the uprisal of the coral island, but just as sure. It may take years to bring you above the surface; but every shell that you throw off raises you so much higher."

RELIGIOUS READING.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

FROM "THE LITTLE SANCTUARY,"

BY ALEXANDER RALEIGH, D.D.

THERE is little need to say, for those who are in practical busy life know full well how many its difficulties are, its complexities, its uncertainties, and how great the darkness is which sometimes gathers over the aspect of affairs. No sphere or department of human life is exempted. In every family of any size difficulties occur, greater or less, in the course of years. In some instances very great difficulties, which give to the heads of the family, as to the most responsible members of it, the deepest solicitude. What to do for the welfare of each, and of all. When to be firm, when to be lenient. How to maintain the Christian family law and order when you have many varieties of disposition, and, necessarily, a good deal of thoughtlessness in the young creatures, and in some even selfishness and obstinacy. How to set each as well out in life as the circumstances permit, injured as little as possible in any respect, freighted as much as possible with precious memories which it will be pleasant for them on days, now distant, to recall. Do you think this whole family discipline and history can be gone through in any worthy manner without coming at times "under the cloud," without passing at times, as it were, "through the sea?" Nor can the darkness be dispelled by any set of rules. No two families are alike; no two sets of circumstances. What may be quite wise to do in one case would be foolish in another. What would in one case be very successful, in another would quite fail. There is a book bearing the title of "A short and easy Method with the Deists." There is no short and easy method with the children, or with the household. There is only the method of constant watchfulness, constant care, constant denial of self, constant endeavor to do all possible good—in one word, the maintenance in everything of the great law of Christian uprightness, administered, of course, in the spirit of the Christian love, in the belief that light, as it is needed, will arise.

And the light does arise. See, the family is reared. One by one they grow up, and pass out and away. And the jar, and the anguish, and the shadow are forgotten things, or leave only legacies of tenderness and wisdom behind. And this is the process through which you and yours are passing. And the whole scene will be over soon, and then you will be sorry if you have to look back and see that you fainted, and in some measure lost your opportunity.

In business, too, the question often is—what to do? To make the movement, or to abstain. To accept or reject that offer. To write by this day's post, or wait until to-morrow. To trust that man, or to keep clear of him. To borrow money and extend for profit, or to be content with less and be more safe. To take a partner, or wait for a son. No end of questions of this kind come up for impetuous settlement. Experience cannot settle them. The advice of others cannot settle them; for, indeed, advisers are sometimes about equally divided in opinion. Acquiescence cannot settle them; and yet these difficulties are settled to Christian men who preserve their uprightness, and go industriously and steadily on their way.

They use their best judgment. They choose what seems the wisest course. "In all their ways they acknowledge Him, and *He directs their path.*"

Nor is it any way different in the highest things of all. Religion in its organized forms in this world, and in its practical operations, is not exempted from the ordinary laws and vicissitudes of human life. Societies and Christian churches have their times of darkness, their trials, their disappointments. They fall upon the best methods they can think of to extend their cause—the very truth of God—among men. And you would think that God is almost bound by the terms of His own covenant to lift an endeavor like that quite above the ordinary plane of things, and into a realm of visible clearness and certainty. But, no. In a sense it is true that "all things happen alike to all." Religious people must not suppose that, because they are banded together in the name of Christ, and because they resolve on doing this or that from love and loyalty to Him, *therefore* that thing must be furthered, and must, at once, and visibly, succeed. This is true—that all faithful work, in one form or other, will succeed. But in order to the ultimate prosperity, successive disappointments may be necessary, and the ultimate prosperity, when it comes, may assume other forms than those which were anticipated and wrought for. God is in earnest, and never lets His Providence linger. But, also, God has time enough, and He takes it. He takes it, and teaches His people to take it; to take not "*their time*," which is indolent unfaithfulness, but His time. He educates by trial, by delay, by defeat. Nor should all this introduce the least incertitude unto the purpose or plan or habit of our action. Our duty is left exactly as it was. We must still keep to our design, if it still seems right. We must go along the line that *seems* the line of duty. It is to us, meantime, what it seems. Does the purpose seem true and noble? Then nobly suffer for it, and patiently wait to see what good thing God will bring out of it, for empty and dark eternally it cannot be. "Light is sown for the righteous," but, like all living seed, it takes a while to spring. The days of sorrow are sometimes chill and dark. The bright harvest days will make amends for all.

From all these illustrations we have the one lesson still arising, that the only thing about which we need be heartily anxious is righteousness—soul-sincerity—a simple and pure honesty of the heart. This is the one thing which Christ died to recover us to, and reproduce in us, which the whole Gospel will help us to attain, which all the laws and revelations of God sanction and defend, and which will, at length, fully satisfy all who "hunger and thirst" after it. Having it, all matters, whether of faith, of experience, or of practice, will go rightly in the main. Darkness will fall now and again, but the light will arise out of it. God, the Director of all onward steps, the Guide of all pilgrim people, will lead us along the path of the just that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

RABIA, a devout Arab woman, being asked in her last illness how she endured the extremity of her sufferings, answered, "They who look upon God's face do not feel His hand."

LOSS AND GAIN.

AT the end of the old year and the beginning of the new, business men usually take an account of stock and square their books to see how much they have lost or gained. If their books have been properly kept, they can ascertain their losses or gains to the value of a cent. But the most precious values cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. One man may have gained more that is of real value by losing his money, than another has by making the largest gains. There is an invisible account running through day-book and ledger, parallel with the visible one, which often varies widely from it, and which is of much more importance. The profit or loss of each transaction is estimated by different standards. In some

transactions the natural book may show that there was a great gain. But if it was made at the expense of truth, integrity and charity, the inner book will show a great loss in the most precious treasures of life. On the contrary, the ledger may show a loss; but if temptation was resisted, and the principles of charity in business were adhered to, there was a spiritual gain. The man himself grew richer, and his means of happiness were increased. Thus, some may be growing really rich every day, while they seem to be growing poorer; on the other hand, men may add millions to their estate, and be advancing into spiritual bankruptcy, by every dollar they make.—*N. J. Messenger.*

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

PARENTAL DUTY.

FROM "THOUGHTS IN MY GARDEN,"

BY MARY G. WARE.

I HAVE said that parental government should at first be entirely arbitrary. How long it should continue so must depend upon the rapidity with which the mental powers of the child unfold themselves. If you attempt to reason with a child, in order to convince his understanding of the difference between right and wrong, before he is old enough to appreciate what you say, you will confuse and worry him if he is of a mild disposition, and you will confuse and irritate him if he is combative. In neither case have you made obedience easier to him or control easier to yourself. You must judge of the use of your reasoning by the effect it produces, and not be impatient to see your child a man in comprehension, while he is scarcely more than an infant in years. Very early development of conscience or reason in a child is almost always the result of a diseased brain, and should never be sought for nor encouraged. The memoirs of pious little children, so often found in juvenile libraries, would be far more appropriate in the library of the medical student; for they illustrate a peculiar form of disease, and not a healthy growth.

If your child at seven years of age is affectionate and obedient, you should be content with him, though he does not accurately reason about right and wrong. Affection and obedience will go hand in hand with the child, if the power you have exercised over him has been truly parental. If you find him fearful toward you, seeking to avoid you in his pursuits, and silent and constrained in your presence, you have made a mistake somewhere. You have exercised too much power or too little affection, or you have not sympathized enough in his pursuits and pleasures; or perhaps you have laughed at him, which, to a sensitive child, is of all hard things the hardest to bear. You may be content with your child if he is simply obedient, but do not be content with yourself unless he is affectionate also. If he loves you as a companion in his walks, and his talks, and his sports, and yet is obedient to you when you do not indulge him in his wishes, then it is well with the child and with you also.

Different children require very different modes of training. In the vegetable world, not only do different species of plants require different modes of treatment, but even different varieties of the same species. What will be entirely favorable to one kind of apple or pear, will be

entirely destructive to another. So with children in the same family; one needs to be encouraged, and another to be restrained; one needs protection, while another is as well or better without it; some are discouraged by opposition, while to others it is exciting; and so on with endless variety. To do justice to a family of children, much thought must be given to their peculiarities. The father and mother must not feel that when they have provided for the material wants of the children, and sent them to school, they have done what is most important. Careful and troubled about the many things that constitute the comfort of life they may have been, but there is one thing absolutely needful; and if they would choose the better part they must not exhaust all their strength and thought in providing for that which belongs only to this world.

Children are not gifts to be held as your personal property, and to do with as you please. You hold them simply in trust from the Lord; and you will have presently to account to Him for the care you have taken of them. He is saying to you in His Holy Word now, just as authoritatively as He said to the disciples when He walked openly in Judea: "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Are you leading them to Him, or are you shutting them out from Him? You are doing one of these things, for no parental influence is negative.

If the father of a family looks upon making money as the paramount duty of his life, and the mother puts keeping the house and clothing the children above all other duties, the lives of both are perpetually forbidding the little children to come near the Lord. Most persons are obliged to spend their days in work for the support and comfort of the body, and industry is one of the greatest virtues; but this does not make it needful that the mind should be absorbed in work to the exclusion of everything else. Such a life is slavery of the basest kind, because self-assumed; and the more wealth that is accumulated by such labor, the more degrading becomes the bondage.

Some of the finest examples of parental education I have ever seen have been among persons who were compelled by poverty to lives of constant labor; and no class of human beings afford examples more numerous or more reprehensible of parental neglect, than those whose wealth places them beyond the necessity of effort.

Perhaps I can best illustrate the ideas I wish to present by examples. There was once a family in the circle of my acquaintance containing many children, the father and mother of whom, beginning in narrow circumstances had arrived at a somewhat advanced age, their children

grown up around them, and property enough laid by for an easy independence. Both parents had been indefatigably industrious, the one in his calling, the other in her household; but their industry had limited itself, almost entirely, to life in its relations with this world. The mother had begun life with religious impressions and feelings, but the cares of this world overcame them, and choked them up. The children grew up indifferent to spiritual things, and with passions uncontrolled by principle. I was more than once present in this family when the most painful exhibitions were made of ill-temper and irreverence; but on one such occasion the mother turned to me, with tears in her eyes, and said: "I have lived a life of toil and care for my family, and I felt at the time that I was doing as I ought; but now, in my old age, my children prove to me that I have been unfaithful to my highest duty." What a conviction to carry to one's grave! Never, in the whole course of my life, have I seen physical poverty or suffering that seemed to me so pitiful as the spiritual destitution and grief of that mother.

Another example will ever remain green in my memory, of the mother of a large family of young children, left a widow, and entirely destitute. She was a woman of profound religious principle, and she took up her cross and bore it steadfastly. Her children saw that she governed herself and them from the highest and purest motives, and they followed as she led the way. A life of patient industry still left her time to inculcate wise principles in the hearts of her children, and they remained faithful to them. No black sheep marred the beauty of her fold. She fed the lambs intrusted to her care, remembering that they belonged to the Lord; and the best success has attended them thus far through life.

Such examples are not rare or peculiar. They are types of the two great classes into which humanity is divided. The one sees this world only, and lives only for the favors and rewards that this world can give. The other is ever looking through and beyond the things of this world, and valuing them as leading to something higher, something eternal. I do not mean to say that one class is entirely worldly-minded, and the other entirely heavenly-minded; for absolute perfection or depravity does not belong to this world. What I mean is, that in every human being there is a central and supreme love that dominates over all the other affections, giving them an upward or a downward tendency, according as it aspires to Heaven or clings to this world. In the social relations of life the character of this central love is not usually distinctly shown; but in the freedom of home it appears much more clearly, and it acts upon the impressible minds of children with very great power. Every time a child perceives that its parents do things to please society, or refrain from doing things through fear of society, he takes a lesson from them in worldly servility; and every time he perceives that they do things because they are right, or abstain from doing things because they are wrong, he takes a lesson in Christian freedom.

It is no uncommon thing for a child to be more severely rebuked or punished for offending against manners than against morals. The parent is mortified and angry at the rudeness or awkwardness of a child, but only moderately sorry if he lies. The child soon learns to look upon rudeness as a greater offence than lying, and acts accordingly. In very little children lying is sometimes even laughed at as being very funny, or as showing great brightness. As the child grows older, and becomes confirmed in the habit, the parents begin to wonder at his depravity, and

finally set it down as a general rule that all children are liars. Lying is no doubt a fearfully common vice; but so far as my observation has gone, it is much more common with grown people than with children. The difference between the true and the false is one of the earliest distinctions a child can appreciate, and the parent cannot be too careful in teaching him to speak the truth, both by example and precept. If a child finds that his parents are faithful in keeping their promises to him, and that they never deceive him in any way, he will respect the truth in them; and if he sees that falsehood always grieves and troubles them, he will be sure to avoid it. He should be taught that it is a sin against God to tell a lie, and therefore an act to be very sorry for. If parents are angry or violent toward a child, they destroy their moral power over him, and he looks upon what he has done as merely an offence against them. If they are impressed with a true feeling of reverence for God's law, they will not be angry when their child offends against it, but sorry; and their sorrow will awaken a true feeling of penitence in the child, which will make him strive to abstain from a repetition of his offence, with far more earnestness than could have been induced by any degree of anger or severity. Violence in the parent weakens only fear toward the parent, while it is fear of the sin that can alone regenerate the child's heart. Fear toward the parent will lead him to hide his wrong doings; but fear toward sin will lead him to put it away. He cannot be too early taught to feel the nearness of his Heavenly Father, and the impossibility of hiding anything from Him. Parents must, however, beware that their own lives show that they feel all that they teach; for if children find a nicer morality is expected from them than their parents practise in their own persons, they will soon see through and despise the hypocrisy. If you would make your child reverent, and obedient, and truthful, you must make your own life the exemplification of your teachings. You have no right to expect your child to be better than yourself; but if he should be—for a child much oftener rises above his education than sinks below it—you must remember that his respect for you must diminish in proportion as his virtue increases.

THE MISERIES OF SELF-IMPORTANCE.

THERE is no surer way to make ourselves miserable than to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. It isolates us from all about us. It cuts us off alike from human sympathy and divine assistance. It makes us very Ishmaels, with our hands against every man and every man's hands apparently against us. It gives a jaundiced hue to the behavior of those who, so far from meaning to do evil to us, have our best interests at heart, and love us with self-sacrificing affection. The man who has a wound about him, no matter where it may be, feels it to be always in his way. Let him do what he will, or go where he may, he cannot move himself but he is conscious of its pain. In like manner he who has this feeling of self-importance is continually smarting. Somebody has always been slighting him. He is constantly complaining of having been insulted, and when honor is given to another he feels nothing but that he has been overlooked. Thus he shuts himself out from every festival, and mopes most of all when others are merry. May God deliver us from this idolatry of self, on whose altar all true nobleness and real happiness are completely immolated.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE CAMPANERO OR BELL BIRD.

THIS remarkable and curious bird is found in the primeval forests of Guiana. The attention of the traveller in those regions is quickly attracted to it, as well from the brilliancy of its plumage, as from the wonderful resemblance of its cry or song to the tolling of a bell. It is about the size of our common thrush, or "thrasher." The male bird, whose song it is that has given the species its trivial name, is of a pure snowy white. The female is a very different-looking bird, being of a dull-green above, with a blackish head, and yellowish with green streaks beneath.

From the forehead of the male rises a singular tubular appendage, often furnished with a few small feathers. This, when empty, hangs down, but can be filled with air by an opening from the palate, and then rises erect to the height of nearly three inches. Whilst the bird is uttering its strange cry, this rubber-like horn fills out and stands up very straight and firm; a fact which goes to show that it has something to do with the sound that the Campanero makes. The bird generally takes his place on the top of a lofty tree, and his tolling can be heard to the distance of three miles. It resounds through the forest, not only at morning and evening, but also at mid-day, when the heat of the sun has imposed silence on almost every other creature.

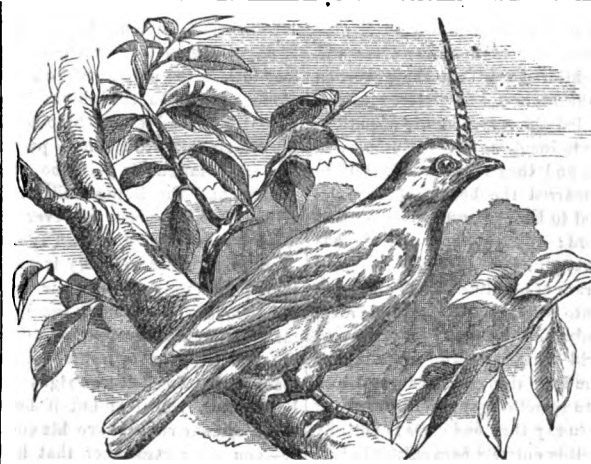
"I was greatly astonished," says a South American traveller, "the first time I heard the Campanero ring his bell. I was in one of the great forests of Guiana. Birds were singing as we journeyed along. The day was hot, and the air heavy with the odor of hundreds of rare and lovely flowers. Toward noon the voices of our feathered friends grew silent, and all seemed strangely still. Suddenly there rang out on the still air the clear, sweet notes of a bell, loud enough to be heard at a league's distance. It was not like a church bell, but finer in tone. We all started and listened in voiceless astonishment. For about a minute all was again still. Birds, insects, every living thing, seemed to listen. Then out rang the clear bell once more—not in one stroke, but many, ringing through the forest its sweet and silvery chimes. A pause of another minute followed, and then the bell rang again. Another pause, this time of nearly ten minutes, when the bell filled the air with its music once more.

"It is the Campanero," said our guide. "See!" and he pointed to a snow-white bird, about the size of a pigeon, high up on the limb of a tree a few hundred yards away from the place where we stood. I could not believe it possible those bell-like sounds were made by this bird; but, even while we looked at him, he rang out his wonderful chimes again, then lifted his wings and flew away."

"The genus *Chamorrhyncus*, to which this singularly interesting belongs, embraces," says a writer in the *Albany Cultivator*, "four well-defined species each one inhabiting a distinct region of tropical America, almost to the entire exclusion of the others. The most striking characteristic which distinguishes these Bell Birds is the development, in the adult males, of naked skin and fleshy wattles on various portions of the head and neck. In all the known four species, the adult males are either partly or wholly of a pure snowy whiteness, with more or less of these cutaneous developments; and the females generally of a dull green above and yellowish beneath, without any of the singular excrescences of the head and neck which so strikingly distinguish the male sex."

Describing the Araponga, or naked-throated Bell Bird of Brazil, another species, the same writer says:

"Its music may be heard at all hours of the day, and when it so happens—which is frequently the case—that



several of these birds are in the same vicinity, and commence their vocal melody, singing in opposition, or in answering to each other, almost wonderful concert is the result. The notes are loud and clear, and may justly be compared to the sounds proceeding from a clear-ringing bell, and oftentimes to be heard, borne through the stillness of the evening air, for the distance of three or four miles, sometimes repeated at prolonged intervals, and again

following each other in quick succession. In the latter case, they are more like the sound produced by the blacksmith, when he strikes a piece of refined steel upon his anvil—whence the bird has received from the Portuguese settlers the significant appellation of *Ferrador*—the Smith.

"In commencing its song, the first notes uttered are extremely harsh and grating to the ear; these, in a short time, are succeeded by six or eight fine, clear, metallic, ringing notes, with an interval of about a second between each two. The resemblance of these notes to the sound from an anvil is most extraordinary. The clear, metallic ring, repeated at about the same rate that a blacksmith strikes upon the steel, is so perfect, that many persons upon hearing it are unwilling to believe the sound could be produced by the delicate organs forming the vocal apparatus of so small a bird. When in full song, it becomes easily disturbed by any unusual sounds proceeding from the forest beneath, and quickly ceases its melody. The bird makes the most extraordinary gesticulations when producing these sounds. When commencing its song it usually stands in an upright position, with the head thrown directly aloft, and as it proceeds, it gradually sinks it beneath, then violently throwing itself forward and downward seemingly to assist, in this remarkable manner, to pour forth its final notes."

ON GUARD.

"OH, mamma! See that wicked-looking cat on the fence! She'll have one of those dear little rabbits in a minute!" Mattie's sweet face grew pale with fear, and she trembled all over.

"It's only a picture, my dear," said Mattie's mother. "The cat can't get down, and so the rabbits are safe."

"But it looks as if she could—as if she'd jump right upon the dear little things. I wish there was a big dog like Old Lion there. Wouldn't he make her fly?"

"But it's only a picture. If there was a dog there, he couldn't bark nor spring at the cat."

"Why didn't the man who made the picture put in a dog somewhere, so that we could see him and know the rabbits were safe?"

"Maybe he didn't think of it," said Mattie's mother.

"I wish he had."

"Perhaps," said the mother, "he wished to teach us this lesson, that, as there are evil and hurtful things in the world, we should never be so entirely off of our guard as the children playing with the rabbits seem to be. Dear little things! How innocent and happy they are! There

Mattie drew a long sigh, as she stood before her mother, looking soberly into her face.

"I wish there wasn't anything bad in the world," she said. "Nothing that could hurt us."

"Ah, dear child!" answered the mother, her voice echoing Mattie's sigh, "from millions and millions of hearts that wish comes up daily. But we have this to cheer us: if we stand on guard—if we are watchful as well as innocent—we shall rarely get hurt. It is the careless and the thoughtless that harm reaches."

"And so we must always be on guard," said Mattie still looking very sober.

"There is no other way, my child. On guard is the watchword of safety for us all, young and old. But the harm that comes from the outside is of small account compared with the harm that comes from within."

"From within, mother! How can harm come from within? Do you mean bad thoughts and feelings?"

"Yes; and the hurt they do us is deeper and more deadly than any bodily harm, for it is done to the soul. These rabbits are like good and innocent things of the mind, and the cat like evil and cruel things. If you do



is not a thought of danger in their minds. And yet, close by them is a great cat, with cruel eyes, ready to spring upon their harmless pets. Yes; I think the artist meant to teach a lesson when he drew this picture."

"What lesson, mother?" asked Mattie. "Oh, I remember," she added, quickly. "You said that it might be to teach us never to be off our guard, because there are evil and hurtful things in the world."

"Yes, and that is a lesson which cannot be learned too early. Baby begins to learn it when he touches the fire and is burnt; when he pulls the cat too hard and she scratches him; when he runs too fast for his little strength, and gets a fall. And children learn it when they venture too near a vicious animal and are kicked or bitten; when they tear their clothes, or get their hands and faces scratched with thorns and briars; when they fall from trees, or into the water, and in many other ways that I need not mention. And men and women learn it very, very often in pains and sorrows too deep for you to comprehend."

not keep watch, in some unguarded moment angry passions will arise and hurt or destroy your good affections; just as this cat, if she were real, would tear or kill the tender rabbits."

"Oh, mother, is it as bad as that?" said Mattie.

"Yes, my dear; just as bad as that. And when any of these good and innocent feelings are destroyed by anger, hatred, jealousy, envy, revenge and the like, then just so much of heavenly good dies in us, and just so far do we come under the power of what is evil and hurtful. Then we turn aside from safe and pleasant ways and walk among briars and thorns. Dear Mattie! consider well the lesson of this picture, and set a watch over your heart daily. But watching is not all. We are told in the Bible to pray as well as watch. All of us, young and old, must do this if we would be in safety; for human will and human effort would all be in vain to overcome evil if divine strength did not flow into them. And unless we desire and pray for this divine strength we cannot receive it."

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN.

WHAT is she doing in Heaven to-day,
The babe that I buried a year ago?
I laid my beautiful treasure away,
Out of my arms, in December's snow;
The wind from the north blew sharp and cold,
The flakes fell white on the coffin lid—
They said she was wearing a crown of gold—
I thought of the curls in darkness hid.

Out of the mist of that terrible pain,
I watched while they covered my lovely dead;
Stunned and deafened in heart and brain,
How far, far off seemed the words they said
With tender look and with gentle tone
They spoke of the land beyond the sky,
And whispered that God had but claimed His own;
"She was mine, and not His," was my soul's reply.

Dear, patient Saviour, who long ago
Didst bear with Thy servants' unbelief,
Thy love is unchanged to-day, I know—
Forgive the thoughts of that passionate grief!
I feel it was best that Thy hand should lead
My little white lamb to the Heavenly shore;
Oh, blessed Shepherd! Thy flock doth feed
In pastures that bloom forevermore!

And so, on these days of the closing year,
I can think in peace of the child I love;
Perhaps, when the Christmas time draws near,
They keep the feast in the home above;
Perhaps the angel who led the song,
The sweet, new song, which the shepherds heard,
Sings it again to the baby throng,
Repeats the dear story, word for word.

Or perhaps the magi who saw the star,
Tell how it brightened their lonely way;
In mystic beauty it gleamed from afar,
The morning star of the Lord's own day.
And Mary may take up the story then,
And tell how they knelt in the stable-straw,
When the Light of the world and the Hope of men
As a little child in her arms they saw.

Or, better than these, does the Saviour take
The babes to his bosom, and talk to them
Of how He loves them, and how, for their sake,
He came to the manger in Bethlehem?
Perhaps they look up, and their happy eyes
With loving wonder behold the grace,
The light of the infinite sacrifice
Shine down from our Master's most blessed face.

Perhaps—perhaps—but, at least, I am sure
That my child is at home with the Saints in light;
Only the gentle, the good, and the pure
Are talking with her on this Christmas night.
And, so I give thanks, though my eyes are filled
With such tears as my darling will never shed.
I knew it is best as our Father willed;
With Him I can leave her—my precious dead.

—New York Observer.

UNKNOWN.

BY LILLIE M. BARR.

TWO dear feet that went out and in,
Weary, but willing for Love's sweet sake;
Two strong hands that did gladly win
Broad for the baby's fingers to break,
Two kind eyes that could weep for the grief
For which hands and feet had no relief;
Two open ears for a friend's distress;
Two faithful lips to counsel and bless.
And eyes, and ears, and feet, and hands,
Under a noble soul's commands.

So in our home he lived for years,
And all its chambers were filled with light;
Little we know of cares or fears,
Little of all his struggle and fight.
Never we dreamed that a day could come,
When those dear lips would be cold and dumb;
When those quick feet would have perfect rest,
And tired hands lie on a pulseless breast;
When neither passionate prayers nor tears
Would break the silence of sealed ears.

Lessons hard we have had since then;
But the one most full of sad surprise,
The hardest of all to learn, was when
The dead did open our living eyes,
And we knew our love by its depth of loss;
Our friend, by the weight of our daily cross;
Our guide, by our wandering far astray;
Our strength, when we fainted by the way.

So angels clad in our mortal clay
Bring us full often our daily bread,
And we know them not till they go away,
And the gift is gone and the giver dead.
Gone—but their memory lingereth yet,
Wet with the tears of a vain regret;
While a sad prayer sighs to the other shore,
"Oh, True Heart! would we had loved thee more!
Oh, let our blindness be all forgot!
For here, while thou stayedst, we knew thee not."

—Christian Union.

JUST A THOUGHT.

IF we never wasted our sunshine,
Or hung it in borrowed shrouds,
We might save enough, 'most any day,
To gild to-morrow's clouds.

And even if rain came pouring,
Now and then, a chilling stream,
If garnered well, we'd have in store
For every drop, a beam.

We know that all our peace
Is bought by strife;
That every haven of rest
Lies o'er a billowy life.

We know that darkest hours
Precede the light;
That anchors, sure and firm,
Are out of sight.

THE BEGGAR AND THE KING.

BY J. D. GOODWIN.

ONE summer afternoon, within his palace,
The king sits nodding on his throne of state;
And, drinking of the same care-freeing chalice,
All round him drowsy courtiers wait.
Without the palace-gate, the sun's rays pouring
Fall down upon his unprotected head,
A beggar lies; whom, spite of his imploring,
The liveried slaves have driven from his shed.
And gentle sleep, with silent, soothing fingers,
Wraps king and beggar in its soft repose,
And as its presence in the palace lingers,
The eyes of courtiers, too, in slumber close.
All slept, and o'er the minds of each came stealing
The dim and airy fabric of a dream;
And all the chambers of the mental feeling,
Straightway with many floating fancies teem.

The king lived o'er again his days of glory;
Once more he heard his subjects' loud acclaim;
Again he trod the field of battle gory,
And purchased, by ten thousand deaths, his name;
He heard again the trumpets' clangor calling;
He heard the shouts of foeman and of friend;
And, louder than the death-groans of the falling,
He heard the war-cries' ringing thunders blend;
He dreamed of plundered towns and pillaged cities,
Of slaughtered innocents, whose blood he'd spilt;
He heard his minstrels sing their fulsome ditties,
In praise of him whose soul was steeped in guilt;
He felt the cares anew which round him hovered
When his high pinnacle of fame was won;
He felt the conscience-pang he oft had smothered
When some most foul and cruel act was done;
He dreamed of plots which 'gainst him were directed
By patriot souls, who sought their land to free;
He gave to death those daring few detected,
The block for prize, and Heaven for liberty;
He saw again his royal offspring falling,
Struck by the vengeance of the mighty hand;
He heard his subjects' bitter whispers, calling
For freedom for their poor, down-trodden land.

But, ah! without the gate, the beggar, sleeping,
Saw visions seldom seen by mortal eye;
For o'er his tired soul came glimpses creeping
Of glories which shall never fade nor die.
He heard the heavenly choirs their anthems raising,
In tuneful cadences, and strains sublime;
He heard the voice of countless millions praising,
Whose song shall echo to the end of time;
Beside the stream of life he walked, surrounded
By angels, in pure robes and crowns of gold;
And all the starry courts the while resounded
With melody from golden harps untold.
Forgotten all his pain, his care, his anguish;
His dreary pilgrimage forgotten now;
No longer did his soul in sorrow languish,
Nor sweat of agony roll down his brow;
He walked no more the earth, with tears and sighing,
But trod the courts above, in light arrayed;
And answered now was all his piteous crying;
He heard the voice of Love,—“Be not afraid!”

So passed the afternoon: the sun descended
Mid golden clouds and purple, hazy smoke,

That with the far-off, faint-lined hills was blended;
And courtiers, beggar and the king awoke.
One woke to toil and care; his dream had taught him
Sleep was no blessing, though it closed his eyes;
The beggar woke; his golden dream had brought him
Blessing and rest,—he woke in Paradise!

—*Old and New.*

BE KIND TO YOUR MOTHER.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

BE kind to your mother! Oh, be not ungrateful
When age dims her eye, or disease racks her frame,
No fault in mankind shows more glaring and hateful,
Than that which would lead us her foibles to blame.
She has borne with our follies in life's early stage,
And should we not, then, bear with her's in her age?

Be kind to your mother! Has she not stood near you
When loathsome disease caused all others to fly?
To comfort, to solace, to nurse and to cheer you,
Yes, even, if called on, to suffer and die?
Then in her decline you should never demur,
If you have to labor and suffer for her.

Be kind to your mother! Be dutious and grateful,
The heart's deepest rev'rence and love are her due.
And if of these natural claims you're neglectful,
Look not for respect from your children to you.
Each unfilial action against you is scored,
And when you grow old you will reap your reward.

Be kind to your mother, for fast she is failing,
And soon she will sink 'neath the sad weight of years,
And all your regrets will then prove unavailing,
Your actions cannot be erased by your tears.
Then guard well your passions—be patient and mild—
'Tis the least that a mother expects from her child.

KEEP A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

BY M. A. MAITLAND.

KEEP a light in the window burning,
Faint though its glimmering be,
It may lighten some homeless wanderer,
Tossed upon life's dark sea:
It may whisper thoughts of comfort,
And hope to the sinking heart,
Of the beacon that fadeless gleameth,
When the sunbeams of earth depart.

Keep a light in the window burning,
Brilliantly, for a sign
That upon you the “God of Israel”
Maketh His face to shine:
Hoping that some long-lost brother,
Waylaid in the path of sin,
May desory its welcome glimmer,
And joyfully enter in.

Keep a light in the window burning,
Ye who in the Lord rejoice,
And with hopeful souls are waiting
For the sound of the Bridegroom's voice:
Till the light of His glorious presence
Extinguish the feeble ray;
Like the morning star it shall vanish
In the light of the “perfect day.”

THE HOME CIRCLE.

MORAL SUNSHINE.

JANE O. DE FOREST.

AS animal and vegetable life require the sunlight to perfect their development, so the mind needs a moral sunshine, if it would attain a wholesome growth. Like a pale sickly plant in a darkened cellar, so is the soul of him who shuts out, or fails to seek, this life giving stimulus. Yet how often we meet with such persons, those who though possessing cultivated minds, are so dwarfed and one-sided in their views of life, and often so morose and unfeeling in disposition, as to repel at once, all who are so unfortunate as to make their acquaintance.

With great capabilities for doing good, and daily adding to the happiness of mankind, they go about the world with solemn visages and woe-begone sighs, reflecting upon the sinful ways of this wicked race, and carefully drawing themselves into their shells of self-righteous selfishness. When they meet those who are cheerful and happy, and who try to view even the ills of life with hopeful eyes and courageous hearts, these frowning cynics turn aside and express their disgust at childish folly and nonsensical gayety. It is true, that we soon tire of one who devotes his whole time to perpetrating jokes and simulating a sham cheerfulness, but these icebergs, who freeze every one that ventures in their vicinity, actually do more harm in society than the frivolous jesters. But there is no need of choosing either of these repulsive extremes; and no necessity of either chilling or nauseating those who are about us. Sprightly and cheerful dispositions should be cultivated, which will give us a wholesome influence, endearing our friends, and, if possible, disarming all enemies. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine;" and "a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance," saith the wise man, and who has not realized its pleasant truth. God bless the sunshiny people, who carry light and warmth into the social atmosphere wherever they go. Their talents may sometimes be few, but their cheery, heartsome faces and enlivening conversation, make them always welcome. Easily gaining the regard of others, their influence may be almost unbounded, and we regret to say that some of these winning, agreeable people, not being actuated by high moral principles, while diffusing their delightful cheerfulness, lead the susceptible astray.

Hence it is as important that moral sunshine enrich noble and pure qualities of the soul, as that the rays of the great central luminary be concentrated upon useful food plants, instead of noisome weeds.

Those possessing fine culture and firm principles, yet who fail to cultivate that kind and cheering spirit, which will draw to them the hearts of our common humanity in love and regard, fail, most signally, in obtaining an influence which might result in unlimited good to others. And let those who are deprived of educational and social privileges remember, that notwithstanding these disadvantages, they may, by force of will and help of Heaven, receive and diffuse a blessed moral sunshine, which will lighten up the dark and waste places of life with exceeding beauty.

What though the path of life often seems rugged and torturing to our weary feet? What though the busy world hurry on, apparently selfish and indifferent, while our hearts are very sorrowful? The Sun of Righteousness sends forth those beams of peace and hope, which

will comfort every willing soul. God help us all to receive and cheerfully give such glorious sunshine, as shall lighten many darkened souls and cheer many afflicted hearts: and at the last, grant, that when the eyes grow dim, and can no more behold the light of earth, we may rest our ransomed spirits in the land where "there is no night, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

EARLY JUNES.

FROM "MUSINGS OF A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN."*

IATE some potatoes at a friend's table early in June, which were so large, and fine, and mealy, that I was surprised to learn they were *new potatoes*. Upon my wondering that everybody did not grow them in preference to other kinds, was told that they were *Early Junes* and matured earlier than other varieties, but were never any better than I saw them. "Indeed," continued my host, "you would not like them in *October* at all. They come to perfection too soon to be good for anything in autumn and winter."

Ah! girls, girls! I wonder how many of you are *Early Junes*? Judging from the number which pass my window every day, the species must be alarmingly on the increase. You are carefully and finely dressed, and are stylish and graceful, without crudeness or awkward girlish ways; and I scarcely wonder that your mothers are proud of you. I like you myself, but I don't approve of you. What business have you to ripen so soon? To be women at fifteen? To have *lovers* before you have *brains*; and to be able to get up an "unscrupulous toilets" before you have either? At least you consider it unexceptionable, but I don't; and neither would you, if you had taken time to develop brains.

No, no; you would have thought twice before you wore a man's hat and boots, put a camel's hump on your back, and walked the streets in the dress of a harlequin.

But you have not any brains, poor child! and, what is worse, never will have, I am afraid. There is as much of you as there will ever be; for you matured so quickly that the intellect was entirely overlooked.

You are lively, and pleasant, and pretty, and stylish, and it does very well while youth lasts; but in *October*, girls, in *autumn* and *winter*? I am afraid we shall not like you any better then than we like the potatoes.

And what will you do with yourselves then? You have never thought of anything but beaux dress; never done anything but dress and flirt; and never had any other mission but to make yourselves pretty by dress. What will you do in autumn—in middle age? Dress? Well, some of you will; some of you do, I know; but you look like old fools; and—excuse me—you are what you *look* like; and I am not the only person who thinks so.

You had hearts when you started, and that was one reason we liked you so well; but feeding only on self, they are starved out, and either dry up or die a natural death. Even if you get married, you are selfish mothers, selfish wives. You hunger for the old excitement, the old admiration. If you happen to be too pure to be married flirts, you are (not often) too good (be you rich) to endeavor to break your neighbor's heart with envy at you, superior appointments in house, dress, and equipage. If you be poor, how you worry your husband into

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expenditure beyond his means, that you may rival your richer neighbors and friends.

Oh, little girls! little girls! what will save you from becoming such women as I see all around me? Cannot we keep you *little girls* till your brains develop, and your hearts grow? I should try—I should. I would make you home, your girlhood, that you would be sorry to “grow up.” I would get you *dolls* to dress, instead of yourselves, and help you to dress them. Would get you story-books and games; would romp and laugh with you, and make you sew and study with me. Should not scold you if you happened to be caught in *dishabille* by company, but teach you to be so clean and neat that it would not often happen.

And what nice times we should have when we went out walking together. We should be so occupied with looking at pretty pictures, and statuary, and flowers, and vases, in the shop windows, and talking about them, that we should not think of other people's dress, nor of our own.

And at times I would tell you of some noble women—good women whom I had known; *single* women, too—who had lived useful, happy lives. I would read to you of others who had lived great lives, and would tell you what they had thought, written, and accomplished; and then you would not care so much to dress for beaux, and marry the first fool or scamp who asked you, because you were afraid of being called “*old girls*,” for you would know that some of the greatest, best women of every age, in all times, have been “*old girls*.”

FASHIONABLE LIFE AT WASHINGTON.

LAST winter, in one of her letters from Washington, Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames made some very sensible remarks on the fashionable follies of that city during the sessions of Congress. They were addressed “To a young girl.” We laid them aside at the time, intending to copy them into the HOME MAGAZINE. As the gay season is again approaching, they will be as appropriate and useful now as a year ago. Mrs. Ames says:

When you read of the gay doings and bright assemblies here, you think it hard sometimes that you must stay away in a quiet place to work and study. You feel almost defrauded because you are shut out from the splendor and mirth and flattery of fashion. You long for the pomp and glory of the world, and sigh that so little of either falls on your life-path. Thus I shall seem cruel to you when I say that I would rather see you shut up for the next five years even in a convent, silently growing toward a noble life in the world afterward, than to see you caught and carried on by its follies now, before you have learned how to live. You should be more beautiful at twenty-five, at thirty, at thirty-five than you are now; not with the budding bloom of first youth; that is as evanescent as it is exquisite. What a pity that it is beauty's only dower to so many American women. They waste it, lose it—then wilt and wither. I want you to feel the sources of life to-day, that you may grow, not fade; that you may bloom at your prime into the perfect flower of womanhood. Terpsichore is a sad sight to me; not because Terpsichore dances—for dancing in itself may be as innocent as a bird's flying; not because she loves beautiful attire—for exquisite dress is a feminine fine art, as meet for a woman as the flower's tint or the bird's plumage. I sigh at the sight of my pretty Terpsichore, because the first bloom of her exquisite youth is being exhaled and lost forever in a feverish, false atmosphere of being. Something of delicate sensibility, something of unconscious innocence—something of freshness of feeling. All purity of soul, is wasted, with the fresh, young bloom of her cheeks, in the midnight revel lengthened into morning; wasted in the heated dance, in the indigestible feast, in the wild, unhealthy excitement through which she whirls night after night. Terpsichore, in her tattered

tarlatan dress, creeping to bed in the gray morning; after having danced all night, is a sad sight to see to any one who can see her as she is. Terpsichore's mother would be a sadder sight still if she were not a vexatious one. She brought back from Europe the notion, which so many of our countrywomen think it fine to bring, that “full dress” is necessarily next to no dress. She tells you, in a supreme tone, that admits no denial, that you would not be admitted into the drawing-room of a court in Europe unless in full dress—viz., semi-nakedness. She would be nothing if not European in style. Thus, night after night, this mother of grown-up daughters and sons appears in crowded assemblies in attire that would befit in outline a child of eight years of age.

If we venture to meet her *ipse dixit* on European style, with the assurance of the Princess Helena Ghika, Dora Distria, one of the beautiful and most learned women of this world, that the conventional society dress of Europe is more immodest than any she saw while travelling over the mountains and valleys of the East, she will tell you that Princess Ghika “is not an authority on dress in Paris”—which is, doubtless, true. Thus, in republican Washington, in glaring drawing-rooms, we are treated to a study of female anatomy which is appalling. Don't jump to the conclusion that I want every lady to go to a party in a stuff dress, drawn up to her ears; nor that I am so prudish as to think no dress can be modestly, as well as immodestly low. No matter how it be cut, the way in which a dress is worn is more impressive than the dress itself. I have seen a young girl's shoulders rise from her muslin frock as unconsciously and as innocently as the lilies in the garden; and I have come upon a wife and mother in a public assembly so dressed for promiscuous gaze that I have involuntarily shut my eyes with shame.

I never saw Lydia Thompson; but, from what I have heard of her, have come to the conclusion that her attire is just as modest as that of many ladies whom I meet at fashionable parties. They cast up their eyes in horror at the name of poor Lydia Thompson. They go to see Lydia Thompson! No, indeed! How could their eyes endure the sight of that dreadful woman? No less they themselves offer gratis to a promiscuous company every evening a sight morally as dreadful. The men who pay their money to Lydia Thompson and her troupe know that their dress and their burlesque, however questionable, make at once their business and their livelihood. They cannot make the same excuse for their wives, their sisters and their sweethearts, if they see them scarcely less modestly attired in some fashionable ball-room. Remember this: if you ever find yourself in such a place, the best men in that room at heart are not delighted with such displays. Being men, they will look at whatever is presented to their gaze; more, many will compliment and flatter the very women whose vanity at heart they pity or despise; but it will always be with the mental reservation, “*My wife* should never dress like that!”

“I don't want to see my sister dancing round dances for hours in the arms of a man whom even I cannot think of without horror; and if — dances with him again, I'll not go to another German,” said a young man to his mother, this very winter. This is perpetually the fact; and it is the danger and the shame of the round dances. Young girls, guarded from babyhood from all contact with vice, from all knowledge of men as they exist in their own world of clubs and dissipation, suddenly “come out,” to whirl night after night and week after week in the arms of men whose lightest touch is profanation. It would be long before it would dawn upon the girl to dream of the evil in that man's heart; far longer to learn the evil of his life; yet no less to her, innocent and young, in the very association and contact there is unconscious pollution. There is a sacredness in the very thought of the body which God created to be the human home of an immortal soul. Its very beauty should be the seal of its holiness. Everywhere in Scripture its sacredness is recognized and enforced. Therein we are told that our bodies are the temples of God. We are commanded to make them meet temples for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Our very dress, in its harmony and purity, should consecrate, not desecrate the beautiful house of the soul.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

HOUSE POISONS.

MANY persons have sickened and died after moving into new houses; others, after sleeping for a few nights, or even a single night in the "spare room" of a friend. A few years ago four children in one family sickened and died, one after another. In 1860, a woman sickened in Boston, manifesting all the symptoms of having been poisoned; she recovered to a certain extent, but never regained her health. In the case of the four children, the paper on the wall was found to contain three grains of arsenic in every square foot; in the case of the woman, a removal of the paper on the wall was followed with improvement in her health.

In all cases of pining sickness, when there is no appreciable reason for it, two things ought to be promptly done—change the room and the water; live all the time in an apartment without paper on the walls, or curtains about the windows, or any green color in the carpets; in addition, use water which is obtained from the roof of the house, and no other; or obtain water which is at least half a mile away, from a spring or well, many feet higher than the usual supplies, because the water may be poisoned by the lead pipes in the house, or more likely, by the drainage of barn-yards, pig-pens, hen-houses, and privies, finding its way into the well or spring, lower down than those which supplies the family. As to curtains, carpets and wall-paper having a green color, it may be regarded as a certainty that the color is produced by the use of arsenic; and the glazing material, or whatever color, is mainly composed of a poisonous preparation of lead.

Precaution should be taken to exclude all green candies, all green toys, all glazed materials, even visiting-cards, for a little child died recently by chewing a visiting-card; it had a sweetish taste, having a glaze made of sugar of lead. In a toy box of water-colors, one block of green paint, weighing forty grains, contained ten grains of arsenic; the green in lamp-shades contains a large amount of arsenic, as do also the green papers which envelop the bon-bons of the confectioner. A tarlatan dress contained eight grains of white arsenic to every square foot of the material. Chemists are of the opinion that the dust of the arsenic is detached from these various objects by the moving air, or by handling, and is thus taken directly into the lungs, thence introduced into the blood. If any material supposed to contain arsenic is put into a small amount of hartshorn, spirits of ammonia, the liquid will have a bluish tint if arsenic is present; if further proof is desired, pour a little of this bluish liquid on crystals of nitrate of silver; if arsenic is present, there will be a yellowish deposit on the crystals.

But these things are not new, only disregarded; for a hundred years ago a law was passed in France forbidding the use of arsenic in making any colors for domestic uses; but its employment was so profitable in coloring many things—vases, artificial flowers, and the like—that the law was gradually more and more disregarded; and when its re-enactment was proposed, the shopkeepers rose in opposition, and declared it would ruin their business. Within a few years in England, a paper-maker declared that he used four thousand pounds of arsenic every week in his workshops for the purpose of coloring and sizing.

A preparation for destroying vermin about houses is made largely of arsenic, called by various names—the most common is "Sheeles Green," being the arsenite of copper, the aceto-arsenite of copper, or "Sheinfust Green," all dangerous to health and life, and should be sedulously excluded from every dwelling-house.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

EXPERIENCE has demonstrated," says Spurzheim, "that of any number of children of equal intellectual power, those who receive no particular care in childhood, and who do not learn to read and write until the constitution begins to be consolidated, but who enjoy the benefit of a good physical education, very soon surpass in their studies those who commence earlier, and read numerous books when very young. The mind ought never be cultivated at the expense of the body; and physical education ought to precede that of the intellect, and then proceed simultaneously with it, without cultivating one faculty to the neglect of others—for health is the base of instruction, the ornament of education."

A precocious child should not be taught to read before it is eight years old, and greater care should be taken to develop its body than brain. There are thousands of children born with a tendency to excessive development of the nervous system, who, if they could have physical development instead of mental during the years of growth, would make our brightest and best citizens. Stimulate their brains in youth, and they break down and die.

HEAT OF ROOMS.

THE investment of a shilling for a thermometer will make paying returns in health. The great tendency in winter is to keep rooms too warm. The foundation of pneumonia, pleurisy and pulmonary consumption is frequently laid in over-heated, ill-ventilated apartments. The inmates become accustomed to breathing hot, close air; the system is toned down and relaxed, and a slight exposure to cold and wet results in serious illness. "Some years since," says a medical writer, "we called one winter evening on a friend, whom we found in a cosy sitting-room, with a large fire, a low ceiling, and the heat ranging about the eighties. She was suffering from a severe cold, but could give no account of how she took it. A month later she was prostrated with pneumonia, and she and her sister died within a week of each other, and were buried in the same grave. The intelligent use of a thermometer would doubtless have saved both of those valuable lives." The mercury in the tube should never be permitted to stand above seventy. If that temperature is not sufficient to give warmth, it is an indication that the person does not take sufficient exercise, and the cure for it is more miles and more flannel. In the coldest weather, when the ground is like stone under the feet, when there is no drip from the eaves, and when snow lies on the roof, rooms should be ventilated. Pure air should be admitted through open doors and windows, so that the oxygen consumed by flame and by respiration may be replaced, and the effete and poisonous matters thrown off by the body thoroughly driven away. As one of our best writers on

household science remarks, ventilation is a question of money. But how much wiser is he who, while willing to pay a large coal bill, yet enjoys fresh air in his winter sitting-room, than he who keeps everything shut up that heat may not be lost, and has a long doctor's bill to settle in the spring, and mayhap a grave to be cut through the frozen turf.

EFFECTS OF THE TEMPER ON HEALTH.

EXCESSIVE labor, says Dr. Hall, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bed-lodging, sloth and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life; but they are none of them so bad as violent and ungov-

erned passions. Men and women have survived all these, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous of preserving "a sound mind in a sound body," so that the brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream of time smoothly and securely, instead of being continually tossed about amidst rocks and shoals which endanger its existence, to have a special care, amidst all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

HOW TO COOK POTATOES.

IF any one looks over a cook-book he or she will find innumerable methods of cooking potatoes. Now they are boiled *as naturel*; then they are steamed; again, they are sliced thin and fried. They are mashed, they are baked, they are even made into pies. An Irishman will tell you that he alone knows how to cook a potato, and he proceeds to show you how it should be done "in its jacket." Then some American, bearing in mind the great fireplace in the old-fashioned kitchens, and having a remembrance of the potatoes of his boyhood, to the especial flavor of which a boyish appetite no doubt contributed, will affirm that no potatoes ever were or ever can be so good as those roasted in hot ashes. The professional cook will laugh at both, and proceed to dress her potatoes in half a dozen different ways, any one of which will tempt the eye and please the palate.

Not long since we read directions for cooking potatoes, according to which the water in which the potatoes were cooked was to be boiled down and served with them after adding a little salt and butter. This style may be excellent for those who like it, but for our part, preserve us from potatoes and water, unless it be in the form of soup. We even object to the milk or cream which cooks occasionally add to mashed potatoes. The only moistening ingredient which mashed potatoes will endure without loss of flavor is butter.

Dr. Hall, editor of the *Journal of Health*, is, it seems, one of those people who have a theory in regard to cooking potatoes. It sounds nicely, and may be excellent; but—if we were to put a pot of potatoes on the stove according to his directions, in ten minutes our nostrils would be greeted with a smell of burning, in spite of all the shaking we could do, and then there would be another pot to scour out. But we will give our readers what Dr. Hall says about the matter, and they can try the experiment for themselves if they like:

"It may be safe to say that not more than one family in fifty knows how to cook a potato so as to make it most luscious and go the farthest.

"There is a very thin outer skin on the potato, thinner than thin letter-paper, thinner than a wafer; it is, perhaps, not thicker than the twentieth part of an inch.

"Immediately under this skin is the best part of the

vegetable, the part which makes flesh and gives strength; this part is not more than the tenth of an inch thick; all below that, all the remainder of the potato, is destitute of nourishment; it only warms; it gives no strength, it is more starch. Hence, in peeling a potato, the most valuable part of it is thrown to the hogs or other domestic animals, and the least valuable part is put on the table. The best way to cook a potato is to do so with the peeling on it, and take it off with the finger-nails or with a cloth, after it is cooked; then only the skin is removed, without any portion of the real nutriment adhering to it. It is very wasteful to roast or bake potatoes; they should either be boiled with their skins or 'jackets' on, or should be steamed; in fact, they should never be cooked in any other way; for thus, not only is all the nutriment saved, but it is prepared in the most palatable and digestible manner possible. Wash the potatoes thoroughly and quickly in cold water, put them at once in an iron saucepan with a tight lid, and put it over the fire, as if to boil them, without any water whatever, for they are already wet, and the moisture inside the potatoes amounts to three-fourths of the weight of the whole, thus affording steam enough to cook them, and sooner than boiling water would do it; for that is only two hundred and twelve degrees hot, while steam is three or four hundred and more; this method of cooking makes the potatoes dry, rich and tasteful, without burning, and they come on the table so delightfully mealy and sweet and nutritious, that you will wonder that they should be cooked in any other way, ever more. The vessel containing the potatoes should not be more than two-thirds full, so as to leave room for the steam to do its work. Until you can tell pretty well how long it will take to cook, the lid may be lifted to stick a fork in, and replaced quickly. It is better also to keep the vessel shaken back and forth, to prevent burning. As soon as they are turned out, take off the outer skin, and place them on the table. Or they can be mashed, adding a little milk.

"Another excellent method is to slice the potatoes very thin, taking the outer skin off first; then place them in a saucepan as before, shaking them all the time; in ten minutes they are ready for the table.

"It is pitiful to think on how many tables, year in and year out, potatoes come sodden, hard, and many with all the best part peeled off."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Garnered Sheaves. *The Complete Poetical Works of J. G. Holland, "Timothy Titcomb."* New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. This volume contains "Bitter-Sweet," "Kathrina," and other shorter poems, by Dr. Holland, who has acquired a reputation as one of the most finished of American poets. The volume is handsomely printed and bound, and liberally illustrated.

The Sabbaths of our Lord. By the Right Rev. William Bacon Stevens, D. D., LL.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddard & Co. Bishop Stevens has written a book which will meet the approval of a wide class of Christians. Basing his arguments upon the teachings and practice of our Saviour, he has attempted to demonstrate the difference between the mere keeping the letter of the law in regard to the Sabbath, and the observance of its spirit. He cites the customs of the Jews, who in the time of Christ were exceedingly strict in their outward observance of the Sabbath, in contrast to the example of Christ Himself, which called from them so much censure, that, in self-defence, He explained that "it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day." He points out the danger, on the other hand, of too great laxity in regard to the fourth commandment, and by a careful analysis of the teaching of the Bible, shows the true meaning of a day of rest, viewed in its relations to religion, to morals and to health.

Miles Standish, the Puritan Captain. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. Second on the list in the series of "American Pioneers and Patriots" comes the name of Captain Miles Standish, who was a passenger on the Mayflower when she brought the Pilgrims to the bleak shore of Massachusetts. This book possesses a historical as well as a biographical interest, as it gives its readers a fair insight into the character of the people who thus came as colonists to the new world, and narrates the events which transpired in that settlement. The volume is an exceedingly interesting one, and can be profitably read by old and young alike.

Barriers Burned Away. By the Rev. Edward P. Roe. New York: Dodd & Mead. A somewhat romantic story, displaying both a sentimental and a religious character, the incidents and interest of which culminate in the never-to-be-forgotten Chicago fire. If the author has only partially succeeded in producing an attractive and artistic novel, it should be remembered in his behalf that he has labored under twofold disadvantages—an avowedly religious

novel being proverbially difficult to write; and a novel based on any recent catastrophe or act in history being scarcely less so.

Little Bobtail; or, The Wreck of the Penobscot. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Winning his Spurs; or, Henry Morton's First Trial. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Two interesting and instructive stories for youth. The former is the initial volume of a new series of stories for boys called "The Yacht Club Series." The latter is the fourth volume of "The Whispering Pine Series." Both are for sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Sally Williams, the Mountain Girl. By Mrs. E. D. Cheney, author of "Patience," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This book illustrates what may be accomplished by a young girl who, in spite of adverse circumstances, exhibits patience and perseverance. The story is well told, and is one which in every respect we can cheerfully recommend to our young readers. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lipincott & Co.

Old Times. By Mrs. Mary Dwinell Chellis, author of "The Temperance Doctor," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

The Jewelled Serpent. A Story of To-day. By Mrs. E. J. Richmond, author of "The McAllisters," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

The Hole in the Bag, and other Stories. By Mrs. J. P. Ballard (Kruna), author of "The Broken Rock," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. Three books by different authors, are all written with tolerable ability, and all earnestly remonstrating against intemperance and kindred vices. They should have a wide circulation, particularly among the young.

Liquor Laws of the United States. Prohibitory, License, Local Option and Civil Damage Laws. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. This will be found a convenient reference book for all interested in the subject of temperance.

Temperance Exercise. A Sabbath-School Concert Exercise. Arranged by Rev. Edmund Clark. Rockland, Maine: Z. Pope Vose & Co.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE WANE OF INTOLERANCE.

EVERY day, in this new age of spiritual enlightenment, the hearts of all Christian people are coming closer together, and the old spirit of intolerance, born from beneath, is rapidly giving way under the tender and sweet influence of Heaven-born charity. Creed and doctrinal differences no longer hold apart and in antagonism those who are in the sincere effort to do the will of God, and to help in the establishment of His kingdom of peace and goodwill upon the earth.

A notable instance of this took place not many months ago in the city of New York, when five or six clergymen of different denominations assisted in the installation of Rev. Mr. Hepworth, as minister of a Congregational church. On the Sunday following Mr. Beecher referred to the event in his pulpit, and we cannot better give our readers an idea of the significance of the event than by quoting a portion of Mr. Beecher's remarks. After speaking of the Council, he said:

"And who was this man they were met to examine? The Rev. George H. Hepworth. Who was he? Born of Unitarian parents, reared in Unitarian theology, for all his earlier years

a minister of that denomination, and the late pastor of the Church of the Messiah. Following his sympathies he left that church and form, and embraced that more consonant with the orthodox churches: and his place was made good in the Church of the Messiah by our friend and late neighbor, the Rev. Dr. Powers, who, following his sympathies, went over to Unitarianism; and it was this Mr. Hepworth, so born and so reared and so bred, that came before the council to be examined in this orthodox Brick Church. Now what did they do with him? Did they take him, as thirty years ago they would have done, as a vile rag of heresy, and put him in a tub and scrub him till he was all clean? That is what the council that I went before would have done with him; they would have put him through a regular catechism; but these men that were magisters and masters in theology, when this man came in from the Unitarian side of Christianity, and asked to be installed as pastor in good standing of this church in New York, almost entirely left out technical theology.

"I was not present, but I was told that Mr. Hepworth just made a relation of the steps by which he had changed his view and they accepted him with great joy. I infer from

this the creation and growth under divine Providence of the great doctrine of spiritual affinity rather than repulsion. I infer from this that repugnance, which has hitherto been generated by differences of external statements of the truth by external organization, is losing its power and the affinities which spring from like views and desires is increasing. Only so can you account for the existence of this council or its action and result.

"Neither of the men composing this council gave up any of their views, but there was a way by which they could each hold on to his own theology and yet accept this man, whose theology probably differed from any of them. I should consider a council which came together and said that it made no difference what a man believed very mischievous; a man ought to have a creed, but he should hold that a different creed as it appears to others may be right for them, so that a hundred men may get together and each have a different creed, and may be able to say, 'I do my work by my system and you do your work by yours.' There is a spirit of inward piety that rises higher than technical differences of opinion. It is so in common everyday life. Men in business conduct their business according to different methods, and yet they do not quarrel. No two families in this city probably make their bread alike, or make their beds alike, or treat their servants just the same. I have heard two lumbermen argue as to the best ways of cutting timber and getting it to market; each thought he was right, yet they did not quarrel about it.

"And so this council did not say that all sectarianism was to be swept away and all sects become one. No, not at all; not till we have another God. God does not like unity, and works by the law of diversity: God makes men different; makes the different parts of their mind work differently, so that men take the truth differently; so when you say that there ought to be unity I say no. I think very well of elms, but I would not have all the trees converted into elms; I think well of English oak or of the cedar of Lebanon, but I would not have all the trees in the land oaks or elms or cedars, so I glory in Episcopacy, I glory in the Presbyterians, I glory in the Methodists, and I glory in any denomination that I see has power to go out into the world and subject it to Christianity. You would not have all men build their yachts alike. Your yacht is one model, my yacht is another. Of course my yacht is the best. Yet people insist that in theology we should all build exactly alike—as much alike as the Newfoundland fishing vessels are, and be as much in fog, too. All that that council has proved is that there can be a perfect union under the bond of peace.

"It is not, then, to be called a victory of the new over the old. It merely shows that the divine Providence that has always guided the church is now guiding it, and that God is inspiring his church with wisdom to meet the newer exigencies of the work that it is now called to perform. And God is letting down streams of light in every direction, and science is shedding its beams abroad to guide men: and let no man be alarmed at the researches of science; let no man think we shall lose anything we can afford to keep; we may come to find that we don't know as much as we thought we did. So the gold says. The great nugget says, 'I am all gold.' 'I will see what you are,' says the chemist, and it goes into the crucible, and out comes gold and out comes slag, and the gold is not half as big as it was. We are full of knowledge, full of conceit, but the word of God stands sure. We take this dear old book (laying his hand upon the Bible) just as it presents itself to us; it teaches the doctrine of the relations of this life and the other life, God's spirit and man's necessity and need."

So MUCH SAVED.—A book agent, writing from Elizabeth, N. J., to Mr. Charles Heritage of this city, says:

"One of my neighbors, a drinking man for years, borrowed a book or two of me. One of them was the 'Man-Trap.' On going into his house a day or two after, he told me he had read the work. It was true as life. He had an offer to go into the liquor business, but was converted by reading the book. He says the book, or rather the reading of it, prevented his going in the business."

MR. GREELEY'S INNER LIFE.

THE following, which we take from "*The Religious Magazine*," published in Boston, gives a view of Mr. Greeley's inner life that will surprise some, and interest all:

"Among the affecting incidents connected with the last days of Horace Greeley's life was the following, related by his intimate friend, Isaiah T. Williams, who said of him: 'I never met a man whose nature was more truly religious. He had the utmost faith in God. He often expressed admiration for the writings of Swedenborg, several volumes of which he owned. While at my house, a few weeks before the late election, he became greatly interested in a volume of Sears's, entitled, "The Heart of Christ." He expressed great admiration for it, saying that work contained his sentiments. At every leisure moment his eyes were bent on the book. The next Sunday after the death of his wife, Mr. Greeley went to Chappaqua. On the way up I asked him whether he wanted the book. He replied, "Yes," and added, "I want one peaceful Sunday; I have not had one in many years."'

"What a pathos there is in these last words! At what a sacrifice of ease and domestic comfort, of family enjoyment and religious meditation and repose, do our public men accomplish their work! We cannot believe that is wise or well to make such a sacrifice. Not 'one peaceful Sunday in many years.' We cannot but think that if our ablest men whose powers are tasked so constantly and so heavily, would only make it a matter of conscience to secure for themselves, a 'peaceful Sunday,' it would do much to throw a serenely atmosphere around them, and to save them from the worry, vexation and nervous irritability which makes such inroads upon even the strongest physical organization.

"But this is not the point to which we would here particularly call the attention of our readers. We have been accustomed to think of Mr. Greeley as a philosopher of the utilitarian school—and, therefore, as not entering with any great zeal or relish into the finer and higher sentiments of our nature. But if there is in our language a book which approaches the highest and grandest spiritual truths of our religion by the most delicate processes of spiritual thought and imagination, and which appeals to what is finest and loftiest in our spiritual nature, it is this work of Dr. Sears', which seems to have had so great a charm for Mr. Greeley. This little incident gives us a deeper insight into his character, and places him on a higher plane of thought and life than anything that we have ever heard or known of him before. No one but a man of very quick, tender and delicate moral and religious sensibilities could be thus earnestly drawn toward such a book."

A NEW TREATMENT OF DISEASE.

WE have had very favorable opportunities during the past two years for observing the effects of what is called the "Compound Oxygen Treatment," as dispensed by Dr. G. R. Starkey, No. 1116 Girard Street, of this city, and can speak of it from personal observation as well as from personal experience. The mode of treatment is by simple inhalation. The gas inhaled is "composed of the elements of the atmosphere, with oxygen in excess." The immediate effect produced by inhalation is a slight sense of exhilaration and warmth in the chest, followed in most cases by a new feeling of strength, elasticity and physical comfort.

Especially in pulmonary diseases, and in weak, nervous conditions of the body, has this new treatment been found of great value. A very large number of consumptive patients have been treated in the past two or three years, and with almost unvarying good results. The uniform first effects of inhalation are an increase of appetite, a renewal of flesh and strength, and, as before said, a sense of physical elasticity and comfort. And this seems not to be a temporary state. It is not lost in a few days or weeks, but with most persons becomes permanent. It has been so in our own case.

We advise those who are suffering from chronic diseases of any kind, especially of the chest, to visit Dr. Starkey, or write for his pamphlet descriptive of this new mode of treatment. For persons living at a distance, he has a "home treatment," which any one can use for himself.

DRAMATIZATION OF "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP."

OUR new temperance story, "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP," has been dramatized and brought upon the stage by Mr. Charles H. Morton, stage manager of Wood's Museum in this city, and has drawn crowded audiences, night after night, for many weeks, doing a good work in the cause of temperance.

From "The Temperance Blessing," published in this city by Mr. Charles Heritage, we take the following communication from Hon. Robert M. Foust, Past Most Worthy Patriarch of Sons of Temperance:

"Office P. M. W. Patriarch, S. of Temperance.

"'THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP' is the title of a play now being performed at Colonel Wood's Museum, Ninth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia. We have seen it, and in the hope of inducing others to go to the Museum whenever it is presented, we pen this notice of it. This drama is founded upon Mr. Arthur's thrilling temperance story of the same name, and is put upon the stage in such a manner as to bring out all the strong points belonging to the several characters represented, and exhibits the several phases of the monster vice of the nineteenth century, *Intemperance*, in a very faithful manner.

"We are happy that we are enabled to state that we are better acquainted with Mr. Mullen the Prison Agent, and Mr. Heritage of the Temperance Blessing, than we are with Tom Lloyd and Hiram Jones, all of whom are in the piece; and would be most happy to have everybody else equally favored, and therefore advise all to go to the Museum and see what a man-trap is, and how to keep out of it. Mr. Arthur did a good thing for humanity when he wrote this story; it is to the cause of temperance what 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was to the cause of slavery. May its mission be equally successful, and the time speedily come when there will be no more keepers lying in wait to ensnare our kindred and friends. This play, besides its intrinsic merits, is exceedingly well performed; every one is fully up in the spirit as well as letter of the part, which makes the representation of 'Three Years in a Man-Trap' one of the most impressive temperance lectures of the day.

"Colonel Wood deserves the commendation of every friend of humanity for his liberality and public spirit in bringing this great subject before the people, and should continue to have his lecture-room crowded whenever this play is announced. R. M. F."

The commendations of the press on Mr. Morton's effective production of the play have been very hearty. We select a single one, and from the *City Item* because it includes our own testimonial:

"WOOD'S MUSEUM.—'Three Years in a Man-Trap' enters its third week to-night. It drew large audiences all last week, and is pronounced an exceedingly interesting play by all who have seen it. Even the author of the novel, Mr. T. S. Arthur, approves of the dramatization, as the following will show:

"CHAS. H. MORTON, Esq.—My Dear Sir: I must congratulate you on the effective way you have dramatized and placed on the stage my temperance story of 'Three Years in a Man-Trap.' You have made a thrilling play indeed. The crowded audiences that have so warmly greeted its representation, night after night, attest your success, and show that its vivid exposure of the fearful evils wrought by the liquor traffic have made a deep impression on the public mind. When the stage comes to the help of the people in their efforts to destroy great social wrongs, its power for good is beyond computation. "Very respectfully yours,

"T. S. ARTHUR."

"The scenic effects in 'Three Years in a Man-Trap' are unusually elaborate and novel, especially the mechanical effect of the destruction of the drunkard's home by fire, where Harry Glen's life is saved by his devoted wife.

"The snow storm scene is also impressive and realistic, where Maggie (*alias* Miss Susan Galton) is dying alone at night before the father's rum shop, with no one to help her. The final transformation *tableau*, showing the happy home

of the reformed drunkard and the wretched fate of the rum-seller, is pronounced by every one unusually beautiful.

"'Three Years in a Man-Trap,' which is the great success of the season, will run every evening until further notice, and will also be given at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees."

As an author, we miss from the play, as a matter of course, many scenes and incidents besides those brought into living action, which made a deep impression on our minds when we wrote them down; but we can well understand how impossible it is to bring upon the stage in a single night even a third part of the action and sentiment of a story covering nearly four hundred pages. Mr. Morton's skill in seizing the strong points, and his management of scenic effects, are worthy of all praise, and we repeat our congratulations at his success.

FACIAL PERCEPTION—A REMARKABLE CASE.

AN interesting account of the possession of a sort of latent or sixth sense, is given by Mr. W. Hanks Levy, F. R. C. S., a blind man, in a work entitled, "Blindness and the Blind," lately published in London. He says:

"Whether within a house or in the open air, whether walking or standing still, I can tell, although quite blind, when I am opposite an object, and can perceive whether it be tall or short, slender or bulky. I can also detect whether it be a solitary object or a continuous fence, whether it be a close fence or composed of open rails, and often whether it be a wooden fence, or brick or stone wall, or a quick-set hedge. I cannot usually perceive objects if much lower than my shoulder, but sometimes very low objects can be detected. This may depend on the nature of the objects, or on some abnormal state of the atmosphere. The currents of air can have nothing to do with this power, as the state of the wind does not directly affect it; the sense of hearing has nothing to do with it, as when snow lies thickly on the ground, objects are more distinct, although the foot-fall cannot be heard. I seem to perceive objects through the skin of my face, and to have the impressions immediately transmitted to the brain. The only part of my body possessing this power is my face; this I have ascertained by suitable experiments. Stopping my ears does not interfere with it, but covering my face with a thick veil destroys it altogether. None of the five senses have anything to do with the existence of this power, and the circumstance above named induce me to call this unrecognized sense by the name of 'Facial Perception.'

"When passing along a street I can distinguish shops from private houses, and even point out the doors and windows, etc., and this whether the doors be shut or open. When a window consists of one entire sheet of glass it is more difficult to discover than one composed of a number of small panes. From this it would appear that glass is a bad conductor of sensation, or at any rate of the sensation especially connected with this sense. When objects below the face are perceived, the sensation seems to come in an oblique line from the object to the upper part of the face. While walking with a friend in Forrest Lane, Stratford, I said, pointing to a fence which separated the road from a field, 'Those rails are not quite as high as my shoulder.' He looked at them and said they were higher. We, however, measured, and found them about three inches lower than my shoulder. At the time of making this observation I was about four feet from the rail."

AGE OF THE WORLD.—Rev. Howard Crosby, Chancellor of the University of the City of New York, in a recent lecture on "The Ancient Oriental Monarchies," fixed the creation of the world as far back as 432,000 years before the deluge.

"NEVER fail," says George McDonald, "to do daily that good which lies next to your hand. Trust God to weave your little thread into the great web, though the pattern shows it not yet. The grand harvest of the ages shall come to its reaping, and the day shall broaden itself to a thousand years, and the thousand years shall show themselves as a perfect and finished day."



SACRIFICIAL WORSHIP.



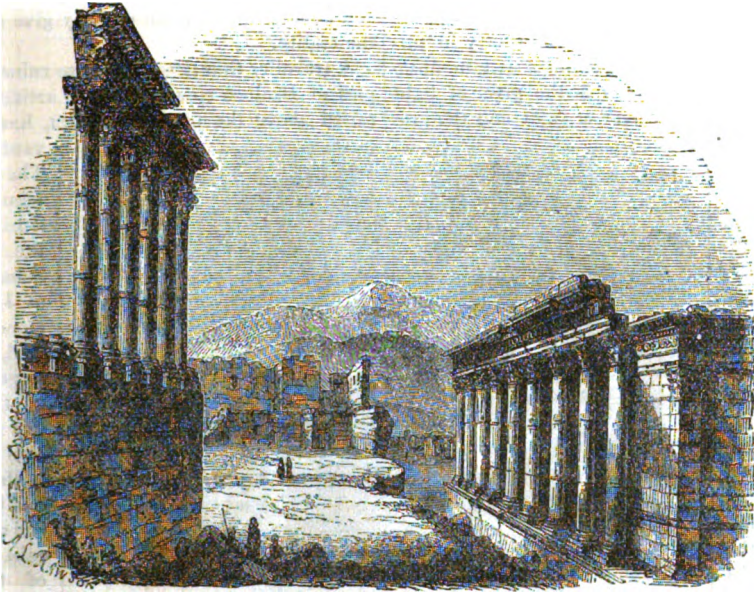
SACRIFICE.

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RUINS OF BAALBEC.

RELICS OF A TRADITIONARY AGE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

THOSE who are Bible readers, and Bible readers only, are liable to fall into a natural error. They see the Jews from the Jewish standpoint alone, and come to regard them as a people superior in intelligence and cultivation to the races with which they went to war. They are accustomed to look upon these antagonistic races, whom they believe God specially appointed the Jews to destroy, as but little more than barbarians, either living nomadic lives, or else dwelling in rude huts, their cities but a collection of those huts, and their kings petty chieftains of insignificant tribes. That which we call history tells us little of these people—of the Philistines, the Canaanites, the Moabites, the Midianites, and the other nations with which the Jews were constantly at war, conquering and being conquered.

But there is a record, a record more reliable than printed words, which tells a different story. This record is everywhere to be seen in Syria. It tells us

that as the northern barbarians poured down upon civilized Rome many centuries afterward, first destroying and then assimilating with the people, so the Jews came up, a barbarous, ignorant horde, fresh from the slavery of Egypt; but armed with a stubborn purpose, and an invincible will like that which keeps them intact as a race even to this day; commanded by a man who, among all the heroes and leaders of all ages, stands out unique in power, wisdom and governing ability; and guided, as they believed, by the divine hand. They found nations far advanced in arts and sciences, who had built magnificent cities, and whose civilization was antedated only by that of Egypt. But the destiny of these nations had been fulfilled. They had arisen, reached maturity and now were ready for decadence, their perishing civilization ready to foster the growth of nations just springing into life. So they fell before the vigorous blows of this younger nation, who had been

taught endurance and strength of purpose in the brick-yards of Egypt, and who were inspired by such leaders as Moses and Joshua. But the struggle was a long one, and the land which they came up out of Egypt to possess, the sons of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob never quite possessed, until they finally affiliated with their enemies, intermarried with them and were "lost."

The early inhabitants of Syria have left traces of themselves scattered all over that country, most wonderful to behold, some of them promising to endure as long as the world itself. They were heathen, and in one sense idolaters, inasmuch as they set up images in their temples. But their religion was in reality sun-worship. Their deities were Baal and Astarte or Ashtaroth. Baal represented the sun, Astarte the earth or nature. There is a certain poetry in this religion which no doubt made itself felt in unsophisticated natures. The sun is the giver of light and life, the earth the receiver of light and the producer of life, and by the union of the two all visible things are created.

In all the ancient cities of Syria are found ruins of temples dedicated to Baal or the sun. At Baalbec (probably identical with the Baal Gad of the Bible, as both mean literally the City of the Sun), are some of the most wonderful and imposing architectural remains to be found in the world, among the most prominent of which are those of sun temples.

The founders of Baalbec are unknown. They were probably dead and forgotten when Solomon laid the foundation of his temple. The ruins of the city show that the architecture belongs to various periods.

"Three eras speak thy ruined piles,
The first in doubt concealed;
The second, when amid thy files,
The Roman clarion pealed;
The third when Saracenic powers
Raised high the Caliph's massy towers.

"But, ah! thy walls, thy giant walls,
Who laid them in the sand?
Belief turns pale, and fancy falls
Before a work so grand;
And well might heathen seers declare
That fallen angels labored there.

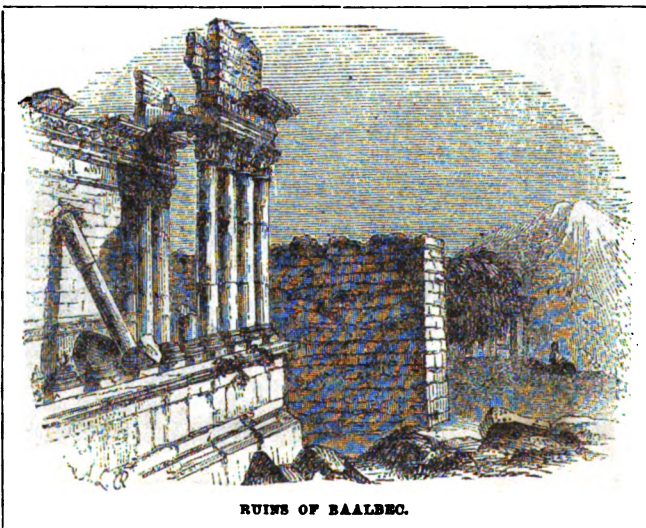
"No, not in Egypt's ruined land,
Nor mid the Grecian isles,
Tower monuments so vast, so grand,
As Baalbec's early piles;

Baalbec, thou City of the Sun,
Why art thou silent, mighty one?

"The traveller roams amid thy rocks,
And searches after light;
So searched the Romans and the Turks,
But all was hid in night;
Phœnicians reared thy pillars tall,
But did the genii build thy wall?"

Mr. Prime says: "If all the ruins of ancient Rome that are in and around the modern city were gathered together in one group, they would not equal in extent the ruins of Baalbec." Nevertheless, the space covered by these ruins is only nine hundred feet long by five hundred feet wide. The magnificence and magnitude of the columns, and the Cyclopean masonry, has for centuries been the wonder of the world, and no description I can possibly give will approach the reality.

A traveller thus describes these ruins: "The temples of Baalbec stood upon an artificial platform, raised above the plain thirty feet, having immense vaults underneath. The style of this foundation is very similar to that of the foundation of Solomon's temple at Jerusalem, the stones being beveled, but of a much larger size. Three of the stones in this foundation wall are each sixty-three feet long by fifteen wide and thirteen deep, raised to a height of twenty feet. Outside of this platform, on the southwest corner, there is a wall



RUINS OF BAALBEC.

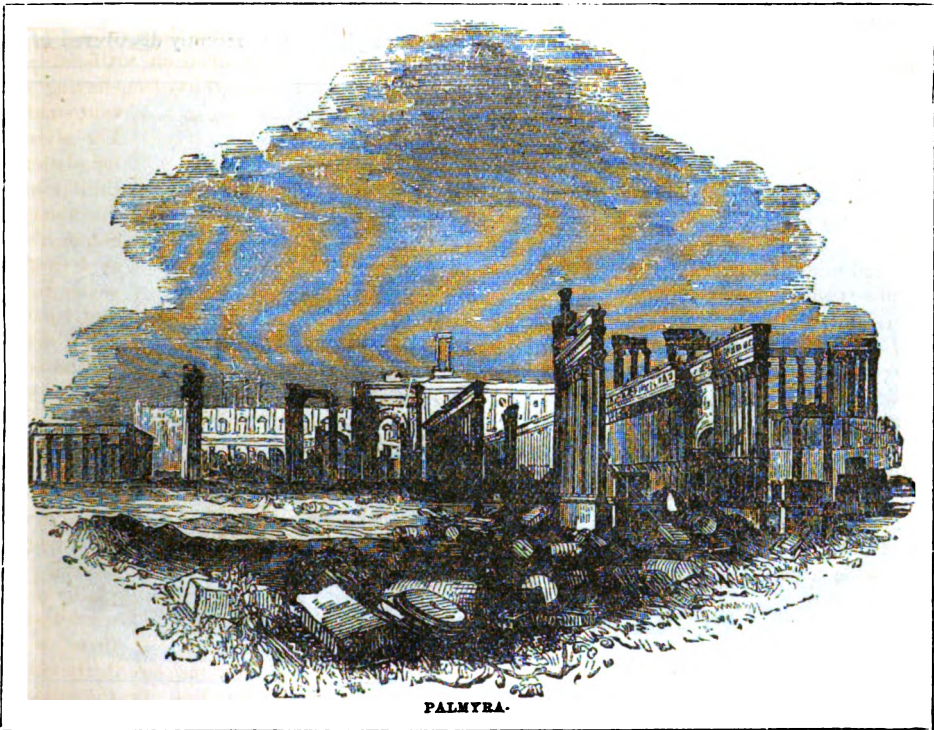
where many of the stones measure thirty feet long by fifteen wide and thirteen deep. On the platform stood three temples—the Temple of the Sun, the Temple of Jupiter and the Circular Temple. The Temple of the Sun, or great temple, was two hundred and ninety feet long by one hundred and sixty broad, surrounded by fifty-four Corinthian columns seventy-five feet high and seven feet three inches in diameter at the base. The stones of the entablature, which reached from column to column, were fifteen feet high by fifteen long, making the total height to the top of the entablature ninety feet. The stones forming the entablature were fastened together by wrought-iron clamps, inserted in the ends, one foot thick. Six only of these immense columns now remain standing."

The Temple of Jupiter stands on a platform of its own, and is the most perfect ruin in Syria. "Even with arch destroyed," writes one who has seen the ruins, "column overthrown, pilaster broken, and

capital defaced, so vast at once and so exquisitely beautiful in design and sculpture are the ruins which here surround the traveller, that we scarcely wonder at the fond superstition which leads the natives to aver, and stoutly to maintain, that masses so mighty were never transported and upreared by human hands, but that the once magnificent, but now ruined Baalbec, was built by the genii, reluctantly but irresistibly coerced to their Titanic labors by the mighty power of the seal of the wise son of David." A stone still larger than those in the walls—being fourteen feet high by seventeen wide, and sixty-nine feet long—lies in a quarry nearly a mile distant, having never been transported into Baalbec. The surfaces of the stones in the foundation wall are squared so truly,

The city is situated on an oasis in the Desert of Syria, and it was, in the days of the Roman empire, a kind of commercial post between that country and India.

Ancient Palmyra, or Tadmor, having at one period suffered decadence as a colony of Rome, was rebuilt by the Emperor Hadrian, who changed its name to Hadrianopolis. The Palmyrenes joined Alexander Severus in his expedition against the Persians. During the reign of Gallienus the Roman Senate advanced Odenatus, a private citizen of Palmyra, to the throne. After his death, his widow, Zenobia, attempted to include all Syria, Asia and Egypt in her dominions as "Queen of the East." But she met with defeat under Aurelian, whom she ultimately accompanied to Rome.



PALMYRA.

and fit each other so exactly, even at this remote period that it is difficult to find the place where they are joined together without searching for it.

Around Baalbec, in adjacent towns about the headwaters of the Jordan, are numerous ruins of a similar character, showing structures of great size and architectural beauty.

Palmyra, another ancient city of Syria, almost due east of Baalbec, is now also a mass of wonderful ruins. Palmyra, "the place of palm trees," is supposed to be the "Tadmor of the wilderness" which Solomon built. Here, among other remains, are those of a magnificent sun temple; though none of them will compare in grandeur, beauty and exquisite workmanship, nor probably in antiquity with those of Baalbec.

After an existence of several centuries, during which it was held in turns by the Romans and the Saracens, it was besieged, sacked, its inhabitants massacred, and its very existence forgotten; until, in 1691, a party of English merchants, crossing the desert, discovered the ruined and deserted city.

Its ruins are of the Corinthian order of architecture, with the exception of the columns of the Temple of the Sun, which are fluted, with brazen Ionic capitals. These ruins are all more insignificant, and of a later date than those of Baalbec.

At Athlert, a city unmentioned in either sacred or profane history, there are extensive ruins, which are a historic and an architectural puzzle. They are pure Phœnician in character, and probably date beyond the oldest Greek or Roman structures in Syria.

There is a wall here, large sections of which remain entire. Just within this wall stands a portion of a gigantic building.

Rev. Mr. Thompson, for many years a missionary in the Holy Land, thus describes this building: "It was erected on vaults of very great strength, and the fragment of the east wall towers up at least eighty feet high. There it stands in its loneliness, unbroken by a hundred earthquakes, the first object that strikes the eye of the traveller, either up or down the coast. Near the top, on the interior, so high that it strains the neck to look at them, are the flying buttresses (finished off below with the heads of men and beasts), from which spring the arches of the great dome. It must have been superb—sublime. Now, who erected this magnificent temple, and when? The only history we have of Athlert begins with the Crusaders, who call it *Castellum Perigrinorum* Pilgrims' Cas-

"Their number," says the Rev. Mr. Thompson, "is surprising, since for ages the inhabitants have been breaking them up for building-stone, and burning them into lime, and still there are hundreds of them lying about on the face of the hill. They are of all sizes, some eight feet long, and in fair proportion, the resting-place of giants; others were made for small children. Many are hewn in the live rock; others are single coffins, cut out of separate blocks. All had heavy lids, of various shapes, approaching to that of an American coffin, but with the corners raised. They are, no doubt, very ancient. Lift the lid, and the dust within differs not from the surrounding soil, from which grows the corn of the current year. And so it was twenty centuries ago, I suppose. They are without inscriptions, and have nothing about them to determine their age or origin."

A sarcophagus was recently discovered at Sidon,



RUINS AT MILETUS, ASIA MINOR.

tle), because they used to land there when Acre was in the hands of the Saracens. But they built none of these edifices."

Near Bussa, a little town lying near the coast between Acre and Tyre, there is a singular pillar, which dates its origin back for thousands of years. The shaft is composed of ten pieces, each three feet thick. It stands upon a base ten feet high and nine feet square, making it forty feet in height. If a statue ever crowned the pillar, it is there no longer. This column is called Humsin, and also Minawat, from the collection of ruins near it. At Ammariyeh much of the stone used in building Bussa is quarried, from ruins which have become buried so deeply in the earth that an olive tree many hundreds of years old has had time to grow in the soil above them.

Not far from Beirut, on the south to Jerusalem, at Khuldeh, is a mountain-side covered with sarcophagi.

which had upon its lid a long inscription in the Phœnician character. The upper end of the sarcophagus was wrought with superior skill into the form of a human face. The head and drapery were similar to those sometimes found on Egyptian mummy cases. The inscription, which was deciphered by Prof. Deitrich, speaks of the person within the sarcophagus as Ashmunazer, King of the Sidonians, son of Tabnith, King of the Sidonians, and of Immiastoreth, priestess of Astarte; grandson of Ashmunazer, King of the Sidonians, etc. It details the wonderful works he has accomplished during his life, and multiplies maledictions against any one who shall disturb his sepulchre when dead. The date of this sarcophagus is carried back to an early period of the Jewish possession of Judea.

Assyrian civilization was contemporaneous with Egyptian civilization, and exerted a far greater in-

fluence than the latter upon the Greeks and Etruscans. The decorations of King Solomon's temple—lions, bulls and winged cherubim—were the production of Phœnician sculptors and copies of symbolic Assyrian figures. The investigation of the ruins of ancient Nineveh are bringing to light many things about the Assyrian nation. In the village of Khorsabad near Nineveh an entire palace, with walls, rooms and decorations perfect, has been dug out from the depths of the earth and laid bare. From inscriptions found in this palace it is made evident that it was built about seven hundred years before Christ. Many curious figures of animals were found in this palace, but a detailed description of them is impossible here. There have been found vases of peculiar beauty of form and workmanship, statues and bas reliefs, all showing that art had reached a high position at that remote period.

Judea is not the only portion of country which can claim an early settlement by a civilized and cultivated people. While Greece was yet a land of barbarians, Asia Minor was filled with towns and cities. Homer has sung the downfall of Troy, which was one of the many.

On the shores of the Mediterranean about eighty miles from the mouth of the Meander, is the site of the ancient city of Miletus. In the days of its pomp and power it had four harbors capable of containing a large fleet, and consequently possessed great maritime strength. It carried on an active commerce with the Euxine and with the distant shores of Spain. It was not only a naval and a commercial town, but from its surplus population it sent out numerous colonies. Pliny sets down these colonies as eighty in number.

Miletus was a powerful city when the Lydian



LAODICEA, ASIA MINOR.

It is impossible in the limits of a single article to give an account of more than a small fraction of the ruins which, belonging to a prehistoric age, bestrew this interesting country—ruins which go to show that the Canaanites and Philistines of the Bible were a highly civilized people at a period contemporaneous with Jewish history.

Damascus is considered the oldest city in the world, tradition telling us that it was founded by Uz, the grandson of Noah. It is a most beautiful city. It is told of Mahomet that coming to a hill overlooking Damascus, he refused to enter it, saying: "A man can have but one Paradise, and mine is above." Although so venerable, Damascus bears less evidence of its age than many cities of more modern construction. With one or two exceptions, there are no evidences of ruins whatever, modern structures replacing ancient ones.

monarchy rose into consequence. The kings of Lydia took offense at the independence and importance of their Ionian neighbor and made war against it for many years with, however, but little effect. In the reign of Darius, Miletus was besieged by land and by sea, and finally taken by storm. The surviving inhabitants were carried to Susa and settled by order of Darius near the mouth of the Tigris. The town itself was given up by the Persian commander to the Carians. The Athenians are said to have been so much affected by this event that when Phrynichus, the tragic writer, introduced on the stage his play of the "Captive of Miletus," the whole house burst into tears, the people fined the poet one thousand drachmas and forbade the performance in the future. The Milesians suffered also under Alexander.

St. Paul sojourned at Miletus a few days on his return from Macedonia. The Milesian church

took a high place in rank among the churches in Asia.

During the decline of the Byzantine empire the town had nearly fallen into ruins from the ravages of the Turks and other barbarians, and the alluvial deposits of the Meander had already begun to obstruct the harbors. These harbors are at the present day almost totally destroyed.

Miletus is the birthplace of Thales the mathematician and philosopher; also of Cadmus and Hecataeus, two of the earliest historians of Greece.

Miletus is now a very unhealthy place. Its few inhabitants live in huts made of the debris of the once magnificent city. Two or three windmills are built upon the ruins, one of them near what must have been a temple, by some assigned to Diana, by others to Apollo. Two columns of the Ionic order supporting a fragment of frieze, and a third isolated column remain as grandly solitary relics of the structure to which they once belonged. The ruins of a chapel are pointed out to the traveller as that in which St. John preached, but the story is somewhat apocryphal, as the order of architecture to which the chapel belongs dates some hundreds of years later than St. John's time.

Ephesus, also in Asia Minor, and in some respects the rival of Miletus, was formerly a city of note, and contains many interesting ruins, dating back to the Roman period. A treasure has recently come to light here which has surprised and delighted archaeologists. It is no less than a part of one of the columns of the great temple of Diana, the wonder of the heathen world. This fragment is of white marble, six feet in length and eighteen feet in circumference. What remains undefaced by time shows it to be one of the "embroidered pillars," of which Pliny speaks, saying there were one hundred and twenty-seven in all, each sixty feet high, and each the gift of a king. The uninjured portion shows three life-size figures of beautiful workmanship.

Laodicea was a city in the south-eastern portion of Phrygia. Its position corresponds with that of the city of Cydrara, mentioned by Herodotus, though Pliny calls its early name Diospolis, afterward changed to Rhoas. Its name of Laodicea was given it by Antiochus Theos, in honor of his wife, Laodice. This monarch, in the height of his prosperity and ambition, made war upon the all-powerful Ptolemy, king of Egypt. This war he was only enabled to withdraw from by marrying Berenice, daughter of Ptolemy. His wife Laodice never forgave him for this insult to her, and historians generally agree that the murder of Antiochus and Berenice which followed was instigated by her.

During the Roman republic and the subsequent empire, Laodicea became exceedingly prosperous, and we find it called in ancient inscriptions "the most splendid city of Asia." It was laid in ruins by an earthquake during the reign of Tiberius, but the inhabitants were enabled to rebuild it without appealing to the imperial treasury for help. Situated on the highway between the east and the west Laodicea

became a town of great commercial importance. The general appearance and extent of the ruins will discover the magnificent scale upon which the city was built in the days of its glory. There were a gymnasium, several theatres, an aqueduct, temples and a stadium or race-course, the columns, capitals and broken walls of which strew the plain with their fragments. At Laodicea was established one of the seven churches of Asia. The city was finally destroyed early in the fifteenth century, and the little hamlet built upon its ruins is called by the Turks Eski Hissar.

A DAY DREAM.

BY DARD BEST.

FROM yonder hill I sat and watched the sun,
And saw its beams glance through the misty morn,
And kiss the roof beneath which I was born;
It gleamed awhile, and childhood's days were done

It danced a shadow dance in light and shade,
Then crossed the well-worn threshold of the school,
And glimmered up and down the dunce's stool;
Then left the yard in shadow where I played.

And next it wandered up the village street,
Gilding the old town-bell with burnished gold.
It paused within a garden, quaint and old,
'Neath arbor vines it found a rustic seat.

And long it lingered there; for it seemed loath
To leave that seat neglected and alone,
Where all about the falling leaves were blown,
The place where oft of yore it kissed us both.

The morning clouds rolled back and perfect noon
Settled o'er all the landscape; on the spire
The golden cross shone forth, a flame of fire,
As on our wedding day that far-off June.

Far spreads the sunshine over all the land,
Showing our broadening field of laboring life.
Working in God's sweet sunshine—husband, wife,
Toiling, happy-hearted, hand in hand.

The afternoon was long and sweet and blest,
But twilight called my darlings one by one;
And now I stand and watch the dying sun
Grow fainter in the ever-deepening west.

And down through darkening clouds the last, faint spark
Of sunlight gleams, and rests upon a stone
In that still graveyard. Now I walk alone
Down through the shadowy valley, deep and dark.

TIME wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the window; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips that part to it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

OF PROVERBS AND ADAGES.

BY LOUISE V. BOYD.

"WITH a little hoard of maxims preaching down his daughter's heart," sings Tennyson, and with the magic of that pen-stroke we have before us a complete portrait, a worldly-minded, money-loving man. We know his character so thoroughly that we could name over the list of proverbs to which he was partial; we even see the cold glance of his eye, and note the sordid lines about his mouth, revealing the petty page of his past life, and spreading before us, too, the blank, scant pages, primly ruled, wherein he designs to have written the future of his family—but the pages, mark you, are gilt-edged.

Reader, dear, dost thou love to dwell upon the maxims of our fathers, and hast thou of pet proverbs a mighty store? If so, thou art to be pitied, not envied; or, that is my mood to-day—what I shall think about it to-morrow, I know not. "The wind bloweth where it listeth"—is not this a Scripture saying to my purpose?

Why should I take kindly to proverbs when my earliest recollection of one was when sobbing out some childish sorrow upon my mother's indulgent bosom, and thinking what a good place it was to cry, our visitor, the minister, who had "just enough of learning to misquote," muttered, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." This remark drove out of me a meek and contrite spirit, and I became possessed of—well—I went out from my mother's and that minister's presence a little howling demon, and per consequence, hated him and his voluntary saw forever after. I recollect still his text of the following Sunday, it was, "Remember Lot's wife." Ah, surely, I will remember the poor thing; also, the seemingly wicked, or, at least, cruel exultation with which he dwelt on her punishment—nor did he fail in this connection to add "the wages of sin is death," which, with his terrible emphasis, greatly frightened me. You may be sure he did not finish the sentence with its Heaven-reaching promise.

When, wild with delight, I saw a swallow glancing through the sunny spring-time air, I ran to tell my father; can I forget how he, too, who had been a "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," seeming not to share in my gladness, looked up and said, warningly, "One swallow does not make a summer."

And are not the many pleasant recollections of my schooldays, overshadowed and made mournful by the tormenting proverbs I was doomed to encounter. My teacher was a maiden lady of stately mien, grave manners and vast acquirements. In her everyday language she had no use for any point save a period, therefore, she was just the person for proverbs, very short ones.

Oh, that teacher! how she looms up in the far-off, sunny land of my childhood, like the great mournful-visaged, impenetrable sphynx of the desert; and as it

gazes toward the pyramids, so did she look on the world about her—to her it was the mighty tomb of a dead glory. Now I think of her with sadness; yet, can I scarcely forgive her for throwing that unnecessary damper over me when I exhibited to her the gold ring that had been sent me in a letter from a loving grandfather, hundreds of miles away. "All is not gold that glitters," was the explosion from her thin lips; so my pleasure was wofully diluted; I looked with suspicion on the dear little circlet, and was not sorry when my finger outgrew it.

Afterward did I put upon my chubby hands a pair of mitts—these my grandmother had made; she had been to the city, and had procured this neatly-fitting mitt-pattern from the wife of the foreman of a glove factory. She had measured my hand lengthwise and widthwise with the greatest precision; she had cut the queer-shaped pieces out of scraps of nankeen, she had overseamed them wonderfully, and had ornamented them with green worsted, in what she called beggar-stitch.

I made my debut in the school-room next morning, presenting, in my own estimation, not only a tidy, but a most stylish appearance. How was "the rag taken off the bush" of my vanity, when, at the writing-hour, that teacher, seeing those wonderful mitts for which half my schoolmates were dying of envy, said *playfully*, as she placed the open copy-book before me, "A cat in gloves will catch no mice." In deep humiliation I removed my now disgraced mitts from my hands to my pocket, took up the neatly-mended quill-pen and began to write. I read the copy through tears; I despise it to this very hour. I beg good St. Paul's pardon, it was "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Could not the many good things Paul said of *himself*, the many glorious things he said *by inspiration*, have satisfied himself without his resorting to the writings of old Menander for this? But I am told that it is still quite fashionable among teachers and the getters-up of copy-books, when they reach the letter *c*, to give this old stager.

Out of school, during the long summer holidays, I was often reminded that "Fields look green at a distance," and that "Every white will have its black, and every sweet its sour," which I could, in time, have found out for myself. Oh, the great Lord John Russel would, I know, make me his best boy, could he revisit this dull earth and read my improvement on his definition of a proverb. "A proverb is the wisdom of many men and the wit of one," said he; it is one man's croaking of all men's disappointments, say I—for you will observe that cheery and hopeful adages are such a ridiculous minority, that we can but exclaim, "The weakest goes to the wall."

When my young brother started out into the great world to try his fortunes, instead of a kindly "God speed," he only heard, "A rolling stone gathers no

moss." And when my bankrupt uncle thought to take his stalwart sons and rosy daughters and in the far West begin life anew, his neighbors gravely shook their heads, remarking, "A drowning man catches at a straw;" or they reminded him by way of discouragement that "Three removes are as bad as a fire."

When the impertinent thorns of a young rose-bush caught and tore my dress sleeve, need I say some one was near to say, "A stitch in time saves nine;" and was not the pious John Wesley's memory kept green in our home by that watchword of housekeepers of which he was the originator, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

One of the most popular and by all odds the most mature-sounding and euphonious of maxims with which my youthful mind became familiar, was, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise." But it don't. Indeed, I know this proverb to be a most miserable failure, for my sister's husband's cousin's wife's first husband tried it, and he was known to be almost a simpleton, never was healthy to speak of, and died poor. I congratulate myself now that I was never deluded into trying this experiment, never sacrificed the pleasure of being up when amusement offered, never dispensed with the luxury of a comfortable morning's nap till compelled by dire necessity, and think if I had done so I might now be constrained to confess that "I had paid too dear for my whistle," and when one comes to that pass one might as well confess their "cake to be dough."

When at last I had captivated my first beau, and when that beau went into the next school district to teach—"and thereby hangs a tale"—while I deemed him as "ever faithful as old dog Tray," whose fidelity you will remember has passed into a proverb, there were not wanting friends who, by way of toning down my self-complacency, whispered something of "Out of sight out of mind," or softly murmured, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Said beau was so innocently absurd as to marry a girl named Mehitable Fell before spring. Friends then tried to urge me to a giddy height of ambition by declaring that "There are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

Mehitable Fell! While I muse upon her as she was my *once lover's* "bright particular star," I feel certain she was descended from that historic individual of whom it was sung long ago by one Tom Brown—not at Oxford:

"I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this one thing I know full well,
I do not like you, Dr. Fell."

I loved not Mehitable; but as her husband proved to be one of those who did not "Take care of the pence that the pounds might take care of themselves," I concluded, as doubtless she did before me, that she "had brought her pigs to a poor market;" so I pitied her, and "pity is akin to love."

Lingering along the Maiden Lane of girlhood till the afternoon shadows began to lengthen, waiting for

something to "turn up," ten persons warned me that "delays were dangerous," where one encouraged me by the blithe hope that there was "luck in leisure."

But "it is a long lane that has no turning," and finding a "Barkis willin'," I was no more "In maiden meditation fancy free," but became a wife. I do not grieve, but smile when I remember that the congratulations of my bridal day had either in good round English, or in an undertone, the burden of the adage, "Better late than never." Who cares?

Shall I tell how? Yes, I will tell, for "honesty is the best policy." With the crowing of my first baby came the reminders, "Every goose thinks its own young ones swans," or "Every crow thinks its own young ones white," which I endured heroically, remembering that "While in Rome we must do as the Romans do."

Reader, patient and dear, thou hast perhaps garnered many of these sage sayings of old time into thy life pages, and perchance I am "bringing coals to New Castle," or, as said the ancient Jew, "carrying oil to the City of Olives." Let me, fearing this, be ruled by the rich conceit embodied in "Speech is silver, silence is gold."

IN EARLY DAYS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

IN early days, when fancy held
My heart in bondage strong and sweet,
And youthful aspirations swelled
To glad fruition 'neath my feet,
No dream of fame allured my soul,
Beguiling it to heights above;
A sweeter influence had control,
And all my dreams were dreams of love.

The skies above were always bright;
The earth around me ever fair;
For hearts whose love is infinite
Can make an Eden anywhere.
I thought the future held for me
The calmest joys, the gentlest fate,
And planned that household gods should be
The precious things of my estate.

How strange is all on which I gaze!
The past—how far away it seems!
Ah me, but those were foolish days!
Ah me, but those were foolish dreams!
The loves that came to other men,
Around my doorway never grew;
I waited years and years—and then?
Why then I planned my life anew!

SUN-DIALS mark only the bright hours. Would it not be well if more people could imitate them? They would be surprised to find how many there are of these, and how much brightness there is in hours they are accustomed to think dark.

HEAVEN itself can afford no real delight to one who feels the service of God on earth to be irksome. He has no heart for Heaven, no taste for Heaven, no capacity for the enjoyment of Heaven.



A YEAR AGO.

BY E. B. D.

A YEAR ago, but one short year ago,
 I stood alone, as I stand here to-night;
 The sun toward the hills had sunken low,
 And flooded all the west with yellow light.

There is the sun as golden and as bright;
 The same soft rustle of the leaves I hear;
 It might be that the flowers that meet my sight
 Were the same ones that then my eyes did cheer.

A note of merry laughter comes from far;
 I hear of distant herds the tinkle low;
 Down in the vale where cool the shadows are
 The brook goes by with constant murmuring flow;
 The same bird sings that did one year ago;
 I hear the hum of insect life again;
 All things seem bright and beautiful; but, oh!
 'Tis not the same bright world that it was then!

Yes, all is changed, though outwardly the same;
 The bird no longer sings to listening ear;
 Though all the west with crimson is aflame,
 The day seems like November, gray and drear.
 When I would see, there comes a blinding tear,
 Through which I only see a golden past;
 There comes a memory—when I would hear—
 Of hopes which were too beautiful to last.

A year ago, but one short year ago,
 I stood and waited in this self-same spot;
 Then was my life with beauty all aglow!
 I trusted love, for then love failed me not!
 I watched *his* coming ere he had forgot
 The well-worn path that led him to my side.
 Then came he always; now he cometh not;
 But in his absence only hope hath died.

Love dies not thus! Though in that parting hour
 Were spoken bitter words, if love be true
 They are forgotten ere at morn the flower
 From off her silken petals rolls the dew.
 Love dies not quickly. Ah, he never knew
 As deep a love as that I felt for him!
 Alas! I fear me, men who love are few!
 Why sigh in vain! why should my sight grow dim!

Night after night I've stood and waited here,
 And watched for him e'en as I waited then—
 Waited in trembling hope, and then in fear;
 Then in despair! He comes no more again!
 I've put the rose upon my breast in vain,
 In vain bound braids and jewels in my hair,
 That—though my heart ached with a numbing pain—
 When he should come he'd find me not less fair.

Come back to me, dear love! come back to me!
 My heart calls with a yearning, passionate cry
 My life is desolate for want of thee;
 My soul is grieved because thou art not nigh.
 My love waits only for a word to fly
 And nestle close to thy warm heart, my own!
 The night is coming on, the shadows die
 In deeper shades—and still I am alone!

EVER NEAR.

BY GEORGE R. GRAHAM.

ABOVE the surging of the sea,
 I hear a sweet voice say to me,
 Be calm, my love, nor fear!
 The saddest hours move on apace,
 I soon shall see you face to face,
 And be forever near."

The darkest night must meet the day,
 So Doubt shall turn to Trust away,
 In God's good land above;
 The eternal years that He controls
 Shall wrap in peace all fearful souls;
 Immortal shall be Love!

THE COMMON FROG (*RANA TEMPORARIA*).

THIS well-known animal belongs to the highest class of Reptilia, or reptiles—cold-blooded vertebrated animals, whose temperature depends on that of the medium in which they live, and which consequently become torpid and inactive in winter. Their respiration is aerial and incomplete, their blood being only partially oxygenated, for the venous blood is returned to the heart, which has two auricles and only one ventricle, where it is mixed with the arterial blood, and is, therefore, only partially aerated in the lungs. There is hardly a cattle-pond or a stream on the margin of which the frog may not be found, or in the waters of which it may not be seen swimming.

Naturalists have carefully traced the development of the frog from the egg to the adult state, and the history of these changes, all of which are easily verified, is exceedingly interesting and instructive. The eggs of the frog are usually deposited—toward the end of the month of March—in clusters, each of which consists of long strings of transparent, jelly-like matter, having interspersed throughout small, round, black dots, each being the central portion of a separate individual egg. This frog-spawn at first sinks to the bottom of the pond or stream where it is deposited; but the gelatinous covering of the eggs absorbs water, and each cluster therefore swells, and ultimately, becoming specifically lighter than the water, rises to the service.

If in this stage some of the spawn is transferred from the water to a basin or a glass vessel, the changes from the egg to the tadpole and from the tadpole to the adult frog may be easily watched. The development of the tadpole commences in the little black globes, or centres. At first the head becomes prominent; a flattened tail is produced; and also branchial tufts, two on either side of the head, which imbibe oxygen from the water, like the gills of a fish. The little animal now begins to be sensible of the inconvenience of the curved position in which it is confined by the envelopes which surround it, and therefore struggles until it finally frees itself from them. On issuing from the egg it immediately eats its way through the remainder of its gelatinous surroundings, and commences active life as a tadpole in the water, feeding ravenously on the duckmeat (*Lemna*), which floats on its surface. The tufts on either side of the head soon diminish, and ultimately disappear, whilst the body and tail perceptibly increase, the latter becoming a powerful organ for locomotion. Both the tufted gills and the transparent membrane on either side of the tail are beautiful objects for the microscope, showing the circulation of the blood as it rolls through the arteries and their ramifications. Children especially are invariably delighted with the spectacle, and ever afterward become much interested in the previously-despised tadpoles.

In a few weeks the hind legs make their appearance, and soon after the fore legs; the tail gradually becomes less, and at last wholly disappears, and the metamorphosis of the tadpole into the frog is com-

pleted. And now instead of an aquatic animal, breathing by gills and feeding on vegetables, we have a terrestrial animal, breathing by lungs, and altogether carnivorous.

The frog, or mature animal, has a broad, short, depressed body without a tail. The posterior legs are much larger and more muscular than the anterior pair, the five toes of both pairs being webbed. Thus organized, the frog is well adapted for life either in the water or on the land, the length and great muscularity of its hind legs aiding it alike in swimming through the water and in leaping on the land.

The manner in which frogs and toads feed is well deserving of notice. In both animals the tongue is doubled back upon itself, and is covered at its extremity with a viscid glutinous secretion. This tongue is suddenly shot forth, so as to touch the prey, and the latter, adhering firmly to it, is immediately captured and carried back with the tongue into the mouth. The motion of throwing out the tongue upon the insect, and then withdrawing it within the mouth, takes place with lightning-like rapidity, so that the eye can scarcely follow it without the most careful watching.



THE COMMON FROG.

Its food now consists of insects and various kinds of slugs, of which it destroys incredible numbers; it is, therefore, very usefully employed on the grounds of the farmer, as it is aiding in the preservation of his crops by destroying those enemies which attack them. Frogs, for this reason, whenever met with, should not be molested. And the same observations apply to that much maligned and despised animal, the common toad (*Bufo vulgaris*), which is not poisonous, but, on the contrary, is as harmless and useful as the frog, and equally entitled to our kindly consideration.

There is also a peculiarity in the respiration of the frog which we must not omit to mention. The frog breathes by the skin as well as the lungs, which is, therefore, always kept moist, for this purpose, by means of constant supplies from an internal reservoir of pure water within the animal. So also, as the frog is without ribs, its breathing by the lungs is not carried on by the alternate expansion of the chest; and, therefore, if the animal be closely watched, no movement of the body indicative of respiration can be perceived. The fact is the air is taken into the mouth

through the nostrils, the mouth being shut for that purpose; the nostrils and throat are then closed, and the air is forced or swallowed down into the lungs. As this movement can only be made when the mouth is shut, it follows that when a frog is gagged, with its mouth open, respiration becomes impossible, and the animal dies of suffocation.

The sudden appearance of frogs after violent rains in places where they were previously unknown, in the greatest numbers, is not at all an uncommon occurrence, and formerly it was believed that they had fallen from the clouds with the rain. Naturalists now entertain a more reasonable view of these appearances, which may be given in substance as follows: Undoubtedly these frogs had undergone their final metamorphosis, and had left the water, where they had been developed as tadpoles for the land. There they lay, exhausted by the drought, motionless under stones and clods, and in the clinks of the earth, until, revived by the welcome rain, all suddenly become reanimated, thus forcing themselves on public attention by their countless numbers.

It appears from the following account of a frog, given by Mr. Bell, on the authority of Dr. W. Roots, of Kingston, that these animals are quite capable of being thoroughly domesticated, if they are only well fed and kindly treated:

"The lower offices"—of the house belonging to Dr. Roots—"were what is commonly called underground, on the banks of the Thames. This little reptile occasionally issued from a hole in the skirting of the kitchen, and was noticed by the servants; but, during the first year of his sojourn, he constantly withdrew upon their approach." However, "on their showing him kindness, and offering him such food as they thought he could partake of, he gradually acquired habits of familiarity and friendship, and, during the following three years, he came out regularly every day, at the hour of meal time, and partook of the food which the servants gave him. But one of the most remarkable features in this artificial state of existence was his strong partiality for warmth; as, during the winter seasons, he regularly—and contrary to the cold-blooded tendency of his nature—came out of his hole in the evening, and made for the hearth in front of a good kitchen fire, where he would continue to bask and enjoy himself until the family retired to rest. There happened to be at the same time a favorite old domestic cat, and a sort of intimacy and attachment existed between these incongruous inmates—the frog frequently nestling under the warm fur of the cat, while the cat appeared extremely jealous of interrupting the comfort and convenience of the frog.

Our engraving represents the edible, or green frog (*Rana esculenta*), which, although rare in England, is exceedingly common on the continent and in this country, and is in high request for its flesh, the hind quarters only being used. Generally, it is of a beautiful green, irregularly marked with black or dark-brown spots, and ornamented on the back with three stripes of a rich golden-yellow.

THE NEW.

BY CATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

OH, circling seasons, come and pass!
Bear in decades and bear them out,
Let change link all the years about—
New friends, new hopes new happiness,
New songs, new voices, making sweet
Our lives, till hearts with wilder beat
Forget the old delights and joys
In deeper, grander ecstasies.

New friends!—how grow the old friends cold;
How change the lights within their eyes,
The laughter in their low replies,
That thrilled our pulse in days of gold.
They change—bring in the new, the dear,
Their kindly words, their smiles of cheer,
To be with us while Summer glows
And pass when come the Winter snows.

New hopes!—how fair the old, how deep,
How lighted like a tropic ocean,
Where, mingled in a sweet commotion,
The sunbeams with the ripples sweep.
They drooped, they passed, they paled as mist;
They died, cold as the dead we've kist
In agony! Oh, calm-eyed hours,
Let new hopes bloom like passion flowers!

New songs!—the olden songs were sweet,
With love's deep ecstasy were glad,
With love's delicious pains were sad,
And metred to our hearts' wild beat
What time our hearts were wild with blisses.
New songs of deeper happinesses!
Take out the pain so anguish-sweet,
To laughter mete the cadenced beat.

New loves!—the old love wanes apace;
The blush nor in our heart doth waken—
No more the burning pulse is shaken
As flame by smiles on some fair face;
The touch of hands thrills not as old,
The sky has lost its rose and gold—
Again one lies in visioned dreams—
Whence comes her prince to wake the streams?

Whence comes her prince, with regal mien,
With kisses ripening on his mouth,
And all the passion of the South
In those dark eyes that seek his queen?
Lo! through her dreams the fateful light
Of love dawns quivering to her sight;
Warm thrills her lips with waking sighs,
Her soul is tranced in rhapsodies!

Sweep on, ye long and lingering years,
Ye cycling seasons dim and cold!
Let Summer tint the skies with gold
Of clouds that hold no rainy tears;
But, pierced by the empyreal beams,
Float in the heaven like tranquil dreams
Within the aerial poet's mind,
Where lute-voiced Poesie lies reclined.

A MODEL bill, made out by an old farmer against his neighbor, read as follows: "Neighbor A. Dr. to B. to horse and wagon goin' to mill once since and twice before, one dollar."

SACRIFICIAL WORSHIP.

BY E. R. KEYES.

THE earliest historical allusions to sacrificial worship give us no information concerning its origin. They refer to it as a custom already established, but are silent as to the date of its institution and the authority on which it rests. We learn from the Sacred Scriptures that "Abel brought of the firstlings of his flock and of the fat thereof, and that the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering." We are also told that Noah, on leaving the ark, "builded an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar." But these brief and isolated references to this subject, were we permitted to understand them as ordinary historical statements, would throw no light on the origin of animal sacrifices. They would simply show that at a very early period this form of worship was understood and practised. But the obvious symbolical character of the first eleven chapters of Genesis, renders these statements valueless as evidence of the exact date of any historical fact, or of the origin of any religious custom.

A divine origin has, however, been claimed for sacrificial worship. It has been held that immediately subsequent to the fall, our first parents were instructed of God to approach Him through bloody sacrifices, and to look through them to the one great effectual sacrifice of Christ. But if this be true; the proof of the fact is wanting; and in the absence of any divine decree authorizing this custom, we may well doubt its divine origin. Certainly we may reasonably require those who make God the author of this form of worship to produce the divine warrant on which it rests, or show conclusively that such a warrant was once issued. In like manner it ought to be required of those who ascribe to it a human origin, that they shall explain the manner and grounds of its institution.

In the present state of human intelligence concerning the character of God, it is difficult to conceive that He could have been the author of this system of animal sacrifices. The altar stained with blood and laden with the flesh of animals newly slain, the dying wail of bleeding bird and beast, the smoke and offensive odor of the burning sacrifice, the priests reeking with blood and grasping the deadly knife, the multitude of slaughtered victims, and the confused sound of lowing herds and bleating flocks driven to the feast of death, all form a spectacle at which we stand aghast, and which we cannot believe to be pleasing in the sight of God. The whole scene is incongruous with His character. It befits only a malign and sensual deity. "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him, must worship in spirit and in truth." "God is Love," and can find no satisfaction in the flowing blood and dying struggles of His creatures. Besides, He expressly says in Jeremiah viii., 22, "I spake not unto your fathers nor commanded them, in the

day that I brought them out of the land of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings and sacrifices; but this thing commanded I them, saying, Obey my voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people; and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well with you." The language of David (Psalm li., 16, 17,) is equally explicit: "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, oh, God, thou wilt not despise." And throughout the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, stress is nowhere laid upon a strict observance of the rites of sacrifice, but it is everywhere laid upon obedience to the moral law as the only means of securing the divine favor. He reproves frequently and with awful severity the sins of adultery, theft, lying, deceit, oppression and fraud; but for the neglect of sacrifices and burnt offerings, He declares explicitly, (Psalm l., 8), "I will not reprove thee." Micah admirably sets forth the uniform purport of inspired utterance on this subject when he says, (vi., 8), "He hath showed thee, oh, man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." Anciently as well as now, therefore, the religious and moral virtues, or supreme love to God and genuine charity toward man, constituted the sum and substance of saving religion. All else was but the shadow.

But the fact remains that the Jewish sacrificial system in its revised and perfected form, was promulgated by Moses, acting as the minister of Jehovah. It is necessary, therefore, to reconcile this fact with the views already presented. The principles on which this reconciliation is effected will appear as we unfold the origin and nature of sacrificial worship.

We have spoken of love as the essence of all true religion, since it is love that unites man to man, and man to God. But love is unselfish and generous. Its only delight is to give freely of its riches to others. This is the eternal law of its operation. The divine love is ever in the effort to communicate to men the good which their state requires; and the effort takes effect in proportion to their desire and endeavor to appropriate the proffered good. So also human love seeks to evidence its reality and strength by suitable expressions. We desire to reciprocate God's goodness. But we are unable to offer Him, in return for His favors, anything which we ourselves have created. All our good desires, holy affections and right thoughts, as well as all our earthly riches, are from Him alone; and no offering that we can make as an expression of our love to Him, can add to His eternal self-sufficiency, or make Him our debtor. We can only render back to Him His own gifts, imprinted with the evidences of our gratitude

and the seal of our personal appropriation and endorsement. We can only show what we would do for Him were He in need of our assistance, and we able to relieve His wants.

In the Adamic age of the race this principle of love found expression in methods suited to its divine nature. Loving God supremely and having a clear and intimate consciousness of His presence, men worshipped Him "in spirit and in truth." They paid Him the silent, grateful homage of the heart. They offered Him internal worship from pure and loving affections. His law was their delight. They entered cordially into His beneficent designs, and sought to manifest their love to Him by serving those whom He desired to bless. Their religion had no ritual, save the deeds of a good life; for it needed no other. Their worship required no temple save that of the purified mind. They needed no priests nor religious teachers, for to all were given immediate revelations from Heaven, and clear perception from the Lord Himself for the verification of every truth revealed. They lived on earth the life of angels.

In virtue of their open communication with the spiritual world, they were acquainted with the relations subsisting between it and the realm of nature. They recognized the latter as the vesture of the former. The natural world was the effect of which the spiritual world was the cause. From material objects, therefore, their thoughts passed at once to the spiritual objects corresponding to them; and from natural phenomena to the higher but imminent world of spiritual and substantial realities. Everything in nature was discovered to be the ultimate and fit correspondent of something in the mental world, or world of divine ideas and causes. Man was the finite image and likeness of God, and every visible object wore an intensely human aspect, revealing some distinctive human quality. The sun, moon and stars represented the sun, moon and stars of the spiritual world, or the spiritual principles of love, faith and intelligence. Mountains symbolized strong and enduring affections in the will; gold, the good of celestial love, or supreme love to the Lord; silver, spiritual truth; stones, truth in its lowest natural expression, or the lowest forms of the understanding; trees in general, the affections and perceptions of the mind; while particular trees, such as the olive, the vine and the fig-tree, signified certain specific qualities or states of affection and thought.

In like manner every bird and every beast was viewed as the symbol of something existing in man, or as the proper natural form of some particular human affection or principle. The eagle mounting toward the sun with undazzled eye, fitly represented the rational faculty in its search for truth; the pigeon, states of innocence; the dove, the tender principles of love and faith in the early stages of regeneration. The lamb, kid and calf, and also the full-grown of these species, signified the three general classes of human affections: the lamb, the affections of the most interior degree of the mind, where innocence and love to the Lord reign supreme; the kid,

the affections of the next lower degree, where conscience, formed and enlightened by divine truth, governs; and the calf, the affections of the natural degree, in which the external or moral virtues have their seat.

To men enjoying such intimate communion with God and with Heaven, and such insight into the symbolism of nature, any ritual created by human art would have been poor and unimpressive. It would have seemed but childish folly. The whole system of nature was a splendid ceremonial, fashioned by divine wisdom. Every day, every season, every year, every landscape furnished ever-varying forms appropriate to the ritual of a pure and rational religion. Every natural object and phenomenon led the thoughts of the beholder to the higher verities of the spiritual world, and up to the Lord Himself as the archetype and cause of all things beautiful and good on earth and in the heavens. To minds in this state of spiritual discernment, sacrificial worship was impossible. It would have been inexpressibly revolting, a horrible mockery of God. The only sacrifices which befitted their state were the offerings of heart-felt gratitude and loving obedience.

But the Adamic church began at length to decline from this celestial state. The consciousness of God grew indistinct. Perception of the good and the true became dim. Vision of the spiritual world was sealed up. Pure internal worship ceased. Men became more and more external in their character and life. A new Dispensation was therefore established, called the Noetic or Silver Age. In this age men still retained a knowledge of the symbolism of nature, but it was mere intellectual knowledge. They had no clear discernment of the spiritual verities which natural objects symbolized. They knew that the sun of this world represented the spiritual sun; but the latter was no longer visible to them. They knew the spiritual significance of the various kinds of animals, but had no vision of the corresponding spiritual realities. They still offered sincere worship to Jehovah, but availed themselves of the liturgy of nature to aid the spirit of devotion. Knowing that mountains signified the highest affections of the will, or love to the Lord, and thence the Lord Himself, and that groves were the natural correspondence of the perceptive powers of the mind exercised in approaching the Lord, they worshipped Him in groves situated upon the highest convenient hills or mountains. But their worship, though external and representative, was not without a genuine internal principle of devotion. It was spiritual, but clothed in simple and appropriate natural forms.

Animal sacrifices, however, did not properly belong to the Silver Age, nor were they practised until near the close of that period, when the race had fallen into gross and natural conceptions of God. The people or church called Heber was probably the first, according to the Sacred Scriptures, to institute sacrificial worship. This church retained the word Jehovah as the true name of God, and worshipped Him by sacrificial rites, while the surrounding nations

lost the knowledge of this name, and fell into idolatry. (Exodus iii., 18; v., 2, 3; viii., 26). Not content with the simple but expressive forms of the preceding ages, the Hebrews added to the hill and the grove, the altar and the offering of sacrifices. The altar was the Lord's table (Mal. i., 7); the animals offered were His meat and bread; the odor of the sacrifice was for a "sweet smelling savor" to Him; the animal was slain simply that it might be offered and burned upon the altar; the burning signified the Lord's acceptance and consumption of the offering. The worshipper laid his hands on the head of the victim ready to be slain, not to signify the transfer of his sins to it—this would have rendered the animal unclean, like the scape-goat, and unfit to be offered to the Lord—but to signify the transfer to it, and the expression thereby to the Lord, of the good affections which the worshipper cherished and which the animal fitly represented. The sacrificial act further signified his sense of indebtedness to God, his love for Him and his desire to please Him. "It testified his humble acknowledgment and his reverent surrender to God; but that was all." (Life and Light of Men 242). Confession of sin, though implied, doubtless, as a subjective process preliminary to all true worship, was not symbolized by sacrifice. Not sin, but holiness; not evil, but good, was thus representatively offered to the Lord, with the acknowledgment that all that is good in man, is of and from Him alone. The only instance in the whole system of ceremonial worship instituted by Moses, where confession and transfer of sin was made and symbolized, was when the hands were laid on the head of the scape-goat, which was never offered to God, but sent away into the wilderness as a thing accursed.

Thus regarded, sacrificial worship is free from many of the objections which lie against the perversions into which it has fallen. But in its best form, it indicates a lamentable decline from the spiritual worship which preceded it. It presents the divine character under a degraded and sensual aspect, revealing, however, the change that has been going on in the spiritual condition of the race and in its conceptions of God, rather than any infirmity in the essential attributes and perfections of divinity. It is precisely such a system as might have originated with men in their gradual alienation from God, and is entirely congruous with the corrupt state into which they are known to have fallen at a very early period. It is an eclipse of God, throwing its shadow across the field of human history for thousands of years—an eclipse caused by and adapted to man's diseased and obscure mental vision. It is repugnant to all just conceptions of the divine character, and cannot be regarded as an expression of God's will.

This style of worship once instituted, it is easy to see that it could not long retain the comparatively harmless form it first assumed. It was at best a burdensome and needless invention, or, if necessary at all, only rendered so by the very evils and perversions in men by which they had separated themselves from God, and become averse to genuine spiritual worship

as well as incapacitated for it. Hence, sacrificial worship soon degenerated into idolatry. The causes which led to its institution continued operative, and were stimulated to fuller developments. Images of animals were fashioned and set up in the temples of religion, and instead of being regarded as the symbolical forms of certain divine attributes, came at last to be revered as veritable deities, or at least as their visible shrines. Jehovah was grossly misconceived and blasphemed. He was divided against Himself, and made to conform to the sensual, dark and malign character which human nature had assumed. Hence animals and even human victims were slaughtered at the altars of religion to appease the wrath of Heaven and expiate the guilt of men.

Even the Hebrew race, of whom was Abraham, fell into this current of evil and perverse practices, and followed after false gods. The original principles of sacrificial worship became obscured and perverted among them. Abram himself needed to be taught that human sacrifices were neither required by Jehovah nor acceptable to Him. There was imminent danger that all worship of the true God, external as well as internal, would perish from the earth, and that the most shocking and bloody idolatrous rites would usurp its place. To avert this result, a particular family of the Hebrew nation, viz.: the seed of Abraham, was set apart to be instructed in the principles of true religion. In accommodation to their degraded and evil states, Jehovah permitted them to retain sacrificial worship, from which it was impossible to detach them at once without utterly destroying them; but commissioned Moses so to regulate it as to rescue it from the flagrant perversions into which it had been carried, and cause it to express, under representative rites, the principles of genuine internal worship. By this means communication was maintained between Heaven and earth, the Jewish people were kept in some degree of external morality and sanctity, and the race was prepared for the introduction of the Christian dispensation.

Animal sacrifices, therefore, were not first instituted in the time of Moses. He found them already in general use when he entered upon his work, and under divine direction he simply regulated what could not be at once abolished. Only the form, and not the substance of sacrificial worship, was made the subject of divine legislation. This view enables us to reconcile some scriptural statements which would otherwise stand in conflict with each other, and shows how it can be true, that animal sacrifices were not of divine origin, nor in themselves agreeable to the divine will, and yet that Moses was instructed by Jehovah to prepare an elaborate ritual for sacrificial worship.

The offering of animals, however, was at best but an expensive and elaborate ritual of religion, and not genuine religion itself. Its importance as compared with a life of obedience to the moral law, was as the value of the Sunday worship or liturgical services in which men now engage, is to that of the daily habits and uses of a life of charity. It was a mere external

form, having no worth save that which might be imparted to it from principles of goodness and truth, already wrought into the character and conduct of the worshipper. Its whole effect, too, was manward. It operated no change in God. It purchased no favors at His hands. It served, however, as a standing remainder to the Jewish people and to their idolatrous neighbors, of their indebtedness to God as the source of all life and blessing. It signified also the supreme and sole lordship of Jehovah, in that some of the very animals which were regarded as objects of worship among the heathen, and whose images were set up in their temples, were required to be offered daily at His altar.

But the question still remains, What relation did the Jewish sacrifices sustain to the person and work, sufferings and death of the Lord Jesus Christ?

If the bloody rites of sacrificial worship, and the sensual states of the people, which rendered them possible, were obnoxious to Jehovah, it will scarcely be claimed that these very rites were the divinely-appointed antetype of the sacrifice of Christ viewed as a substitute provided by God to expiate the sins of men. If they were designed to prefigure the vicarious character of Christ's sufferings and death, the inspired writers could not so often have spoken disparagingly of them, or declared obedience to be better than sacrifice. If, too, the Jewish people had hope of salvation only on the ground that their sacrifices were typical of the promised and sole efficacious sacrifice of Christ, then they needed to cherish the profoundest reverence for them, observe them most strictly, and exalt them in importance far above the moral law. Instead of this, as we have seen, chief stress is laid by the prophets on the elements of spiritual goodness and the practical duties of a virtuous life. "Wash you; make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well," (Isaiah i., 18,) is the burden of their admonitions. If, moreover, the sacrifice of animals was a divine institution, intended as a perpetual representation and prophecy of the sacrifice of Christ as our substitute, then it has failed of its purpose; for none of the prescribed forms of sacrifice was observed at the death of Christ. Or, if we allow that his death was the proper fulfilment of the representative rites of sacrifice, then the murderers of our Lord become for the time being Jehovah's sacred priests; and the ignominious cross His holy altar. But, if every mind revolts, as it surely must, from such a conception; and if, "by wicked hands" our Lord "was crucified and slain," then we are forced to the conclusion that the crucifixion of Christ, and the sacrifice of animals in worship, were both alike indicative of man's deep degradation and sinfulness, and hence offensive in the sight of God. Not that we regard the two things as equally criminal, for they were not; but they were both the fruit of the same evil and darkened state of the human mind, and not the work of a merciful and righteous God. And, conversely, if the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, instead of being a divinely-appointed sacrificial act,

expiatory of human guilt, was the very concentration of all wickedness, an act of high treason against Jehovah, and hence in the last degree abhorrent to Him, with what consistency can we suppose that He instituted the Jewish sacrifices, and constituted them the sacred and impressive types of the most glaring crime that His creatures could commit against Him?

If, therefore, the sacrificial system was representative of the work of Christ, as it doubtless was, it must have been so in some other sense than that here considered. What its true representative force was in reference to Christ, will readily appear, from what has already been said concerning the origin and primary significance of sacrificial rites. We have seen that these rites were intended as a liturgical expression of the religious feelings. They represented the consecration of the worshipper, the hallowing of his affections and thoughts, the surrender of the natural to the influx and control of the spiritual mind, the exercise of love and gratitude toward God. The animals brought to the altar were such as corresponded to sentiments of sincere worship, though the offering of them did not necessarily imply that the act proceeded from proper motives. The Jewish sacrifices therefore symbolized those spiritual sacrifices which are required of all men, and which are alone of value in the sight of God. And they represented the sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ in precisely the same sense and way that they typified the sacrifice which every one of us is required to make of himself to God. As we are commanded to "present our bodies"—(i. e. our whole being)—"a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable"—(i. e. rational or spiritual, as opposed to a mere ceremonial and carnal)—"service;" so Christ yielded himself unto God as "a lamb without blemish and without spot." He subjected his finite human nature absolutely to His divine essence, thus glorifying it and making it divine. He sacrificed all mere natural affections, and put off all mere human and finite states of life. In Him, therefore, divinity became human, and humanity became divine. He who was divine in first principles became divine also in the last or lowest—and Jehovah is henceforth present among His creatures as a Divine Natural Man.

But Christ's sacrifice, though analogous in form to that required of men, is not to be measured as to the value and efficacy by any finite standard. In His Divine Humanity He has become, in a measure, infinitely greater than any mere creature ever can, the living medium of divine influences for the regeneration of men.

This view of the relation of the Jewish sacrifices to the sacrifice of Christ, and of their proper representative meaning, harmonizes the teachings of revelation with the conclusions of reason, and the requirements of divine justice with the instincts of a purified and loving heart. While it is impossible to conceive of God as instituting or approving this ritual of blood, as it is impossible to imagine Him delighting in the deeds of those who nailed His Son to the cross, we can yet see how He could consistently avail Himself of existing

forms of worship from which men could not be at once divorced, to construct a system of religious symbols, which should truly represent the principles of spiritual worship, and typify the sacrificial work of Christ as well as the service required of every individual man. He therefore seizes upon the very signs of man's apostasy, and forges them into instruments by which the race shall be subdued unto Himself. He tolerates sacrifices only because He can make them the means of their own overthrow—the channel of ideas and influences that shall educate men to reject them as unnecessary and absurd. That this end was reached in the latter stages of the Mosaic dispensation, history attests. Tradition also declares that after the destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple of God by the Romans, an eminent Jewish Rabbi assembled his surviving brethren amid the ruins, on the site where the solemnities of sacrifice had been so long performed, and, with the consent of all, proclaimed that thenceforth the offering of sacrifices was not obligatory, and that works of charity should be considered their equivalent and substitute.

A NOBLE ART.

BY ALGER FORESTIER.

ONCE I remembered among my friends a lady who had known many afflictions, cares and heart-griefs, and yet, whose brightness of demeanor and cheerfulness were unflagging, whose very presence was a sunbeam. This lady talked often of her art. When praised for any striking course of action, she would reply, with touching simplicity: "Yes, I learned that from my art."

As a child, I often wondered what this art could be; growing older, I set myself to work to find out. It was not the art of music, passionately fond as she was of that divine art, and on as lofty a pedestal as she placed it; for, being somewhat at home within its magic realms myself, I knew that she was not sufficiently skilled therein to designate it as her own; nor was it the art of painting, nor yet of sculpture.

"Miss Margaret," I inquired one day, "what is your art?"

A sweet smile flitted across her face, as she touchingly asked for reply, "And have I so poorly exemplified it all these years, that you need ask?"

"I am sure, now," cried I, "that it is, after all, what has often suggested itself to my mind, 'The art of making the most of life.'"

"You are right," she answered, well pleased; "and this I consider the greatest of arts—all others are sent to earth to aid us in perfecting it."

This made a deep impression upon me, one that I have never forgotten. Since then I have become an observer in life, and have frequently had occasion to marvel how few comprehend or endeavor to live by this art. Many fields of science and art are open to those whose talents guide them into such directions; but this one field is open to all, and they who best make use of their own individual talents are best fitted to enter nobly upon it. To make the most of

life, we must court the sunshine. There is sorrow enough given into every human life without our needing to cling to each separate grief, and gloat over its memory. By holding fast to the sunbeams that stray across our paths, we can accomplish marvels in the way of lighting up the dark places of life. There is much to enjoy, much to make one happy in this beautiful world, despite its cares and bitternesses, and our highest duty to ourselves, as well as to those who surround us, is to make the most and the best of life, and to be as happy as we can.

The next stage of existence lies stretched before us as an unknown sea, that it will be fuller, grander, more complete than this every instinct of our nature teaches us to believe—otherwise we know nothing of its requirements. The present, however, is ours; we know its duties and needs; we know that the more we struggle to fulfil these the stronger we grow, the more good we can accomplish. We know, too, that the good God never gave us intellect without purposing that we should use it and make the best of it, as of all else with which He has endowed us. Undoubtedly, therefore, they who best grasp "The art of making the most of Life," will be best fitted for the requirements of another state of being when called to enter upon it.

SOMETIME.

BY MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

SOME time we may look back upon these days,
And think them brighter than we deem them now;
Some time, when youth has flitted from our gaze,
And care has ploughed deep on our brow.
We may recall this self-same hour again,
And thro' the roseate veil of vanished years
See many a blessing which we now call pain,
And much of sunshine where we now have tears.

The days are gliding by on noiseless wing—
Some go in gladness, and some go in grief;
Could we but realize the good they bring,
And that, at best, the longest life is brief.
Might we not live and love, and satisfied,
Win calm contentment for our daily guest,
Which, like a sweet song-bird at eventide,
Shall sit and carol in the old home-nest.

Oh! let us, as we journey on our way,
Along the crooked paths of busy life,
Remember always this, to "watch and pray,"
For this alone will help us thro' the strife.
And then, some time, in after years to come,
When we in memory shall retrace the past,
We'll find the nearer that we get toward Home,
Each year has still been better than the last.

By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthly; namely, by simplicity and purity. Simplicity doth tend toward God; purity doth apprehend and (as it were) taste Him.—THOMAS A' KEMPIS.

Who is wise? He that learns from every one.
Who is powerful? He that governs his passion.
Who is rich? He that is content.

MY THORN.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

HE, Weston, was poor; I knew it when I married him; but he told me we three could all live together so nicely—he and I and his sister Joanna.

I had never met Joanna but once, and then I had so little time—just while the cars stopped at noon—that we had no opportunity of becoming acquainted. She was tall and straight, her voice low and musical, and her step as soft as a cat's. Surely I'd like sister Joanna.

But before we had lived in the same house a fortnight, I found her to be my antipode. I liked to listen to the soothing patter of the rain on the roof; it made her lonesome. I liked to have that loose limb of the great overgrown lilac bush against the window, and make its leafy shadow creep across the carpet; she tied it back fast to the main body, because it made her think there was a man sneaking about the window. I liked to see the tall spikes of flowering hollyhocks stand close up to the white walls of our house; she hacked them off with the butcher knife because they were common, and not suggestive of thrift. I liked to see the branches of the weeping willow trail across the path, and sweep their plummy lengths on the grass; but Joanna couldn't see people pass along the road, and recognize them "for sure," until the lower and larger branches of the willow were cut away; and, though it made me most sensitively shrink away from the task, they were cut away at my suggestion.

I shuddered when I thought that perhaps all the years of my wedded life, were they many or few, would be spent under the same roof with my husband's sister, Joanna. Oh, I thought I'd really rather live out in the woods in a hollow tree in the winter, and beside a mossy log in the summer, than to endeavor to stand this! I was too honorable to complain. I thought I would lay my hand over my mouth, and my face in the dust, before I would ever let my mother or my husband know of this. It would trouble them, and would do me no good. I comforted myself this way.

I patched up a theory, and with it covered my propensity to growl, and fret, and worry; and this was it—that we all have a one trouble; there was no life-path so sunny that a shadow did not fall across it, and my trouble was—his sister, Joanna.

I looked around among my friends to compare loads with them, and—would you believe it?—I was not willing to exchange burdens with any of them. Mrs. A. had a jealous, snarling husband; mine was a jewel of a boy. Mrs. B.'s husband was illiterate and lazy, and cared so little for her comfort that he was as a dead body, repulsive, yet not to be shaken off; mine was alive to my comfort and welfare. Mrs. C.'s husband married her to spite another girl, not for love; mine would have lived and died a discon-

solate bachelor had he not won me, the woman of his choice, the girl of his heart. Mrs. D.'s husband was so niggardly that he'd hardly allow her enough rich soil in which to grow a geranium, and she had to give an account of every dime she spent; me and mine were mutual partners in the contents of the family wallet; I was trusted without blame or stint. Mrs. E. had to care for a bed-ridden mother-in-law, and all her bloom and freshness was wasting away under the thankless work. Mrs. F.'s husband was so homely that every little whiff of a dog would run out and bark and snip at his heels as he passed along the streets; mine was kingly in his beauty and his grace. And so I went on all through my circle of acquaintances, and finally brought up the list with myself, Chatty Reynolds, blessed among women and wives.

Yes, I could bear the whims and ways of his sister Joanna; my shadow was not near as large as a man's hand, and comforting myself thus I seemed to look out upon a life-landscape picture, serene and sunny. I determined not to fret because all was not purple and gold, and wine and honey; be sure, his sister Joanna was my bug-bear, but I'd show myself, Chatty Reynolds, that this could be borne bravely. So, braced and nerved, and serenely smiling, I went on my way, how evenly you shall see.

One day I was making curtains for the dining-room windows; I was measuring them off to hang so they would almost touch the floor, when she hailed me with, "Char-ity Runnels! what do you mean? Nonsense! Curtains of that length in a dining-room! Let me make 'em to suit myself—a sensible set o' curtains."

I did so dislike to yield, but my better self prevailed, and I said: "Well, make them just as you like; I'll be satisfied."

She made them as her mother had made curtains in her girlhood—to hang up, probably, over oiled-paper windows. They just reached to the sills of the windows, and looked like little girls' aprons. I never did like to see window-curtains starched at all—just allowed to hang soft and gracefully—but these were as stiff as paper. I always felt annoyed every time I looked at the little bristling frills in our dining-room, but I persuaded myself that this was a trifling thing not worth the minding, and so that matter was considered settled.

Onions! the smell of them always gave me the headache; but Joanna said she "loved onions," and she often ate them twice a day; sometimes she would crunch a raw one, and she ate it as though the juice was reliable.

I never could bear saur kraut about the house, but Joanna would have a barrel full made every fall. I had always been accustomed to wearing jewelry, but her pointed denunciation against it in the female

prayer-meeting induced me to lay mine aside in a forbearing way, now that I was a married woman, and should not, perhaps, care for the things that pleased me in my girlhood.

I took pride in trying to have a good garden. Joanna took walks in my garden daily, and she never forbore to report that the lettuce never would make its way up through that hard crust; that the potato bugs had come on "forty thousand strong," and commenced depredations; that the cut-worms had e'en about finished the last row of marrowfat, and would soon begin on the Tom Thumbs; that she was sure we wouldn't have an early radish, and that it did beat all natur' how the weeds had got a start of the flowers, for even the Johnny-jump-ups were smothering in a mat of knot-grass.

I never heard a favorable report from the garden once in my life, though we always had the earliest and freshest and crispest vegetables in the neighborhood.

If I made a rhubarb-pie it was sure to be a "leetle stringy, Char-rity," a currant-pie was "kind o' puckery;" the strawberries and cream were sandy and "gritted between the teeth like all-possessed;" the Early York made into delicious slaw was tasty but "mightn't an angle-worm a' got into it somehow, unbeknown," and the bare suspicion made her nose turn up, and the corners of her mouth draw down in a scared way.

She always barred the doors at night and placed a table against the kitchen-door, and put nails in the windows, and fastened the blinds, and stuck a stick in the key-hole "for fear some man would come pokin' round."

Honestly, I did wish some old widower *would* come pokin' round and offer his warmed-over affections to my husband's sister Joanna.

Though a daily mail brought us news in plenty, she never read anything unless it was what she called "a good murder," that meant a bloody, cruel, heartless murder, the more fiendish it was, the better she liked it.

I've seen her sit like a gourmand and gloat over an account of a man cutting his wife's tongue out, and her ears off, and then killing her deliberately and slowly with torture the most heart-rending.

She was fond of visiting, and very fond of attending wakes and funerals. She went far and near to funerals, her heart was kind and full of sympathy. She always wore black on such occasions and consoled the bereft ones by such phrases as "in the midst of life we are in death;" "he's better off 'n any of us;" "well, we must all die, some time;" "we know not the day nor the hour when our time'll come;" and "the Marster'll take us all in his own good way."

She rather enjoyed such seasons of "refreshment." In her absence I always kept the tea-kettle a-near the stove, boiling, so I could make her cup of hot tea as soon as she came home. She always regaled me with such terse sentences as "he did look very nat'ral;" or, "it was the noblest looking corpse I ever saw;"

or, "she seemed just as if she was sleeping sweetly—the smile on her face was so beautiful."

Poor Joanna! she was his sister, so I always put on a show of interest and would ejaculate, "la!" "well—well!" "poor soul!" "ah, me!" or something congenial to her state of mind. It cost me nothing, and helped to make us friends.

When my little Tot was born I was bound on one thing, and that was the first time my will was ever set up against hers. I would not have that precious baby named for her, neither should it be called Dorcas, or Lydia, or Lois, or Abigail, or Zeruiah, or any of those old, Bible names for which Joanna had such a love. Tot was mine to the very ends of her little pink fingers and toes, and I meant that no old iron-bedstead of a name should cramp her, my baby.

She lay like a rose-leaf on her aunt's spacious lap, while the well-meaning old veiny hands, like claws, felt of her from tip to tip, to see if they couldn't detect a faulty place, or a deformity, or a lack in the glorious little bit of perfect pink and white mechanism, finer than a miniature watch, the most glorious of all nature's most beautiful handiwork.

"What will we call her, Char-rity? You don't want her named for yourself, sure—that's ill luck," said she.

Oh, I just shut my teeth for fear she'd say, "s'posin' we call it Joanna!"

"Oh, I'll name my baby, myself, when I think of something as pretty as can be," said I, spreading a veil over my face and pretending to try and sleep.

Well, the end came; I waited four years for it, hopeful and patient. I write this with a jubilant laugh.

A man *did* come "pokin' round," and he was after my husband's sister, Joanna.

He was an undertaker, owned the finest hearse anywhere about within twenty-five miles; he had met Joanna at several funerals, she always nodded to him when it was time to screw on coffin-lids—that was the way they became acquainted.

It's a family matter, and I don't want to talk about her, but their courtship was so funny. He couldn't converse two minutes until one would know what his trade was. How often I have heard him use the phrase, "I am allus merry only at a funeral!" One could imagine, however, from his occupation and her predilection that there would be congeniality between them.

They were married in a quiet way at the parsonage in the village.

He proposed a bridal trip out to the city of Cleveland, to see a body, which, when exhumed, after sixteen years, was found to be solid stone. A few hours before the time of starting on the anticipated tour a little child died of malignant scarlet fever, then two others, within four days, and the undertaker called upon was the happy husband of sister Joanna.

She rode beside him on the hearse—she sat like a queen; Cleopatra in her beautiful barge felt no prouder or happier.

On their way home from the last funeral they came

to our house and stayed all night, and rode off the next morning gayly, glistening, and smelling of coffin varnish, while the mourning plumes nodded, and tossed, and swayed as though they were cutting up capers at a wedding.

I stood in the door and watched them until they were out of sight. They would turn their heads as quickly as two woodpeckers, and look in each other's faces in such a happy way that it made me glad to see them so satisfied with each other.

When she came to take her housekeeping goods from our home, the parting, the breaking up of the old relation between us, was sad. It could not be otherwise, even though we were all glad that newer and dearer ties had usurped the old ones. As we bade good-bye and kissed each other, she said with

quivering lips and broken voice: "Char-ity Runnels, you've bin a dear, good, patient, kind sister to me; God bless you—and that's more'n I can say of any other woman I know. May the Lord be with ye, Char-ity, and bless ye for what you've done."

Oh, then I was so glad that I had curbed my temper, and held my wishes in check, and so patiently borne with his sister in the beginning of my married life. It was so much better than to have quarrelled with her, and reigned mistress against her will, and made us all unhappy.

I tell this episode in my own life, hoping it will be like a helping hand to young wives similarly situated. It is so much better to take life's vicissitudes coolly, and calmly, and cheerfully, and hopefully.

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT.

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.

PART IV.—MILLICENT'S ROMANCE, AND WHAT IT WAS MADE OF.

CHAPTER I.—WHERE TWO STORIES MEET.

IN all the outskirts of London, there could be scarcely a gloomier dwelling than Blenheim House, Hackney. It turned its side to the high road, a great, dirty, brick side, only broken by two lights, a barred window on the ground-floor, and another, high up, on a staircase. The front of the house looked into its own dank, green garden, amid dreary walls with their deep-set, olive-green door, bearing the inscription: "David Maxwell, surgeon."

The interior was as dismal. The rooms could never have been cheerful, but they had once been handsome. Now, the marble mantels were discolored by neglect and careless usage, the wood-carving had been chipped and never repaired, even the windows had been cheaply mended with coarse, defective glass. Whatever colors the heavy sprawling-patterned carpets had once possessed, were worn away under the steps of many years. The only pictures were a few engravings after Benjamin West, and a set of Hogarth's "Rake's Progress." The mirrors were framed in ebony. But there was none of that stately precision which gives dignity to gloom. There was always a clay pipe on the mantel-shelves, and Mr. Maxwell liked to drink his ale, at all hours, out of a pewter-pot.

The inmates were like their home, as they generally are, since they either make it or it makes them. They were only four in number—master, mistress, son and servant.

The surgeon had belonged to respectable connections of Scotch origin, but long settled as manufacturers in an eastern county. He did not belong to them now. He had found his own level, far below theirs. His closest ties were dead, and what slight communication passed between him and those who

remained, were due entirely to their pitiful regrets for one who had sunk so low that he did not know his own degradation. Mr. Maxwell was a thoroughly coarse man, not without a kind of rank cleverness, which he would have been better without, for while too idle and unscrupulous to earn or deserve an honest professional confidence, this afforded him a slippery back staircase to a small, doubtful celebrity, which he valued more for its excitement than even for its uncertain profits. He was the easy-going doctor who asked no awkward questions in sundry matters connected with births and deaths, whose decorous certificate was always forthcoming—and he liked to reckon how many reputations he held in his mercy. Yet his professional income was not nearly so large as the decent, humdrum parish doctor's, and had he not possessed some small private means, he could not even have maintained the dismalness of Blenheim House, even though he was not very particular how he took payment. The only handsome modern article in Blenheim House was a velvet pile table-cover, which had come from the scene of the suicide of an old wicked patient of his. It was as good as new, except that there was a little stain on one corner, which nobody could tell was not port wine. But Mr. Maxwell did a great many dirty deeds for nothing, and therefore fancied himself a liberal man, though he never entered a shop without beating down the shopkeeper, nor paid a bill till he had been dunned many times. Mr. Maxwell professed to despise society, and called all visiting "rubbish and nonsense," which simply meant that he found his most agreeable companions in pot-houses; and that he begrudged to give that hospitality which reserves the minimum of sensual gratification to the host.

And it was very easy for him to scoff at respectable tea-parties and neighborly gatherings; but the fact

was, he had really put himself out of society many years ago, and he knew it.

There had been two "Mrs. Maxwells" at Blenheim House. The first, who had been dead before Mr. Maxwell came to Hackney, had never had any right to that style—the second had only acquired it, after tardy years, at the urging of some well-meaning and wealthy connection of the surgeon's, who had vainly hoped to purify two corrupted and unrepentant lives, by a spiritual salt, which became a savorless formula the moment it touched them.

Of the mistress of the house, it is therefore needless to say much, for she was just what might be expected, except, perhaps, that having become a wife when she least thought to be one, she measured the honor, not from its proper basis, but from the depths of her previous degradation, and by her rampant self-sufficiency and insolence, justified Solomon's description of "the odious woman when she is married." She had not her husband's contempt for society. She hankered after it, as the stage whereon to strut and display her bran-new morality. Her vanity assured her credulity that nobody knew anything of her past, and she understood none of those finer feelings which shrink from taking credit beyond capital. She went regularly to church, though Mr. Maxwell never accompanied her. She angled for, and hooked an occasional invitation. Some people thought the floating rumors of the district might be only a scandal, founded on her husband's undeniably bad character, and that if she were the virtuous, though common and disagreeable wife, of such an abandoned man, she deserved a little countenance, while one or two social ghouls who believed the worst, accepted her acquaintance in the hope of getting a real peep into the Blenheim chamber of horrors. But Mr. Maxwell never encouraged his wife to return the invitations she received.

"You'll make a fool of yourself, Poll," he said; "but you sha'n't make one of me."

And so, when one of the ghouls came, he had his cup of tea sent out of the parlor into his surgery, but came into the room after, and behaved with such a mixture of coarse repulsion and coarser familiarity, that even the ghoulish retreated in dismay, and reported "that it was quite impossible to visit poor Mrs. Maxwell, the surgeon was so very peculiar."

And so Mrs. Maxwell presently became content to pay a limited number of visits on the understanding that they were not returned, on account of her husband's "eccentricities." And she did not object to the arrangement so long as it could be thus made without blighting wholly her social ambitions. Nevertheless, she had her Mordecai, and that not merely at her gate, but within it.

Many a respectable matron in Hackney, troubled, even in those days, with raw servants, that came and went, burning the linen, smashing the crockery, and diversifying the monotony of this by occasional larcenies, wondered how it was that dreary Blenheim House had won a domestic treasure which they could not find for their own snug habitations. For Phoebe

Winter had been in Mr. Maxwell's service for more than twenty years, at least. She had arrived, perched behind his goods, when he came to Blenheim House. She had seen the home-coming of its present mistress. She knew all about everything. Phoebe Winter wore a wedding-ring, and was doubtless a widow. In years, as in residence, Phoebe was older than her mistress. She could never have been a pretty girl. But she was grand now. She was like some great, majestic rock, which has been stripped of all its clinging herbage. An artist once stopped her in the street and asked her to sit to him. Phoebe was savagely indignant. "Am I to be insulted at my time of life," she asked, "that nobody dared insult when I was a gal?" He wanted her for a model of Jael, the wife of Heber. Fancy what she must have been, for him to detect her fitness in her coarse, clinging dress and rough kitchen-cap.

Mrs. Maxwell had to bear many congratulations about her "faithful old servant." When the ghouls called upon her, the ghouls considered it "only a fit mark of respect to such a commendable domestic," to try to open a little conversation with her, when she attended while the ghouls resumed her clogs. Just a little harmless patronizing conversation, which, had it been received with grateful cordiality, might have led to a few more words if the lady and the servant chanced to meet in the market or at the church-door. But Phoebe Winter was not cordial.

Mrs. Maxwell wanted to get rid of Phoebe. Phoebe was determined not to go. And Phoebe had her way. If Mrs. Maxwell blustered, Phoebe did not care. If Mrs. Maxwell assumed kindness, and urged her to better herself, she only grimly answered, "that folks had their own ways of taking care of themselves." If Mrs. Maxwell taunted her for her poor spirit in staying to earn a girl's wages of six pounds a year, and no perquisites, Phoebe coolly said "that she'd seen such a many drabble-tails marry-come-up in their satines and cambrics, that she didn't covet any better than a honest linsey-woolsey for herself." This generally despatched Mrs. Maxwell to her own business in the parlor. She never took courage to give Phoebe a direct notice to quit. She knew by heart all that Phoebe would say to her side-hints, but she was not at all sure what Phoebe might say to that—and she preferred not to know.

After all, many people might have as old servants as Phoebe, if they were prepared to endure such service as hers. She certainly worked hard, but she did not know how to work. She could not have entered service till her ideas were set beyond readjustment, and they had surely been formed in a country-laborer's cottage. Every detail showed it. She could cook well in flour, milk, or potatoes, but her meats were either raw or cindery. She could scrub, but she could not dust; she could wash, but she could neither starch nor iron. Twice or thrice Mrs. Maxwell had supplemented her deficiencies by another servant. But no other servant would stay long at Blenheim House. Some were afraid of the master. Some declared they would not stop in a place where

the mistress did not think they were of the same flesh and blood as herself. They each poured out their grievances to Phoebe before they went away. Phoebe pursed up her mouth, and said nothing.

Such was the woman who lived in Blenheim House kitchen, with its prospect of dust-bin and pump. But wherever the Blenheim House skeleton cupboard was, it surely had a door into that kitchen, whether the master knew it or not, and although Mrs. Maxwell had never found it—perhaps because she feared to search too close.

But there was one young life in the dismal, hopeless place. There was one who had played—faintly and quietly, perhaps—about the gloomy rooms, Little David Maxwell, as he was called by repute, had not arrived in Hackney with Phoebe in the goods cart. He had been brought up next day by a maid who had a box and baggage of her own with her, as if she expected to stay, but who presently went away again, box and all, counting money in her purse.

Phoebe had the sole charge of him, from then, till the new Mrs. Maxwell came, seven years after. Since then, she might be said to have had double charge of him—not only to preserve, but to defend.

Little David had sat at meals with the surgeon and his wife. But he had learned his lessons in the kitchen. He had had his playmate there, too, in the shape of a great, good-tempered cat; but when the new mistress came home, she ordered this to be sent away, saying: "Some little boys should be thankful to be fed and clothed themselves, without expecting money to be wasted on meat for useless animals."

She wanted it to be destroyed. She would give a man sixpence to do it, she said. "Last money need never be grudged." But with apparent indifference Phoebe had suggested that she thought this expense might be spared, she knew where she could find a home for David's favorite.

So she did. That very evening she carried it off to an almshouse near. David went with her, to see his pet completely installed on a soft cushion in an old woman's snug domicile. In his passionate childish grief at leaving his playfellow, he did not much notice that old woman's garrulous assurances.

"Deed, mem, an' it shall be taken care of. I'm fond of beasts—cats in particular, an' I'd have had one long ago if I could afford its keep, and it shall have its cat's meat and milk just as you say, mem, and you're welcome to look in, an' see that I'm a-layin' out your money as you mean it to be."

"There, there, Davie," said Phoebe, as they walked home, "don't cry, you'll be able to come with me and see Tommy now and then."

"But I sha'n't have him always any more," sobbed the boy.

"Pussy is quite comfortable," Phoebe assured him, "he is better off than with us, for that nice little room will be warm all night, much nicer than our damp kitchen. If you care for poor pussy, David, you shouldn't mind giving him up for his own good."

Fivepence a week for cat's board was a heavy tax on six pounds a year. Phoebe could not have clearly explained why she paid it. But David growing satisfied in the dull kitchen, because he had a glimpse of his favorite, sleek and snug on the almshouse window-sill, had learned the childish version of a price-less lesson.

David went to school, and won the favor of his master. His schoolfellows did not know him. His solitude, and the dispiriting sense of an unintelligible inferiority, forced on him by his stepmother, had not taught him how to make friends. He would decline a share in sports which he was really longing to join. If there were any lad for whom he felt a particular admiration and warmth, from that boy he especially shrank.

At fifteen, he closed his career as a pupil. Instead of the dozens of friends which most youths fancy they have made for life, David Maxwell had but a trembling possession of one. This was a boy named Fergus Laurie, the son of a very needy widow, who had given him the advantage of a year's "good schooling" before putting him into a neighboring manufactory.

David and Fergus were about the same age, and Fergus was sent to earn his bread two years before David left school—a fact whereon Mrs. Maxwell made many edifying comments. There were many points of sympathy between the boys. For both, it was desirable that the friendship should be an outdoor one. David had never called forth express injunction on the subject, but he quite understood that no acquaintance of his would be welcome at Blenheim House. On the other hand, Mrs. Laurie lived in a perpetual muddle, and was a woman who would never admit any stranger to a sight of the scanty fare which she could scarcely get for her own children. For though she would often put herself into protracted difficulties by a burst of extravagant indulgence in the table luxuries, after which she constantly hankered, yet to share such dear-bought luxuries with others formed no part of her enjoyment.

Fergus's life would be hard if David's was repressed. Fergus was like a plant left open to battle with the storm. David was like one shut up from light and air.

Fergus gave David his first great pleasure—the exquisite delight of having something to give worthy of another's taking. Fergus's education was broken off just at the climax of his longing for knowledge. As David advanced beyond his friend, he discovered that he might help him forward.

There was a pathetic humor in the lads' shifts. They had to carry on their studies wandering in the streets. Sometimes they would snatch a chapter of history by the friendly light of some shop window. Once, on a frosty night, David bought a pennyworth of roast chestnuts, that he might seek out the derivation of a word by the warm light of the chestnut vendor's fire. David lent his school-books to Fergus between the respective class days. David even lost a

prize because Fergus forgot to return one in time for him to get up an important task.

The two lads were "confirmed" at the same time. They went together to the vicar for preparation. Mr. Devon was considerably interested in them both. Mr. Devon was one of those who believed no more of the queer reports about the Maxwells than that the surgeon was a very bad man, the shadow of whose vices had fallen on two probably innocent wives. He was rather annoyed that Mrs. Devon persisted in being very freezing to Mrs. Maxwell whenever she called at the vicarage. Mrs. Devon never contradicted him when he asserted his view of the case, which discreet reservation only made it the harder for him to blame her for a very subtle line of behavior, which, had the good gentleman only known it, Mrs. Maxwell was far too hardened and arrogant to feel, or to care for.

"That young Maxwell has really a remarkable scriptural knowledge, and a child-like clearness of belief," said the vicar to himself. "I cannot suppose he acquired it at school, for I fear there is not much lively evangelical truth taught in the academy. He must owe it to his stepmother, after all, coarse, vulgar woman as I must own—not to Mrs. Devon—that she appears!"

That same night, speaking with her nurse-like freedom, which she had never resigned, Phoebe inquired: "Well, David, could you answer the parson's questions?"

"I think so, Phoebe. Thanks to you, if I did. You must have taken a great deal of trouble with me."

David had not long left the Academy before he returned to it as a teacher. Apart from Mrs. Maxwell's taunting hints, he had a right-minded boy's desire for independence, and, in his father's utter apathy, only too eagerly seized on what first presented itself as a road thereto.

Fergus Laurie stoutly blamed him for entering a line of life with such narrow, dim prospects. Fergus was already advancing in his manufactory, and had made up his mind to die a merchant prince. Fergus Laurie was a slight, small creature, but strong and sound in his very delicacy, and possessing that nervous-bilious temperament which always carries so much before it. He had hazel eyes for David's gray eyes, stiff, drab-brown hair for David's chestnut locks, and though they were both equally taciturn, when Fergus Laurie spoke, it was not with David's timid proffer of ideas, but with authority, and the air of one who would have spoken long before had he cared to take the trouble. Fergus Laurie had fronted the world, compounded family debts, negotiated family loans, and learned how to make sixpence represent a shilling, while David Maxwell had had nothing to do but sit still, and accept the hard fact that his parents were not like other parents, nor his home like other homes.

Fergus Laurie decorated his bedroom with such texts as—"The hand of the diligent shall bear rule," "Be strong and of good courage: be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed." He transcribed them

himself, on cartridge paper, in quaint characters, that made every letter a capital one.

In David Maxwell's pocket Bible the marker lay ever on the ninety-first Psalm, and had it been removed the book would still have opened there.

He did not develop into a strong man. Perhaps it was not likely that he should. But like many another, nobody noticed that he was only struggling on till he dropped. There came an evening when he met Fergus Laurie for their accustomed walk, and was obliged to ask him not to practise his French upon him that night, he felt so queer and misty. And Fergus, who was very anxious to get on with his French at that particular time, hinted to him that he "gave way" very easily. But next morning David was not in the teacher's seat at the Academy. And he never was there again.

He did not die. He went to the very gates of the grave and struggled back again. It was in the days of doubt, that Fergus Laurie first made his way into Blenheim House.

Phoebe let him pass very easily, and he boldly presented himself at Mrs. Maxwell's parlor door.

"I don't ask to see him to-night," he said, "but I cannot rest satisfied without getting the report from head-quarters, and then, of course, you will tell me, as soon as ever I may venture in."

Fergus meant to gain admittance, and he gained it. Was he, Fergus Laurie, who meant to conquer the world, to be exiled from his only friend by a woman whose measure he took as he did Mrs. Maxwell's? It was no use shutting moral doors in his face, he walked straight through them all. He could see no reason why Blenheim House should maintain such seclusion, since it certainly had not his own family reason of proud and selfish poverty. When David got better—and he would be sure to get better—how much more comfortable it would be for them to sit and read together in any of these vacant chambers than to wander in the streets!

David did get better, but his had been an illness which entails years of convalescence. His father opened his purse-strings a little, and gave him change of air in lonely sojourns at dull watering-places, and whenever some old, old parsimony made itself unpleasantly manifest in the household, Mrs. Maxwell sighed and made appropriate remarks about "the expenses one must incur for poor afflicted invalids."

For a long time, David hoped that each succeeding week would find him fit to recommence battle with the world, and on some more independent scheme—if not, oh, beautiful mirage, on an altogether new battle-field. But it was no use. He presently became convinced that this dreary page of life was too large to be left blank. He must fill it in as best he could.

His father discussed each of his suggestions with as much interest and gravity as if they had related to the politics of Lilliput, instead of the welfare of his own flesh and blood. Mrs. Maxwell dashed them by reproachful hints that "he was not grateful for his good home, and that he'd be better employed think-

ing of his duty to the father to whom he owed so much, than worrying about his own affairs."

David at last did the only thing that it seemed he could do. He went into the surgery. He could make himself useful there in many small ways, in lieu of young men whom his father had hitherto hired, for miserable pittances indeed, but the sparing of which would certainly cover the expenses of his board. His father had often talked of taking a pupil instead of these assistants, saying that one would be quite as useful, and save the salary. David would be this pupil. Had he known more of the world, or had a less simple-minded forgetfulness of himself, he might have been daunted by the miserable prospect before a delicate man as a medical practitioner. Nor did he know what Mr. Maxwell was as well as everybody else did. From the inside and from the outside things saw differently. And the very habit of household life, however miserable, begets a kind of confidence and fetters the critical powers. But David just did the best according to his judgment and knowledge, and it is sometimes well that one's judgment and knowledge have limits. To be over prudent, is to be less than wise.

Henceforth David almost lived in the surgery. *In the evening Fergus Laurie came there, and was still helped forward in his general studies. In the morning David sat behind the barred-window and read his medical books. It was sitting so, that he first noticed a neat, brisk, little figure that constantly went by, always carrying a drawing portfolio. He grew to look for her. Perhaps it was the utter absence of any such figure from his own life that invested it with such a peculiar charm. He wondered what the house must be like where she lived.

"Don't you know who that is?" Fergus Laurie asked, one morning, when he happened to call in at the surgery, and perhaps observed that David's eyes followed the little passer-by as she went down the road. "That is Miss Millicent Harvey. She lives with her mother, in a little house in Grove Lane. She works for our firm."

"Does she, really?" David asked, adding, with a tell-tale blush. "Isn't she very sweet-looking?"

"Is she? Well, yes, I suppose she is," admitted young Laurie.

"What does she do for your firm?" David asked.

"Designs patterns," said Fergus.

"I should think she's clever," commented David. "I should think she might be able to do something above designs. She has eyes which look as if they saw a great deal. And I've noticed her looking up at the sunsets, and how few people do that—I used not myself. I suppose you know her to speak to?" he added, with ill-affected indifference.

"I require to speak to her sometimes," Fergus answered. "Have you never seen her at church? No—you can't, they sit in a corner that you don't see from your pew, and they come in and out by a different door. She has a mother and a brother. He writes for the papers."

This was all that David Maxwell ever knew of

Millicent Harvey till the night when, after much demur and shrinking, he accepted the vicar's unexpected invitation.

He went home from that party with a springing step. It had come naturally to speak to her, and she had been so pleasant. He flashed upon the brutalized surgeon and his sullen wife in their forlorn parlor, like a lamp suddenly shining into a dark place. He had the same effect. The brightness stirred and irritated them.

"What's up now, Dave?" asked Mr. Maxwell. "Are you fancying some girl has fallen in love with you? Hope she's got money."

"I should think David has too much sense," said Mrs. Maxwell. "He has got something else to think of besides falling in love. He has to get back his health and make money before he dreams of that nonsense. And girls must hold themselves very cheap, if those that have a chance to visit at the vicarage would look at David."

The darkness seemed to conquer. The light went out. David went up to his bed-chamber, feeling as if it would never again be so easy to speak to Millicent.

But did the light go out? or was it only shaded and screened from the cold, cruel blast? He had caught a glimpse of beauty and joy and courage possible even in the same world as Blenheim House. The world could never be the old, dull world again. There was a yearning within him for that brighter, freer life of which he had caught a glimpse. It could not have been satisfied by the mere shadow which had awakened it. Had he been able to seize that shadow, his grasp would have swept the glory from it, as the gold perishes on a caught butterfly. But it passed softly away from his life, only to find refuge in his very soul, and to be elevated into that pure ideal, which the Saviour surely meant, when He said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

Next day, David took a leaf from Fergus's book. He, too, wrote out a text, but he did not put it up on his chamber wall, but laid it in the secret drawer of the old bureau, which Mr. Maxwell said he might use as his own.

This was the text: "Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart."

CHAPTER II.

A SHARP YOUNG MAN.

AFTER David Maxwell's comments, Fergus Laurie took more notice of Millicent than he had ever done before. He discovered that she really was pretty, when one came to look at her. Business prevented him from being one of the vicar's guests, on the occasion when David introduced himself to Millicent, and perhaps this accidental loss incited him to greater zeal next time he met her, in the ordinary way, in the counting-house.

Once something obliged her to wait there awhile. Fergus set a chair for her in just the most agreeable

position. Fergus had often been very remiss in such common civilities. He had a nature in which politeness was not an instinct, and the occasional attentions of such are often set at a different value to habitual courtesy, except by very wise people. We need not pity those who form this false estimate, for it is generally vanity that betrays them into it, as the civility which is not of natural grace has a delicious savor of special personal tribute.

Then Fergus began to talk about her designs, and told her of praise which the head partner of the house had privately bestowed upon them. Next he asked, if she ever sketched.

Millicent hesitated. "I am seldom in the country," she said. "I have never seen such scenery as people care for. But I have tried a few things that took my own fancy; tumble-down cottages; and the church tower, trifles that nobody could see any beauty in."

"Perhaps, because they have not learned to use their eyes," Fergus answered, with an emphasis on the nominative. "But whoever does one thing well can generally do many things tolerably, and if you can sketch half as well as you design, I should think you might develop into a good artist. You must have had first-rate teaching?"

"Only my mother's," Millicent replied.

"Ah,—well,—doubtless she must have been a good teacher, and yet perhaps we only learn what we teach ourselves. You have only had a home training in art, and I only had one year's good schooling, and yet I think we have known greater dunces than we are, Miss Harvey," he concluded, with a slight laugh, as he turned away to his ledger.

Millicent was interested. The suggestion of the "one year's good schooling" touched the sympathies of George Harvey's sister. And then Fergus had hitherto been so blunt and curt, that this burst of friendly candor made one wonder what more lay hidden within him. Wonder is ever credulous. There was hardly yet a locked-up room which was not credited either with hidden treasure or a ghost; and yet rooms are sometimes locked up, simply because they are out of repair and are not wanted!

"He must have had his troubles, too, poor fellow," Millicent thought, "and troubles are apt to harden and chill one on the outside."

In those days, though only about forty-five years ago, art was in a very different position from what it is in at present. Pictorial works were costly, and consequently rare; and of the pictures which then passed as beautiful, many would now be condemned as spiritless and conventional. Yet, at the same time, art was not then degraded into a "regulation property," and if comparatively few authors saw their thoughts reflected back in pictures, at least they were not so liable to see them distorted therein. Artists were not then assured enough to ride their pet model roughshod over a poet's conception, till the reader is fairly puzzled between the womanly woman who lives on the page, and the brazen vixen who stares him out of countenance from the "cut." And

there was also more scope for individual fancy, ill-trained as it might be. Wealthy people of taste had not then left off having favorite poems illustrated, and special places sketched, to their own particular order. A bride, who wished to remember the church of her wedding-day, and a widow, desiring to recall the grave of her hopes, could not then make a facile purchase of the same photograph, to serve equally as a memento of joy and sorrow. No; the bride had a sunshiny painting of the old church porch, the beech avenue, and the lych gate, while the widow procured a moonlight view of the yews among the graves behind the church, with the great east window illuminated by some evening service within.

Now one of the partners in Mr. Laurie's firm, a Mr. Smith, was greatly addicted to this kind of dabbling in art. He had made a good deal of money in business, and had a childlike enthusiasm for poetry, which he only half understood. Wordsworth was his especial adoration. The man whom necessity had chained half his life in city alleys, and whom fashion now kept in a west-end square, was yet captivated by the mountain bard's sweet pictures of

"Old places, full of many a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbors and ground flowers in flocks,
And wild rose tiptoe upon hawthorn stocks,"

and only wondered that such "a poet of nature" could ever have been so forsaken as to think there was something worth writing about in "the filthy waterside corners one sees from Westminster Bridge."

This gentleman who went in stoutly for every kind of reform, except the Catholic Emancipation Bill) had paid considerable sums of money for a series of illustrations of the White Doe of Rylstone. He kept them in tissue veils, and paper cases (for the preservation of their mounts), in a portfolio in his drawing-room. He had put each of their prices on their backs, for their recapitulation was part of the show, and he did not want to make mistakes. And his good lady thought her husband entirely what she called him, "quite a Macenas."

His attention had latterly been drawn to the noble poem, "Resolution and Independence." He thought it "a fine moral piece," and liked to quote lines from it in the counting-house. This good-hearted man, whose faults were only foibles at which angels themselves might smile, always talked a great deal to Fergus Laurie. Fergus did not only assent in monosyllables, with the respectful stupidity of most of the young men. Fergus often dissented, or put questions which "drew on." The kindly master told his wife that this clerk was "a sharp young man," and did not dream that his well-meant conversations were recited for the amusement of Mrs. and Miss Laurie, and his truisms epitomized into household bywords.

"Yes, Laurie," he said, "that 'Resolution and Independence' is a very fine moral piece. I should like every young man to read it. I would not mind giving five pounds for two or three little sketches to set it off. They'd be an excuse for bringing the subject forward, and then I'd read the lines. Just sim-

ple little sketches, you know. They need not be fine, like my 'White Doe' set, because I don't want these so much as a matter of art as of doing good."

"And, of course, it is desirable to do that as cheaply as possible," said Fergus, gravely.

"Yes, of course," answered the merchant, in his simplicity, "for then one can do the more of it."

"I think I know somebody who could do what you require, sir," said Fergus.

"Indeed!" and out came a little private note-book, where percentages and shipping rates mingled oddly with quotations in rhyme, and wise adages. "If you'll just give me the name and address, Mr. Laurie, I'll be vastly obliged."

Fergus hesitated. "Will you mind giving me the commission, sir?" he asked. "I will name your terms, but will not pledge you to pay anything till at least one sketch is finished and approved of. There are circumstances that make it better the artist should not be known unless the work is successful. And it may not be successful; the artist is untried in this way; but, I think, worth trying."

"Eh, eh, young—rising, eh? I like to give a turn to such. Very much indebted to you, Mr. Laurie. Leave all to your discretion. Sha'n't mind raising the terms a little if I'm very pleased. But leave all to your discretion."

Fergus knew the way to the Harveys' house well enough. Indeed, he had called there once or twice about business, and had left messages with Mrs. Harvey for her daughter. But he required first to look in at Blenheim House, where David Maxwell was expecting him.

David was sitting, as usual, in the surgery, with a volume of Plutarch opened before him.

"I can't stay," Fergus said, in his abrupt way, "so I won't sit down. I must go on to Miss Harvey's house. I have just got a good chance for her. Our Mr. Smith wants some sketches for Wordsworth's poem, 'Resolution and Independence,' and I put in a good word for her, and if she does one well, she'll get the order."

"She'll do it," said David. "It's well to be you to have such chances of serving people."

Fergus accepted the congratulation as a matter of course.

"I hope I shall do greater things in that line soon," he observed.

David had already turned to the poem, in the copy of Wordsworth which Fergus had put on the table. He wanted to read what Millicent would be presently reading.

"She will want models," he observed. "If she cannot think of anybody for the leech-gatherer's figure, you might remind her of the old sweeper by the churchyard. I have often been struck with that old man's resolute, patient face. She could go into the graveyard and get a sketch of him without his knowing. I think it would spoil his look if he knew, and he seems a man who might even object, like our Phoebe."

David received the suggestion in silence, and

David thought that very likely he condemned it as worthless, but was too kind to say so.

"I'll go with you as far as the Harveys," David proposed, cheerfully. It seemed getting near Millicent to walk with somebody who was going to speak with her. And as he went along, he revolved in his mind what other hint he could give to secure Millicent's success. He desired it with such single-heartedness, that he would risk Fergus's belief in his good taste and wisdom, by giving nineteen foolish suggestions, if out of such a bundle of blunders might come one worth consideration.

"You say Miss Harvey is to do one picture on approval—don't you, Laurie?" he asked.

"Yes," said Fergus, "and the first lines are easy to illustrate—a few trees, and a bit of brightish sky reflected in some pools."

"But I don't see that she need make the first picture the specimen," David observed. "You might tell her to take the subject that most struck her own fancy; she would be sure to do that best."

"Oh, of course I shall talk it over with her," said Fergus; "there is no use in planning what I shall advise till I see what she says."

They paused before the Harveys' gate.

"You may as well come in, too," Fergus went on.

"You have met both Miss Harvey and her brother at the vicarage. Come in."

"No, I think not," David replied, with a wistful look at the lighted parlor window. "They won't care about seeing me, and while business is being talked over, the fewer people there are about the better."

"That's quite true," said Fergus. "So, good-night." And he went in, and David crossed the road, and stood in the dark, watching the shadows that presently wavered across the blind.

Mrs. Harvey, Miss Brook and Milly were all at home, and they now constituted the whole household, for George had been married two months before the night of this memorable visit.

Fergus stated his commission in his own cold, brief way, and in the pause while Milly read and re-read the poem he laid before her, he had time to survey the parlor in which the little family group was seated. It was a pretty little room; but what struck Fergus was that its prettiness seemed so cheap and easy. Its elegancies represented very little cash, for, with unselfish foresight, Mrs. Harvey had gently overruled George whenever he had wished to buy any article of luxury. What could have been the total cost of all the ornaments?—the home-made feather-screens on the mantel, the cardboard frames in which were set especial bits of Milly's drawing, the hand-worked fringing of the book-shelves, the patch-work cover of the side-table? A mere trifle, that anybody could afford. Therefore, Fergus asked himself, why should not his mother and sister make their sitting-room look as well? And they were neither of them bread-winning women, as all of these were, or, at any rate, had been, till quite lately. "If we had a room like this," said Fergus to himself, "we could invite any-

body to visit us—and I should like to invite people. Our place ought to look quite as well, for I'm sure our furniture is really better, and mother and Robina must have more leisure than these."

With all his sharpness, Fergus had not yet learned that those who do much, always find time for more, and that whatever does not cost money, involves a mental and moral wealth, which is not nearly so easily acquired.

"I am to draw one picture on trial?" Milly asked, looking up at last, with a catch in her voice such as people have as they brace themselves to climb a hill. It never even occurred to Milly to say that "there was no use in trying." Effort was certainly in her power, whether success was, or no.

"Yes, and take any one you like," said Fergus. "Don't feel yourself bound to begin at the beginning."

"I should prefer to take a scene that would include the leech-gatherer's figure," Milly mused aloud. "I should like the test sketch to be one of the most important, because I should not like to succeed in that, and fail afterward."

"Certainly not," said Fergus, "but the first picture will get all the criticism. Succeed brilliantly in that, and the others will be trusted. It is like when artists or authors make a name, people take the rest of their work on credit. Nobody is always inquiring into things. Get a reputation for early rising, and you may sleep till noon-day."

"Humph?" said Miss Brook, from her corner.

"Perhaps I may suggest that if you want a study for the leech-gatherer you may find one in the sweepstake by the churchyard," Fergus went on. "Just go inside the palings, and take a look at him, and perhaps you may get from him two or three good lines to give individuality to your lay figure's correctness. Have you any lay figures, Miss Harvey?"

"Oh, yes," said Milly, "I bought one a long while ago."

"If not, I was going to offer to bring one for you, as I shall be in the West End to-morrow. So, I suppose you have had thoughts of this kind of work before?"

"Scarcely," Milly laughed. "But I like it, and I thought my designing would be none the worse for it."

And then Fergus rose, and departed amid Mrs. Harvey's thanks and Milly's grateful assurances that he had already given her some most valuable hints, and that any more he might think of would be extremely welcome.

"And if your friend" (who he was, remained a secret from Milly) "is not quite satisfied with my first attempt, tell him I shall be most happy to throw it aside and try again, if he will let me," she pleaded.

"Oh, of course I shall see it first," Fergus answered, "and I who know his ideas, and exactly what he requires, will be able to judge whether it will do, and if you give me leave to tell you if I think not, you can try again, without his knowing anything about it."

"Give you leave?" echoed Milly, "it will be the greatest kindness you could show me. And I will set to work diligently, that I may have time for three or four failures."

And as Fergus came out of the bright little passage, with the eagerly grateful faces of the mother and daughter beaming behind him, David Maxwell turned and fled in the darkness, and then presently, fearful lest Fergus might see him in some sudden cross light, stepped into a deep, shady porch, and stood there breathless, till Fergus's springing step had passed far down the road.

CHAPTER III.

HOW FERGUS LAURIE GOT HIS OWN WAY.

MILLY set to work upon her sketches with all energy. Fergus Laurie presently sent her a note saying that he would take care that she was not called upon as early as usual for her regular supply of designs, and she wrote back, thanking him, and saying this would help her forward with the "sense of freedom." But he found that her designs arrived on the same day as usual.

Fergus presently made up his mind that he would take his sister Robina to call on the Harveys as a preliminary to inviting them to take tea with his mother. To name such schemes was to produce a revolution at home.

"I hope you've counted the cost before you think of beginning such things," said Mrs. Laurie.

"What cost can there be?" said her son, serenely. "Will it ruin us to buy another half pound of tea and some currants and candies for Robina to make into a cake?"

"I'm not going to make a cake for people to laugh at," observed Robina. "Don't do these things at all unless you mean to do them properly."

"Well, at any rate, come with me to see these people," Fergus pleaded, "and afterward I'll settle everything exactly as you like. Only come," and he added an argument likely to be more effectual in these quarters. "We shall never get on, or be able to afford anything, if we shut ourselves up like hermits."

"I've seen these Harveys at church," said Robina Laurie. "They are always very particular well dressed. I would like to pay visits as well as anybody, yet unless I can get something better to wear than my last winter's bonnet, I'd rather not go."

"What would it cost to get a bonnet as good as Miss Harvey's?" Fergus asked, in helpless masculine ignorance.

"It could not be bought under a guinea!" said Robina, with triumph. "Yes, indeed," she added, spitefully, "it is very easy to be always hinting how neat and pretty she looks, but neatness and prettiness cost something, I can tell you, sir; and if one is to have them, somebody must pay for them!"

Fergus was astounded. This put all his calculations about economy at fault. But he knew enough traditionally of the Harveys to feel sure that they

had no private income, and he jumped to the conclusion that if their means justified such expenses, so did his own. A very common conclusion, though scarcely worthy of Fergus's reasoning powers. But he wanted his will, and would not let even his own logic stand in its way. And how was he, poor male creature, to know or suspect that the Harveys' bonnets were all home-made, and came out year after year pleasing and apparently new, but at only three or four shillings of fresh cost? Still some vague notion of such possibility came across him.

"Can't you make a bonnet for yourself cheaper than that, Robina?" he asked.

Robina bounced out of the room. She could bounce, though she was a little mite of a thing, after her brother's mould. She came back with her marketing bonnet in her hand. It was a coarse straw bonnet, badly dyed, with a piece of washed ribbon strained awry across it.

"There," said she, "that's the sort of thing people who have never learned millinery can get up at home. Would you like to take me visiting in that?"

This settled the question. "Get whatever you must have," Fergus conceded. "I'll pay for it. But I can't believe that you need to make all this fuss about paying a call to people no better off than we are ourselves, if so well off. For everything put together, including whatever allowance they get from the son since his marriage, I should not think they have more to live on than my salary, and we have mother's pension besides."

"Ah, you'd better think of letting that accumulate for us, than go wasting your money to show off to strangers," sighed Mrs. Laurie. "And how do you know what people have? They have a good lodger, anyhow."

"I was just thinking so might we, mother," said Fergus. "We have two rooms standing empty."

"I'll not have any one but ourselves in my house," Mrs. Laurie returned. "I've not been used to that sort of thing. Still, it's profitable for those that don't mind it."

"In my father's time, and until I paid the rent," said Fergus, "you were not 'used' to live in a house where there was a room to spare." Fergus had struggled stoutly for his family, and took a kind of pride in connecting all his ambitions with them. But he was not dutiful with his tongue. Indeed, the whole Laurie family affection was of the curious kind which thinks itself above courtesy or restraint, and delights in proving with what immunity it can give and take thrusts which would prove death-blows among outer-world friendships. But it was only a compound form of selfishness; and the good-nature with which they each took the other's home-truths was only as real as the frankness with which some men are wont to accuse themselves of pride, hastiness, or folly.

However, in two or three days, Robina announced to her brother that she was ready to accompany him to the Harveys whenever he chose, and so they went together that very evening.

Hatty Webber happened to be visiting her mother, and was sitting chatting with Mrs. Harvey and Miss Brook, while Milly was hard at work on her sketches at a side-table. Hatty Webber never took work with her to visit; she would no more have thought of carrying the children's stockings in her reticule, than Milly would have dreamed of taking her pencils and india-rubber when she went to tea with the Webbers. "Everybody must rest sometimes," was Hatty's dogma, "and whoever is always at work before people, must take it easy behind their backs."

Of course, Milly's drawings were the first topic. She was just putting the last touches upon the test picture. Fergus looked at it, but approved so coolly, that Milly got frightened, and eagerly begged that she might do another.

"Oh, no, there is no need for that," Fergus said. "I have no doubt this will do well enough. Only the figure is almost too much like the old crossing-sweeper. A little more fancy—a little idealization would have been better, perhaps. Still, tastes differ. And I dare say, the gentleman who has to judge this picture will not know about the crossing-sweeper."

"But what can it matter if he does?" asked Hatty.

"Oh, he might think it was commonplace," Fergus explained. "It is easy to revere this old leech-gatherer—a particular branch of poverty we are never likely to come across; but it spoils the romance to confound him with an old beggar, to whom any of us can give a halfpenny when we choose."

"A crossing-sweeper is not a beggar," said practical Hatty; "for, whenever we use his crossing without paying him, we have more occasion to say 'thank you' to him, than he has to us, when we do pay him."

"You are like a friend of mine," Fergus answered. "When there has been a particularly poor object-looking being standing at a crossing, I've known my friend go sloshing through the mud, rather than pass him without a fee."

"Is that Mr. Maxwell?" asked Milly, simply. She had often seen him with Fergus.

"Ah, you know him. Yes, it is he."

"And now," said Miss Laurie, addressing Mrs. Harvey, "I must give you our special excuse for this intrusion. We have come to invite you and Miss Harvey to take tea with us this day fortnight."

Mrs. Harvey glanced at Milly. Milly looked bright and eager.

Therefore Mrs. Harvey answered: "Thank you. We shall be very happy to come."

"We are very glad to have the opportunity of making such friends," Fergus observed, with that touch of reserved warmth in his tone, which suggested so much.

"Yes, indeed," said his sister Robina aside to Mrs. Webber, "for paying a visit or receiving one has grown quite a novelty with us. We have been so very poor, that it has been quite impossible for us to keep any equal terms with such people as we would wish, and we are rather too proud to accept friendship on any other footing."

"We have been very poor, too," said Hatty, but she spoke stiffly.

"We are going to invite Mr. and Mrs. George Harvey," Fergus went on. "Very likely they will not despise an opportunity for a long evening with you. And we shall be delighted to see you and Mr. Webster, too," he added, turning to Hatty. "My mother and sister will do their best to entertain you."

"Oh, yes, we'll do our best," said Robina, "only my brother knows a great deal about it, you know, and fancies it is quite as easy to receive twelve people as six. But do come—if you'll only look over short-comings, and take us as you find us."

"Thank you very much," Hatty answered, with the chill of her manner setting into hard frost; "but we do not go out very often, and cannot see our own old friends as often as we would wish. So you must excuse us."

And then Robina Laurie felt she had done something wrong, and that she would have a scolding from her brother, and would have been glad of a little more delay, before he requested that Milly's drawing might be wrapped up, and put in his charge, and then took leave.

"What do you think of them, Hatty?" Milly asked, eagerly, when they were gone. Fergus Laurie had been such a prominent subject in all her recent conversations with her sister, that she was delighted to hope that this personal acquaintance might give them a mutual interest in him.

"Well, Milly, I can't say I fell in love with either of them," Hatty returned.

"I don't think you understood him," said Milly. "You thought he himself meant what he said, whereas he was only stating the general feeling of most people."

"Well, at any rate, I don't like the sister," persisted Hatty, "and as they are people who are so particular to have their friends on an equality with them, they have no right to invite our George."

"Oh," said Miss Brook, grimly, "don't you know that equality generally means that one's as good as one's superiors, but better than one's equals, and above touching one's inferiors?"

"I don't know more of Miss Laurie than you do," Milly conceded. "But I cannot understand how she gave Hatty so much offence. She owns that she has lost the habit of talking to strangers, and I daresay it is a kind of nervousness which makes her over open. In a world where we all require to have so much patience with each other, it is surely easy to be patient with that. You are generally so good-humored, Hatty—a great deal more good-humored than I am. But Miss Laurie saw you were affronted."

"I can't endure being patronized," said Hatty. "And if she did not find it a pleasure to have us, why should she think it could be a pleasure for us to go?"

"Children, children," put in Mrs. Harvey, "don't forget that the Bible exhorts us to that charity which thinketh no evil. Better to be disappointed in people, than grow so wise as never to trust, or to forgive

in little matters where there may be mutual misunderstanding."

"Do you think I have much of that wisdom, mother?" Hatty asked, pitifully. This married daughter was always keenly touched by the least reproof from Mrs. Harvey. "I'm sure I don't want it," she added, "and I'm quite ready to own that perhaps I didn't take to the Lauries because I couldn't help wondering what they would have thought of me, in the happy old days when I scoured down the house at Mile End."

"They would have loved and admired you," cried Milly. "At any rate, he would. In spite of his cold manner, I am sure he is very warm-hearted and far seeing. They are but shallow people who fancy warm manners and warm hearts must go together?"

Shallow indeed! But scarcely more shallow than the sentimentalists who think that warm hearts are always hidden in cold exteriors.

Meanwhile, Fergus and Robina trudged some distance in silence. Robina was afraid to speak, lest she should bring out the lecture which she felt was due. It came soon enough.

"I don't know what you can think of yourself," said her brother. "I extend my invitation to somebody who is accidentally present when the original one is given, and you back it up by saying what an immense deal of trouble it will give if it is accepted. You have no breeding, Robina. But you might have a little regard for me. I think I am the first person to be considered in these affairs. The entertainment is mine, and if you find I am putting too much work upon you, you could but tell me privately that you must have assistance."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," said Robina, in a tone curiously balanced between conciliation and defiance, "But I did not think you could really want the Webbers' company. The man keeps a shop in the Mile End Road, and speaks like a person who has never been to school. You spoke of going a little into society because it might help you to get on. I don't see that the Webbers' friendship could be any advantage to you."

Robina had only quoted his own words, though certainly with that added shade of meaning which quoted words always have. He could not deny them, but they jarred him now. They had been uttered less as his own sentiment than as a motive which would appeal to his mother and sister. Fergus had genuine hospitable and social instincts. His greatest fault was his egotism, with its strong self-will. But then that is the lean kine which swallows many fat ones. He would have his own way, and whoever refuses to turn aside in that path must certainly often wade through dirty places.

"I dare say Mrs. George Harvey will not be sorry not to meet her brother-in-law," Robina put in, emboldened by her brother's silence. "Now I do hope she and her husband will come. I wonder what the Devons will think of our inviting their niece? But we have quite a right to do so. You are able to serve Miss Harvey, and Miss Christian was not above

marrying Miss Harvey's brother. Besides, I don't know what Mrs. George Harvey's own father was. Her Uncle Robert, who adopted her, was only a bookseller."

Fergus heard and did not hear. He was ready enough at times to listen to such talk and to join in it. But it was not what pleased him best. Still it was one of the influences of his life. If he had taken one of his own minor wills he would have silenced it, as small, mean and unworthy, but then he had a larger and more material will, in gaining which it seemed to him that his sister Robina might be useful. And though their view of family affection gave him freedom to gibe at Robina, it was unprecedented among the Lauries to administer that kind of firm, loving rebuke which claims an altered course of speech or action. Robina would not have borne this; Fergus would never have thought of giving it.

Next day Milly received this note:

"DEAR MISS HARVEY—Your sketch is accepted with great approbation, as I expected and as it deserved. Go on as you have begun. I hope to get better terms for you than those I first stated. But, with your leave, I think it best to keep you and my friend in your present mutual ignorance till this transaction is concluded. I do not think you will lose if you repose this much confidence in me.

"With my respectful greetings to your mother, I remain,

"Faithfully yours,
"FERGUS OGILVIE LAURIE."

"She's done it," he announced to his friend David Maxwell when he met him that evening. "It's my belief that she'd do whatever she took in hand. And she does it in such beautiful simplicity. Tries and succeeds, and doesn't seem to know it! But I think she wants somebody to tell her what to try. She doesn't feel her own strength enough. It is not sufficiently stirred within her to goad her to put it forth on something. She wants leading out."

"What line did she choose for the first picture?" David asked.

"Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,"

quoted Fergus. "And she made a downright portrait of that crossing-sweeper. I was afraid at first that it might be too literal to be pleasing, for it was wonderful as a likeness. But Mr. Smith never dreams of noticing a face out of a picture."

And then David Maxwell, left to himself, fell into a train of thought which had never troubled Fergus or occurred to Millicent. He thought to himself that if the outward man of this parish crossing-sweeper would serve so well as a type of the grand simple old hero of the poem, might not the fitness rise from some spiritual resemblance? Was it quite fair to take him as a type of patient endurance, and not try to lighten his burden—if by ever so little? This old man had unconsciously done Millicent a service which she must have missed had he not kept his face noble and steadfast amid all the cares and squalors of bitter poverty and decrepitude. David, loving Millicent in his silent romantic way, felt a yearning to show

kindness to him for her sake, as well as sympathy for the possible sufferings and character which might have made him so fit a form for a fine ideal. David did not understand the too common enjoyment of rubbing up one's emotions without producing one electric spark of action. Never mind that, all he could do in this case was to buy his winter gloves of Berlin thread instead of kid, so that on the next Sunday morning, when his stepmother happened not to be with him, he was able to slip half a crown into the sweeper's hand.

The old man looked up suddenly, but without a start.

"God bless you, sir," he said. "I knowed it would come, for things was just about down at their worst, and something allays does come then. God bless you, sir."

Next Sunday the old man was not in his accustomed place. He was dead. He had died suddenly of heart disease, and the parish people found a whole shilling in his little canvas bag. David's charity had gone with him to the end.

"I cannot think how that Mr. Maxwell can choose to wear Berlin gloves," thought Milly to herself, "he must be very stingy."

She little dreamed that if there were more of his genuine appreciation of the truths which all art is only created to illustrate, there might be fewer subjects for sad pictures and pathetic poems and—more Berlin gloves!

(To be continued.)

UNKIND WORDS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

WE have no balm to heal the wound,
We speak them in an evil hour,
To neutralise their grievous power
There can no anodyne be found.

We give regret and bitter tears
That pride of ours should cost so much,
The dear regard and trust of such
As loved us through the fading years.

And yet the ill-starred hour will come
When falls the cutting word of ire,
That burns some heart with eating fire,
And love we held, for us is dumb.

And so a spell the dim years weave,
O'er many a heart of fearful strength,
And treasured friends become, at length,
Estranged, though silently they grieve.

How hard it is to feel that the power of life is to be found inside, not outside; in the heart and thoughts, not in the visible actions and show; in the living seed, not in the plant which has no root! How often do men cultivate the garden of their souls just the other way!

THE putting in order is a delightful occupation, and is at least analogous to a virtue. Virtue is the love of moral order.

THE WINE QUESTION IN SOCIETY.

IT is universally admitted among sensible and candid people that drunkenness is the great curse of our social and national life. It is not characteristically American, for the same may be said with greater emphasis of the social and national life of Great Britain; but it is one of those things about which there is no doubt. Cholera and small-pox bring smaller fatality, and almost infinitely smaller sorrow. There are fathers and mothers, and sisters and wives, and innocent and wondering children, within every circle that embraces a hundred lives, who grieve to-day over some hopeless victim of the seductive destroyer. In the city and in the country—North, East, South and West—there are men and women who cannot be trusted with wine in their hands—men and women who are conscious, too, that they are going to destruction, and who have ceased to fight an appetite that has the power to transform every soul and every home it occupies into a hell. Oh, the wild prayers for help that go up from a hundred thousand despairing slaves of strong drink to-day! Oh, the shame, the disappointment, the fear, the disgust, the awful pity, the mad protests that rise from a hundred thousand homes! And still the smoke of the everlasting torment rises, and still we discuss the “wine question,” and the “grape culture,” and live on as if we had no share in the responsibility for so much sin and shame and suffering.

Society bids us furnish wine at our feasts, and we furnish it just as generously as if we did not know that a certain percentage of all the men who drink it will die miserable drunkards, and inflict lives of pitiful suffering upon those who are closely associated with them. There are literally hundreds of thousands of people in polite life in America who would not dare to give a dinner, or a party, without wine, notwithstanding the fact that in many instances they can select the very guests who will drink too much on every occasion that gives them an opportunity. There are old men and women who invite young men to their feasts, whom they know cannot drink the wine they propose to furnish without danger to themselves and disgrace to their companions and friends. They do this sadly, often, but under the compulsions of social usage. Now we understand the power of this influence; and every sensitive man must feel it keenly. Wine has stood so long as an emblem and representative of good cheer and generous hospitality, that it seems stingy to shut it away from our festivities, and deny it to our guests. Then, again, it is so generally offered at the tables of our friends, and it is so difficult, apparently, for those who are accustomed to it to make a dinner without it, that we hesitate to offer water to them. It has a niggardly—almost an unfriendly—seeming; yet what shall a man do who wishes to throw what influence he has on the side of temperance?

The question is not new. It has been up for an answer every year and every moment since men thought or talked about temperance at all. We know of but one answer to make to it. A man cannot, without stultifying and morally debasing himself, fight in public that which he tolerates in private. We have heard of such things as writing temperance addresses with a demijohn under the table; and society has learned by heart the old talk against drinking too much—“the excess of the thing, you know”—by those who have the power of drinking a little, but who would sooner part with their right eye than with that little. A man who talks temperance with a wine-glass in his hand is simply trying to brace himself so that he can hold it without shame. We do not deny that many men have self-control, or that they can drink wine through life without suffering, to themselves or others. It may seem hard that they should be deprived of a comfort or a pleasure because others are less fortunate in their temperament or their power of will. But the question is whether a man is willing to sell his power to do good to a great multitude for a glass of wine at dinner. That is the question in its plainest terms. If he is, then he has very little benevolence, or a very inadequate apprehension of the evils of intemperance.

What we need in our metropolitan society is a declaration of independence. There are a great many good men and women in New York who lament the drinking habits of society most sincerely. Let these all declare that they will minister no longer at the social altars of the great destroyer. Let them declare that the indiscriminate offer of wine at dinners and social assemblies is not only criminal but vulgar, as it undoubtedly is. Let them declare that for the sake of the young, the weak, the vicious—for the sake of personal character, and family peace, and social purity, and national strength—they will discard wine from their feasts from this time forth and forever, and the work will be done. Let them declare that it shall be vulgar—as it undeniably is—for a man to quarrel with his dinner because his host fails to furnish wine. This can be done now, and it needs to be done now, for it is becoming every day more difficult to do it. The habit of wine-drinking at dinner is quite prevalent already. European travel is doing much to make it universal; and if we go on extending it at the present rate, we shall soon arrive at the European indifference to the whole subject. There are many clergymen in New York who have wine upon their tables and who furnish it to their guests. We keep no man's conscience, but we are compelled to say that they sell influence at a shamefully cheap rate. What can they do in the great fight with this tremendous evil? They can do nothing, and are counted upon to do nothing.

If the men and women of good society wish to have less drinking to excess, let them stop drinking moder-

ately. If they are not willing to break off the indulgence of a feeble appetite for the sake of doing a great good to a great many people, how can they expect a poor, broken-down wretch to deny an appetite that is stronger than the love of wife and children, and even life itself? The punishment of the failure to do duty in this business is sickening to contemplate. The sacrifice of life and peace and wealth will go on. Every year young men will rush wildly to the devil, middle-aged men will booze away into apoplexy, and old men will swell up with the sweet

poison and become disgusting idiots. What will become of the women? We should think that they had suffered enough from this evil to hold it under everlasting ban, yet there are drunken women as well as drinking clergymen. Society, however, has a great advantage in the fact that it is vulgar for a woman to drink. There are some things that a woman may not do, and maintain her social standing. Let her not quarrel with the fact that society demands more of her than it does of men. It is her safeguard in many ways.—*Scribner's Monthly*.

THE MISTRESS OF ABBEYLANDS.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"SIR ROBERT was married yesterday, Miss Penn, and he and my lady are to be home in a fortnight. Mother's had a letter from him."

Bessie Martyn, the housekeeper's pretty, innocent daughter, told her news quite jubilantly, but her glad, dimpled smile died away as her companion turned from the window, where she had been staring moodily out at the autumn foliage and leaf-strewn glades of the park, and smiled scornfully at her.

"Many thanks for your stale news, my dear. I knew 'my lady' was coming to us in a fortnight. 'My lady,' forsooth! The poor old Manchester shop-keeper hardly thought his daughter, Miss Kitty Mansfield, would be the mistress of Abbeylands—hardly, indeed—Lady Katherine Lindsay!"

"Well, but isn't she, Miss Penn?" urged Bessie, rather timidly.

"Of course, my dear—Lady Katherine Lindsay, by all means. She will take you for her maid, Bessie, until she gets a French one; or perhaps she will keep two—such a grand lady might."

There was such a world of contempt and bitterness in those last words that Bessie, glancing uneasily from Miss Penn's smiling mouth to her cold, vengeful eyes, shrank away in silence, and left the room. It was rather an odd thing that this young woman's acquaintances always became nervously fearful of her anger, although they might be no ways concerned in it.

"And I say I wonder at you, to talk like that before Bessie," said Mrs. Martyn. "She'll tell on you one of those days—mark my words; she's a wilful lassie."

"And I say I don't care one pin, Mrs. Martyn," retorted Miss Penn to the housekeeper's warning; and, opening the glass door, she went down the old-fashioned stone steps to the terrace.

"Ah, but you do care, my girl; and why shouldn't you?" muttered Mrs. Martyn to herself. "I am not much better pleased than yourself at the changes making, but I can keep my tongue quiet and civil, which you can't, Caroline Penn; and you'll rue it, as sure as I stand here."

Mrs. Martyn went her way to prepare for the coming of the new mistress over the household, which

had owned no sway superior to her own for many a day and year; and Caroline Penn wandered up and down in the coming twilight, looking at the irregular outline of the old Abbey, the projecting gables, the clustering chimneys, the queer old mullioned windows, and the side-wings of the building, ivy-grown, crumbling and ruinous; at the broad, smooth walks beneath the ancient linden trees, along the wide terrace, past the small octagonal room with the southern aspect, which was known as "my lady's," and where "my lady's" own favorite garden-chair, with her initials carved on the woodwork, yet stood beside the darkened window.

Caroline Penn's position in Sir Robert Lindsay's household was a somewhat anomalous one. She had been old Lady Harriette Lindsay's salaried "companion," nurse, confidante, and slave for several years; and when she died, she left Caroline a small annuity—a very small annuity it was, in truth; but Sir Robert had hardly the power, if he had the will, to enlarge it. His mother's faithful attendant was a lady-like, intelligent person, who made herself very useful—oh, how useful she did make herself to Sir Robert! She had no home to go to; she spoke pitifully of her friendless state, and implored to be let live in some forgotten room of the old ruined wing of the Abbey, and never interfere with dear Sir Robert. So the result was, that dear Sir Robert offered her a home in the Abbey for an indefinite term, and was very kind and courteous to her in his frigid, stately way, looking upon her merely as a sort of upper servant—he had never looked upon her as anything else. He was one of the proudest, coldest, haughtiest men in England; and Caroline Penn owned it to herself, in dire and keen mortification, as she stood beside my lady's chair; for she had hoped for something else, upper servant though he might consider her. It was for that she had striven night and day to please him, to make herself useful and agreeable to him, to constitute herself his amanuensis and account-keeper; it was for that she had labored ceaselessly to win some expressions of condescending esteem and approbation. And now, after all the splendid *châteaux en Espagne* she had built, after all the glowing hopes and ceaseless anxiety, after all the presumptuous dreams and all the wiles and efforts, Lady Katherine

Lindesay was mistress of Abbeylands—mistress of Abbeylands, though her birth was of lower degree than Caroline Penn's, whose father had been "a barrister and a gentleman," as Caroline was wont to say. "What a thought!" she would exclaim angrily, and with a regretful sigh, "a Manchester tradesman's daughter, because of her heavy purse, comes here as 'my lady,' and to rule over me!"

She repeated the words bitterly and passionately several times, as she continued pacing up and down by the rows of dark-shuttered windows—more bitterly and more passionately each time. "It was the climax of injuries, the acme of wrongs to Caroline Penn, with all her crushed hopes and ambitions lying at her feet, like the withered damask petals from the tall standard roses, or the sere and fallen leaves, which stirred and rustled on the terrace walk in the cold night wind.

No wonder pretty smiling Bessie Martyn, sitting at her mother's tea-table, in the housekeeper's cosy room, with its warm crimson carpet and chintz-covered sofa and chairs, its glowing fire and bright lamp, and the tempting little round table draped in white, glittering with china and burnished spoons and teapot, and a suggestive dish-cover over some hot dainties—no wonder pretty Bessie looked aghast at the figure that stalked in, who was to form a third in the social party. She was shivering with cold, her dress disordered, her hair roughened and wet with the night dew; and in Caroline Penn's pale, sharp features was an expression not good to see.

Bessie saw it no more, however, after that evening. Miss Penn's face wore its usual expression all through the ensuing fortnight, amid the bustle of preparations for the advent of the bride. All through the laying down of carpets, and hanging up of drapery, and decorating, polishing and adorning of my lady's own apartments, Miss Penn made herself useful, and not disagreeable; and even on the last evening, when they were all assembled in the hall to receive the bride-party, Miss Penn was smiling most affably, and looking almost handsome in her flowing brown-silk dress, which had been Lady Harriette's, and the jet ornaments, which had also belonged to her late mistress. And when Sir Robert and my lady at length arrived, the most courteous smile and most demonstrative welcome they received was from Miss Penn. But for one moment there was the look in Miss Penn's face which was not good to see. "It was the moment when my lady paused beneath the soft-lit radiance of the great globe hall-lamp, to acknowledge the respectful greeting of her new servants.

She was a young, foreign-looking woman, of medium height, a pale-olive complexion, delicate features, large radiant eyes of changeful hue, and a noble brow crowned by a wealth of shaded, waving, curling hair; she was dressed in a splendid maize-colored silk, shading from hazel to bright gold, like her hair; her bonnet, of black tulle, sparkling with powdery golden scintillations and dewy Ghoire de Dijon roses, of creamiest, pinkiest tint, looked like the diadem of an empress; there were diamonds glittering on her slender hands, diamonds pendent from

her tiny, shell-like ears. There was more than all the wealth and charms beside—there was the evidence of a lofty spirit, a strong will, and the truth, pride and honor of a noble, womanly nature apparent in her face, voice and bearing.

She was proud, honorable, courageous, beautiful, and wealthy; and Caroline Penn, looking on her, hated her from her inmost heart. She was Lady Lindesay, the mistress of Abbeylands, from the highest wave of her curling hair to the hem of her gorgeous silken robe, and, looking after her, as Mrs. Martyn obsequiously escorted her to her apartments, Caroline Penn muttered anxiously to herself, "The Manchester tradesman's daughter."

Yes, it was truth, that fact which Caroline Penn had had malicious triumph in discovering. Old Joan Mansfield had made his fortune by patenting some discovery in cotton dyes, and his daughter was Katherine Lindesay, the mistress of Abbeylands. Her mother was dead, she told Sir Robert, and her father had died only two years before. So much the better, Sir Robert thought. For this was the thorn in the flesh to him, the gall in the cup of sweetness, the cloud on the sunshine of his prosperity. This beautiful, wealthy woman whom he had married, whom he had brought to his ancestral home to share in and perpetuate its glories—she who was to take her place in the family tree amidst the haughty, high-born dames of the house of Lindesay, who was to be the mother of the heirs of Abbeylands, whose wealth was to stay its crumbling foundations and revive its fading splendor—she was a low-born woman, a plebeian, a child of uneducated, hard-handed tradesfolk. She was a blot on the stainless escutcheon, for all her money and her beauty. Robert Lindesay de Lindesay, the descendant of barons, knights and warriors, had sold himself for the Manchester tradesman's gold. Others might do this, but not a Lindesay. At the spotless lists of their pedigree none might point and say, "Here were honor and principles bartered," or the keenest malice whisper, "A *mesalliance*." If the fair and haughty maids and matrons of the house of Lindesay brought little else for dower, they brought fields, argent and fields or, gules, supporters, and mailed hands; unfortunately, because of the degeneracy of the times, even these were inadequate to supply the place of more material aids, and the bitter truth became more and more evident to each titled generation, that the vulgar, democratic, pertinacious guest, Poverty, had come to dwell in the shadow of the tattered banners and time-dimmed escutcheons—to impress its grim crest and motto on empty jewel-cases and on lean purses, and darken, by the shadow of its baleful presence, all the pride and glory of the old Abbey and its broad lands.

It was left to Robert Lindesay to save the stately barque which had floated so gallantly through four centuries of time, or to stand by in inert despair, and see it go down in a whirlpool of cruel debt and mortgage. For it would go down; nothing could save it, except the yawning gulf were bridged, the

raging whirlpool appeased. Vampire claws, with the dread fiat "Foreclosure" held threateningly aloft, were stretching out over the ancient woods, the broad smooth glades with their herds of quiet deer, the gray tarrets, and escutcheons carved in stone; and they must be restrained, else they would never draw back until they had seized all the substance and glory of the house of Lindsay, the titles and dignities and heirlooms—all its past, present and future.

Robert Lindsay restrained them, bridged the yawning gulf, brightened the tarnished splendors, and placed the crumbling foundations of his ancestral home on a sarer basis than they had had for many a day and year. He accomplished it all with old John Mansfield's money. The tradesman's gold, earned in dingy shops and factories, was the means of rescuing all the knights and barons and titled dames from oblivion. To know this was bitter enough, but it was still bitterer to Robert Lindsay's sensitive pride and honor to feel that it was, in truth, Katherine Mansfield who bestowed home and lands and titles on him—not he on her. He knew it, and the knowledge irritated him into justice; for he did not love her, this beautiful young woman, whom he had married for her money. His pride had been too deeply humbled before her and her vulgar Manchester trustees; the poverty of the Lindsays had been in the dust before the coarse tread of these purse-proud cotton-lords. He had been false to all the traditions of his race, for the sake of the golden dross which she possessed abundantly, and which he so sorely lacked. He hated her money, and there were times when he felt that he might come to hate herself. It might be all very well for the "Lord of Burleigh" to point to his stately castle and liveried retainers, and say to the village maiden whom he had wedded, "All of this is mine and thine;" but it would not be quite so pleasant for the "Lord of Burleigh" to feel that it was the village maiden who owned the stately castle and retainers in reality, and that he was to be a mere pensioner on her bounty.

Besides, a deeper feeling was at work in Sir Robert Lindsay's heart, which was that of a good and true man, beneath all the haughty coldness. There were times when he felt that he might have wronged Katherine Mansfield, even when he made her mistress of Abbeylands. If the woman he had married had been unlovable in mind or person, a stolid, elderly, money-loving spinster, the mercenary barter would have been more evenly balanced; but each day brought the knowledge more fully home to him, that the preponderance of obligation was cruelly on his side, do what he would, since she had cast into the scale, besides her splendid gift of wealth, her youth, her high spirits, her native talents, her fresh, gay, girlish heart, and her winning, peculiar beauty. Not that he believed this clever, quick-tempered, frank-spoken, handsome girl felt one particle of real love for him. He soothed his uneasy heart with the miserable assurance that in this matter, at least, he had not accepted at her hands that which he could not repay.

CHAPTER II.

"WHERE is Lady Lindsay, Miss Penn?"

"I really cannot tell, Sir Robert," replied Miss Penn, laying down her work in order that she might emphasize each syllable more distinctly. "Her ladyship ordered out the ponies and her own phaeton, and drove away more than an hour ago. She may have gone to Charlton Mere; I heard her say something of it the other day."

"To Charlton Mere?" repeated Sir Robert; "that is a strange fancy. Along such a bleak, bad road, too! Who went with her?"

"Her own groom—her 'tiger,' I think her ladyship calls him—ha, ha! Odd name, isn't it, Sir Robert? She prefers him to the other grooms—he is such a clever, active boy."

Sir Robert made no reply, but left the room with a frown on his brow, of which Miss Penn caught a momentary glance.

"Her ladyship," and 'her ladyship's' humors, my dear Sir Robert," she muttered, with a grimace and a mocking courtesy to the half-closed door. "High-born ladies have many whims and fancies, you know, sir; and besides 'my lady' bought you."

Audible soliloquies are dangerous, and Miss Penn seldom indulged in them, except when sure of the absence of eavesdroppers. But the wisest may err, and the most cautious cannot always guard against accidents, and it so happened that Bessie Martyn, who had stepped back into a recess beside a tall knight in armor standing on guard near the library door, when she saw Sir Robert about to enter the room, had, after his hasty exit, heard every word of Caroline Penn's malicious self-communing. Bessie knew that Caroline Penn disliked and envied the rich, beautiful young lady who had come to reign over them all, but there was evidence of some deeper, darker feeling in her carefully veiled taunts to Sir Robert of his wife's wilfulness and haughtiness and independence of him and his belongings, expressed in those few deferential sentences to which her scornful after-utterances were as a key. The light-hearted, affectionate girl absolutely shivered with some indefinable apprehension, much as she had done that first day, when she announced Sir Robert's marriage to the ambitious lady-dependant.

"Mother," she said, about a quarter of an hour afterward, to the portly housekeeper as she sat in the warm red-carpeted sanctum, making up tradesmen's bills, "I am afraid Miss Penn will make differences between my lady and Sir Robert."

"Law bless me, Bessie!" cried her mother, putting down a pair of ducks at ten and sixpence, and a leg of mutton at half a crown, "you don't say so, child?"

"I am afraid of it, mother," said Bessie, shaking her head; "I know she hates my lady."

"She's not very fond of her, that's certain," said Mrs. Martyn; "but what has she been saying?"

"Well, I can hardly tell," replied Bessie; "not much; but she says things so spitefully, and she is always watching my lady wherever she goes."

"Ham!" replied Mrs. Martyn, taking up her pen;

she knew well the sneers and innuendoes that Caroline Penn had uttered to her against her mistress in spare hours of gossip. "Don't you get into trouble, child, and don't mind Caroline Penn," she said, unwilling, even in her common worldly shrewdness, to poison her innocent daughter's mind by any repetition of Caroline Penn's malignant hints. "What's that you're making, Bessie?"

"A black satin sash for my lady's new velvet walking-dress, mother," replied Bessie, holding up the rich shining material, which she was tastefully fabricating.

"You're very clever with your needle, Bessie," remarked the mother, with much pride.

"That's what my lady says," said Bessie, laughing and blushing; "and she's going to give me her beautiful blue-cape dress, mother. It's not a bit soiled, only my lady says it doesn't become her, and that it will become me—that dark, royal blue, mother."

"I know, Bessie," responded her mother; and, looking at her pretty, happy daughter, and thinking how the blue cape would set off Bessie's fair hair and rosy cheeks, her heart softened unwontedly.

"She's very kind to you, lassie, isn't she?" she asked, gently.

"Oh, very, mother," said Bessie, earnestly; "I never met any one so good; and she is so handsome, and so gay and pleasant, and not a bit proud."

"Well, Bessie, my girl," advised her mother, steadily, "you keep to my lady, and don't mind what any one says against her."

Moodily, up and down the long terrace, beneath the now budding linden trees, Sir Robert paced in the chill calm of the spring evening, awaiting my lady's return.

"She comes and goes without telling me a word," he said, bitterly, "with 'her own' carriage, and 'her own' ponies, and 'her own' servants! Even Caroline Penn notices it—I am sure she does. Of course, what else could I expect? What right have I to blame her? She can do as she pleases; she has money enough in her own right to keep a separate establishment if she likes! I have no power—I must be silent. She gave me her money, and bought her title of Lady Lindesay with sixty thousand pounds, and she has a right to enjoy it! She has over so many more thousands to spend as best suits her; and when she paid off the mortgage on my estate and gave me possession of my own roof again, she did all that can be expected of her."

Sir Robert switched savagely at some delicate crocuses in a border beside him, and smashed them with his walking-stick—he did not know that Caroline Penn was watching him, and enjoying the sight of his perturbation.

"I could hardly be absurd enough to expect that she was going to devote herself to me," he went on, with a sharp, impatient sigh; "she is very handsome, and clever enough to know it, and a great many other things beside. I was afraid at first that she would not become her position, that she might do unconventional and eccentric things, but—but—"

What was Sir Robert going to say? The expression of his face would have puzzled Miss Penn if she could have seen it; but, by the time he reached her window in his long promenade, there was nothing but stern gloom on his features.

"Will you not come in, Sir Robert?" said Miss Penn, opening the French sashes, and smiling pleasantly. "I have heard you coughing, and the evening is really very cold, although it is so still—it is very late, too."

She stirred up the blazing fire in the brilliant register grate, until its mellow radiance tinted the ceiling and walls of the large, lofty room; she wheeled over a velvet easy-chair and footstool, and adjusted the reading-lamp on the small table by Sir Robert's evening paper.

"Do come in, dear Sir Robert!" she pleaded. "I am really uncomfortable to leave you out there with this raw mist coming over the woods as it does every night."

So Sir Robert came in, and sat down in his velvet chair, and pretended to read his paper; but all his attention was absorbed in listening for my lady's return—and Miss Penn knew it.

"I will run up to her ladyship's dressing-room," she murmured, presently, as if to herself. "I hope her maid has good fires in her apartments, after such a long, cold drive!"

The watchful eyes marked how Sir Robert stirred uneasily at this allusion, and she went on.

"What a splendid driver Lady Lindesay is, Sir Robert! She thinks nothing of thirty miles, she told me."

"Ah," said Sir Robert, deep lines coloring on his broad forehead, "her ladyship is fond of driving, when she goes long distances in such weather as this."

"Yes, indeed," Miss Penn began, when the sound of crunching wheels, and a sharp volley of knocks on the great oaken door of the front entrance, stopped her.

"Here she is!" interrupted Sir Robert; and there was a flash of relief and pleasure in his eyes and voice.

The door opened, and my lady entered, handsomer than even on that first evening that Caroline Penn saw her, with a glowing color, radiant in scarlet draperies and white furs, beautiful, proud, and prosperous. What a contrast she was, with her bright hair clustering behind her in rich disorder, her gay, rich, voluminous wrappings, and the white and crimson plumes of her hat waving in the current of air made by her entrance, to Caroline Penn's rigid neatness and simplicity of attire!

"You have had a long drive, my lady," said Sir Robert, in the cold, courteous tone he always assumed to her; perhaps a shade warmer it was—but for Caroline Penn's presence, perhaps, it might have been tender.

"Yes—rather; I hope I have not kept you waiting dinner, Sir Robert?" she said, and there was a trace of nervousness in her voice.

"No, Lady Lindsey, I have not waited dinner," he answered, stiffly; "but it is very late."

Did Caroline Penn know what he was thinking of all the time he sat staring at the article in the newspaper, until dinner was announced, and he conducted my lady into the dining-room.

"In what direction did you drive Lady Lindsey?" he asked, during a pause in the progress of the second course.

"Toward Charlton Mere," said my lady, without looking up.

"Such a wretched district to fancy, to drive through!" observed Sir Robert, gazing at her. "I wonder you would take your ponies along that dangerous, marshy road?"

Was it the hue of her ladyship's violet dress that made her face so pale? Caroline Penn wondered. "She was rosy enough when she came in," she thought. "I'll go to Charlton Mere one of these days," decided the astute young woman.

"No, I was not afraid to take them; they went beautifully," said my lady; but she did not look at her husband's face.

"There's mischief brewing," muttered Caroline Penn, smiling cunningly to herself, in her own neat apartment, late that same night. She was tacking "tuckers" on her dresses, was tidy Caroline, and affixing small bows of ribbon in front. "There's mischief brewing, as sure as I sit here. Ah, Sir Robert, you'll rue your rich, handsome young wife, my dear gentleman! Abbeylands is too dull and too tiresome for such a gay, spirited young woman! I'll find out about Charlton Mere before I'm a week older."

"Beessie Martyn," said my lady to her maid, in the luxurious dressing-room on the first floor, above the octagonal boudoir down-stairs, and as she spoke she gazed wistfully with her large, gray, soulful eyes at the two faces mirrored before her, as Beessie brushed out her silken hair, and laid away in their many-shaped morocco cases the tinkling, glittering ornaments she had worn—"Beessie, have you many friends?"

"Yes, my lady," replied Beessie, with a smile of surprise.

"You are a happy girl," said her mistress, slowly; "there are many in the world who have not one they can trust."

And who was he who restlessly tossed on his lonely pillow through the long hours of darkness, uttering feverishly, as the silence and the gloom brought up troops of delirious, unreal fears and harassing regrets, "Oh, Katherine, Katherine! I am rightly punished for my mercenary marriage! Oh, Katherine! I should have loved you before I married you, and tried to make you love me, my beautiful young wife, who neither trusts me nor cares for me now?"

Could this be the same stately gentleman who slightly alluded to a bad headache at breakfast next morning, as an excuse for his want of appetite, and in the same breath informed my lady that he had decided on giving the dinner-party about which he had been speaking to her yesterday, and if she had any-

thing to suggest, he should be glad to see her in the library after breakfast.

"No, I have nothing to suggest," she said, languidly, leaning on a chair near the library window, with the bright, cold, spring sunshine radiating in the glossy ripples of her brown hair. She hardly looked at the list of invited guests, and sighed absently as she twined her delicate fingers in the tassel of the window-blind.

"Are you not well, Lady Lindsey?" asked her husband. He put the question anxiously, but it was uttered in a cold and measured tone.

"I am quite well, Sir Robert," replied her ladyship, rather sharply, and facing him in the determined, almost defiant attitude, that had grown to be rather habitual to her in the four months of their married life. Presently she inquired if he wished to say anything more to her, and upon his saying "No," quitted the room, with her proud head erect, and her crimson cashmere morning-rebe flowing back like a regal train; and, reaching her own dressing-room, she went in, locked the doors, and, flinging herself down on the nearest seat, sobbed and wept pitifully, like a desolate child.

"What a life—what a life!" she cried, crushing the silken pillows around her prostrate head to stifle the sound of her grief. "Other women have something or some one to love; I have nothing, except—except that which is only a pain and—and—disgrace almost. Nothing! No friends, no one to love me, no husband, no children! I am Sir Robert Lindsey's wife, to be sure, and he regards me as an incubus, and thinks he sold himself cheaply when he married me. I am mistress of Abbeylands, without a creature I can thoroughly trust near me, and with a miserable secret torturing me day and night. Oh, father, I wish you had never made all this money!" cried the poor girl. "I was ten times happier when I only wore a linsay frock and diaper pinafore, and ran home from school to your country house, to sit on the old desk near you, and eat sugar-candy—a happy little child. What is the use of being rich and being Lady Lindsey? I am truly miserable and friendless."

Miserable, and friendless, and alone, save for the presence of her little maid, from whose mute sympathy she strove to conceal her fair face, all blurred with passionate weeping; her youth, beauty, and title, her wealth, her rich attire, her luxurious apartments, availing not one jot to alleviate the pain and anxiety at her heart.

"I am not well, Beessie," she said, drearily. "Do not allow any one to come in unless—unless Sir Robert comes?"

But Sir Robert never came. He sat alone in the library, with his head resting on his hands, until the entrance of Caroline Penn, with a modest apology for disturbing him, obliged him to rouse himself.

"About your proposed dinner-party, Sir Robert," said she, with a meek smile; "there are several little matters in respect of which I should like some directions from you or her ladyship. Mrs. Martyn will be

anxious. Game now, for instance—it ought to hang so long, you know, Sir Robert; and really, just some directions about any particular dishes you might wish, or, if any of the guests were likely to remain at the Abbey, the suites of apartments should be aired."

Miss Penn always alluded to Sir Robert's station and Sir Robert's residence as if they were semi-royal at the least.

"Oh! whatever you and Mrs. Martyn think best, Miss Penn," said Sir Robert, ungratefully impatient; "I don't know anything about it—you had better ask Lady Lindsey."

"Her ladyship is in her own apartments, Sir Robert," urged Miss Penn, with deferential reproachfulness; "she would not allow any one to disturb her."

She saw the grim lines around his lips, and she went away with a ladylike smile and inclination of her small aleck head.

Sir Robert shut the door savagely after her, tore up an unoffending sheet of paper, glanced over the list of guests with a heavy frown and a sigh, and muttered: "What a wretched, hopeless, galling, miserable mistake a loveless marriage is!"

(Concluded next month.)

EMILY FAITHFULL

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

IT was one of the dreariest of mountain autumn mornings, when my friend, Mrs. Laura C. Ballard, and I parted at the depot in Littleton, New Hampshire.

That whole scene comes back to me now with a singular vividness—the great black-throated depot, the white-gray clouds, and the dark masses of fog which shut in all the majesty and beauty of the mountains, and the face of my friend like a solitary star shining out into the cold and darkness. Down in the world below, beyond the clouds and mists, men were in the thick and strife of the coming election, but only the outer circles of the great wave reached the quiet mountain town where we had been passing the last month, and which closed with the cars rolling away into the gray ocean of mist that opened and swallowed them up.

And over another ocean, stormy with gales and equinoxes, a steamer was at that time bearing toward our shores, bringing the distinguished Englishwoman whose name had become already widely known amongst us, associated with strenuous efforts in behalf of the industrial and educational interests of her sex.

It had been arranged that Miss Faithfull, on first arriving in America, should make her home with my friend, who was now leaving the mountains to receive her guest.

It was not, however, until midwinter that I met Miss Faithfull under her friend's roof, on the evening of the "Women's Reception at Steinway Hall," and subsequently learned the facts which will form the substance of this article.

Emily Faithfull was born at Headley Rectory, in Surrey. Her father was a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, and her life opened in that atmosphere of culture, convention and tradition which everybody on this side the water has glimpses of in the English stories and novels of the day.

The small Emily soon gave evidence, however, of the energy and courage which have distinguished her whole career. She was not more than ten years old, when, a pupil at a famous Kensington school,

she ran away from the establishment because she had been accused of "fibbing" by one of the teachers.

The high-spirited little English girl could not bear this disgrace. She climbed a wall twenty feet high, and proceeded to the nearest cab-stand, where she coolly ordered a cabman to take her to an elder sister's, residing at Clapham.

Looking at the small specimen of humanity who delivered this order, the cabman suspected the truth, and insisted on taking the runaway back to school.

The child was not daunted. She bravely turned to another cabman, who, more stolid or good-natured perhaps, carried the little girl to her elder sister's, where she was seriously admonished for her flight, and ordered to instantly return to school.

Somewhat crest-fallen by this time, the child entreated that she might be allowed to return in another cab.

All this happened between twenty and thirty years ago, and such a glaring defiance of the Kensington school authorities could not, of course, be overlooked. One learns with a kind of shudder that the little girl was "confined for three weeks in a damp room, where was laid the foundation of the asthma which has afflicted her for life."

But the woman's own verdict comes flashing like a ray of light down into the words: "That asthma was the guiding star of my life."

It forced her away, in her youth, from the air of Surrey, out from the pleasant English rectory, with its culture, and its traditions, and its picturesque old English life, to the wider opportunities, the hurry and friction of the great capital.

The young lady was presented at court; the most cultivated and fashionable circles of London were opened to the high-born English girl. But what could these offer to one whose heart and soul had been fired with an earnest purpose to be of some real service in the world where she found herself?

Early—so early that when I questioned her as to the time she could not remember—Miss Faithfull became deeply impressed with the needs and position of women in her own country. She discerned with

her clear vision the tragic side of their limitations and helplessness. She saw how they were hedged in by social canons and traditions. She wanted to open new avenues of employment to them, where, without harm to their womanly delicacy and dignity, they could maintain themselves independently; to make all honest labor respectable and remunerative for women as for men. She also earnestly desired to advance the educational interests of women; to elevate their standard of culture; to inspire them with nobler aims and purposes in living.

Most praiseworthy aspirations, certainly. But how was the young Englishwoman to set herself about carrying out this work? She had to face those tough old Anglo-Saxon prejudices and conventionalisms which have wrought themselves into the very fibre of English social life.

The cry, centuries old, was raised again, that these new-fangled notions would certainly take woman out of her appropriate sphere, and remove her from her home duties. As though whatever enlarged and elevated her nature could make her less fitted for all the duties and delights of the home whose God-appointed mistress she must always be!

In the face of all opposition, however, Miss Faithfull set her resolute soul to the work. Of course, much at first had to be tentative in this matter. The world turned its cold shoulder to her enthusiasm, and she had very little sympathy at the beginning. Very little of the world's great work ever does have.

One rule Miss Faithfull insisted on at the outset, from which she has never deviated, and that was that men and women should do their work together, so far as possible. She would not make invidious distinctions between the sexes. So earnest was her conviction here, that she positively refused to establish a fortnightly meeting for women only. Whatever benefit was to be derived from this movement by one sex the other should share also.

The lady was content with small beginnings. She cast her seed in the furrows nearest to her hand. First of all, she was associated with a small circle of friends in establishing a society for promoting the employment of women in any department for which she was fitted.

Here, of course, Miss Faithfull encountered all the delays, discouragements and vexations which are the certain lot of the benefactors of humanity. And I record here her solemn testimony, gained in the long, hard school of her manifold experience: "The greatest impediment in the way of woman's advancement in any department of remunerative industry is her lack of training."

It was in 1863 that Miss Faithfull first published the *Victoria Magazine*, which, though advocating pre-eminently the industrial claims of women, has a decided literary value. It circulates among the most cultivated and influential circles in England, and pleads eloquently there the cause and the needs of women, its compositors being composed entirely of these.

But Miss Faithfull discovered finally that no

amount of essays on the subject so dear to her heart would awaken the English reading public to a sense of its importance. She resolved at last on a new movement, engaged the Queen's Concert Rooms in Hanover Square, and delivered a lecture, entitled "The Position and Claims of Women."

I suppose we in America can hardly imagine the courage which this step cost a woman a little over her thirtieth birthday; for it was, I believe, in 1867 that Miss Faithfull delivered her first lecture.

Had the English gentleman's faith been less fervent in the cause to which she has dedicated her life, she would have shrunk from thus shocking the prejudices and ideas amid which she had been educated.

She herself had no expectation of the general interest which her lecture would arouse, and told me she would have been content with a small audience. But, to her surprise, the elegant rooms at Hanover Square were crowded with the fashionable and literary society of London. The clear rich voice must have told the large audience that night some truths that thrilled them; some honest words they must have carried back to the graceful, luxurious homes to haunt the soft air, like the solemn utterances of a prophet. And as Emily Faithfull looked that night upon the crowd of upturned faces, she must have felt a glow of enthusiastic pride that her hour at last had come, and that her work was recognised of men and women.

Indeed, that first lecture made a new era in her life. She quite took the hearts of the people by surprise. She made a name and a place then, which will doubtless last longer than her own life, as a Representative Woman, speaking the needs and wants of the dumb thousands who could find no voice for themselves.

The papers endorsed her views, and beamed encouraging paragraphs on her work. And from that hour it has gone bravely and steadily onward in the sunshine of public favor. Indeed, it seems almost incredible when you come to think, of the amount of work this one woman manages to perform. It is well that she has inherited a fine English physique, or she never could carry the burdens which, after all, seem to sit lightly upon her genial, warm, humor-loving nature.

At her rooms in Norfolk Square she gives lessons in public speaking, not only to ladies, but to clergymen and to Members of Parliament. She has established a Working Society for women, where anything in useful or ornamental handicraft finds a market. And here the Princess of Wales sends for needle-books and pincushions; while Miss Faithfull has the editorial charge of the *Victoria Magazine*, gives poetic and dramatic readings, and also lectures, frequently with great success, on historic and literary subjects, beside having the burden of an immense correspondence on all sorts of subjects on her hands.

In connection with this, she related to me a little incident, which, so far as I know, has never been repeated in this country.

Mrs. Caroline Norton, the poetess, had had some private correspondence with Miss Faithfull regarding the welfare of a young person in whom the former was deeply interested.

The advice desired had been generously bestowed, although neither of the ladies had ever seen each other. At last, however, the two met at a London party. The Honorable Mrs. Norton gazed with surprise on the fresh, thoughtful face before her, and exclaimed in amazement, "You Miss Faithfull, to whom I have been writing, and on whose advice I have been acting? Why, I pictured you to myself as a dear, old lady, with gray hair and a mob-cap!"

Queen Victoria, too, has shown the warmest interest in Miss Faithfull's work. She recently sent a message that the catalogue of the library at Buckingham Palace was being prepared by women.

At the World's Fair, also, Miss Faithfull exhibited specimens of her printing, which took the prize.

Just before sailing for America, she was made the recipient of a handsome testimonial from some of her distinguished countrymen and countrywomen. The gift consisted of a silver tea and coffee service—kettle and salver—of exquisite design, with a magnificent epergne. The inscription on the base of the epergne is as follows: "Presented to Miss Emily Faithfull, for her valuable services in promoting the educational and industrial interests of women."

Among the donors are the names of the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lady Franklin, Sir Charles Dilke, and others, whose names are graced with honors, not of inherited titles; but with the real nobility of Art, Science, Literature and Philanthropy.

In Miss Faithfull's reply to the presentation, there was one sentence which I cannot forbear quoting: "It is quite true that for some years I have devoted myself to a subject which has for me such an absorbing interest, that it is removed once and forever out of the region of self-sacrifice; but I wish I could persuade myself that I have been able to render any great or permanent benefit to the cause I gladly serve."

Miss Faithfull's especial object in visiting America was to obtain some new knowledge of the working of our institutions; especially with regard to the condition of working-women, their varied employments, their position, remuneration, anything, in short, relative to the subject so dear to her heart.

Her mission was semi-officially acknowledged in a note, which has never been published in this country, and which I therefore lay, for the first time, before my readers, as it was written by the Secretary of State:

"HOME DEPARTMENT.

"Dear Miss Faithfull—Lord Shaftesbury informs me that you propose visiting the United States of America for the purpose of making inquiries, among other matters, respecting the condition of women and children employed in manufactures.

"I am rejoiced to hear it.

"There are few women in England better qualified than yourself to make such an inquiry, or to impart

the results in such a manner as to secure the attention of your countrymen.

"I admire the public spirit which animates you in thus undertaking a costly and troublesome journey.

"Any assistance I can give you through the foreign office, for the purpose of facilitating your inquiries, is at your service.

"Believe me,

"Very faithfully, yours,

"H. A. Bruce."

My first interview with Miss Faithfull took place, as I have already stated, on the evening of the reception at Steinway Hall, a "Tribute from the women of New York to a distinguished woman from 'over the sea.'"

It was the recognition of the value of her services in behalf of her sex; of the indomitable energy which had impelled her through these years to elevate the labor of women in all departments; to organize it into a guild full of dignity and honor, loftier than those we read about whose members used to parade the streets in long processions, with waving banners and strains of stirring music and gorgeous insignia, and filling some golden summer or autumn day that lies away off in other centuries with all the pomp and parade of war.

The great hall was crowded to overflowing that night. I think, as Miss Faithfull arose and gazed over the vast audience who had come together on that winter night to honor her zeal, her courage, her indomitable faith in multiplying the employments of women, she must have felt she had achieved a large success, however far she may have fallen below her own ideal.

Of this meeting, unique in many respects, some writer says:

"Not less interesting than the guest were the hosts. The working-women of New York represent many phases of social existence and many avocations. The radiant first lady of the opera, women who bear distinguished names in art and literature and the drama, singers and speakers and teachers claimed the right to be considered as honest, as purposeful and as tireless workers as women who sew or stand behind counters or keep books, or tend machines.

"At last, we have seen in this pleasure-loving city a congregation of many hundred women, to whom brains seemed more interesting than the bonnets which covered them, and the conduct of life a more serious business than its clothes."

After her cordial reception, the speech and the music, Miss Faithfull rose on the platform and spoke to her audience. She told her hearers what had brought her to America, and something about the condition of their sisters in England. How much that was pathetic and tragic was involved in the facts which the clear, rich voice of the Englishwoman held up to the men and women who heard her that night.

Her country, she acknowledged, was no longer that Paradise of Women, which it had once been called. Machinery had, in great measure, superseded the

old employments of domestic life. It spun and ground and wove and baked, in the place of hands, while in higher circles the tendency to rash speculation had plunged many families into irretrievable poverty; and the speaker was in the daily receipt of letters from Englishwomen, of what are called "good families," asking for something to do—work of any kind, so long as it is fitting and honest. That cry to a man or woman with a heart to feel is well nigh the most agonizing in the world. And what are these women, thrown upon their own resources, calling for "any honest work," to do? There they sit, with their fair, white, helpless hands, nurtured in comfort and luxury, with the slavery of dependence or the bitterness of starvation staring them in the face!

That great problem of bread and butter, which has to be solved for every human being by itself or another, confronts these women, and if they cannot meet it by sweat of brow or toil of brain, what is to become of them?

This is the dreadful question which salutes one on the threshold. Miss Faithfull is trying to answer it; but when she told her audience that the census of 1871 showed that in England alone there were *two and a half millions of women* depending on their own exertions for their daily bread. She fairly appalled her hearers. Looked at from any side, it is a harrowing fact. Many of these women have been brought up in the pleasant, guarded seclusion of English homes. Their faculties have been trained for no work; they have no handicraft which can command any price in the market. The fathers, husbands, brothers, on whom, according to English theories of social and domestic life, they should depend for support and protection, are dead or wrecked in fortune; at all events, they are powerless at this crisis.

Two millions and a half of Englishwomen wanting their daily bread! Think of it!

Miss Faithfull has "thought" to some purpose. She believes that every possible avenue for self-support should be open to women—to use her own incisive way of putting it—that "equal remuneration to both sexes for the same kinds of labor, meant simply that woman has as good right to her bread as man."

Who really doubts that? Yet, in how many kinds of employment it is never acted on, and this fact alone has a powerful tendency to degrade the labor of women. When it is raised to the same honor and dignity as man's work, then this whole question will be disposed of.

"So long as work for money is regarded as discreditable to woman; so long as it affects her position socially," says Miss Faithfull, in substance, "so long she is cruelly enslaved by custom and public opinion."

And the writer whom we have quoted before adds pointedly: "A man who lives on relatives or friends to whom he is a burden, forfeits the name of gentleman. Work is his patent of gentility. Why should a woman in that plight be hindered from honorable toil? This moral ligature that withholds our girls

of so-called position from manual labor is crueler and more mischievous than any French corset or Chinese slipper that ever maimed or tortured."

It is, of course, quite impossible to do justice, in these limits, to Miss Faithfull's arguments in support of her theories. In that large audience were many women, of course, whom fortune had placed far above the necessities of labor; but if they did not that night, under the spell of the speaker's eloquence, revolt in heart against the cruel barriers that hedge around their less fortunate sisters, and shut them out from any field of labor into which they could enter and earn an honorable livelihood, they are less than women.

We have almost swung out of the third quarter of this nineteenth century, and we think we have swung far out of the Mediæval darkness and bigotries. We are proud, and we well may be, of our advance, on many lines, of thoughts and living; but this old, barbarous notion that a woman somehow loses her position by supporting herself belongs to the twilight in which those old centuries lie. It has no right to show its head among us now. It is every true woman's duty to help throttle it.

Miss Faithfull read, at the close of her speech, a poem which narrated a story of touching heroism, performed by a poor woman during a frightful storm on the English coast. The story, and the tones of the reader, held the vast audience breathless and brought tears to many eyes, the lady sitting down at last amid storms of applause, frequently renewed; and then there was a singing of old ballads, that seemed to fill the whole air with an English morning's fresh sweetness—and the great reception was over.

Miss Faithfull is a woman of tall, commanding figure, with dark hair and eyes, and a bright, spirited face. I see her now, moving with slow, majestic tread up and down the room, as she gave me the main facts of this sketch, while the winter winds clamored outside.

She had, I saw, been greatly impressed with the rigors of a winter, unusually severe, even in our climate, and the asthma seized her on entering America, as the catarrh seized Dickens almost from the moment he landed on our shores. She has a keen sense of humor, and it plays about all her talk, and breaks out in stories which fairly convulse her hearers like some old English comedy. I never shall forget how she amused us by her account of the woman whom Miss Faithfull met on her Western tour, and who insisted that she had Queen Victoria's autograph, and was in the habit of visiting her, describing the English sovereign "as a pleasant, chatty person!"

Indeed, it is quite evident that Miss Faithfull believes heartily in looking on the bright side, in making the best of things as they are, and while she faces with indomitable courage and energy these great questions, in which are involved the happiness and dignity of womanhood, she still looks hopefully off where God's light gilds the mountain-tops, knowing that in time it will surely strike and irradiate the valleys.

JOSHUA DAVIDSON.*

THE author of this book, said to be a woman, writes with a caustic pen, uncovering the nakedness of fashionable Christianity, and showing its utter lack of sympathy with the life and teachings of our Lord when upon the earth. The imaginary hero of her volume, a poor carpenter in an obscure English village, starts in life, as a lad with the earthly example of Christ among the poor and suffering, as the ideal of his own. His experiences are not very satisfactory. His first realization of the difficult task before him is thus related;

There was nothing very remarkable about Joshua's childhood. He was always a quiet, thoughtful boy, and from his earliest years noticeably pious. His parents came of the Friends' stock; not of the strict kind themselves, for they joined in the Church services; but the fact is just an indication of the kind of influences which helped to mould him in early youth. He had a habit of asking why, and of reasoning out a principle, from quite a little lad; which displeased people; so that he did not get all the credit from the schoolmaster and the clergyman to which his diligence and good conduct entitled him. They thought him troublesome, and some said he was self-conceited; which he never was; but the more he was in earnest the more he offended them.

He was never well looked on by the vicar since a famous scene that took place in the church one Sunday after afternoon catechism. He was then about fourteen years of age, and I have heard say he was a beautiful boy, with a face almost like a young woman's for purity and spirituality. He was so beautiful that some ladies and gentlemen staying at the vicarage noticed him during church time, and said he looked like a boy-saint. But he knew nothing about himself. I question if he knew whether his hair was black like mine, or, as it was, a bright brown like ripe nuts in the sunshine. After catechism was over he stood out before the rest, just in his rough country clothes as he was, and said very respectfully to the vicar, Mr. Grand: "If you please, sir, I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly, my lad, what have you to say?" said Mr. Grand, rather shortly. He did not seem over well pleased at the boy's addressing him; but he could not well refuse to hear him because of the ladies and gentlemen with him, and especially Mr. Freeman, a very good old man who thought well of everybody, and let everybody do pretty much as they liked.

"If we say, sir, that Jesus Christ was God," said Joshua, "surely all that He said and did must be the real right? There cannot be a better way than His?"

"Surely not, my lad," Mr. Grand made answer;

"what else have you been taught all your life? what else have you been saying in your catechism just now?"

"And His apostles and disciples, they showed the way, too?" said Joshua.

"And they showed the way, too, as you say; and if you come up to half they taught, you'll do well, Joshua."

The vicar laughed a little laugh as he said this; but it was a laugh, Joshua's mother said, that seemed to mean the same thing as a "scat"—our Cornish word for a blow—only the boy didn't seem to see it.

"Yes; but, sir, it is not of myself I am thinking, it is of the world," said Joshua. "If we are Christians, why don't we live as Christians?"

"Ah, indeed! why don't we?" said Mr. Grand. "Because of the wickedness of the human heart; because of the world, the flesh and the devil!"

"Then, sir, if you feel this, why don't you and all the clergy live like the apostles, and give what you have to the poor?" cried Joshua, clapping his hands and making a step forward, the tears in his eyes. "Why, when you read that verse, 'Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' do you live in a fine house, and have grand dinners, and let Peggy Bray nearly starve in that old mud hut of hers, and widow Tregellis there, with her six children, and no fire or clothing for them? I can't make it out, sir! Christ was God; and we are Christians; yet we won't do as He ordered, though you tell us it is a sin that can never be forgiven if we dispute what the Bible says."

"And so it is," said Mr. Grand, sternly. "Who has been putting these bad thoughts into your head?"

"No one, sir. I have been thinking for myself. Michael, out by Lion's Den, is called an infidel; he calls himself one; and you preached last Sunday that no infidel can be saved; but Michael helped Peggy and her base child when the Orphan Fund people took away her pension, because, as you yourself told her, she was a bad woman, and it was encouraging wickedness; and he worked early and late for widow Tregellis and her children, and shared with them all he had, going short for them many a time. And I can't help thinking, sir, that Christ, who forgave all manner of sinners, would have helped Peggy with her base child, and that Michael, being an infidel and such a good man, is something like that second son in the parable who said he would not do his Lord's will when he was ordered, but who went all the same—"

"And that your vicar is like the first?" interrupted Mr. Grand, angrily.

"Well, yes, sir, if you please," said Joshua, quite modestly, but very fervently.

There was a great stir among the ladies and gentle-

* The True History of Joshua Davidson, Communist. J. R. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

men when Joshua said this; and some laughed a little, under their breath, because it was in church, and others lifted up their eyebrows, and said, "What an extraordinary boy!" and whispered together; but Mr. Grand was very angry, and said, in a severe tone: "These things are beyond the knowledge of an ignorant lad like you, Joshua; and I advise you, before you turn questioner and reformer, to learn a little humility and respect for your betters. I consider you have done a very impertinent thing to-day, and I shall mark you for it!"

"I did not mean to be impertinent, sir," said Joshua, eagerly; "I want only to know the right of things from you, and to do as God has commanded, and Christ has shown us the way. And as you are our clergyman, and this is the house of God, I thought it the best plan to ask: I want only to know the truth; and I cannot make it out!"

"Hold your tongue, sir!" said Mr. Grand. "God has commanded you to obey your pastors and masters and all that are in authority over you; so let us have no more of this folly. Believe as you are taught, and do as you are told, and don't set yourself up as an independent thinker in matters you understand no more than the ass you drive. Go back to your place, sir, and another time think twice before you speak to your superiors."

"I meant no harm. I meant only the truth and to hear the things of God," repeated Joshua, sadly, as he took his seat among his companions; who tittered.

When they all went out of church Mr. Grand was heard to say to Mr. Freeman: "You will see, Freeman, that boy will go to the bad; he will turn out a pestilent fellow, a freethinker and a democrat. Oh, I know the breed, with their cant about truth and the right! He richly deserved a flogging to-day if ever boy did; to dare to take me to task in my own church!"

But Mr. Freeman said gently: "I don't think he meant it for insolence. I think the lad was in earnest, though, of course, he should not have spoken as he did."

"Earnest or not, he must be taught better manners for the future," said Mr. Grand.

And so it was that Joshua was not well looked on by the clergyman, who was his enemy, as one may say, ever after.

All this made a great talk at the time, and there are many who remember the whole thing at this present day; as any one would find if they were to ask down at Trevalga; but all that Joshua was ever heard to say of it was: "I thought only of what was right in the sight of God; I never thought of man at all."

He did not, however, repeat the experiment of asking inconvenient questions of his social superiors in public; but it was noticed that after this he became more and more thoughtful, and more and more under the influence of a higher principle than lads of his age are usually troubled with. And though always tender to his parents and respectful to the

schoolmaster and minister, and the like of that, yet he was less guided by what might be called expediency in his conduct, and more than ever a stickler for the uncompromising truth, and the life as lived by Jesus Christ. He was not uncomfortable to live with, his mother said; quite the contrary; no one ever saw him out of temper, and no one ever knew him to do a bad thing; but he somehow forced his parents to be always up to the mark, and even the neighbors were ashamed to talk loosely or say what they shouldn't before a lad whose whole thought, whose sole endeavor was, "how to realize Christ."

"Mother," he once said, as he and Mrs. Davidson stood by the cottage-door together, "I mean when I grow up to live as our Lord and Saviour lived when He was on the earth. For, though He is God in Heaven He was only man here; and what He did we too can do with His help and the Holy Spirit's."

"He is our example, lad," said his mother, reverently. "But I doubt lest you fall by over boldness."

"Then, if imitation is over bold, His life was a delusion, and He is not our example at all," said Joshua. "Which is a saying of the devil."

But, with his ideal firmly fixed, Joshua could not rest. The lad gathered about him other lads, and endeavored to lead them to imitate the life of Christ in personal purity, in humble-mindedness and in helpful deeds to the poorest and vilest; but in so doing he was misunderstood by such representatives of Christianity as Vicar Grand, and denounced as a pestilent fellow.

On attaining manhood, he went to London, and there consorting with the poor, the vile and criminal, endeavored to lift them up and lead them back to innocence and virtue—so trying to imitate his great Exemplar. But though he led a life of purity and gave himself for the good of others, he was misunderstood, misjudged and persecuted by the very class of people who represent the Christian moralist of to-day. And no wonder; for associating with the vile—but only to do them good—he was judged partially and by the company he kept.

He now became blown about by many winds of doctrine. Christianity, as he found it, seemed everywhere false to the example and teachings of Christ, who was meek and lowly in heart, and cared for the poorest and vilest—seeking to save that which was lost. He was like an unpiloted vessel. He was beset with doubts, in which the only thing that kept its shape or place was the character of Christ; and nothing turned him aside from his work of doing good among the people. But, setting conservatism at naught; paying no regard to appearances; consecrating in his purity with the vilest that he might, if possible, save them; he was rejected by Christian people; imprisoned by the authorities because found in the company of evil men; and finally set upon by a mob of his countrymen, to whom he was trying to preach the doctrine of Communism—by which he meant the brotherhood of man based on the teachings of Christ—and murdered.

One of the chapters, showing how aristocracy sometimes comes down to the work of helping and saving the poor and debased, is so well told, that we copy it entire. Lord X., notorious for his philanthropy, of an unsteady and spasmodic kind, met Joshua in his wanderings among the poor, and as "no one could come in contact with him without feeling that inexplicable charm which is inseparable from great earnestness and self-devotion," Lord X. was at first strongly attracted by the man; and for a time they worked together. Joshua was much elated, thinking now that he had wealth and influence on his side, and he could do wonders for his poor friends. What came of it all is told in the following chapter, which we copy entire:

LADY X.

This was Joshua's first introduction into a wealthy house of the upper classes; and from the retinue of servants in their gorgeous liveries thronging the hall, to the little lapdog on its velvet cushion, the luxury and lavishness he saw everywhere almost stupefied him. To a man earning, say some twenty-five shillings a week, and living on less than half—sharing with those poorer than himself, and content to go short that others might be satisfied—the revelation of Lord X.'s house was a sharp and positive pain. The starvation he, the noblemen, had seen in his wanderings—starvation in all probability relieved for to-day; but to-morrow and the day after and for all future time, till the pauper's grave closed over all?—and then had come to an abundance, a fastidiousness, of which the very refuse would have been salvation to hundreds; the miserable dwellings he visited, mere eyes of filth, immodesty and vice, where the seeds of physical disease and moral corruption are sown broadcast and from earliest infancy—and then returned to a dwelling like a fairy palace, where every nook and corner was perfect, redolent of all kinds of sweetness and loveliness—to a man of the people like Joshua, fairly oppressive in its richness and grandeur; the gaunt and famine-wasted men and women and children that he had so often met, the little ones brutally treated, half starved, sworn at and knocked about, swarming through reeking courts and alleys where the very air of heaven was poisonous—and the lady's lapdog, with its dainty food, its tender care, well washed, combed, curled, scented, adorned, on a velvet footstool, a toy bought for it to play with: and that man and that woman—this lord and lady—were professing Christians, went regularly to church, believed that Christ was very God, and that every word of the Bible was inspired! It was habit; but at first sight it looked incomprehensible to one who lived among the poor, and was of them.

Lady X. soon came into the room where Joshua and Lord X. were. She was a tall, fair, languid woman, kindly natured but selfish, dissatisfied with her life as it was yet unable to devise anything better for herself; having no interest anywhere, without children, and evidently not as much in love with her husband as model wives usually are: a woman whose

intelligence and physique clashed, the one being restless and the other indolent. Every now and then she took up her husband's "cases," partly out of complaisance to him, partly from profound weariness with her life, and also from the natural kind-heartedness which made her like to do good-natured things and to give pleasure to others. But she soon abandoned them and set them adrift. She was a woman with great curiosity but no tenacity; full of a soft sensual kind of passion that led her into danger as much from idleness as from vice; she loved out of idleness, and worked out of idleness. It was a gain to her to be interested in anything—whether it was the fashion of the day or the salvation of a human soul; but there was no spirit of self-sacrifice in her, and she would have considered it an impertinence if she had been asked to do a hair's-breadth more than she desired of her own free will. Had she been born poor, she might have been a grand woman; as she was, she was just a fine lady whose nobler nature was stifled under the weight of idleness and luxury.

But she liked Joshua, and took to him kindly.

She gave him at that first interview a really handsome sum of money for his poorer friends; she promised clothes and soup-tickets, books for his school, toys for his children, good food for his sick. The simple yet so grand earnestness of the man interested her, and she too felt as every one else did, that here was a master-spirit which had a claim to all men's reverence and admiration. She was not satisfied with this first visit, but Joshua must go to see her again; and after he had been there twice, she of herself offered to come and see him in his lodgings, over the little sweet-stuff shop which Mary Prinsep kept. And Joshua did not forbid her.

Was there ever such an incongruity? The street—East Street—in which we lived, was too narrow for her carriage to come down, so she had to walk the distance to Joshua's rooms. And I shall never forget the sight. Her dainty feet were clothed in satin on which glittered buckles that looked like diamonds; her dress was of apple-blossom-colored silk that trailed behind her; her bonnet seemed to be just a feather and a veil; she wore some light face thing about her that looked like a cloud more than a fabric; and her arms and neck were covered with chains and lockets and bracelets. She was like a fairy queen among the gnomes and blackmoors of an underground mine, like a sweet-scented rose-bush in the midst of a refuse heap as she came picking her way with courage, but with exaggerated delicacy, her footman in his blue and silver at her back, and the mob of the street staring, too much astonished at such an apparition to jeer.

When she came into the little shop and asked for Joshua, I was standing in the doorway (it was on a Sunday) between the shop and Mary's back room; and for the first time I saw Mary in an ugly light. She turned quite white as the lady came in, and instead of answering, looked round to me with an agony in her face that was indescribable.

"Yes, madam," I said coming forward; "he is up-stairs."

"Do you want him, ma'am?" then asked Mary, the look of pain still in her large, fixed eyes; and I thought that the lady, looking at her—for Mary was young and very pretty, as I have said—looked uneasy, too. At all events, she looked haughty.

"Yes," she said; but she turned and spoke to me, not to Mary. "Have the goodness to tell him that Lady X. wants to speak to him."

I ran up-stairs and told him; and Joshua, without changing his countenance one whit, as if lords and ladies in gorgeous array were our natural visitors and what we were used to every day, came down and greeted the lady as he would have greeted the baker's wife—neither more nor less respectfully; which means, that he was respectful to every one.

Lady X. made a step forward when he came into the shop, and the blood flew over her face as she gave him her hand.

"Now, you must let me see where you live, and how you do such wonders," she said, with the most undefinable but unmistakable accent of coaxing, in the voice.

And Joshua, saying quietly, "Are you not too fine to come up our stairs, Lady X.?—we do our best to keep them clean, Mary, don't we? but, they are not used to such-like feet on them," gave her his hand, smiling.

"They will be used to mine, I hope, often," said my lady, kindly. "You know I have taken a great interest in your work, Mr. Davidson, and I am going to help where I can."

"If you will come this way, then, my lady, I will show you all I have on hand at the present moment," said Joshua, moving toward the stairs.

And again the lady blushed; and her long silk skirts trailed behind her with a curious rustling noise; and we heard her light boot-heels go tap, tap, up the stairs, and her chains and trinkets jingle.

Then Mary turned to me, and said, with a wild kind of look: "John! John! she is here for no good! She will harm more than she helps. What call has she to come here? who wants her? She will only do us all a mischief!"

She turned her face to the window and burst into tears.

"Mary! what ails you?" I said, vaguely; for I was shocked, and did not rightly understand her. I seemed to feel something I could not give a name to—a pain and a queer kind of doubt; but indeed it was all chaotic, and all I knew was that I was sorry. "You know," I went on, trying to comfort her, "that money and worldly influence at Joshua's back would give him all he wants. His hands are so weak now for want of both these things. Why should we be sorry, dear, that he has the chance of them?"

"She has come for no good!" was all that Mary would say; and I could only wonder at an outburst unlike anything I had ever seen before.

My lady stayed a long time up-stairs, and poor Mary's agony during her visit never relaxed. At

last she came down, flushed and radiant. Her eyes were softer and darker, her face looked younger and more tender; she even glanced kindly at me as she passed me, saying to Joshua, in a voice as sweet as a silver bell: "And this is the John you have been telling me about?—he looks a good fellow!—and is this Mary?" but she was not quite so tender to Mary; and she added, in rather a displeased tone of voice: "Girl! you look very young to keep house by yourself, and have young men lodgers!"

"Ah, my lady, you forget that our girls have not the care taken of them that yours have," said Joshua, gently. "So soon as a girl of ours can get her living, she does."

"Well, I hope that Mary will be a good girl, and do you credit," said my lady, coldly.

She shook hands then with Joshua, but, with her hand still in his, turned to him and, with the sweetest smile I have ever seen on woman's face, said in the same strange caressing way: "I must ask you to be kind enough to take me to my carriage, Mr. Davidson. I think my footman must have gone to keep the coachman company; and I should scarcely like to go down the street alone."

"Certainly not," said Joshua, and led her, still holding her hand, out from the shop and into the little street to where her carriage was waiting for her.

"Mind the shop for me, John," said Mary; and with a great sob she ran away and shut herself up in her own room.

She would have been ashamed, I know, to let Joshua see that she was crying, and all for nothing, too; only because a fine lady, smelling of sweet scents and wearing a rich silk gown, had passed through the shop.

As for him, he came back without a ruffle on his quiet, mild face. There was no flash of gratified vanity on it; nothing but just that inward, absorbed look, that look of peace and love which beautified him at all times. As he passed through, he looked round for Mary; but I told him she was bad with her head; and as this had the effect of sending him into her room to look after her, poor Mary's attempt at concealment came to nothing. But I don't think Joshua found out why she was crying.

Many a day after this my lady's carriage came to the entrance of our wretched street, and my lady herself, like a radiant vision, picked her way among garbage and ruffianism down to the little sweet-stuff shop, where ha'pennyworths of "bulls'-eyes" were sold to young children by a girl who had once been a street-walker, and where the up-stairs rooms were tenanted by two journeymen carpenters. It was an anomaly that could not last; but the very sharpness of the contrast gave it interest in her eyes; and while the novelty continued it was like a scene out of a play in which she was the heroine. So, at least, I judged her; and the more I think of the whole affair, the more sure I feel that I am right.

And then Joshua's handsome face and dignity of look and manner might count for something.

She (the lady) was truly good and helpful to Joshua all the time this fall of hers lasted; for that it was only a fad, without stability or roots, the sequel proved. She brought him clothes and money, and seemed ready to do all she could for him. He had only to tell her that he wanted such and such help, and she gave it, aye, like a princess!

What took place between them neither I nor any one can say. Joshua never opened his lips on the subject; and after that day, by tacit consent all round, the name of Lord and Lady X. was a dead letter among us. All I know is, that one day, when she had come down to our place, as so often now, my lady, flushed, haughty, trembling, too, but changed somehow, with a sad, disordered face instead of the half-sleepy sweetness usual to it, came down-stairs—not this time holding Joshua's hand; he following her, pale and troubled-looking; that she passed through the little shop quickly and impatiently, with never a glance toward Mary or me; that at the door she turned round, and said, sharply: "You need not give yourself the trouble, Mr. Davidson, to come with me—I can find my way alone;" and that Joshua answered with more tenderness and humility of tone and manner than I had ever seen or heard in him before: "My lady, I must disobey you; I cannot let you go through the street alone." And that he followed her out, bareheaded, but at a little distance from her—not beside her.

This was the last time we saw her; nor did Lord X. keep up any association with my friend. And I heard afterward, quite accidentally, that he had said soon after this, he really "could not countenance that man Davidson: he was too offensively radical in his opinions, and a presuming fellow besides."

But word came to us both that my lady had found out all about Mary; and that she had expressed herself imited and revolted at Joshua's allowing her to enter a house kept by such a creature.

"It was all very well to be compassionate and helpful," she had said; "but no amount of charity justified that man Davidson in his proceedings with such a woman. Or, if he chose to associate with her himself, he ought to have warned her (her ladyship), that she should not have made the mistake of speaking to her as to a proper person."

So this first and last attempt at aristocratic co-operation fell to the ground; and society peremptorily refused to endorse a man who had set himself to live the life after Christ.

If Joshua was sorry for the loss he had so mysteriously sustained, poor Mary was not. All during the lady's visits she had drooped and pined, till I thought she was in a bad way, and going to be worse. Ah! this was a bitter thorn to me, for I loved her like my own; and I loved Joshua and his work and his life better than my own life; and I was perplexed, and in a manner torn to pieces, among so many feelings. But she revived after the day when the lady passed through the shop with her sad, proud, disordered face, and when Joshua came back from seeing her to her carriage, like a man who has had a blow

and is still dazed by it. She waited on him after this, more assiduously than ever. She seemed to live only to please him. The place was the very perfection of cleanliness. Even my lady's palace could not have been more wholesome or more pure. The squalor of the shell, so to speak, and the poverty of the inside, was concealed or made to be forgotten by the exquisite neatness and cleanliness with which it was all kept; and when Joshua's countenance came back again, as it did after awhile, to its usual sweet serenity, Mary's also came to its peace, and the cloud that had hung over it like a distemper passed away.

"It will not do, John!" he said to me one day, some time after; "for the aristocracy to come down to the poor is a mistake. They are different creatures altogether, with different laws of honor and morality among themselves from what we know anything about. And the gulf is too wide to be bridged over by just one here, and another there, coming like the old Israelitish spies among us, to see the nakedness of the land. They do a little good for the time, but it is good that bears no blessing with it, and is not lasting. We must work up by ourselves into a state nearer to them in material good; but not," he added, as if by an after-thought, "in looseness of principle. That, however, has come only from idleness; and if great people had imperative duties and the absolute need of exertion, we should hear of fewer divorce scandals, fewer turf catastrophes, and the like, than we do now. However, that is not our affair. We are here to work on our own account, not to judge of others."

"It is an old saying, Joshua, but a true one, 'extremes meet,'" said I. "The very poor have no taste for refined pleasure, and indeed no power of indulging it if they had; and the very rich, sated with all that is given to them by their position, devise new excitements of an ignoble kind. I suppose that is something like it?"

"I suppose so," he answered. "At all events, there can be no such thing as levelling down. It would be no righteousness to bring the rich, the refined, the well educated down to the level of the poor; but to raise up the masses, and to impose on the upper classes positive duties, this is the only way in which the difference between high and low can be lessened. And if this can be done free of national revolt and bloodshed, it will be a godlike work, and the blessed solution of the greatest difficulty the world has seen yet. It cannot be a good thing that some men have to work till all the strength of intellect is worked out of them, while others are lapped in such idleness that all theirs is either benumbed and stagnated, or turned to evil issues for want of being wholesomely used. Come how it may, it has to come—this more equal distribution of the better things of life. I do not mean that the duchess will have to share her velvet cushions with the seamstress; but it has to be that, either by education or improved machinery, or both, there will not be the enormous difference there is now between the duchess and the

seamstress. We have made a great parade lately of our sympathy with the North, on the ground of emancipation; but society here in London holds slaves as arbitrarily and as cruelly as ever the Southern planters did; and its vested interests, however demoralizing, are as sacred to us as were the vested interests of the planter to him. I will never again try a fraternal union with a rich house. When the workmen have their political and social rights, and have utilized their leisure to refine and elevate, to beautify and adorn their lives, then, when we are radically equal, we can meet as men and brothers. As we are now, we are experiments to some, mere temporary amusements to others, inferiors to all; and we pin our faith to a straw—hang our golden hopes on gossamer—when we look for vital co-operation from them."

"I thought Joshua would find her out in time," was Mary's comment. "I took stock of her from the first, and saw she was no good."

HABITUAL MOVEMENT IN THE LOWER ANIMALS.

THE following curious facts are from Darwin's last work, "Expression of the Emotions in Man and the Lower Animals."

Dogs, when they wish to go to sleep on a carpet or other hard surface, generally turn round and round and scratch the ground with the forepaws in a senseless manner, as if they intended to trample down the grass and scoop out a hollow, as, no doubt, their wild parents did when they lived on open grassy plains or in the woods. Jackals, fennecs and other allied animals in the Zoological Gardens, treat their straw in this manner; but it is a rather odd circumstance that the keepers, after observing for some months, have never seen the wolves thus behave. A semi-idiotic dog—and an animal in this condition would be particularly liable to follow a senseless habit—was observed by a friend to turn completely round on a carpet thirteen times before going to sleep.

Many carnivorous animals, as they crawl toward their prey and prepare to rush or spring on it, lower their heads and crouch, partly, as it would appear, to hide themselves, and partly to get ready for their rush; and this habit, in an exaggerated form, has become hereditary in our pointers and setters. Now I have noticed scores of times that, when two strange dogs meet on an open road, the one which first sees the other, though at the distance of one or two hundred yards, after the first glance always lowers its head, generally crouches a little, or even lies down; that is, he takes the proper attitude for concealing himself and for making a rush or spring, although the road is quite open and the distance great. Again, dogs of all kinds, when intently watching and slowly approaching their prey, frequently keep one of their forelegs doubled up for a long time, ready for the next cautious step; and this is eminently characteristic of the pointer. But from habit they behave in

exactly the same manner whenever their attention is aroused. I have seen a dog at the foot of a high wall, listening attentively to a sound on the opposite side, with one leg doubled up; and in this there could have been no intention of making a cautious approach.

Dogs scratch themselves by a rapid movement of one of their hind feet; and, when their backs are rubbed with a stick, so strong is the habit, that they cannot help rapidly scratching the air or the ground in a useless and ludicrous manner.

Horses scratch themselves by nibbling those parts of their bodies which they can reach with their teeth; but more commonly one horse shows another where he wants to be scratched, and they then nibble each other. A friend, whose attention I had called to the subject, observed that, when he rubbed his horse's neck, the animal protruded his head, uncovered his teeth and moved his jaws, exactly as if nibbling another horse's neck, for he could never have nibbled his own neck. If a horse is much tickled, as when curried, his wish to bite something becomes so intolerably strong, that he will clatter his teeth together, and, though not vicious, bite his groom. At the same time, from habit, he closely depresses his ears, so as to protect them from being bitten, as if he were fighting with another horse.

A horse, when eager to start on a journey, makes the nearest approach which he can to the habitual movement of progression by pawing the ground. Now, when horses in their stalls are about to be fed and are eager for their corn, they paw the pavement or the straw. Two of my horses thus behave when they see or hear the corn given to their neighbors. But here we have what may almost be called a true expression, as pawing the ground is universally recognized as a sign of eagerness.

The sheldrake (*Tadorna*) feeds on the sands left uncovered by the tide, and, when a worm-cast is discovered, "it begins patting the ground with its feet, dancing, as it were, over the hole," and this makes the worm come to the surface. Now, Mr. St. John says that, when his tame sheldrake "came to ask for food they patted the ground in an impatient and rapid manner." This, therefore, may almost be considered as their expression of hunger. Mr. Bartlett informs me that the flamingo and kagu (*Rhinocetus jubatus*), when anxious to be fed, beat the ground with their feet in the same odd manner. So, again, king-fishers, when they catch a fish, always beat it until it is killed; and in the Zoological Gardens they always beat the raw meat, with which they are sometimes fed, before devouring it.

WASHINGTON IRVING once said of a pompous American diplomatist, "Ah, he is a great man; and, in his own estimation, a very great man, a man of great weight. When he goes to the West the East tips up."

PRIDE is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSEIWAT POTTER.

No. IV.

IT was a tiresome walk home, and I was sorry I had not ridden Humbug. She was running idle in the hill pasture. Pipey Ellen's quinsy had not reached its worst when I arrived, and I was glad of it, and told her mother what to do to bring relief. Her hair was put back carefully out of the way and tar spread all over her throat and up under her ears, and then a cloth covered over all. She had not slept for two nights, but in less than an hour she was sleeping sweetly.

When she awoke the next morning all soreness and swelling were gone, and nothing remained of the coat of tar but a yellow stain, and that was easily washed off with castile soapsuds.

I regard this as the best known cure for quinsy, and the one that brings the surest and quickest relief.

When Ida was taking up the roast beef, after I came home, she spilt a little grease on the pantry floor. She had just read in the Ohio Farmer how to take grease out of floors, and this was a good time to try the experiment. Immediately after spilling it she spread on soft soap, and run a hot flat-iron over it a few times, and then washed it off clean. It took out the grease entirely, and nothing was left but a brown stain, such as tobacco spittle would make.

This remedy should be applied immediately. Of course a careful housewife keeps one iron on the stove all the time.

It is not likely that the job of soap-making will be done when you women, readers sit down to cut the pages of this number. I have spoken of this before, but I know some things about it that I did not last year. Last spring I made almost a hogshead full of nice soap—did it all myself, like a little lady.

The new things I learned were these. We had a good deal of old strong smoked meat, rinds, bits of old hams and such like. When I looked at the heap of stuff I was quite discouraged; some of the material was as hard as a lot of old boots; but I managed nicely. I put all into a barrel, the horniest pieces at the bottom, filled it with water, and let it stand a week or two. The whole mass was softened, and when put into strong hot lye it soon disappeared. The sediment went to the bottom of the kettle and the grease to the top.

Rube framed a leach for us, securely put together, one that will last for years.

I asked a good woman, who seems to know everything, how she managed her soap-making, and this is what she says;

"I am so fortunate as to have a large cauldron set in brick, with a leach on one side and an ash-crib of brick on the other. When my husband fills the

leach he puts a little lime at the bottom. After I have run off what lye I need for my soap, I put on more water and make lye enough to quite fill an old fish-barrel. Into this I put bones, scraps, rinds and whatever may accumulate through the summer. Flies and rats do not trouble it, then.

"When ready to make soap in the spring, I run off a little new strong lye and put it into the cauldron with all the stuff that has collected during the winter that is not clear grease. Boil all together until the rinds, bits of meat, etc., are dissolved, then pour in water enough to completely cover the refuse which will settle; then add a double handful of salt, stir well, and leave until the next day, when the cleansed grease will be at the top, and the bones, glue, dirt, etc., at the bottom. Then I take off the grease, put it in the soap-barrel, add my other clean grease and lye, stir it a little every day, and I soon have soap, nice and thick. The grease at the top will not be like that which is rendered; sometimes it will be a little soapy. What is left we use to wash our apple-trees, and the bones, easily broken, go to the manure heap."

We doctor too much. Every day that I live the fact is more and more impressed upon my mind. We compress the lungs by tight lacing, we cramp our hands with tight gloves, we crumple our feet out of their natural shape by squeezing them into tight shoes. I want it understood when I say we that I only say it through courtesy, and don't mean myself at all, at all. I never laced in my life, I so thoroughly despise it. I measure twenty-six inches round the waist; I rarely wear gloves, and always wear shoes a size or one and a half sizes too large.

"What will people say?" is a bugbear that never stood in my path. While I respect every person, I don't care a crook o' my thumb what they think of me.

I was in at Coulter's store the other day selecting a pair of No. 7 gaiters, and wondering if I could wear them with two pairs of woollen stockings, when Miss Fildget stepped up beside me, and in a voice shrill as a cricket's piped out, "Let me look at your No. 7's;" and she cocked her eye up at me—unconsciously, of course. Bah!

Impure blood is the foundation of all sickness; whatever arrests the flow of blood through the body engenders disease. Cold or compressed hands and feet show a want of free circulation of the blood. If our shoes are too tight our feet are numb or cold, the blood that should flow in them is stagnant.

We break nature's laws every day, and while wilfully and deliberately breaking them we groan and sigh and follow the prescriptions of the physician.

We doctor too much. We wear shoulder-braces and trusses, and we swallow drastic purgatives, when we only need to exercise the small degree of common sense that we surely have. Nature needs to be left alone with her marvellous and intricate and well-ordered machinery.

Instead of wearing braces, learn to walk with your shoulders thrown back, your chin slightly above a horizontal line, or your eyes directed to things a little higher than your own head.

Dr. Hall says one will walk properly, pleasantly and without any feeling of restraint or awkwardness in this position. To aid in securing this habitual carriage of body, accustom yourself to carry your hands behind you, one hand grasping the opposite wrist.

This position of body is common among the English, who are admired the world over for their fine bearing, full chests and broad shoulders.

Instead of cathartics eat only one or two meals a day, exercise enough, be cheerful and content to let matters rest without your very wise interference.

And so of any other ailment; don't think about yourself all the time, eat nutritious food, laugh, tell funny stories, bring yourself in contact with your neighbors, try and do good to somebody; look on the bright side of life, and believe and know that if you hadn't this trouble you'd have some other, and perhaps a worse one. Think over your neighbors' trials, and see if you can select one that you'd rather have than your own.

Don't grieve over your beloved dead. God knew best; not a sorrow comes from His hand that is not a blessing in the end.

I often think of an incident I once read. A child lay dying. The frenzied mother, in an agony of grief, besought her Heavenly Father to spare her boy-baby. She prayed without ceasing, she impetuned agonizingly; and it seemed the Father, in whose hands are all our destinies, yielded. Slowly the babe came back to life from the verge of eternity, and that mother lived to see her son a drunkard, a criminal, convicted for murder and hung. How much better that he had died in his infancy!

I think none of us—and here I mean myself—accept of life with all its vicissitudes as cheerfully and unselfishly as we ought to do. We find too much fault; we would have things just as we choose; we put too high an estimate upon ourselves, and our capabilities, and our own petty acquirements. This is the reason we see only ourselves in our august proportions.

Heh! how common it is to hear people at the breakfast-table regale their friends with a particular narrative relating to themselves.

With an injured or an important air they will say: "I lay awake full two hours in the night;" or, "I had a horrible dream last night;" or, "I had a dreadful pain in my chest;" or, "My big toe was very painful awhile;" or, "I feel as if something were going to happen."

Really, it is too bad to permit ourselves to be tied

down by so short a tether, to see no further than our own selves.

I would suggest a plan to those making new rag carpet that will be found excellent. I was over at Goose Creek church to a prayer meeting the other evening, and the woman with whom Elder Nutt boards, Sister Hartman, told me of it. Tell the weaver just exactly how long your strips will need to be, how many yards from one end of your room to the other, and let him keep correct measure, and when the strip is long enough, leave off the filling in of rags, and weave eight or ten times across with coarse tow yarn, or thread like the chain. That will serve for a binding; all you need to do will be to turn it in like a hem. I think binding carpet is tiresome work; still, if you prefer to sew on a binding, don't use woollen goods; the moths will find a lodgment there. Drilling the color of the carpet is preferable. After sewing on and turning in a carpet binding it is well to sew across it once, good honest back-stitch.

In sewing strips of carpet together, the stripes or figures will always match easily if the edges are sewed together that came at the same side of the loom. Frequently one side of a web will be smooth and even while the other side is loose and uneven. The fault lies in putting it on the yarn beam carelessly.

In times of house-cleaning be careful in taking up carpets. Some women in removing a dusty carpet stand up straight, and as far away as they can get, and jerk it up regardless of the tacks that tear through and are left sticking in the floor. With care, a carpet may last many years.

Now that the season of house-cleaning is upon us, don't make fools of yourselves, and doctor bills for your ignored husbands to pay. Don't turn the contents of your house all out of doors and go staving about like a monomaniac.

This periodical warfare against dirt; this splashing the suds like a wounded whale; this season of colds, and neuralgia, and chills, and toothache, and ugly glum yellow faces and frowzy heads, and all the discomforts of the worse than homeless, is one of the silliest whims that ever attacked weak womanhood. I have no patience with it. But it is no use for me to say anything. I would merely suggest that you do not be in a hurry to commence your tooth-and-nail attack; when you do, try and go about it coolly, take one room at a time, work in the forenoons, when you are the strongest, and have a girl to help you. Don't move the kitchen stove until June, and then in its place put up a parlor stove in case of sobbing all-day rains and bleak cloudy evenings.

Don't do any work in which you have to reach up high, or above your heads. If you know anything at all of physiology, of the intricate and delicate mechanism that constitutes woman, you will know this to be highly injurious.

About door-yards. In the debilitating spring

days women often waste all the nervous energy they have in spading and throwing up earth into flower-beds. For a weak woman this is very hard work. Now, really, there is nothing prettier than smooth, grassy door-yards, the broader the better.

If you want flowers in the yard, let them, by all means, be flowering shrubs, trimmed into pretty shape. Don't allow the evergreen shrubbery in your yards to be close together—let each tree have plenty of room, that there may be no imperfect side to it.

But grass, we think, should be the chief adornment of every door-yard.

By moving a fence every spring, we can enlarge our front yard so as to take in a sloping meadow of several acres.

We always assist the deacon most cheerfully in carrying away this unsightly fence.

A house standing in a meadow, beautified by trees of native growth, is one of the few beautiful things that we never weary of admiring.

If possible, have pig-pens, cow-yards and calf-sheds away from the house, they are the bane of country life; but if you cannot have it so without harsh words and tears, and hearing taunts about women being "more nice than wise," then bear it as cheerfully as you can, and make the best of it.

Don't say bitter things that you would gladly recall when you look upon a coffin and a pallid face, and hands folded forevermore. It is better to bear all these little trials with gentleness and patience.

Once, in the heyday of my girlhood, I was passing a humble cottage in the edge of a wood in Cochocton county, and I grew very enthusiastic over the bean and cypress and morning-glory vines that festooned the windows, and draped the posts of the rustic porch, and curtained and made "living green" the bare, gray walls. I never saw such luxuriance and beauty as those riotous vines afforded. We rode very slowly, that I might prolong my enjoyment.

I could see by the surroundings that the wife and her husband were not both admirers of the beautiful in nature.

While I was gazing, the husband came out of a tumble-down wagon-shed, with a load of old, rusty harness on his shoulder.

I said, "Do you live here?"

"Yess'm," was the reply.

"Does your wife keep house, and 'tend to everything herself?"

"Yess'm."

"Well, I wish you'd tell her that I say she's a real lady, and I love her."

"Why?" said he, winking fast.

"Oh, 'cause she makes everything so beautiful about her little home-nest."

"Ho! you're as big a fool as she is," said he, stuffily, through his ugly, flat nose.

That was just what I expected.

We took tea at Sister Bodkin's the other evening. The conversation turned upon buying supplies by the

quantity—by the barrel, box and web. I had been telling the deacon for years that it would be better to buy our coffee, tea, sugar, muslin and calico by the quantity; that we would save money, time, and the vexation of being out just when an article was wanted. There would be less danger then of getting poor articles.

Another suggestion that was made by one of the sisters was, that of paying as you go, instead of buying upon credit. We all concluded that this plan would pay pecuniarily, and would pay in increased independence and self-respect, in freedom from care and annoyance, and consequent good-humor with one's self and the rest of mankind.

Sister Bodkin had a new kind of preserve, that we all liked very much.

While she was washing dishes, I wiped them, so I could have the chance of asking her how she made them. She said, take fair sweet apples, with firm flesh, pare them nicely, cut them across the core in slices the fourth of an inch thick, remove the seeds, but not the core, as it improves the appearance of the preserve. Boil very gently in a little water till tender, and then lift them carefully on plates. Take half the number of lemons that you had of apples, cut them across the core in slices the same thickness of the apples, remove the seeds, and spread the slices on earthen platters. Take pulverized loaf-sugar—the weight equalling that of the fruit weighed before boiling—sprinkle half of it over the lemon slices, let it stand a few hours till liquid enough has formed to cook them in, then drain it off and put it over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle with the rest of the sugar. When it boils, drop in both lemon and apple slices, and boil gently till the fruit is clear. For those who dislike the flavor of lemon-peel, the apples can be made as above, substituting lemon juice for lemon slices; or, the apples can be left whole, if the cores are carefully cut out.

I forgot to say that while we were eating father got a fish-bone in his throat. He is always trying to talk while he is eating, or laughing immoderately, or something else; and it is no uncommon thing for him to choke until he is as black in the face as a wheel-head.

He had been telling an old story about the miraculous conversion of his great-grandfather—the company were paying good attention, and all at once father leaned forward and made a noise that sounded like the *hock* of a wild goose. I knew what was the matter. I sprang up as quickly as my rheumatism would allow, without even waiting to take the roast spare-rib out of my mouth, and commenced pounding him in the back. I whaled away with all my might, but it did no good. I jerked him, and rubbed his throat and twisted his head, first one way then the other, but he couldn't catch his breath. Oh, he was blacker'n Elder Nutt's best coat!

As soon as Sister Bodkin said, "Doctor, he's choked," the doctor ran like mad to the pantry and got a fresh egg and broke it, and made father swallow it.

The white of the egg seemed to catch round the

fish-bone, and it removed it instantly. He soon felt well enough to resume his story.

Sister Bodkin says she has known cases of severe choking relieved by this means; one case where a man had a peach seed in his throat. I hope mothers will not forget this. If once trying don't remove the obstacle, try again. Nothing but the white of the egg is needed, however.

At this season of the year, Float is a nutritious and healthful dessert, just while everybody has plenty of fresh eggs and cream and good milk. There are many ways of making it, all of which are good. If your children like it, let them have it—I mean your big boys, too; and if you don't know the best ways of making it, ask some of your neighbors' girls who do. Brother Rube's Mattie makes it often, and he says: "I tell you, Pipesey, it is most wretched good!"

I call that violent praise.

I wish husbands praised their wives more than they do. If they only knew how precious every little thank was, they wouldn't be so chary of them, Oh, I have seen wives who would cheerfully toil until they were exhausted, and feel richly rewarded if their husbands would only say: "You are very kind;" or, "How very thoughtful you are;" or, "I thank you, dear."

I've seen gruff, lordly husbands that I just longed to shake as I would a mealy sack—men who would eat to repletion, and gorge and guzzle, and then go snarling off from the table and dump down as glum as the boa constrictor did after swallowing his blanket. How easy to have remarked, "How good your bread is!" or, "What delicious tea!" or, "My! what a wife for such an unworthy fellow!"

Weak words of praise they would have been to put new life into the tired little mortal, and would have cost nothing at all.

I guess there is nothing that makes a woman handsomer or happier than to be loved. I don't know much about these things; I only surmise.

I do remember, though, when I was young, and Professor O. Howe Greene was my escort to singing schools, and I thought he loved me—why I walked as though I was set on casters! I hardly felt the mundane sphere beneath my feet. It was a bright face that looked out of the mirror upon me as I stood chattering in the cold, intent on making little curls on my forehead and temples. The kind he liked.

I will have to tell it right here! How much I am amused! I find myself smiling unconsciously all this morning. A man trying to tell how a bride was dressed!

The brother who came home from California on a visit was married last night; he had been engaged to his faithful little Maggie for twelve years; he will return next week, and she will go to him in a year or so. They will settle in Santa Barbara, on the coast, a little gem of a city where summer breezes blow all the year; then if my catarrh and asthma still abide with me I am going to live with them.

The ceremony was performed at the parsonage, very quietly, none of us being present but Rube. Just before bed-time, Rube came rushing in, bowing and saying: "Ladies, Philander Gibbs is no more!"

Ida sat him a chair and took his hat, and composed herself on the lounge, saying: "Young man, divulge. Tell us what the bride wore."

"She wore a dress," said he.

"What color was it?" said Lily.

"Well, let me see," and he looked all round the room; "it was the color of—color of—" and he stared at the ceiling and walls, and peered closely at the figures in the carpet, looked at the picture frames, and stove, and furniture. "I see nothing the color of her dress at all."

"Was it black, or white, or gray, or brown? Strange you didn't notice. A man is so obtuse," said Ida, uneasily.

"Oh, now I know!" and he pounded his knee. "It was a little the color of Griffith's pigeons."

"Was her dress long or short?"

"Well, let me see," and he drew his brows and smoothed down the legs of his pantaloons; "kind o' long and kind o' short, I believe. Yes, I mind now, it was a little short before and strung out and piled up on the floor behind her."

"Did she wear a bow of ribbon or a breastpin, or what?" asked Lily.

"Yes she did," and he nodded.

"Was it a bow of ribbon? What color?"

"Yes, a bow of ribbon, the color of—color of—" and he looked sharply at the stove pipe, and the brown legs of the piano, at the window curtains, the lamp mat, the top shelf of the what-not, the black velvet lining of the writing desk, and then down at the legs of his gray pantaloons, saying: "'Twasn't hardly the color of my breeches—oh, a little the color of that pink place in the rug."

At this both girls laughed aloud, and declared it was no use to ask any man how a bride was dressed.

"What did you say to her after the ceremony, Rube?" said Ida.

"Oh, I walked up as bravely as a sheep and kissed her, and said some very fine things."

"That was all right, the kissing, only it should have been done in behalf of the family at home," said Lily. "But what did you say to her?"

"Oh, I said this is pretty cold weather we're having, and I s'posed we'd have an early spring; and how's the folks at home, and—"

"Oh, Rube, tell the truth," began both girls; but he darted out of the room to go home, saying as he went down the steps:

"So, Philander Gibbs is no more!"

While I think of it, don't forget to set out one or more trees in April. Don't fail to plant a willow in a damp spot, and remember and not put trees too closely together; give them room to grow on all sides. If possible, have one poplar or quaking asp somewhere in sight of the living room. The constant tremor of the leaves is suggestive of cool breezes.

When I die my monument will be the trees I have planted.

Have you any faded calico dresses, girls, that you are tired of; that don't look well only when first put on fresh from the ironing-table? Don't make big aprons of them, or mops, or wash-rags. I'll tell you what to do.

You can bleach them as white as snow, put new hems round the bottoms, neat new bands on them that will just meet and button, and you have good, new skirts.

To bleach them: wash well in hot suds, and boil half an hour; lay them out on the young grass, wetting and turning frequently. If the sun shines out hot, and they lie too long, they will mildew. If the color does not all come out, boil them again, adding the water in which has been dissolved about a handful of chloride of lime.

I have seen some very pretty white dresses, that had once been lawn, dotted with pink, or brown, or purple.

We always bleach lawn dresses, and make skirts of them to wear with thin white dresses.

One of the most charming girl-friends I had in years a-gone, a ripe, sweet, intellectual woman, told me it was the last and the hardest thing for her to learn to keep her house looking so that she wasn't ashamed to have a visitor drop in.

Her mother died while she was young, before her habits as a housekeeper were formed.

One day, when dinner was almost ready, she chanced to look out, and there came her beau riding up the lane toward the house.

Everything was ditty—their scant dinner was quite ready, but she was so scared that herself and her little sister flew at things to try and bring order out of disorder.

A bed stood unmade at the other end of the kitchen. Jenny snatched the boiling tea-kettle and thrust it back under the bed, among old bags and bundles and boxes. Lydia followed her with a spider full of frying meat, which she tucked out of sight.

While Jenny drew down the valance and smoothly spread the heavy coverlet, Lydia snatched the broom and soon filled the kitchen with mingled dust and ashes. They dampened their hands and smoothed their hair, and with flushed faces and glittering eyes, were soon ready to greet the young gentleman.

They had settled down as demure as two old spinsters, when their noisy little twelve-year-old brother Tom came rushing in, saying, "I want my boots; I have to hurry and drive the hogs out of the truck-patch." And he started for the bed, knowing that under it could be found a little of everything.

"They're not there, Tommy," said Jenny, uneasily.

"Oh, I'll bet they're under the bed; most everything's there," said he, stoutly.

The sisters looked at him pleadingly, winking and blinking with mute distress in both faces.

"Never mind, girls, I'll soon find 'em," and he

raised the valance and started under, head first. "Jemima! if here isn't the tea-kettle, piping hot!" he hailed out as if his mouth was full of feathers. The girls coughed and fidgetted, and tried to think of something to talk about, but not an idea came.

Again he called out in a muffled voice, "Lordy! there must be a family living in this corner. I saw, if here isn't meat a-fryin' away like sixty, and the spider settin' on an old feather tick! I tell you, Mr. Hamilton, it would make you bug your eyes to get down into these comfortable quarters," and out came Tom, blowing like a porpoise, the spider of meat in one hand, and his old boots in the other.

The girls were disposed to cry, but their good sense prevailed, and they all laughed heartily. Jenny told the young man how it came about, and he said they were silly girls, to be afraid of him.

For the benefit and encouragement of little, new blundering housekeepers, I will add that these girls, Jenny and Lydia, made good, intelligent women and excellent housewives.

THE WRECK.

BY SUDIE.

THE tiny sails, all torn and wet,
From mast and pennant sever—
Upon the jagged rock she drifts,
A shattered wreck forever!
Two pairs of childish eyes look out
From under glistening lashes,
Where just beyond their eager reach,
The treasured plaything dashes.

The sweet winds blow, the waters flow
Soft as a whispered blessing;
The sunshine drops through trembling leaves,
Each childish head carressing.
Oh! little ones, whose cheeks to-night
Will press a tear-stained pillow,
Heaven guard your sails on broader seas,
Where great wrecks strew the billows.

For, oh! the skies are black with wrath,
Sails part, and hawsers sever,
When some sweet hope the dear Lord gave,
Drifts out of life forever.
The wind is fierce, the night is black,
The awful breakers thunder—
We only gaze with stony eyes,
Where something bright went under.

Oh, blessed, when the torn soul drifts
Through storm and wreck and slaughter;
If sweet faith, like a "peace be still,"
Drops o'er the stormy water.
Oh, blessed, if we feel God's love,
Some strength and comfort giving,
When salt seas break above the dream,
That made life worth the living.

Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier travelled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart and brain but will lift sooner, in presence of a determined cheerfulness.

RELIGIOUS READING.

CALLING AND LEADING HIS SHEEP.

YOU think if the Good Shepherd were calling you by name and leading you out, the leading would, fail surely, be into other fields and paths than those through which you have of late been passing, or in which, haply, you still are found. You look for peace, and behold trouble. You are very weary, and He appoints you more work. You have sweet companionship, but in one desolating hour He sends you out alone. You know, indeed, that all these things, according to the promise, will work together for your good if you love God. You know this, and try to believe it, but you venture to doubt whether such things as these can ever be put down as symptoms of any special attachment on His part, or indeed as consistent with anything that deserves the name of special love to you. Let me beseech you to be careful here. Walk softly, for we are now within holy ground. Any mistake here on your part will be far-reaching.

If it be that He, the Good Shepherd, deeply considering the things which really make for your peace, taking the long look for you, and providing for a future you cannot see, in the meantime giving you the cross, the thorn, the cup of anguish, in very love—thus making these His love-tokens—then be sure it will be a sad loss to you if you never come to see this; while to him who thus loves, and who is thus requited, it can hardly be less than sorrow and grief of heart. I have seen a shepherd, on a bitter snowy day, gathering all his sheep carefully to the windy side of the hill. The silly creatures, left to themselves, would all take the other side; they would go straight to the most dangerous places, to the sheltered spots where the deep snow-wreaths form silently, in which they would soon find at once a refuge and a grave. On such a day the life of some of the sheep depends on facing the blast. The shepherd would not let the youngest, he would not let the weakest one of the flock, lie down in the shelter. For the very love he bears it, "he calls it by name, and leads it out," or drives, or carries—even in such an hour as that—facing the bitter wind and blinding snow.

Indeed, my brethren, it will come to this, that if we know the love of Christ in a deep and true manner, and if we really believe that it is a personal love to ourselves, we shall not be so apt to distinguish and select certain special modes for its manifestation as alone suitable and proper. One mode will seem to us almost as good as another if it be the one that He selects, and we shall hear the loving voice in the darkness as well as in the light; in the roar of the wintry storm as in the hush of the summer silence. The lover of souls can make trust with His beloved ones, and will keep it anywhere, and almost in any manner. He is, in fact, calling His own by name, and leading them out by means of circumstances of every variety of aspect. Some are being led as into the garden where the roses bloom and the rich fruits hang ripely; and some into the wild, where there seems to be no sustenance. Some are led gently by the soft flowing streams, and under the pleasant shadow of the trees; and some up among the misty mountains or across the stormy billows of the sea, toward unknown shores. What matters it if He be the leader—if He be the guide? You can go into tranquillity, you can go into conflict, you can go up the

breazy hills of health, or lay yourself down in the sick chamber—you can stand at the marriage altar, or lie down on the bed of death—if only He calls you by name and leads you out.—*The Little Sanctuary.*

RESERVE IN PLEASURE.

IF in business, where duty lies, where daily bread is won, there should be moderation and reserve, still more will the true pilgrim and stranger on the earth practice such self-restraint and withholding in pleasure—in pleasure, the unbridled love and quest of which is absolutely fatal to all that is highest and purest in human character. A pleasure-loving soul never can be unselfish, magnanimous, serene, brave, pure. Such qualities come from sources far higher than personal enjoyment. They come from the love of truth, from the practice of duty, from the habit of self-sacrifice, from seriousness, reflection, prayer. The love of pleasure cannot give these things, but the love and pursuit of pleasure can take them away; will certainly much diminish their strength, and put them all in peril. It is therefore one of the Christian's daily lessons to teach himself effectually how to "use this world as not abusing it;" i. e., how to extract from present things all fair and honest enjoyment, without allowing selfishness and mere appetite so to touch and transmute them in the process that the enjoyment shall have in it some admixture of baser elements, and be no longer the thing which the Divine beneficence provides for man's hunger and thirst.

Here have we the true answer to any such superficial formula as, "Surely pleasure is lawful." Lawful? Understood in the better sense, it is far more than lawful. It is inevitable. God has filled the world with it. Those who live well and wisely cannot miss it. It lies in the heart of all beauty. It hovers around every mountain, and murmurs in every stream. 'Tis like the sunshine of a summer day; you cannot look without seeing it, and all things by its means. But this lower, this simply sensual thing which men call pleasure, which is sought so eagerly by multitudes, and which is so abundantly provided, to satiate depraved and inordinate appetite, to stimulate jaded sensibilities, to kill time—how can it but kill the soul also, or at any rate the soul's best and purest life?

So, too, there need be no conflict as to the necessity, we might say for most people the *absolute* necessity, of some relaxation after, or amid, hard work. The bow that is never unstrung will the sooner lose the power to effectuate and fulfil the perfect aim of the marksman. The ideal human life is a beautiful compound of many things, each in good relations with all the rest, each set in its own just limits, and so bound by the same as to have no legitimate right to overflow and possess the neighboring and interpenetrating spheres. Faith is not so to possess a man that he cannot use his present senses. Seriousness is not to blot out the gleams of sunshine, and change all the sky into leaden gray. Well, but is not the principle of a just limitation and reserve equally applicable on the other side of things, where certainly the greater danger lies? The question comes to be one of degree and measure. It will practically take this form: How often? How much? How far? Ought there not to be some reserve even in lawful, even in necessary things? Ought

not the possession of the higher taste, and the inward consciousness of immortal destination, to settle many a little question and controversy almost as soon as they arise? The "stranger in the earth" is being simply true to himself, and without any conscious effort, rises superior to many a vexed and agitated question as to the lawfulness of this, or the propriety of that. The controversy is settled before it begins. There is a foregone

conclusion. He cannot be wrong in obeying the Heavenly impulse. He cannot be charged with any neglect of duty in preferring the silent, separated way; in making seriousness, rather than mirth, the mistress of the evening, and thus allowing much that might come to him without any positive guilt to go by, in order that he may preserve unbroken fellowship with serenest joys.—*The Little Sanctuary.*

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BABIES.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"WHAT do you know about babies?" I fancy I hear some inexperienced and very much tired parent exclaim. I do not wonder at all at the question. Every mother has the right to make this inquiry of any one who attempts to advise or enlighten her upon this juvenile subject.

"I have been trying," said a dear little woman the other day, holding a fretful infant with one hand and with the other turning the leaves of a huge volume, "to see what this authority"—mentioning an M.D. of considerable note—"has to say on the subject of babies; but I am disappointed, as usual, and have about made up my mind that everybody who has ever written on this topic has been either a bachelor or an idiot."

I examined the roughly-criticised book, and found—as may be imagined—not at all what she had led me to expect. It was a work for thoroughly drilled physiologists, well written, profound, and as scientific as a professed scientist could make it; but to this tired, perplexed young mother it was the veriest stuff. What more could have been expected? This wife and parent had, only two years before, graduated from a first-class ladies' institute, with a diploma setting forth in the strongest terms the astonishing progress she had made in her studies. She could speak French with an accent truly Parisian, charm the lovers of music with the wonderful brilliance and expression of her pianoforte performances. She could dance well and sing well; in short, could the programme her parents and teachers marked out for her have been the route she was to take through her earthly pilgrimage, she would probably have kept, as at school, at the head of her class; but love, that arch disarranger of the best laid plans, that great general disturber of the peace, that great remaker and rectifier, stepped in, and the result was harmony and inharmony; the last, in this case, brought about entirely by an improper education. My friend had been shown the necessity of painstaking and polish, to make sure of some rich and cultured life-partner, and very singularly—for such things seldom happen—and, very fortunately, she had found with this wealth and culture, love of the rarest and most enduring quality. All this had been done with a view to her obtaining a husband, but not the least preparation had been made for the life that should follow; the motto being, as in the majority of instances, "Catch him, and let the future take care of itself."

Now, this mother wanted to know why her baby cried a large part of the night, and moaned and fretted the greater portion of the day. She wanted to know why the little creature was not able to properly digest its food; and she desired this information in plain, simple terms,

and in the work she had examined she had found neither information nor comfort. Now, I have had some experience with babies, and I could well sympathize with this exhausted woman, whose life was entirely given up to nursing this tiny bundle of flesh and blood. Trot, trot, trot, went the poor little baby on the poor tired little knee. "Hum, hum, sh, sh, there, there, hum, hum," up and down, back and forth, occasionally interpolating this jargon with a word or two to me. I had been invited to spend the day with my friend, and must confess I did not look forward with much pleasure to the visit.

"Why don't you let the nurse take him?" I ventured to inquire, after witnessing this distressing performance as long as my nerves would stand it.

"Nurse!" she repeated, in a disgusted, impatient sort of way. "She wouldn't stir a limb or move a muscle if the baby screamed itself to death."

I thought, perhaps, that the nurse knew more than the mother, but scarcely dared make the suggestion just then.

"Does he cry like this all the time?" was my next query, hoping to lead the conversation into a channel where I could, without appearing to be inquisitive, get at something like a history of the case.

"Nearly all the time," she replied. "I hain't known a decent night's rest since he was born, three months ago."

"Will you let me take him a moment?" I asked. "Perhaps, being fresh to the business, I may be able to do something for him; at least, I can rest your arms a little, if no more."

So Mr. Baby was transferred to me, and I immediately commenced a critical examination.

"You must have had a great deal of experience with babies," remarked my companion. "Do see if you can tell what ails this one."

There was nothing amiss with the child. It was as healthy a specimen of an American infant as I ever looked at—well proportioned, strong and active as a young colt, with flesh unusually firm, and a pair of lungs that utterly defy my vocabulary. I couldn't say to that mother in plain terms: "There is nothing the matter with your baby; all this fuss and worry is directly traceable to mismanagement." The temptation to blurt out this truth was great; but I have found, after many mistakes, that if one desires to accomplish any real good in this world, we must go to work in all cases very gently. This infant was beautifully dressed in nansook and valenciennes, richly embroidered flannels, and all that sort of thing; and was as faultlessly tidy and sweet as loving hands could make it. Notwithstanding all these advantages of dress and social position, this ungrateful baby would cry. I lifted the little one's elaborately-trimmed skirts, and what should meet my eyes but a "pinning blanket" (an article of infant's wardrobe I had

supposed entirely obsolete) so fastened and doubly fastened that the poor child could not get a leg out to save its life.

"What are you doing?" my companion inquired, in wonder.

"Unpinning this thing," I answered. "Just look here! you have pinned this blanket so short that your baby hasn't room to stretch its limbs."

For a moment or more baby stopped crying, and kicked right and left with an evident relish for this description of leg liberty, and then commenced again.

"It isn't that," said my companion, with a sigh.

A cambric skirt covered the above-mentioned relic of barbarism, and both these affairs were made with waists, or bands, and fastened with three pins. It seems as incomprehensible to me now as it did the day I made the discovery, that an ordinarily intelligent woman even should not know that an infant's apparel should always be loosely put on; and here was the child of an usually well-informed and intellectual woman, actually gasping for breath on account of compression caused by tight bands. As I removed the pins the child gradually ceased screaming, and as I removed the last one such a grunt of relief as came from this baby's lips I never heard before or since. I rubbed his little back and sides, all creased with the wretched compressors, and the darling actually cooed with delight.

"There," said his mother; "that's just the way he acts when I give him his bath. I was telling his father this morning that I didn't believe he would ever cry if I could always keep him in the tub, or undressed. Some way he seems to hate to be dressed, and he always screams to the top of his voice just as soon as I begin to put on his clothes."

Now it took me some time to make that mother understand that she did not give her child as much credit for instinct even as her husband gave his Newfoundland pup about the same age: that the baby knew that this liberty of the bath was all he was likely to get, and resisted naturally the idea of such terrible physical bondage. I kept on with the soothing manipulations, and was very soon rewarded by seeing the blue eyes close, and after an exceedingly short space of time my charge was asleep.

"If you don't move just so, you'll waken him," said the mother, in a whisper.

"Hum, hum, sh, sh, there, there," she commenced, coming close to my side.

I took no notice of her "hums" and "shs" and "there's," but laid him gently on the bed, and not a sound was heard from that quarter for three long hours.

"Now," said my friend, making sure that the baby was not likely to waken, "I must have my bowl of tea. Shall I order a cup for you?"

"Tea!" I repeated after her, wonderingly; "what for?"

"Oh!" she answered, "I couldn't nurse my baby without it. Tea braces me up and keeps me going. I shouldn't be good for anything without my bowl of tea three or four times a day."

"If you want to undermine your own health beyond all power of restoration," I couldn't help saying: "If you want to see your child grow up a brainless, sidgetty nobody, keep on swilling tea and you will surely accomplish your purpose."

"Why, for mercy's sake!" was all the astonished woman could gasp, and then continued, timidly: "If I didn't drink something I shouldn't have food enough for my

baby, and tea seems to give me strength. The nurse who was with me the first six weeks after baby was born used to make me drink it."

On this point again I found my friend entirely uninformed, with no more conception of the effect of tea upon the nervous system than her baby. I have had occasion a great many times to find fault with the work of certain monthly nurses; but I never felt so much like anathematizing the whole army of professionals as at this particular time. I found upon inquiry that this one had not only dosed her patient with tea, but had really laid the foundation for all the misery she was experiencing.

The proper person, possessing a proper knowledge of her business, arrived at by thorough education, could have so instructed this teachable and intelligent woman in the details of babydom that a mistake would have been next to impossible. This nurse had also insisted upon constantly holding the child, scarcely letting it out of her arms, asleep or awake; cuddling it close at night, and passing it over to the mother every time it cried, taking it for granted that hunger was always the cause of its unrest. She it was—this ignorant woman, who never had had a child of her own—who taught this young mother how to dress her baby, or rather the best method of stopping the circulation of blood; in other words, the speediest manner of putting an end to the little one's life. The only weapon that child had was its voice, and this he made use of indefatigably. So the lungs were used, and made to resist the deadly strain upon them. This infant was an uncommonly strong one. In nine cases out of ten the child would have long before this got through trying to resist, and given it up for a hopeless job; but this baby was born well, inheriting a strong constitution from both sides of the house; so it was quite a difficult matter to kill it.

Well, the upshot of the business was, that after that baby awoke from its long and refreshing sleep, I carefully dressed it, substituting a flannel skirt for the obnoxious pinning blanket, making sure to give it plenty of room to stretch and turn round in. I drew a pair of worsted socks on the chubby pink feet, and the little fellow cooed and laughed during the whole performance. About six o'clock a suspicious-looking vial made its appearance.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Baby's drops," was the answer.

"Pitch them out of the window," said I.

"But," she sighed, "there won't be a particle of peace for any of us without them."

Then issued another bottle, and it took some time to convince her that this Spartan baby did not need paregoric, and anise and morphine, and whatever other stuff goes to make up these disgusting compounds; but I won, and am happy to say that not a drop of anything of the kind has since been presented to the little one's lips.

Now, women who are nursing babies should never drink tea. If I had time I could tell you in plain terms the reasons for this assertion. I do not believe in tea for any one outside the countries where it is raised, and I have no doubt that there it is a national blessing. Americans need no such astringents, no such nerve quickeners. That tea-drinking is one great cause of nervousness among our women I believe every thinking man and woman will agree; and I often wish that our first row with our mother country had been one something worth fighting about, instead of an old tea-chest.

Oatmeal, Indianmeal, gruel and cocoa, or chocolate are

the beverages to be partaken of by women who nurse their babies. These insure quality as well as quantity, and made of good rich milk can be freely partaken of. There is no need of an ordinarily healthy woman growing thin because she is nursing. Then, again, infants should be held as little as possible, and trotted and rocked never. Use your baby at once to the bed, or crib, and insist, whatever your nurse may say to the contrary, upon its sleeping alone. Then feed your baby regularly, and disabuse your mind of the impression that it is hungry every time it makes a noise. No woman should nurse her infant oftener than twice in the night, and at six months this should be stopped entirely, in order to guard the mother against the exhaustion which follows inevitably

upon the keeping up of this unnatural night drag. Once in two or three hours during the day is also quite often enough. Bear in mind also that your baby wants, and must have, cold water to drink daily. Begin first, and immediately, with a teaspoonful, allowing the child to be its own judge as to the quantity.

Give your babies room enough, and enough to eat of the right kind, good air to breathe and plenty of sunshine, and my word on it you will have no trouble; and mothers can only do this by taking proper care of themselves. The present system of bringing up children is an abomination; but what more can be expected with so little preparation for life and its duties on the part of our women?—*Herald of Health*.

‘BOYS’ AND GIRLS’ TREASURY.

MOUSIE AND HER BABIES.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

ONE day last summer my father was working out in the fields, moving stumps and stones, so there would be nothing in the way of the plough, and in turning over a bit of a dry stump that lay on the surface of the ground, he uncovered the warm, dry nest of an old mother mouse.

She had six pinky baby mice, nestling around her soft furry body, and just taking their little wee dinner of warm milk. What were they to do? The whole roof was torn off their house when the stump was lifted and turned over, and there they were, with the summer sun beaming right down upon them. Their little bodies were exposed to all kinds of weather, and they were so helpless and young that not one of them knew how to walk two steps without rolling right over upon his back, with his four dainty little toes up in the air.

My father said he stopped forward to put the stump back again, and to leave them as cosy and as happy as he had found them. But the mother mouse, not knowing whether he was a friend or a foe, said in a little, fine, squeaking voice, that could hardly be heard by guess big ears, “Oh, my beautiful little darlings! I will never leave you nor forsake you; take hold of your mother and she will save you.”

Then the six little baby mice understood every word she spoke, and they knew what she meant, and they opened their mouths and took hold just as if they were going to suck, and then the wise little mother started off

running in the direction of a pile of rails that lay near the fence.

Papa stood and watched her, and he said it touched his heart in the tenderest place to see in the lowest of God's creation the devotion and the strength of a mother's love.



While she was running as fast as she could with her beloved burden dangling about her feet and legs, and hindering her speed, one of the little ones loosened its hold and fell off.

For an instant the mother paused and looked at it, just as though she was saying, “Why how unfortunate! I don't see how one poor mother can manage so many dear little pink babies; but you, poor Plushy, must not be left behind! you are the weakest and dearest and sweetest baby of all;” and saying this she took it up carefully in her mouth, and with her head up a good deal higher, she trotted on her way, and safely reached the pile of rails. We do hope the brave little mother found a

good home and a sure retreat, because she deserved it.

Well, mice are troublesome things, but it would be a very hard-hearted man or boy who could kill one under such circumstances as these were.

In connection with such stories, those fine old lines from the “Ancient Mariner” come sweeping up to me with such force and tenderness that I look through a mist of tears upon the page before me:

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”

DASH AND THE DOCTOR.

A STORY is told of a fine dog named Dash that is quite wonderful. He had met, poor fellow! with a bad accident. In running across the road, under a wagon, he was not spry enough, and was caught by one of the wheels. A broken leg was the consequence.

Dash's master, who was fond of his dog and pitied him very much, took him to a surgeon, who set the limb and bandaged it so carefully that he could go about on his three legs without disturbing the fractured bone, until it was well and strong as before.

Some months afterward the surgeon was surprised by a visit from Dash, who came to his office door and commenced barking, scratching and howling for admission. As soon as it was opened by a servant, he ran in, and by his strange ways made the doctor understand that he was wanted outside.

On going to the door, what should he find on the step but a forlorn-looking dog with a broken leg, who looked up into his face and whined piteously.

"Poor fellow!" said the surgeon, kindly, for he understood it all in a moment, and was touched by the incident.

Dash wagged his tail rapidly, danced about, whined and by all the ways he knew asked the doctor to help his unhappy friend as he had helped him,

"Poor fellow!" repeated the surgeon; "come along in, and I'll see what can be done for you;" and he led the way into his office, Dash and his limping companion following.

As carefully as if he were attending to a human limb did the good surgeon set the bone and bandage the leg; and when it was over the two dogs left his house together, wagging their tails, Dash showing his delight by capering and barking like a half-crazy fellow.

Young and old cannot but read this incident with a feeling of pleasure,

there is in it something so human and full of intelligence beyond which is usually found in dumb animals.



HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

[*Halt's Journal of Health* is always sensible and suggestive. We make some selections for this Department from a recent number:]

SWEET BREATH.

Foul breath may be occasioned by a decaying tooth, by dyspepsia, or it may arise from a scrofulous constitution; in each case a radical cure can be promised only on the removal of the cause. Yet there are times when it may be specially desirable to be free from any odor of an offensive kind; in such cases, have on hand, as a part of the toilet, a two-ounce vial of the concentrated solution of the "chloride of soda." To two tablespoonfuls of water add ten drops of the soda, and rinse the mouth out freely before leaving the house. Take a mouthful and keep it in for two or three minutes, and repeat.

If there are ill-smelling feet or odor from under the arm, take some of the same preparation in the hollow of the hand, and rub it well into the skin of the parts; if none at hand, use spirits of camphor or camphor-water. But persons who have ill-smelling feet should wash them well every night with soap and warm water.

TAKING COLD.

IN going from a warm room in the cold of out-doors, especially if there is a raw, damp wind, wrap up, button up, and draw on the gloves before opening the

door, then keep the mouth resolutely closed so as to cause the air to pass through the nose, and the long circuit through the head, thus warming it before it reaches the lungs. Public speakers are especially enjoined to take this precaution; many a valuable life has been lost from inattention to this point.

Never stand at the crack of a door in winter for "last words;" in cold weather it is better far to send a servant to the door with your guest.

Never allow the family to come into the breakfast-room of a winter morning until it is heated to sixty-five degrees, especially if the children have to wash and dress in a room without fire. No one ought ever to eat in a chill. If, in sitting down to a meal, you are cold or very tired, take some hot soup or hot drink of some kind, and then wait a few minutes, or eat very slowly at the beginning of the meal.

In coming home, and not expecting to go out again for the day, draw off the shoes and stockings, hold the naked feet to a blazing fire, rubbing them well with the hands until most thoroughly warm and dry, then draw on a pair of dry socks or stocking, and put the feet into soft, warm slippers; there will be a comfort in this which will richly repay the trouble of the procedure.

If you purpose remaining in a room half an hour as a caller, do not lay aside the overcoat or shoes, even if the atmosphere of the apartment seems oppressive; it is al-

ways cooler than it seems to be, and it is better to go out of doors a little too warm than on the verge of a chill.

If you have to walk and ride on a cold day, do the riding first, and then warm yourself up by a walk; for, if you get warm in walking, and sit still in a cold vehicle, with the chance of some one opening a window, you will inevitably cool off too rapidly, endangering a chill, a bad cold or an attack of pneumonia or inflammation of the lungs.

Never open a window on entering a vehicle; it is an impertinence of which no gentleman or lady could possibly be guilty; if the apartment is too warm, or too confined for you, those who have been sitting still are quite cool enough already, and there is no reason why you should discompose half a dozen or more persons for your own accommodation. Under the circumstances, it is the essence of selfishness to ask permission to open a window, for cultivated persons would risk a personal injury rather than seem boorish by a refusal.

If it is cold enough to freeze outside, it is safer to keep

the outer windows of the chamber closed, and to keep an inner door and fireplace open.

BARE LIMBS

OF children gratify the vanity of mothers, but they send multitudes of beautiful children to a premature grave. It would be safer to have the arms, hands, feet and legs warmly encased in double thickness of woollen flannel, with nothing whatever on the body but a common night-gown, in the fall of the year. It is especially important to keep the extremities of children and infants warm for every second of their existence. Whether a child is sick or well, when the hands and feet begin to get cold, it is nearing the grave, because the blood retreats to the inner organs, oppresses them, causing painful and dangerous congestions and inflammations, which often induce death in a few hours, as in croup, diphtheria, quinsy, and the like. A young mother should never go to bed until she has noticed that the feet of her little sleeping ones are abundantly warm; to be assured of that is to know that croup before the morning is impossible.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

TO TAKE GREASE OUT OF A FLOOR OR TABLE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I wish to say to Pipsiway Potts that if she is so unfortunate as to get any more grease on her floor or table, to apply directly potter's clay, just wet with water so as to form a stiff paste. Spread it pretty thick upon the grease spot, and lay a thin paper over to keep it from being rubbed off. After twenty-four hours scrape it off and spread on fresh clay. It will gradually absorb the grease and leave the floor or table clean; but it may need to be renewed several times. When the clay looks clean, wash off with soap and water. If there is a pottery within reach it is well to pick up broken bits of the clay and keep them on hand for this purpose. The clay is also good to take grease from clothing applied in the same way."

DR. BELLOW'S IDEAL LOAF.—Dr. Bellows, in his work, "Philosophy of Eating," gives what he considers the true method: "My 'ideal loaf' is made from wheat perfectly fair, and free from smut or other disease, not having been wet or molded before or after grinding, carefully kept clean after being properly ground, so as to need no sifting; and not being bolted it retains every part that belongs to it, needing no addition except cold water."

TO MAKE GEMS.—See that your oven is hot enough to bake potatoes, and that your small oblong iron or tin pans are hot and greased with olive oil. Now mix wheat meal or Graham flour with cold water, or milk and water, if preferred, to the consistency of corn-bread batter with the greatest possible rapidity, and put instantly into the pans and bake twenty-five or thirty minutes. Success depends upon the speed of the whole process. Gems may be eaten while warm, but not while hot enough to melt butter.

APPLE-BREAD RECIPE.—Weigh one pound of fresh, juicy apples, peel, core and stew them to a pulp, being careful to use a porcelain kettle or a stone jar, placed inside an ordinary saucepan of boiling water; otherwise the fruit will become discolored; mix the pulp with two pounds of the best flour; put in the same quantity of

yeast you would use for common bread, and as much water as will make it a fine, smooth dough; put into an iron pan and place it in a warm place to rise, and let it remain for twelve hours, at least. Form it into rather long-shaped loaves, and bake in a quick oven.

CORN-MEAL BREAKFAST CAKE.—For two baking tins, take one and a half pints of coarsely ground corn meal. Add water nearly boiling, but not enough to wet quite all of the corn meal; add cold water, a little at a time, stirring thoroughly between whiles, until you have it so thin that it has a tendency to settle as you pour it into your pie-tins. It should not be more than half an inch deep in the tins; and it should bake quickly in a hot oven.

MUSH MUFFINS.—Make mush as you ordinarily do, and when cold, thin it with one quart of milk, and stir in a few handfuls of wheat flour, seven eggs, and butter the size of an egg. Also some salt. Bake in rings.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One quart of sour milk, one half cup of sugar, half cup of butter, three eggs, meal to make a thin batter, one teaspoonful of soda. If eggs are scarce two will do nearly as well.

A PINCH of red pepper, the size of your fingernail, put into meat or vegetables when first beginning to cook, will aid greatly in killing the unpleasant odor arising therefrom. Remember this for boiled cabbage, green beans, onions, chickens, mutton, etc.

IRON MOULD IN LINEN.—Wash the spots in a strong solution of cream of tartar and water. Repeat if necessary, and dry in the sun.

Another method: Rub the spots with a little powdered oxalic acid or salts of lemon and warm water. Let it remain a few minutes, and then rinse well in clean water.

TO JAPAN OLD TEA-TRAYS.—First clean them thoroughly with soap and water and a little rottenstone; then dry them by wiping and exposure at the fire. Now get some good copal varnish, mix it with some bronze powder, and apply with a brush to the denuded parts. After which set the tray in an oven at a heat of from 212 to 300 degrees until the varnish is dry. Two coats will make it equal to new.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

WE'VE GROWN OLD TOGETHER.

SELL Billy! No, loosen the bridle;
 Unfetter the gallant old steed,
 His eye has grown dim and uncertain,
 Forgotten his olden-time speed;
 But memory haloes him over
 With thoughts that are sacredly dear;
 So I pledge him no longer to labor,
 And hallow that pledge with a tear.

Swift thought, glancing back past the shadows,
 Speaks first of that long-vanished day
 He stood all so patiently waiting
 By the "meeting-house" over the way,
 While I held a hand at the altar,
 And vows were recorded on high,
 Till the angels bent earthward to murmur:
 "Yours, yours for the ever and aye."

Oh! the air was all throbbing with music,
 And sunshine was gilding the way,
 When he sped with my bride to the cottage—
 Our home from that glad nuptial day.
 His step had the antelope's fleetness,
 The grace of the gentle gazelle,
 As he passed the fresh mead and the mountain,
 Toward the cottage we both loved so well.

But, Billy, time passed, and its changes
 Brought changes to you and to me;
 For sorrow sent tears to the farm-house,
 Like waves overspreading the sea.
 And, Billy, we two were grown older,
 My head was well threaded with gray,
 When you waited so solemn and silent
 By the meeting-house over the way.

A hearse stood in waiting beside you;
 A dirge floated out on the air;
 And tears trickled silently downward,
 While sobs choked the accents of prayer;
 And the bell in the old church-steeple
 Kept mournfully telling the tale;
 And the winds, floating tenderly outward,
 Bore softly the piteous wail.

Just there, where we stood at the altar,
 So happy in days long ago,
 The coffin was draped in the symbols
 Which typify bitterest woe.
 With her meek hands silently folded,
 Her sightless orbs shaded from view,
 With the pallor so still on her forehead,
 A coldness so strange on her brow,

They placed her beside that same altar,
 But this time all silent and lone,
 And they called her an angel in Heaven,
 Where sorrow may never be known.
 Then out from the door of the chapel
 They carried that silent clay,
 You bore it so slow and solemn,
 The sad funeral way.

No, Billy, we've grown old together,
 And you have been faithful and true;
 We've journeyed through gladness and sorrow,
 We'll journey life's pilgrimage through.
 So, buyer, please loosen the bridle,
 Unfetter the gallant old steed;
 And Billy, from hardship and labor,
 I pledge him is ever more freed.

Our Dumb Animals.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

OVER and over again,
 No matter which way I turn,
 I always find in the Book of Life
 Some lesson I have to learn.
 I must take my turn at the mill,
 I must grind out the golden grain,
 I must work out my task with a resolute will,
 Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
 Of even the tiniest flower,
 Nor check the flow of the golden sands
 That run through a single hour;
 But the morning dew must fall,
 And the sun and the summer rain
 Must do their part, and perform it all
 Over and over again.

Over and over again
 The brook through the meadow flows,
 And over and over again
 The ponderous windmill goes.
 Once doing will not suffice,
 Though doing be not in vain;
 And a blessing falling us once or twice
 May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
 Is never so rough to the feet;
 And the lesson we once have learned
 Is never so hard to repeat.
 Though sorrowful tears must fall,
 And the heart to the depths be driven
 With storm and tempest, we need them all
 To render us meet for Heaven.

A LESSON FROM THE LEAVES.

BROWN leaves, that with aerial grace
 Slip from your branch like birds a-wing,
 Each leaving in the appointed place
 Its bud of future spring;

If we, God's conscious creatures, know
 But half your faith in our decay,
 We should not tremble as we do
 When summon'd clay to clay.

But with an equal patience sweet
 We should put off this mortal gear,
 In whatsoever now form is meet
 Content to reappear.

WAITING.

SITTING at the Heavenly portal
 Waits she, day and night;
 Seeking from the tender Father
 Health, and strength, and light.

Seasons coming, seasons going,
 Find her waiting there;
 Year on year, successive rolling,
 Hears the earnest prayer—

"Grant me, oh, thou gracious Parent,"
 Pleads she day by day,
 "Health and power once more to serve Thee,
 On my homeward way.

"Gladly would I lay before Thee
 Deeds of active love;
 Thus by service toward Thy children,
 Love to Thee would prove.

"Yet, if weakness still enthral me,
 Give me Heavenly light;
 Through the paths of lowliest duty
 Guide my steps aright.

"Let me not despise the mission,
 Gentle words to speak;
 Pity offering to the fallen—
 Comfort to the weak.

"Slighting not the humblest power
 Kindly lent me still,
 Like the starlight and the dewdrop,
 I would do Thy will.

"Thus may dust and ashes praise Thee
 Till new vigor come,
 Or this frame, its hold releasing,
 Send my spirit home."

So she sitteth, watching, praying,
 At the Heavenly gate,
 Knowing that the good All-Father
 Blesseth those who wait.

BABY'S DRAWER.

THERE'S a little drawer in my chamber,
 Guarded with tender care,
 Where the dainty clothes are lying
 That my darling shall never wear;
 And there, while the hours are waning,
 Till the house is all at rest,
 sit, and fancy a baby
 Close to my aching breast.

My darling's pretty white garments,
 I wrought them while sitting apart,
 While his mystic life was throbbing
 Under my throbbing heart;
 And often my happy dreaming
 Breaks in a little song,
 Like the murmur of birds at brooding,
 When the days are warm and long.

I finished the dainty wardrobe,
 And the drawer was almost full
 With robes of the finest muslin,
 And robes of the whitest wool.

I folded them all together,
 With a rose for every pair,
 Smiling, and saying, "Gem fragrant,
 Fit for my prince to wear."

Ah! the radiant summer morning,
 So full of a mother's joy!
 "Thank God! he is fair and perfect,
 My beautiful new-born boy."
 Let him wear the pretty white garments
 I wrought while sitting apart—
 Lay him, so sweet and helpless,
 There, close to my throbbing heart.

Many and many an evening
 I sit since my baby came,
 Saying, "What do the angels call him?"
 For he died without a name;
 Sit while the hours are waning,
 And the house is all at rest,
 And fancy a baby nestling
 Close to my aching breast.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BESIDE the toilsome way
 Lonely and dark, by fruits and flowers unblest,
 Which my worn feet tread sadly day by day,
 Longing in vain for rest

An angel softly walks,
 With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,
 The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks
 She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace,
 A look of firm endurance true and tried,
 Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face
 So pure—so glorified.

And when my fainting heart
 Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fate,
 Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,
 Murmuring softly, "Wait!"

"Patience"—she sweetly saith—
 "The Father's mercies never come too late;
 Gird thee with patient strength, and trusting faith,
 And firm endurance—wait."

Angel! behold, I wait,
 Wearing the thorny crown through all life's hours—
 Wait, till Thy hand shall ope the eternal gate,
 And change the thorns to flowers!

LIFTED OVER.

BY HELEN HUNT.

A S tender mothers, guiding baby steps,
 When places come at which the tiny feet
 Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
 Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
 So did our Father watch the precious boy,
 Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
 Myself, but strove to help my darling on;
 He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
 Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;
 So reached from Heaven, and lifting the dear child,
 Who smiled in leaving me, He put him down
 Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
 Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad?
 And, thanking God, press on to overtake?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Regeneration. By Edmund H. Sears. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Foregleams and Foreshadows of Immortality. By Edmund H. Sears. New Editions, Revised and greatly Enlarged. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. New editions of two thoughtful and earnest books by the author of "The Fourth Gospel; or, The Heart of Christ;" a volume which has recently attracted more attention from advanced Christian thinkers than any issue of the press for a long time. The style of Mr. Sears is peculiarly attractive. He writes with great clearness and beauty of diction, and with a fervor and earnestness that commands the reader's attention. His volume on "Regeneration" is one of the profoundest and most exhaustive treatises on that subject extant. The way in which he unfolds the laws of our inner life in the orderly processes of spiritual development, will be a revelation to most of those who read it for the first time.

Speaking of "Foregleams and Foreshadows of Immortality," a religious cotemporary says:

"It will stand as a lovely classic in sacred literature, and a beautiful inspiration of pure devotional feeling. * * * The best test of merit of a book is when we feel we have been made better by reading it; and while the one before us widens the field of intellectual vision, and makes solid and substantial the bridge from time to eternity, it quickens the conscience in its sense of duty, and softens the heart with a tender and more celestial love."

It was of this volume, on its first appearance some years ago, that Mrs. Browning wrote (to a friend in America from whom she had received a copy): "Few books have pleased me so much as 'Foregleams of Immortality.' It is full of truth and beauty."

Of Mr. Sears' latest book, "*The Fourth Gospel, or, The Heart of Christ*," which, as we have said, has attracted so much attention from thoughtful Christian readers, the *Congregationalist* remarks: "It is a book of extraordinary interest, * * * instructive and suggestive in the highest ranges of Christian thought and feeling."

The Church and State says: "As a work of literary art it has great merit; and its clear, rich and vivid style carries in its flow great wealth of thought and learning with cumulative power to the end."

The New York Independent says: "It is a long time since an American treatise on theology has produced any marked effect upon religious thought. * * * But the book of Dr. Edmund H. Sears, entitled 'The Heart of Christ,' is destined, we believe, to exert a powerful influence upon the opinions of thinking men in all branches of the church."

The Christian Union has this comment on the book: "Those who hold to a real tripersonal Trinity, will not accept all the results of Dr. Sears. But all who believe in the supreme Divinity of Jesus Christ, in the regeneration of fallen man by the divine influence, and in the inspiration and authority of the Gospels and other New Testament writings, will regard his work as one of peculiar power and value. In spirit it is heavenly and full of vital energy; in style it is beautiful and finished. * * * No one, of any denomination, can read it without feeling its quickening power, confirming his faith in the Gospel, and leading him into higher fellowship with the Son of God."

We have made these quotations in order to give such of our readers as are not familiar with the writings of Dr. Sears an idea of their character, and the impression they are making on the religious thought of the country.

The Garden of Eden. By George Yeager, A.M. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. There is a large and increasing number of good Christian men and women who cannot find in a large part of Old Testament Scripture anything spiritual or helpful to the soul seeking conjunction with God. They find its literal sense often contradictory;

often opposed to reason and science; often of doubtful morality. It is no uncommon thing to hear devoted church people say: "I have given up reading portions of the Old Testament. I cannot reconcile them with reason and humanity. They trouble me; and so I let them alone."

And yet, if Paul be right, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfected, thoroughly furnished in all good works." So it has become a question whether to ignore parts of the Word of God, or seek to explore them—as the man of science explores God's book of nature—for hidden and deeper meanings.

Swedenborg declares that all Scripture has two distinct senses—a natural and a spiritual sense; that the two senses hold to each other an exact symbolical relation, and that it is by virtue of the spiritual or divine sense that the Bible is the Word of God.

This little book, which consists of a series of conversations between a mother and her children, is an effort to explain what is signified in the inner sense, by "The Garden of Eden," and the four rivers that went out therefrom. The writer seems deeply imbued with a spirit of reverence for divine things, and no one whose mind is open to spiritual influences can fail to read his book with interest and profit, even though he may not be able to accept all that he sets forth. We give the opening sentences, to show the drift of thought and exposition.

"Mother, where was Eden?" asked Alice Harland.

"In the heart, my dear."

"I thought it was a beautiful garden, with trees and flowers, and birds, and gentle lambs, and rivers. But how can the heart hold all these?"

"It may be very large; our Heavenly Father can make it so."

"But how can Eden be in the heart?"

"Eden, my dear, means *love*—God's love in the heart."

"And what are the trees, and rivers, and animals?"

"These are all emblems or symbols of the thoughts and affections which the Lord plants in the heart when we love Him above all. When we read what the Bible says about a garden, we can tell what kind of people our first parents were."

"How? How can we tell?"

"By the things that were in the garden."

The Miracles of Faith. A Sketch of the Life of Beate Paulus. By Mary Weltbrecht, with an Introduction by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D.D., of New York. New York: Dodd & Mead. This is the brief memoir of a poor, trustful pastor's wife, who lived on the borders of the Black Forest, Germany, and who believed literally in God's promise to answer prayer. The narrative is full of interest and instruction. "There never will be," says Mr. Robinson in his introduction to this little book, "a deeper mystery in this world than that involved in the simplest and first exercise of prayer. How the eternal God can seem to leave anything whatsoever contingent on the requests of his creatures, passes philosophy. And that He goes so far in His offer as to say plainly *ASK* and *WILL*, is full of unutterable meaning. Now if one may gird up his faith, and rest assured that any petition he puts up is surely going to be answered, there seems little left to be desired for him."

Little left surely. But let him who asks remember that further saying of our Lord: "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss."

Little Hodge. By the author of "Ginx's Baby." New York: Dodd & Mead. This is a witty, a satirical and a pathetic book. It shows up the unfortunate state of the English poor, and at the same time incidentally points out the inconsistency and absurdities of the poor laws of England. It points out means by which the condition of the

English laborer can be improved. Prominent among these means he indicates colonization of the surplus population. The one blemish of the book is an American, which is introduced in its pages, and which is more like the conventional stage Yankee than like real life. Mr. Jenkins, the author, ought to have known better than to introduce such a character, as he was not only born in Canada, but has spent a considerable portion of his life in the States.

Wonders of Sculpture. By Louis Viardot. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. A wonderfully entertaining book, which will supply to the reader a general and fundamental knowledge of the art of sculpture from its infancy. It reviews the evidences of the art remaining to us in ruins dating back to pre-historic times, and gives a brief yet comprehensive review of its progress down to the present day. The book is illustrated by numerous engravings.

Kentucky's Love; or, Roughing it Around Paris. By Edward King, author of "My Paris." Boston: Lee & Shepard. A book which, with a certain brilliancy and originality of style, weaves into a graphic description of the siege of Paris, a personal romance. Its oddities may prove an attraction to some readers, though we are inclined to view them rather as drawbacks to its interest.

Potter's Complete Bible Encyclopædia. Edited by Rev. William Blackwood, D.D., LL.D., author of "Blackwood's Comprehensive Aids to the Study of the Holy Bible," etc. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co. We have received the first four numbers of this new work. It is eminently satisfactory in appearance, and this satisfaction is increased rather than diminished by examination. This Encyclopædia is intended to include everything usually found in a Bible dictionary, and will also embrace all available information on historical and ecclesiastical points touched upon in the Bible. The articles appear in alphabetical order. While they will be full in information and faithful in statement, they will avoid all expression of personal or sectarian opinions and prejudices. By this means the work will be adapted to the use of all classes of readers. It will be a book containing an inexhaustible fund of information for the family; and will also be an invaluable text-book for the student and the literary worker. This Encyclopædia has been prepared with great care and with unlimited expense. Its publishers tell us that "nearly three thousand first-class engravings are in course of preparation, illustrative of manners and customs, rites and ceremonies, architecture, furniture and decoration of churches and temples, antiquities monumental and other remains, useful and fine arts, cities and towns, mountains, hills and valleys, rivers, lakes and seas, landscapes, etc. Many of the geographical and topographical illustrations are from photographs, while those of sculpture, paintings, and similar subjects, are mainly from the originals."

This Encyclopædia is to be issued in semi-monthly parts, at fifty cents each.

The Great Events of History, from the Creation of Man till the Present Time. By Wm. Francis Collier, LL.D., Trinity College, Dublin. Edited by an Experienced American Teacher. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. This book gives briefly and concisely the salient points in the world's history—points which should be remembered by every one, but which, when crowded in among matters of less importance, are often overlooked, or soon forgotten. The book is intended specially to be used as a text-book in schools, but will be found a valuable addition in a library of reference, or as a source of information to the general reader.

Manual of Land Surveying, with Tables. By David Murray, A.M., Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics in Rutgers College. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. This book, the author tells us in his preface, "will be found to be simply a treatise on land surveying, accompanied with such practical directions and tables, as the experience of American surveyors has shown to be most useful. The methods and instruments described are mainly those which prevail in American practice, and which have been found best adapted to the peculiar wants of this country."

The Treasure of the Seas. By Prof. James de Mille. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is the sixth and last volume of the "B. O. W. C." series of story-books for boys, a series which has proved intensely interesting to its youthful readers.

Cross and Crescent; or, Young America in Turkey and Greece. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By William T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is the third volume of the second series of "Young America Abroad." It takes the young travellers through Turkey and Greece, giving an outline of the history of each of these countries, describing its form of government, and the manners and customs of its people, its principal cities, and other objects of interest.

The Drawing-Room Stage. By George M. Baker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This book contains a series of original dramas, comedies and farces, intended for the use of amateur actors, and prepared with special reference to the exigencies and requirements of school exhibitions and the drawing-room stage.

Social Charades and Parlor Operas. By M. T. Cador. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is a book similar in character to the above, and equally capable of contributing to amusement in social circles.

Beechwood. A Novel. By Rebecca Ruter Springer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. A story of higher and purer feeling than is usually to be met with, and marked by a tender, religious sentiment. It is the work of a chastened but cheerful spirit, and cannot be read without impressing the mind with a sense of life's nobler duties and privileges.

We find scattered through the volume a number of poems of more than ordinary grace and beauty. Here is one:

"So weary. All the livelong day
I've struggled o'er the toilsome way;
And now, when evening shades steal on,
Weary and sad I stand alone,
With cold hands to my hot brow press'd,
, And sadly cry, 'Is there no rest?'"

"Along the way my feet have trod
There rest, 'neath many a verdant sod,
The forms I've loved, the hands I've press'd,
The lips that I've so oft carress'd;
Whilst I, alas! must still press on,
Nor even by their graves kneel down!"

"Yet, this I know, that far away
There is a clime of beautiful day,
Beyond the toil, beyond the stream,
Beyond life's weary, fleeting dream,
Where—oh, that I may be so blest!—
'He giveth his beloved rest!'"

The True History of Joshua Davidson, Communist. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. A book out of the common order, and one to set men thinking. The writer, evidently no new hand at literary work, gives us the history of his hero, a poor, uneducated English carpenter, an evident parallel to the history of Christ, substituting events in modern society for those of Gospel history. It is not surprising to those who read this history of Joshua Davidson that he was rejected, cast out and put to death. Yet few who read it will lay aside the book without a deep, if not a painful conviction that the Christianity of to day is very far from being the Christianity that our Lord came to establish among men. But it is a better Christianity than it was a thousand, or a hundred years ago, and grows better every day. There is hope in this. We give in the present number of the *HOMES MAGAZINE* a chapter from this remarkable book.

The Science of Health. New York: S. R. Wells. This magazine is edited with a great deal of practical wisdom, and furnishes a large amount of information necessary to the preservation of health. Heads of families will find a year's subscription to *The Science of Health* one of the best investments they can make.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE REFORMATION OF INEBRIATES.

A GOOD AND GREAT WORK INAUGURATED.

THE question of how to deal with men who have become slaves to strong drink is one of the most difficult of our social problems. To class drunkenness with disease, as some have done, is to ignore moral responsibility; is to assume that there are morbid influences at work stronger than the human will, as in the case of typhus or small-pox. Inebriate asylums, based on the assumption that drunkenness is a disease, where patients are to be treated as if in a hospital, may effect a temporary good, but they cannot do, to any hopeful extent, the work of reformation. They isolate a man for a time, and remove him from contact with allurements; but when he goes back into old associations and stands again face to face with temptation, he is little stronger, as to moral and spiritual power, than before. The effects of disease, so called, have been overcome by treatment. He is well again, as a man restored from fever is well. But, when he returns to society, he is like the fever patient going back into a fever district. He has no immunity from attack.

Now, we must have, in the treatment of drunkenness, something more radical than this. We must go deeper than hospital and asylum work. This work reaches no farther than the physical and moral nature, and can, therefore, be only temporary in its influence. We must awaken the spiritual consciousness, and lead a man, too weak to stand in his own strength, when appetite, held simply in abeyance, springs back upon him again, to trust in God as his only hope, if we would effect a permanent reformation. First, we must help him physically. We must take him out of his debasement, his foulness and discomfort, and surround him with the influences of a home. Must get him clothed and in his right mind, and make him feel once more that he has sympathy—is regarded as a man full of the noblest possibilities—and so be stimulated to personal effort. But this is only preliminary work; such as any hospital and asylum may do. The real work of salvation goes far beyond this; it must be wrought in a higher degree of the soul—even that which we call spiritual. The man must be taught that only in heaven-given strength is there any safety. He must go in his weakness and deep sense of degradation to God as the only one who can surely lift him and set his feet in a safe place. Not taught this as from pulpit or platform; but by earnest, self-denying, sympathetic Christian men and women, standing face to face with the poor, repentant brother, and holding him tightly by the hand lest he stumble and fall in his first weak efforts to walk in a better way.

And this is just the work that is now being done in our city by the "FRANKLIN REFORMATORY HOME FOR INEBRIATES," a heaven-inspired institution, not yet a year old, but with accomplished results that are matters of wonder to all who are familiar with its operations. A few earnest men met together less than a year ago, pondering and planning a better way to save their fallen brothers than any yet adopted. They understood the meaning of the word "home," and felt that no human power to save was stronger than that of an attractive home. So they resolved to organize a home for inebriates that should be, as far as possible, a Christian home. They clearly recognized the fact that to have a healthy and orderly mind, there must be a healthy and orderly body; and so their first care was to have in their home every attainable means of physical comfort.

Trusting in God for the means to do the work to which they felt He had called them, and with only the guaranty of a month's rent by a liberal gentleman of our city, they took a house at No. 911 Locust Street, and opened it on the 1st of April last.

"At the first meeting of directors," says the secretary's report, "provision was made for furnishing 'six beds, with necessary clothing, and six chairs,' also a motion was adopted to provide for the appointment of a 'Board of Fifteen Managers,' consisting of ladies, who subsequently met

and organized on the afternoon of April 22d. By the first report, dated April 10th, since the opening, twelve persons had received lodgings and meals, four inmates had been admitted, and were under medical treatment. The Home was now fairly under way; faith had inspired, and hope sustained it; small contributions of money, clothing and furniture began to flow in, and when its directors and managers met in council on the first day of May, its success was fully assured. The power and influence of woman in every high and holy work now became apparent; order and cleanliness reigned in every department; substantial yet simple requisites were procured; befitting adornments gladdened the eye, flowers bloomed upon the hearth and in the garden. The nucleus of a library was formed; the attractiveness and cheerfulness of home were established; above all, prayers were offered and praises sung to God, that He might bless and take under His special care and protection 'The Franklin Home' and its inmates."

From that time everything favored the work. Money and furniture were sent as needed, and poor fallen men came for help, and found a home and friends. The result of ten months' work shows that one hundred and three persons were admitted, desiring to reform. Of these, thirty have given evidence of permanent reformation; the status of seventeen is unknown, and there are forty whose reformation is considered doubtful. Of the whole number received, about one-third were free patients. In regard to the treatment of patients, the secretary says:

"When a man's nerves are unstrung; when his raiment is torn; when he is uncombed and unwashed, you might as well talk to a pillar of stone. If you will take him kindly, gently, and treat him with the same consideration that you would one of your own family; if you will give him remedies calculated to brace his nerves; see that he is cleansed and refreshed; put clean raiment upon him, and bring him to his right mind by rest and nourishing food; then talk with and admonish him; he cannot withstand you; his conscience and heart are reached by attending, first, to his physical necessities. This is, in brief, the treatment of the Home. To forge the chains of love and honor still stronger, public religious services are held in the parlor every Sunday evening, conducted by clergymen of different denominations, assisted by the ladies and gentlemen of the board. The 'Godwin Association' is a distinctive feature of the Home; a strong plank of its platform is the pledge of total abstinence. It is composed of *all former* and present inmates; it is for mutual protection and defence against the common enemy; it has its watchmen on the towers; if a brother falls, they seek him out and try to save again; if he is poor, they pay for him. Under its auspices, a public temperance meeting is held every Tuesday evening, at which some of the managers are always present. The exercises consist of speeches, essays, recitations and music, of a character suited to the most refined taste. The programme is arranged and participated in by the members."

In February, a large meeting was held at the Academy of Music, for the purpose of bringing this important charity before the public. The statistics, after months' effort, surprised every one. A prominent clergyman, who addressed the meeting, declared that there was not a single church, of the four hundred in our city, that could, in its peculiar work, show results like this.

And now, this great and successful charity asks for larger means, and sends forth an appeal to all who have at heart the salvation of poor fallen humanity. The board of directors have recently purchased the buildings known as the "Newsboys' Home," on very favorable terms, which will enable them to extend and systematize their labors. To place the Franklin Home upon a permanent basis, the sum of \$30,000 is required, and we do not believe the appeal made by the board will be in vain, or that this enterprise will be permitted to languish when its record and workings are fully known.

We give below a list of the board of directors, in order that the public may know under what auspices this work is being conducted:

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

Hon. James Pollock,
Samuel P. Godwin,
John Price Weatherill,
Samuel G. Scott,
T. S. Arthur,
W. T. Wilkins,
John Graff,
James M. West,
Geo. H. Hamlin,
Rev. J. F. Meredith,
Geo. K. Snyder,

Hon. Amos Briggs,
Isaac Welsh,
Richard Wood,
George W. Moore,
Thomas M. Coleman,
Joseph W. Bates,
M. Richards Muckle,
Samuel L. Smedley,
Charles Emory,
C. T. Matthews,
Charles Bulkley,

Charles M. Morton.

There are, in our country, from six to seven thousand temperance organizations. A small contribution from each of these would give to our "Home" the means of doing a vast amount of good. Will not our Temperance papers bring this matter to their notice? Here is good, solid, legitimate work, in the hands of earnest, practical men and women, who know no such word as fail. We are pleased to learn that a number of societies in this city have contributed liberally. Let their good example be followed.

A PRACTICAL TEST OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

A GREAT deal has been said on both sides of this question; and its advocates and opponents have waged a war of words for years—the advocates steadily gaining some ground with the people. Three years ago the matter came to a practical test in Wyoming Territory. A law was passed giving women the right of suffrage, and the right to hold office in the Territory, in all respects the same as other electors. Under this law women have been elected and appointed to various offices, and have acted as jurors and justices of the peace.

Now what has been the practical working of this new order of things? A letter recently addressed to J. W. KINGMAN, "Associate Justice United States Supreme Court, Wyoming Territory," by the Woman's Suffrage Association of Pennsylvania, has brought a very explicit answer, and one that will take a great many people by surprise. We had intended only making a few extracts from this remarkable letter; but it is so interesting in its statements, from beginning to end, that we give nearly the whole of it. Judge Kingman says, speaking of the new law and its effects:

"I think there is no one who will deny that it has had a marked influence in elevating our elections, and making them quiet and orderly; and in enabling the courts to punish classes of crime where convictions could not be obtained without their aid.

"For instance—when the Territory was first organized, almost every one carried a loaded revolver on his person; and, as a matter of course, altercations generally resulted in using them. I do not remember a single instance where a jury of men has convicted either party for shooting at each other, even in a crowded room, if no one was killed; or for killing any one, if the victim had been armed. But, with two or three women on the jury, they have never failed to follow the instructions of the court.

"Again, the courts have been nearly powerless, with only men for jurors, in enforcing the laws against drunkenness, gambling, houses of ill-fame, and debauchery in any of its forms. Neither grand nor petit juries could be relied on; but a few women on either panel changed the face of things at once; and from that day this kind of vice has trembled before the law and hidden itself from sight, where formerly it stalked abroad with shameless front and brazen confidence in protection from punishment.

"There are, comparatively, so few women here, and those are so generally kept at home by domestic duties, that the courts have been unable to obtain as many of them for jurors as was desirable. But those who have served have uniformly acquitted themselves with great credit. Not a single verdict of *guilty* or *criminal*, has been set aside where women have composed a

part of the jury. This has not been the case, by any means, when they have not been present. They have given better attention than the men have to the progress of the trials; have remembered the evidence better; have paid more heed to the charges of the court; have been less influenced by business relations, and outside considerations; and have exhibited a keener conscientiousness in the honest discharge of responsibility. And I have heard of no instance where they have incurred any odium, or ill-will, or want of respect, from having served as jurors. On the contrary, I am quite sure that in every instance they have been more highly respected and more generally appreciated in consequence of it.

"There is one other influence that has grown out of the presence of women in the court-room, both as jurors and as bailiffs, that has been most apparent and welcome—it is the quiet order and decorum, the decent and respectful behavior, the gentlemanly bearing that has always been observed in their presence. The spectators come there better dressed, chew less tobacco and spit less, sit more quietly in their seats, walk more carefully on the floor, talk and whisper less; and, in all respects, the court-room assumes a more dignified and business-like air, and better progress is made in disposing of the matter in hand.

"Certainly, the whole effect on our courts and on our community, resulting from the participation of women in the administration of the laws, has been most beneficial and satisfactory; and it seems to me peculiarly proper that those who suffer most from the commission of crime and the evils of vice, should take part in its suppression and punishment.

"There is another matter in which we have been greatly benefited by this law; and that is, the change it has wrought on election days, and its influence at the polls. Formerly, our elections were scenes of drunken revel and noise; of fighting and riot. But when the women came to vote, they were always treated with the attention and respect everywhere shown to women in the United States. If there was a crowd around the polls, they always gave way when a woman approached, and were silent and orderly while she deposited her vote and went away. If men became intoxicated, they did not remain there where the women would see them. No noisy discussions would arise around the polls, because invariably, when a woman came up, all such conversation would cease. The fact has been that very few people gathered at the polls, and noise and fighting, riot and drunkenness have been entirely unknown there. If men drank too much, as they sometimes did, they remained in the drinking-shops, each political party by itself, and consequently avoided the quarrels and collisions that so often occur, while the people went to the polls and voted as quietly as they go to church. This of itself has been a gain in our community of no small moment.

"At first there was quite a number of women who refused to vote, but at every election that number has grown less, until now very few, if any, fail to exercise the privilege. Many refuse to vote as their husbands do, but I have not heard of any domestic discord or trouble growing out of such a course.

"In conclusion, I wish to say, as broadly and as unqualifiedly as I can express it, that while I have seen a great many advantages and much public good grow out of this change in our laws, I have seen none of the evils or disadvantages so generally apprehended and so warmly denounced by the opponents of the measure."

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE AND FOUND WANTING.

ALL the signs of the times indicate the coming of a new order of things. The rapidity with which faithless public men, largely trusted by the people, are being brought to judgment, and their guilt made clear as noonday, is something marvellous. Rings and combinations organized for no other end than to aggregate power for the more certain work of plunder, are broken up at a single ponderous stroke of some courageous citizen who drags their iniquity to the light. Buried wrongs are dug up, and their hideous carcasses shown to the aroused and indignant people. Men

long trusted, and regarded by the nation as representatives of the highest integrity, are found to be weakly venal, or deliberately corrupt. Everywhere good and true men are feeling a sense of relief. They see the dawning of a better day; the advent of a new era, when public virtue shall be something more than a name.

Such an era is surely advancing upon us. Evil and corruption are not stronger than goodness and virtue, but essentially weaker. Steadily the people are rising to a higher sense of right. The coming generation will take their places, as the receding ones retire; and the shame and disgrace of those trusted public men who have been weighed in the balance and found wanting, will stand out as warnings to all in whom the people confide.

And the people themselves will be more careful in their selection of those to whom great interests are to be intrusted. The old school of corrupt politicians—all of whom have a price—will be set aside, and their places be given to men of known integrity. How long we are yet to be in their hands cannot be told; but their power diminishes every day, and the time is not far distant when the people will thrust them aside—and cast off their names as evil.

MID-DAY LECTURES.

TWENTY-FIVE mid-day lectures on representative historical characters were given in our city during the past winter by Rev. John Lord. When the announcement of these lectures was made, few believed that they would be successful, as the audiences would have to be made up chiefly of women. The result has been very gratifying. Without a single exception, the lectures were fully attended, and the experiment has shown that we have in our great cities, besides the mass of mere pleasure-loving and fashion-devoted women, a large number devoted to higher and nobler things. A similar course was given by Mr. Lord in New York, and with the same gratifying result.

We trust that this is but the beginning of a new era of intellectual culture for our ladies. The success of Mr. Lord's experiment will doubtless bring other lecturers into the field. But they must be something different from the common lecture tribe, or they cannot hope for success. The cultured women who crowded to hear Mr. Lord's brilliant and scholarly lectures will not be caught by their chaff.

THE FUTURE OF SCIENCE.

THE church has been slow to accept the conclusions of science, because these conclusions were not in harmony with revelation as understood by the church. Almost every new truth announced by science has awakened fear and disquietude. Instead of being hailed with pleasure as a victory over error, it has, in too many cases, been resisted long after the evidence in its favor has been made conclusive. "The motion of our planet around the sun," says Lyell, "the shape of the earth, the existence of the antipodes, the vast antiquity of the globe, the distinct assemblages of species of animals and plants by which it was successively inhabited, and lastly, the antiquity and barbarism of primeval man—all these generalizations, when first announced, have been a source of anxiety and unhappiness."

The future of science, as indicated by facts steadily coming to light, give room to conclude that in the book of nature will be found records more than ever out of harmony with Genesis, if taken in its literal sense. But no anxiety should be felt on this account. The Word and the Works of God must be in harmony. Genesis, if it be the Word of God—as we believe it to be—cannot, and does not, when rightly understood, contradict the "testimony of the rocks."

Let the Church, then, take Science by the hand and give her a hearty welcome. She comes also to tell of God and his wonderful works. She is no enemy of religion; no handmaid of skepticism or infidelity. The Book she is trying to interpret is the record God has made of His wisdom and goodness in the outer world of nature. The Bible is another and higher record. It treats of man's spiritual creation; not of a physical earth and material heavens. In its true

signification it never contradicts science. Its divine power is on its spiritual side—in its holy inner meanings. And when the Church, abandoning its vain efforts to harmonize its literal sense with the facts of science, gives herself to the higher work of spiritual interpretation, she will enter a new era of Christian life and progress. She will be no longer afraid of science, but, giving her welcome as a servant of the living God, both will magnify His name together.

DON'T LET YOUR LIFE BE A FAILURE.

FEW sadder sentences fall from the lips than this: "My life has been a failure." And the saddest part is, that the failure can rarely if ever be retrieved, because the conviction, to most people, comes too late.—Comes in the feebleness of old age, when the brain is weak, and habit strong; comes after strength for true work and self-discipline is gone. Says Rev. W. H. Murry:

"Society is full of failures that need never have been made; full of men who have never succeeded; full of women who in the first half of their days did nothing but eat and sleep and sipper, and in the last half have done nothing but perpetuate their follies and weaknesses. The world is full, I say, of such people; full of men, in every trade and profession, who do not amount to anything; and I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not without due charity without making due allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say that God and thoughtful men are weary of their presence. Every boy ought to improve on his father; every girl grow into a nobler, gentler, more self-denying womanhood than the mother. No reproduction of former types will give the world the perfect type. I know not where the Millennium is, as measured by distance of time; but I do know, and so do you, that it is a great way off as measured by human growth and expansion. We have no such men and women yet, no age has ever had any, as shall stand on the earth in that age of peace that will not come until men are worthy of it."

Young men!—young women! Don't let your lives be failures. Make the best of what God has given you. Let your gratitude to Him for life and its noble endowments, be expected in a full devotion of will, and thought, and strength, to whatever work He brings in His wise providence to your hands. And remember, that it is only good and useful work that He provides. Shun evil work—work that harms your neighbor in any way, as you would shun the deadliest thing. No true success ever comes from evil work. It may bring a harvest of golden apples, and purple grapes; but the apples will be like those of Sodom, full of bitter ashes, and the grapes sour.

"CAST ADRIFT."

THIS is the title of a new book by the author of "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP," now in the press of J. M. Stoddard & Co., of this city, and to be issued at an early day. "CAST ADRIFT," like the "Man-Trap," is another sorrowful revelation; a lesson and a warning for the people. Dealing with intemperance only as an incident of his theme, the author, in his romance of real life, draws aside the veil that hides the victims of this and other terrible vices, after they have fallen to the lower depths of degradation, where the vilest and most abandoned of society herd together in our city slums more like beasts than men and women, and tells the story of sorrow, suffering, crime and human debasement as it really is in Christian America, with all the earnestness and power that in him lies; yet, with a guardedness of detail and description that must leave the book without objection, even from the most scrupulous.

It will be the same in size and price as "Three Years in a Man-Trap," and be sold only by agents.

HOMESTEADS are sacrificed every day, says the Chicago Tribune to hard drink, but probably for the first time in the history of the liquor traffic it furnishes a homestead to the family of one of its victims. The unique justice has been obtained by a woman of Iowa, who has recovered a homestead worth \$1,000 from the dealer who sold her husband the rum that caused his death.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.



THE SLEEPING BABE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

SLEEP on, my baby, sleep;
Thy mother's shadow o'er thy head shall hover,
A loving mother-watch to silent keep,
Till thy sweet sleep is over.

VOL. XLI.—21.

How beautiful art thou!
The blue-veined lids are on the blue eyes pressing,
While a soft rosy flush tints cheek and brow,
Under the sun's caressing.

Thy ripe lips stand apart,
And the light measured breath upheaves thy bosom.
How beautiful! how beautiful thou art!
My babe! my bud! my blossom!

Thy mother bends above,
Waiting with mother-longing for thy waking;
Waiting to see a look of answering love
From opening eyelids breaking.

Yearning to clasp thy hand,
To feel the tender touch of baby fingers.
Only a mother's heart can understand
How this touch thrills and lingers.

Longing to gather thee
Close to her breast, and feel thy smooth cheek pressing
Against her own, while small arms wander free
With cruel, sweet caressing.

But not such peace as this is,
Even to feel warm lips upon my breast,
Can I disturb—nor for reward of kisses;—
So sleep and take thy rest.

Then sleep, sweet baby, sleep;
Thy mother's shadow o'er thy head shall hover,
And mother-eyes shall loving vigils keep
Till thy sweet sleep is over.

THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

BY E. CHARDON.

IT almost seems as though there might be found a justification of the Darwinian theory of the descent of man, when one turns his attention to the savage races of mankind. Or, if we hesitate to believe that man has actually descended from apes, it yet seems as though there were regular gradations from the brute to the human family with scarcely a lacking step.

The Digger Indians of California are described as being exceedingly low in the scale of humanity; but the stories of travellers in Africa lead us to believe that some tribes of negroes are still lower. Yet, lowest of all, we must regard the people who live at the southern extremity of the American continent—the Fuegian Indians. The Indian of the North and the negro build themselves huts—rude enough, of course, but still dwelling-places after a fashion. They even practice agriculture in a rude way. The inhabitant of Terra del Fuego builds his house by sticking a few branches in the ground in the form of a semicircle, and then drawing their tops together into a sort of hood. It is not high enough to stand up in, nor large enough for any purpose save to squat or lie in. The fire is built before the open point of this hut. These huts are all the same. Generation after generation the dwelling-places of these savages—if they can be called dwelling-places—have been built like this, without improvement or variation, as regularly as the bird builds her nest. They are not so good as some habitations built by beasts and birds. For instance, there is a monkey in Africa which

builds itself, in a tree, a house with a floor and a roof, infinitely superior to the Fuegian hut.

The little clothing which the Fuegian wears consists of a few scanty skins depending from the shoulder. Idea of agriculture he seems to have none; but depends upon mussels and other shell-fish to keep him from starvation.

Yet the climate does not justify these fragile and unprotecting huts, or this scanty clothing. According to Darwin's own idea, the necessities of their being, ought to have developed their inventive faculties sufficiently to find means to protect themselves against the rigors of their climate. Terra del Fuego lies between 50° and 60° south latitude, and is a land of disagreeable and uncertain weather. The wind is keen and almost unrelenting, and not at all tempered to those shorn lambs of humanity.

They display one human trait, however—a love for tobacco. But even this can hardly be set down as an evidence of superiority over the brute creation, for we all know that horses relish tobacco, and I have just read that a monkey in the Zoological Gardens at London has learned to smoke, and seems to enjoy the practice.

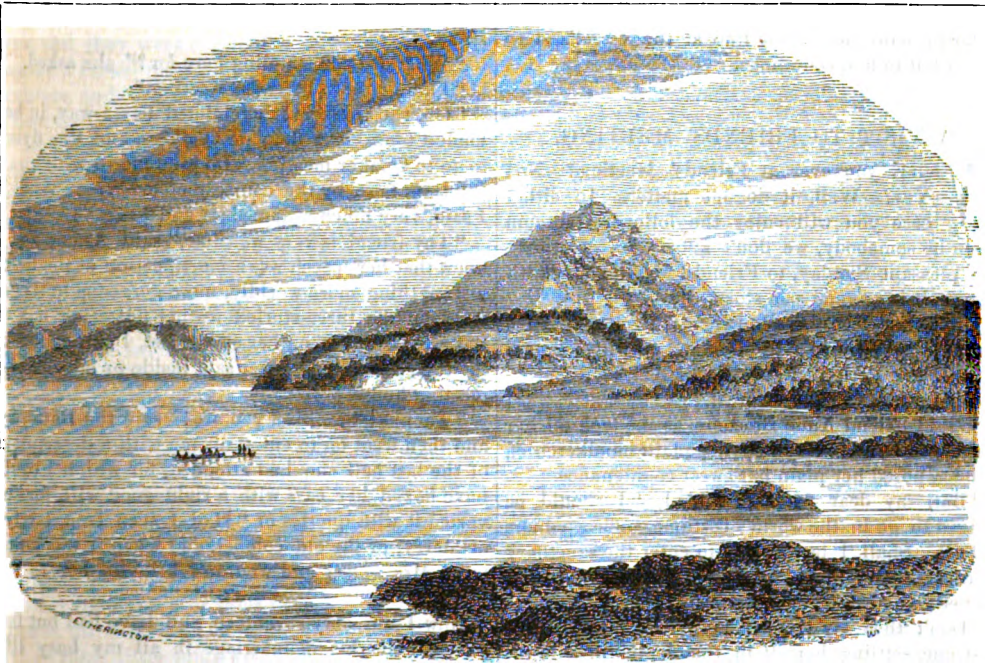
Mrs. Agassiz, who has recently made a voyage through the Straits of Magellan, gives, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the following description of a visit their party had from a company of Fuegian Indians:

"Toward the middle of the day we all strayed in, one by one, from our wanderings, and assembled around or within the tent for lunch. All luxuries and superfluities had long dropped off from our larder—mussels roasted on the shell, salt pork broiled on a stick and hard-tack formed our frugal meal; but, such as it was, we were called upon to share it with a numerous company. A boat rounded the point of the beach, and as it approached we saw that it was full of Indians—men, women and children. The men landed (they were five or six in number) and came toward us. I had wished to have a near view of the Fuegians, but, I confess, that when my desire was gratified, my first feeling was one of utter repulsion and disgust. I have seen many Indians, both in North and South America, the wild Sioux of the West, and various tribes of the Amazons, but I had never seen any so coarse and repulsive as these; they had not even the physical strength and manliness of the savage to atone for brutality of expression. Almost naked (for the short, loose skins tied around the neck, and hanging from the shoulders, could hardly be called clothing), with swollen bodies, thin limbs, and stooping forms, with a childish yet cunning leer on their faces, they crouched over our fire, spreading their hands toward its genial warmth, and all shouting at once, 'Tabac, tabac!' and 'Galleta!'—biscuit. We had no tobacco with us, but we gave them the remains of our hard-bread and pork, which they seemed glad to have. Then the one who appeared, from the deference paid him by the rest, to be chief, sat down on a stone and sang in a singular kind of monotone. The words were evidently ad-

dressed to us, and seemed, from the gestures and expression, to be an improvisation concerning the strangers. There was something curious in the character of this Fuegian song. It was rather recitation than singing, but was certainly divided into something like strophes or stanzas; for, although there was no distinct air or melody, the strains were brought to a close at regular short intervals, and ended always exactly in the same way and on the same notes with a rising inflection of the voice. When he finished, we were silent with a sort of surprise and expectancy; his blank, disappointed expression reminded us to applaud, and then he laughed with pleasure, imitating the clapping in an awkward way, and began to sing again. I do not know how long this scene might have lasted, for the

are water defiles between sunken chains of mountains. Along the shore the mountain-sides are wooded, and abound with beautiful and luxurious vegetation. Here the fuchsia grows in the native soil, and is seen as thick and as abundant as the laurel in our Atlantic States. Other exquisite flowers are also found. Higher up are dense and sombre forests, and above these are the regions of perpetual snow and ice.

Bays, inlets and small sheltered harbors break the coast-lines, and afford vessels protection from the storms which continually sweep through these water-filled mountain passes. If a ship is met or overtaken by one of those sudden and violent storms which are characteristic of the region, she has but to steer for one of these harbors, and remain in comparative



THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

man seemed to have no thought of stopping, and the flow of words was uninterrupted, but the Hassler came in sight, her recall gun was fired, and we hastened down to the beach-landing."

Mrs. Agassiz gave the women "some showy beads and bright calico;" "though," she adds, "I should doubt their knowing what to do with the latter."

Turning from the people to the scenery of the Straits of Magellan, we find much to interest us. For the eastern half of the straits the shore is open and low, and the straits wide and easily navigable. But about midway between the Atlantic and the Pacific the scenery changes and becomes bold and abrupt in character. Mountains rise sharply from the water, and present their cleft summits against the sky. The strait is subdivided into many narrow passes, which

quiet and safety, while her crew can watch the dreadful war of the elements but a few yards away. Sometimes a sailing vessel thus finding shelter will remain weather-bound for weeks, or even months; for, as fast as it will venture out, seeking to reach the next harbor, it will be driven back by sudden squalls. The "Williwaws" constitute another peculiarity of these straits. The air may be perfectly quiet without premonition of a storm, and a vessel may be at anchor in the bay, or proceeding peacefully on her way. All in a moment she will be seized with a sudden gust of wind and shaken from masthead to keel with almost inconceivable violence. Then all is quiet again, and the air as calm as though no "Williwaw" had agitated it.

The outlines of the mountains about Magellan

Straits, and the geological signs of the country indicate glacial action. Mr. Agassiz has decided that the phenomena betray a general movement of ice, at some remote period, from the south northward. The glacial movement is still going on down the mountain sides.

The Straits of Magellan are difficult for the mariner to thread unless he is well acquainted with all their characteristics. The passages are so numerous, some of them so tortuous and narrow, the mountains are so abrupt, and they tower up out of the water in such unexpected places, that a vessel might easily get lost. Then it is a region of mist, which sometimes maybe obscures all but the nearest objects, altering the whole apparent face of the landscape; or, still worse, settles down close to the water, and the bewildered pilot might, under its cover, run his vessel upon the rocky shore, while, so deep is the water in many places, the line at the vessel's stern would fail to find soundings.

A VISIT TO FRIENDS' MEETING.

WERE you ever at Friends' Meeting? No? Yes? Well, it doesn't matter. In either case you will enjoy the following account given by somebody, we don't know who, of a visit, one pleasant Sunday, to Friends' Meeting in Baltimore. It is as good as a story.

"Thee has never been to Friends' Meeting? Then thee must go over to Baltimore and go with me next First Day. Perhaps Friend Mary Ames will speak, and then thee will have a treat."

So said Friend Anne Bascome, as she took off her plain bonnet, and smoothed her plain handkerchief, and composed her plain but sweet countenance.

"But, my dear friend," said I, "I should be obliged to go in the world's costume ruffles, paniers and all. Shall I be allowed to enter the sanctuary in that profane style, or must I don some Quaker bonnet and gown of most immaculate gray?"

"Don't thee say Quaker, my friend," said Anne Bascome, settling herself in the depths of a luxuriant velvet easy-chair—and I notice Friends are partial to soft cushions—"it is a term of reproach among my people. Thee need have no fear if thee goes with me. And besides, many degenerate sons and daughters of Friends have adopted worldly fashions, though they still hold to their birthright."

"Then it is settled; I'll go with thee, Friend Anne, to Baltimore Friends' meeting, and I hope it will do me good."

"It is to be hoped it may do thee no harm," said Friend Anne, quietly.

Who does not like a Friend? Dear, sweet, gray birds, with their faultless, unruffled plumage, dealing so gently with the young, bearing their testimony among the world-hardened and unbelieving.

Saturday night saw me in Baltimore; Sunday morning, or First Day, saw me on my way to the meeting-house in Lombard Street, dressed in a becoming drab walking suit made by the most fashion-

able dressmaker in Washington, and plain, in spite of its elaborate trimming in satin, ruffles and folds.

"Thee does not look very unlike a Friend thyself," said Anne Bascome, just before I put my bonnet on. That, with its bunch of daisies and bright ribbons, dispelled the illusion.

Friends' meeting-house in Lombard Street, sets back from the curb some twenty feet or more. A high, primitive fence, from which three gates open, is the first intimation of the place. We were early, so we sent the carriage home and stood in the shade of some grand old trees, for awhile.

An evil genius soon presented itself in the shape of a fluttering, beribboned girl, a rainbow of color from head to heels. She seized me by the hand on the strength of a slight acquaintance at some watering-place, and shocked Friend Anne beyond measure, by darting at my veil and kissing me in the street.

"What are you standing here for?" she asked.

"I am going to Friends' Meeting."

"Oh, the Quakers!" exclaimed Fly-a-way, in her loudest tones. "I dote on Quakers, and I'm dying to go to Quaker meeting. Do take me in with you."

"I am here by the courtesy of my friend Anne," I said, very much ashamed; "and"—

"Thy friend is very welcome," said Anne; and I knew that her speech was a mortification of the flesh, for anything more worldly, more gorgeous in its get up, from the three-storied feather-fluttering hat, to the great rosettes on her small feet, I am bound to say the good Friend never saw, inside or outside of a meeting house.

"Thanks! how kind you are!" said the Butterfly, and then went on to entertain me with a description of the last ball she had attended, for which I could have boxed her ears with a right good will, for she varied it with queries of "Had I seen Tom, lately; or Harry, or the old colonel, and when I was going to be Mrs. —? and wouldn't I invite her to the wedding?"

Now I am only seventeen, and have had but few serious thoughts of marriage in all my busy life. There's a six-years' bridge, at present, between me and that important state, and I must confess I winced under Miss Anne's astonished stare; while, it being Sunday, and the creature utterly unimpressible, and standing in the peaceful shadow of Friends' meeting-house, I did not utter the sharp words that were fighting for an outlet under my placid bodice.

"Merely on us!" cried Butterfly, "the gates are opened." How I longed to ask her if she thought she could behave herself. I doubted her capacity for silence. I knew she would twirl her parasol, play with her ring, dangle her watch-chain and make her boots creak, but trusting to a friendly Providence, I followed Anne up the aisle, where, to my distress, she took a seat under the ministers' gallery and facing the whole audience.

"I like this," whispered Butterfly, setting all her dangles to fluttering. Of course she did. To be

seen was her end of life; to be admired her only aim.

It being some time before service, I felt at liberty to use my eyes, and did so when I could without being annoyed by Butterfly.

What a strange, quiet, unchurchly place it seemed! A large, cheerful, but rather bare interior, divided down what we should call the middle aisle by a partition which could be raised or lowered at pleasure. A gallery ran all around the house, but there was no organ loft, no choir, no pulpit. Four plebeian-looking black stoves stood in different places, so that Friends' meeting-house must be abundantly comfortable in winter.

Friend Anne explained that the women Friends sat on one side and the men Friends on the other; that on occasion of business sessions by either sex, the partition was pulled down to the tops of the pews, and they were effectually separated; that the seats on a raised platform behind us were for Friend ministers, and she supposed there would be several present that morning.

"Isn't it comical?" queried Butterfly, already beginning to flutter her wings.

"I don't see anything funny," I replied, with an expression of countenance that I flatter myself frightened her into silence, for she was quiet full thirty seconds afterward.

By my side sat my comfortable friend; opposite a very slim, thin, delicate Quaker, rigid and pale, and on Butterfly's left an ample, motherly dame. Presently, more Friends began to drop in, sweet and cool, and all so fair and modest under their capacious silk bonnets! I cannot tell how many Rachels, and Nancys, and Marys I was introduced to. One by one they entered, one by one came the world's people, or modified Friends with pretty, gray walking-suits, and neat but not showy bonnets. One by one came in the men on the other side, and dropped into their seats, with their broad brims on, and there they sat under the shadow of their hats.

It was all so strange, as gradually meeting filled up! Several little folks sat round in pretty white dresses and one fold of ribbon over their plain straw hats, and they were quite as demure as their elders.

The bells stopped tolling without; the summer sunbeams flickered through branches and were sifted on the floor and over the congregation; the sweet west wind came in and toyed gently with spotless kerchiefs and pretty ribbons.

One face, pure and beautiful as a rosebud, under quillings of blue ribbon and white lace, quite fascinated me. Evidently she used the plain language, and I afterward learned that she was the daughter of Friend Mary Ames, one of the lights of that order.

Gradually the silence grew oppressive. Twenty minutes passed, twenty-five, thirty, and as yet the Spirit had not given token. The myriad faces blended into one, queerly, under a monstrous Quaker bonnet. A little child dropped a fan; it made me jump. Somebody sneezed. I never heard anything quite so terrific as that sneeze. I was getting light-

headed. Astonished at Butterfly's silence, I looked at her; she was asleep; her three stories of hat toppled alarmingly. It was a relief to pinch her.

Five minutes more; that silence must be broken. The more I tried to think good thoughts, the more I couldn't. Grotesque images alarmed me. I saw all the comical illustrations I had looked at for months, and almost determined never to look at another. First I studied noses—it was very wicked of me—and then I wondered what everybody could be thinking of. Could they banish all worldly thoughts? I wished I could. The silence seemed like an avalanche about to smother me, when lo, a soft voice fell on my ear:

"Perfect love casteth out fear;" and the spell was broken.

Sweet Mary Ames, with thy saintly thoughts, dispelling silence and sadness, how refreshing were thy words! After that three Friends spoke, two brothers and one sister; then suddenly there was a rushing sound. The whole congregation roused itself and got up, and "Quaker meeting" was over.

"Did you ever see anything so stupid?" asked Butterfly, as we gained the street. "I lost some splendid singing; don't want anything to do with Quaker meeting again. Come and see me—good-bye."

I hope I shall never meet her again. As to the Friends, though their worship is peculiar, God bless them.

ICELAND.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

THE traveller, approaching Iceland, is struck by the brilliancy of the light, the keen, bracing air, the steep, rugged coast, and, above all, by the magnificent bay of Faxa Fiord, in which his ship casts anchor. The entrance is fifty miles in width, guarded on the one hand by a ridge of pumice, on the other by a snow-clad peak five thousand feet in height, while around the intervening semicircle stand an hundred noble mountains. Between their base and the waters of the bay lies a dirty, greenish slope, dotted with houses of a mouldy green, looking as if recently fished up from the bottom of the sea. They are little more than wooden sheds, one-story high; but here and there is a gable-end of more pretension, marking the residence of some important person, while at each extremity of the little town is a group of turf huts, the homes of the poorest class. All around is a desolate stretch of lava. This is Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, and the first settlement made upon the island. But, whatever the place may lack in external attractions, the people soon make up by the warmth of their welcome. Visitors are rare, and like most Icelanders, they are hospitable almost to a fault.

They are staunch Protestants, of the Lutheran persuasion, and live together in a beautiful patriarchal simplicity. They have neither prison, gallows, soldiers, nor police—for crime, theft, drunkenness and cruelty are unknown.

Iceland is not without its share of the romance which accompanies the discovery and settlement of every new country.

A thousand years ago, so runs the tale, a band of hardy Norsemen set sail in search of a new land toward the setting sun. They had no compass to

round, as if uncertain what course to take, but ended by flying home, thus showing that they were about midway between the shores. The third, on being released a few days later, started immediately forward, and following the course which she had taken, they triumphantly made the southeasterly point of the island. But they were only adventurers on a voyage of discovery. Another century passed before colonists came to build their houses upon the icy shore.

Harold Haarfager, a Scandinavian king, of the time of the English Alfred, having conquered and dethroned the kings of the neighboring tribes, meddled with the rights of the landholders in so offensive a manner, that a company of them freighted a galley with their families and household goods, determined to seek new homes in the land which, rumor said, lay somewhere to the northwest.

When they came in sight of the island, the leader threw overboard the sacred pillars of his old home, that the gods might decide upon the site of his new. The waves carried them no one knew whither, and after three years' search they were found in a sheltered bay, on the western side of the island. Here the little company settled, founded the town of Reykjavik, and organized themselves into a republic, which for three hundred years maintained its independence.

direct them, nor did they know where the desired land lay. But they carried three consecrated ravens, trusting to the sagacity of these birds to guide them to a haven. Nor were they disappointed. When the first one was let loose, it started directly homeward, and they knew that in that direction still lay the nearest land. The second circled round and

Having ridden for thirty miles along the bridle-path from Reykjavik—roads are unknown in Iceland—the traveller comes to an abrupt pause on the brink of a precipice a hundred feet high, which separates the barren plateau on which he stands from a lovely, sunlit plain, ten miles wide, and walled on the other side by a similar rampart, at the foot of



THE CRATER OF MT. HECULA.

the mountains. This plain is the famous Thingwalla, or meeting place of the Thing, or Congress, the governing body of the republic.

This whole region is of volcanic origin, and by some unevenness in the cooling of the surface, or by a terrific internal convulsion, this plain—if plain it can be called—was torn from the surrounding mountains, sunk to its present level, and rent and shivered by a thousand fissures. Near the centre is an irregular, oval space, two hundred feet long and fifty broad, surrounded by a chasm so wide and deep as to be utterly impassable, except at one end, where a narrow causeway connects it with the mainland. This was the spot appointed by the Icelandic constitution for the meeting of the Things; and while feudal despotism was the only form of government known in Europe, here sat a free parliament, discussing the affairs of the tiny nation, armed men guarding the entrance, that their deliberations might not be disturbed. To this day three hummocks, at the upper end of the little plateau, mark the spot where chiefs and judges sat in state.

The time of the independence of the republic was one of remarkable literary and political vigor; and when, through the conspiracy of her chieftains, she was made a dependency of the Norwegian crown; her surrender of her liberties was couched in terms, the "haughtiness of which would have better suited an offer of allegiance from an equal power than a declaration of submission to a conqueror."

But, released from the obligations and necessity of self-government, the spirit of the people sank rapidly, and has never recovered its former level. At the union of the three Scandinavian monarchies, they passively allowed their allegiance to be transferred to the Danish crown, to which they have ever since remained subject. The adoption of the Lutheran religion seemed for a time to rouse something of their old literary activity. A printing-press was introduced in 1530, and since that time many original works of merit have been produced, and Shakspeare, Milton and Pope have been translated into the Icelandic tongue.

Iceland is more interesting physically than historically, for its geysers are a never-failing marvel, and its volcanoes are among the most celebrated in the world. The famous eruption of Mt. Hecla, in 1766, commenced by the appearance of a column of black sand slowly rising, and accompanied by subterranean thunders. Then a coronet of flame played around the crater, and masses of rock were thrown out. One stone six feet in circumference was flung twenty miles. For a circuit of a hundred and fifty miles the earth was covered with sand four inches deep, and white paper could not be distinguished from black. Fishermen could not put to sea for the darkness, and the people of the Orkney Islands were terrified by what they thought showers of black snow. The lava ran five miles, and a few days later a vast column of water broke through the pillar of cinders and rose to a height of several hundred feet.

But, violent as this eruption was, it was far ex-

ceeded by that of Skapta Jokul, in 1783. From this volcano a torrent of lava issued, which filled the basin of a great lake, and then divided into two streams, one fifty miles long and from twelve to fifteen wide in the broadest parts, the other forty miles long, and were confined between hills from five to six hundred feet deep. A thick cloud of cinders hung over the island for a year. According to the best estimates, nine thousand persons and two hundred thousand cattle perished during this eruption.

The ground around the geysers is honeycombed with holes. Not a blade of grass grows upon the hot, inflamed surface of red clay. The Great Geyser has a smooth, silicious basin seventy-two feet in diameter and four feet deep, with a hole in the bottom like a stationary wash-bowl. This is brimful of simmering water, from which rises a high column of vapor. The geyser is often inactive, and the traveller may have to wait many days before seeing more than this. An eruption is announced by loud underground noises. The centre of the pool becomes violently agitated. A dome of water rises, bursts, and falls. Then a sheaf of shining, liquid columns, wreathed with vapor, springs into the air, by a succession of bounds, flinging its silvery crests against the sky. How long it lasts, depends upon the violence of the eruption. The water gradually loses its ascending force, falters, droops, and falls, and is immediately sucked back into the subterranean chamber whence it came. The eruption is over—the traveller mounts his shaggy pony, and wends his way back over the mountains to Reykjavik.

CRUEL NURSERY LESSONS.

WE have sometimes wondered, says Mrs. Stowe, to see a helpless kitten or puppy given up to be tortured in a nursery, without even an attempt to explain to the children the pain they are inflicting, and the duties they owe to the helpless. Thus, what might form the most beautiful trait in the child's character is changed to a deformity. Instead of learning from the kitten a generous consideration for weakness and helplessness, the little one receives in the nursery the lesson of brutal tyranny.

No parent ought to allow a child the possession of any living creature with whose comfort and welfare they do not charge themselves. Children are not naturally cruel; they are only ignorant and inconsiderate. They have no conception of the pain they often inflict, even by their loving caresses. A boy, too, has in him a sort of wild, uncultured love of domination and sense of power, which are no sins, but may be made the foundations of great virtues, if he be early taught that his strength and power of control are given him for the protection of weakness, and not for the oppression of it. A boy can use the same faculties in defending and helping poor animals that he can in oppressing them; and the pets of the nursery are valuable for teaching that very lesson.

THE more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God.

THE COMING SCHOOLMASTER.

BY LOUISE V. BOYD.

THE schoolmaster of the past, and by the past we mean those *not* good old times when our grandparents were school boys and school girls, was almost without an exception a foreigner, often an Irishman.

He was a stout believer in corporeal punishment and made up in the severity of his discipline what he lacked in the knowledge of human nature, or the science of governing. If learned and refined he was yet an overbearing tyrant, if illiterate and vulgar, which sometimes happened, he was a monster. In all cases we might say of him, in the language of Wordsworth,

"Full twenty times was Peter feared
For once that Peter was respected."

But the rod of his power is broken, and over his grave, moistened by but few tears, the shadow of forgetfulness is deepening year by year.

The schoolmaster of to-day is not known by that appellation, but is called the professor. I have attended his examinations and exhibitions and have discovered him to be a fossil, or a ghost from the shadowy past, groping among the mists and shadows of darker ages, and eternally harping upon the greatness of Greece and the splendors of Rome.

He confines himself to his text-books, and when he would edify or entertain his classes with more than his wonted sprightliness he delivers a lengthy dissertation on the imperishability of the sayings of the seven sages of Greece, those celebrated maxims justly deemed worthy of the places assigned them as mottoes in the Delphian Temple.

Hear them, oh, you wide-awake, *alive*, American boys—listen while your heart beats quicker as though you heard the ring of clarions and voices of trumpets: "Know thyself" (Solon); "Consider the end," (Chilo); "Know thy opportunity," (Pittacus); "Most men are bad," (Bias); "Nothing is impossible to industry," (Periander); "Avoid excess," (Cleobutus); "Suretyship is the precursor of ruin," (Thales). Ah, boys, these have lost their original flavor.

I admit that this wisdom of a past age is still wisdom, but have these old Greeks a pre-emptive right to all our reverence? Does the schoolmaster, that is the professor, of to-day, expect to lead the young American up the steep of the highest usefulness by the faint glimmer of the burned-out lamps of Greece, to the dying echoes of her heathen utterances? Vain expectation—useless expenditure of effort; the boys of to-day are marching ahead of the schoolmaster.

But let us come now to the coming schoolmaster. Aye, gladly, for he will know that we have utterances from men of our own land worthy to be pondered over and acted upon till they pervade the whole

structure of society. The coming schoolmaster has in his boyhood been *thoroughly instructed* in—that is to say received a smattering of—the lore of ancient Greece, but he has asked himself, where was the Greek whose spirit ever caught the faintest gleam of the grand truth first uttered by Thomas Jefferson, "All men are born equal!" He will know that in "Give me liberty or give me death!" Patrick Henry even transcended the severe simplicity of the classic ages.

He will declare the saying of Benjamin Franklin, "There never was a good war nor a bad peace," is more than worthy of a place in the Delphian Temple, aye, worthy to be a motto in the temple of Christianity. He will apostrophize thus: "Oh, shades of the immortal thinkers of Greece! the mind of your most godlike philosopher never soared to such a height as this reached by William H. Seward when he proclaimed, 'There is a higher law than the Constitution.'"

He will show how in the stern simplicity of his pure patriotism, Henry Clay could say: "I would rather be right than president." He will tell how the rough, outspoken backwoodsman, David Crockett, gave us the true metal, though the coin was too hastily struck to be perfect in its finish, when he said: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"

The emphasis and pluck of this phrase could never have been uttered in any land but our own, being an outgrowth of the circumstances of the New World.

Nor will he neglect the unforgotten sentence of poor, half-romantic, half-vagabond Sam Patch: "Some things can be done as well as others," which homely phrase, teaching of the feasibility of all things, is the fitting watchword for the inventor and adventurer who but breathes his native air on this western continent.

And the coming schoolmaster having given these seven wise sayings of American sages for the instruction and admiration of American youth, will proceed to give one more by way of good measure, and it will be this plain, but grand aphorism from the lips of the martyr, John Brown, "It's a mighty big thing for a man to do all he can."

Then will the coming boys begin to feel for what glorious destiny they are born, then will they sing "Yankee Doodle" with fresh joyousness, and with a sublime contempt of what nations less free, and ages more stupid may think, or might have thought of it.

And now, at the close of this paper, let me say what I see I have not said, which is, that girls will, of course, be in the schools along with the boys—ah, yes, and now I think of it, let me tell you the coming schoolmaster won't be a master at all, but a school-mistress.

THE CAPERCAILLIE.

ALTHOUGH once a common inhabitant of the highland districts of Great Britain, the Capercaillie has now been almost wholly extinct for

names: Cock of the Woods, Mountain Cock, Auerhahn and Capercaillie.

It is now most frequently found in the northern parts of Europe, Norway and Sweden being



some years, a straggling specimen being occasionally seen in Scotland, and shot "for the benefit of science." This bird is also known by the following

very favorite homes. From those countries it is largely imported into England by the game-dealers.

The Capercaillie is celebrated not only for its great size and excellency of its flesh, but for its singular habits just previous to and during the breeding season. Mr. Lloyd has given so excellent an account of these curious proceedings, that they must be told in his own words:

"At this period, and often when the ground is still deeply covered with snow, the cock stations himself on a pine and commences his love song, or *play* as it is termed in Sweden, to attract the hens about him. This is usually from the first dawn of day to sunrise, or from a little after sunset until it is quite dark. The time, however, more or less depends upon the mildness of the weather and the advanced state of the season.

"During his '*play*,' the neck of the Capercaillie is stretched out, his tail is raised and spread like a fan, his wings droop, his feathers are ruffled up, and, in short, he much resembles an angry turkey-cock. He begins his play with a call something resembling '*Peller! peller! peller!*' This sound he repeats at first at some little intervals; but as he proceeds, they increase in rapidity, until at last, and after perhaps the lapse of a minute or so, he makes a sort of gulp in his throat, and finishes with sucking in, as it were, his breath.

"During the continuance of this latter process, which only lasts a few seconds, the head of the Capercaillie is thrown up, his eyes are partially closed, and his whole appearance would denote that he is worked up into an agony of passion. At this time his faculties are much absorbed, and it is not difficult to approach him. * * * The play of the Capercaillie is not loud, and should there be any wind stirring in the trees at the time, it cannot be heard at any considerable distance. Indeed, during the calmest and most favorable weather, it is not audible at more than two or three hundred paces.

"On hearing the call of the cock, the hens, whose cry in some degree resembles the croak of the raven, or rather perhaps the sounds, '*Gock! gock! gock!*' assemble from all parts of the surrounding forest. The male bird now descends from the eminence on which he was perched to the ground, where he and his female friends join company.

"The Capercaillie does not play indiscriminately over the forest, but he has certain stations (Tjaderlek, which perhaps may be rendered his playing-grounds). These, however, are often of some little extent. Here, unless very much persecuted, the song of these birds may be heard in the spring for years together. The Capercaillie does not, during his play, confine himself to any particular tree, for, on the contrary, it is seldom he is to be met with exactly on the same spot for two days in succession.

"On these *lek*, several Capercaillie may occasionally be heard playing at the same time. Mr. Grieff, in his quaint way, observes, '*It then goes gloriously.*' So long, however, as the old male birds are alive, they will not, it is said, permit the young ones, or those of the preceding season, to play. Should the old birds, however, be killed, the young

ones in the course of a day or two, usually open their pipes. Combats, as it may be supposed, not unfrequently take place on these occasions; though I do not recollect having heard of more than two of these birds being engaged at the same time.

"Though altogether contrary to law, it is now that the greatest slaughter is committed among the Capercaillie, for any lump of a fellow who is able to draw a trigger may, with a little instruction, manage to knock them down. As the plan, however, of shooting these noble birds during their play is sometimes curious, I shall do my best to describe it.

"It first being ascertained where the *lek* is situated, the sportsman proceeds to the spot and listens in profound silence until he hears the call of the cock. So long, however, as the bird only repeats his commencing sound, he must, if he be at all near to him, remain stationary; but the instant the Capercaillie comes to the wind-up, the gulp, etc., during which, as I have just now said, its faculties of both seeing and hearing are in a degree absorbed, then he may advance a little. This note, however, lasts so short a time, that the sportsman is seldom able to take more than three or four steps before it ceases; for the instant that is the case, he must come to a halt, and if in an exposed situation remain fixed like a statue. This is absolutely necessary; for during his play, except during the gulp, etc., the Capercaillie is exceedingly watchful, and easily takes the alarm. If all remain quiet, however, the bird usually goes on again immediately with his first strain, and when he once more comes to the final note the sportsman advances as before.

"To become a proficient at this sport requires a good deal of practice. In the first place, a person must know how to take advantage of the ground when advancing upon the Capercaillie; for if in full daylight, this is hardly practicable in exposed situations; and in the next, that he may not move forward excepting upon the note which is so fatal to that bird. This is likely enough to happen if it be an old cock that has been previously exposed to shots, for he often runs on with, '*Peller! peller! peller!*' until one supposes that he is just coming to the gulp, when he suddenly makes a stop. If, therefore, a person were then incautiously to advance, he would, in all probability, instantly take to flight."

The nest of the Capercaillie is made upon the ground, and contains eight or ten eggs; when hatched, the young are fed upon insects, more especially ants and their pupæ. The adult bird feeds mostly on vegetable substances, such as juniper, cranberry and bilberries, and the leaves and buds of several trees.

The color of the adult male bird is chestnut-brown, covered with a number of black lines irregularly dispersed, the breast is black with a gloss of green, and the abdomen is simply black, as are the lengthened feathers of the throat and tail. The female is easily known by the bars of red and black which traverse the head and neck, and the reddish yellow barred with black of the under surface. In size, the Capercaillie is nearly equal to a turkey.

GOING WITH THE ANGELS.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

OUT of two homes, standing side by side, two babies went to Heaven, leaving two mothers' hearts aching and desolate—but not desolate alike. To one, peace and resignation came with sorrow; to the other, a hopeless and rebellious unrest. Light streamed into the soul of one through many opening windows; the other sat in rayless darkness. To one came visions of angels bearing in tender love a baby to Heaven; while the other looked down into a grave, and saw nothing but a lifeless effigy.

Nurse crossed the room, and stood for a few moments looking down upon the child. Mr. Carlton came also, and leaned above his wife and babe.

"Going with the angels," said the nurse, softly and reverently, as she dropped upon her knees.

How still it was! A new atmosphere was beginning to fill the room—an atmosphere not perceptible to any outward sense, but touching and tranquilizing the soul. It had in it the fragrance of peace. Angels were present. They had come to receive this blossom of earth, and take it to bloom in Heaven.

God can come very near to those who love Him



It was just as a June sun was pressing his evening kiss upon the mountain tops that the angels came for one of these babies. There had been only a faint hope in the mother's heart since morning; but love clings to hope, faint though it be, while ever the pulses throb. And so Mrs. Carlton had not quite given him up. But, as the shadows of closing day made their first impression on her senses, there came a change in the face of her darling that her heart told her was death.

"Oh, nurse!" she exclaimed, lifting her eyes from the baby, which for more than an hour she had been holding close to her bosom.

and trust in Him. He can make the pillow of suffering as soft as down; and the shadow of death a veil of light. So He came near to those on whom He was, in His infinite love, about laying a burden of sorrow, and they felt His divine presence, and leaned upon Him, sorrowful, but peaceful, knowing that it was well. And when they gave Him back the most precious of all gifts they had ever received at His hands, if tears wet their cheeks, and sobs rent their bosoms, they were yet able to say: "It is well. Our Father knows best. And as for baby, he has gone with the angels."

Such comfort God gives to all who look to Him

and trust Him as one too wise to err and too loving to be unkind.

Just as tender and comforting would His ministration of sorrow have been in that other home, from which His angels had borne upward another baby, if He could have found a way into the hearts of its afflicted ones. Just as tenderly did He love them, though they were wanderers from His fold; but they were afar off in the wilderness, and could not hear

His voice, though He never ceased calling after them and trying to bring them back.

How sad is that sorrow for the little ones which cannot lift itself above the grave; which veils itself in sackcloth and ashes, refusing to be comforted; which will not look upward to the heights whither the Good Shepherd has borne the lambs, nor hear His voice calling them to ascend from the herbless valleys to the green pastures above.

AUNT ESTHER ON CIDER-DRINKING.

BY MAJASA.

"HAVE a glass of cider, Aunt Esther? It's just hard enough to be good."

"No, thank you, Jonathan, I never drink cider no more."

"So, you've gone and joined the Good Templars, out West, have you?"

"I never j'ined no secret society, not that I've anything agin 'em. I feel like sayin', 'God bless every one as stands up for Temp'rance!' but I do go agin cider-drinkin'. I don't b'l'ive its right."

"Well, Aunt Esther," replied the old gentleman, as, after taking a generous draught of the beverage in question, he placed the brown pitcher on the mantelpiece, and sat down in the chimney-corner, opposite his guest; "I've enjoyed your visit mightily—talking of old times has most made Polly and me young once more; and I thought you'd hardly changed a bit since you went away, forty years ago; but you're ahead of us in this cider business. Is it some new-fangled notion you heard out West?"

"No new idea. The Scripture says 'wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin'.'"

"Yes, I know; but cider isn't 'strong drink.'"

"Are you right certain of that, Jonathan?" and the old lady's eyes flashed as if she felt sure of having the strongest side of the argument. "What is 'strong drink'?"

"I suppose it's anything that intoxicates—but cider is nothing but apple-juice."

"Sweet cider, you mean?"

"Yes, nothing but apple-juice, harmless as them pippins," and he pointed to a basket of beautiful fruit on the table.

"And how long does it stay sweet?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly—it depends on the weather—only a few days, I reckon."

"Do folks generally drink it, and call it good," she asked with the same light in her eyes, "when it's sweet?"

"I reckon not."

"You said *that* cider"—and the old lady laid down the long blue stocking she was knitting, and pointed to the pitcher on the mantelpiece—"you said that cider was *just hard enough to be good*. What makes it good, Jonathan?"

"Well," and the old gentleman hitched his chair uneasily; "well, I suppose 'tis 'cause it's worked a

spell. You know, when cider first comes from the mill it's too flat."

"Worked a spell," and the blue ball rolled away unnoticed; "you mean it's good 'cause it's got spirits in it do you?"

"Well, I reckon so." A vigorous turning and punching of the big back-log sent the sparks flying up the chimney, and interrupted the conversation at this point.

"If it's got spirits in it, won't it intoxicate?" continued his eager questioner.

"Now, Jonathan, don't you remember the time when the cider froze before you put it in the cellar, and you made out to get a little in a tin cup and set it on the stove to warm; then, when you went to haul fodder, you was so drunk you rolled off of the load backwards, and the horses run home. I was awfully scared for fear you had a fit," and Polly related the affair with the air of a woman who has gained the upper hand of her liege lord for once, although the good woman was not at all averse to the contents of the pitcher herself, and like some others who have not seen the bitter end, thought getting a little upset with cider rather amusing than disgraceful.

"If cider makes folks drunk, it's strong drink, isn't it?" triumphantly exclaimed Aunt Esther, as she saw the fortifications of his fortress falling to the ground under her well-directed artillery.

"Well, I reckon—well, I never—really—I never thought of it that way before. Here's your ball, Aunt Esther," and the old gentleman covered his confusion by picking up the ball and handing it to her with the gallantry of youth.

"You know," continued the old lady, placidly resuming her knitting, now that her point was gained, "when we first moved out West the country was new and wild, and neighbors awful scarce. After several years of failin', there was some years of mighty big harvests. The wheat was powerful big. Why, Dolly, would you b'l'ieve, 'twas as high as your head."

"Law me, did you ever hear the like, Jonathan?"

"'Twas new parary land," explained the old lady. "I was a-goin' on to tell about harvestin'. Harvest hands come off of the railroad; they was so scarce, and the harvests so big, they had things their own way. Folks'll put up with lots rather than lose the

crop. John—he's an easy man, you know—was willin' to stand 'most anything as was reasonable, and some that wasn't reasonable; but one thing, he declared up and down, he wouldn't do, not if we lost every grain of wheat, and had to leave the farm. He wouldn't turnish liquor for the hands in the harvest-field. The neighbors all said he'd lose his crop, for men wouldn't work without whisky. You know John's brother, poor Sam," and the voice grew low and tender, "drank so hard, and at last shot himself—'twas awful, I can hardly bare to talk about it yet, and it was nigh on to thirty years ago—his grave is on a hill right in sight of our house." The knitting-needles went on vigorously, as if their clicking could drown terrible memories.

"Did John get his wheat harvested?" asked the old gentleman, after a few moment's silence.

"He called the men around him, told 'em the dreadful story and what caused it, as he pointed to the gravestone on the hill. 'Twas the most affectin' Temprance lectur' I ever heard," said Aunt Esther, laying down her knitting, and wiping her eyes. "Then he promised the men good, strong coffee, meat, biscuit, pies and cakes should be sent out in the field in the middle of every forenoon and afternoon—but not a drop of whisky. If he couldn't find men willin' to work on them terms, his wheat might spoil?"

"True pluck. I told you, Polly, John was the very man to go West, get rich, and drive everything before him."

"Did the men work?" eagerly inquired Polly, anxious to hear the end of the matter.

"Not a single one refused," replied Aunt Esther. "The neighbors were surprised. The next year some of 'em tried John's plan, and now whisky is hardly ever found in a harvest-field in our county."

"John was right. No wonder everything has prospered so with him," said the old gentleman, approvingly.

"And he had the right kind of a wife to help him," responded Polly, gazing admiringly at her visitor.

Aunt Esther smiled and blushed like a girl of sixteen. Success is sweet, and the respect of friends a recompense for many trials. Only those who have experienced the hardships of pioneer life know what such success costs, and how hard it is sometimes to stand firm for the truth and right when all the surrounding influences are on the side of wrong; or, at least, favor compromise on the plea of necessity.

But the story was not finished. Let us listen, as did the companions of Aunt Esther, to her remaining sketch:

"As soon as John was able he bought trees for an orchard. I helped him set 'em out. The first crop of apples we gathered in a bushel basket, put the baby on top, and carried 'em in so proud like. In a few years we had wagon-loads, and the neighbors, too. Illinois raises mighty fine fruit, and lots of it. Then there began to be cider-mills all 'round, and folks drank cider instead of water. I didn't think

but what 'twas all right for quite a spell. An old farmer from Indiany bought a farm next us, and moved there; he was stiddy, and a hard-workin' man, an elder in the church; but his two oldest boys, about grown, was wild and rough; they kept gettin' drunk and makin' a fuss in the neighborhood. One day I was over there a-visitin'. By and by we heard a noise and a big laugh out on the back stoop. A bar'l of cider had worked so that the stopper flew out and the cider spattered clear up to the eaves.

"Most hard enough to hold up an iron wedge," said one of the boys, as we went in to dinner.

"Never mind," said the old man; 'there's another bar'l down-cellar, and purty soon we'll have some more.'

"Well, I stayed mighty nigh all day, and they kept a-drinkin' and a-drinkin' on what was left of that hard cider—the old man, the old woman, all of 'em, clean down to the two little boys, only three and five years old. The next day was Sunday, and them big boys was off on another spree. Folks was mighty sorry for their poor old father and mother; but I sot in church and kept a-thinkin' and a-thinkin' if them cider bar'ls at home hadn't give 'em a start on the down'ard road. Somehow the sermons didn't do me much good that day—though Uncle David said the preacher give us some powerful doctrine.

"The next week one of the neighbor's little boys got drunk on cider, and fell out of a hay-mow and was most killed. That saved me—a little boy, only seven years old, drunk most all day. If he liked spirits when he was little like that, wouldn't the appetite grow on him till he grew up, and got to be a drunkard and had the delerious tremens like poor Sam. That night I kept wakin' up and seein' Sam in his coffin, only sometimes 'twould be my Johnny, and sometimes Freddie. The next mornin', first thing after breakfast, when the men was gone off to work in the field, I went out and tipped over the bar'l of cider that was standin' under a big tree in the yard. After while I went out to the barn to get some corn-cobs, and forgot to fasten the gate good, and the hogs got in the yard and rooted up the grass all 'round where the cider was spilt, and made an awful muss. But I was busy thinkin', and never noticed 'em at all.

"When John came to dinner, he turned out the hogs, and says he: 'Esther, I'm dreadful sorry the grass is spoiled so, and your nice beds of pinks. I set 'em out agen, and I guess they'll grow. I'll make some other kind of a fastenin' for that gate.'

"I didn't say nothin'. I thought more of my boys than my posies; but Mike and Pat scolded like everything 'cause the cider was gone, and John promised to get some more the next week. That was Saturday. Sunday I told John how the cider got spilt, and told him all I'd been thinkin' of, and asked him if he wanted to bring up his boys to be drunkards. He said he'd never thought of it that way before, but seemed to him I was right. Then he said: 'I promised Mike and Pat I'd get 'em some more cider. What'll I do about it?'

"Says I: 'A bad promise is better broken than kept. Give 'em somethin' else, or pay 'em a little more till their time's out—it's only next month—and don't ever furnish cider agen for your hands. Don't you remember about the harvestin' and the whisky?"

"I never thought I was leadin' 'em on to drink.' And then he leaned out the window and looked at the gravestone on the hill, and says he: 'Esther, I'll never furnish cider to drink agen, and I'll go against the drinkin' of it as long as my name's John Sinclair.'"

"I didn't think I was doin' wrong, or bein' a

a stumblin'-block to the young members; but suppose we give up the cider, Polly," exclaimed the old gentleman, who was deeply moved by Aunt Esther's earnest words.

"Yes, Jonathan, we'll make vinegar of what's left," replied Polly, rubbing her eyes and spectacles in a suspicious manner.

"And you know, Polly, some of them college chaps got some cider here the other night. I heard to-day they had a spree, and carried on so, they've had 'em up before the faculty. The boys will never get any more cider at Deacon Sargent's."

A DAY LOST.

BY I—L—.

I WAS sewing away one morning, for dear life, as the saying is, intending to make a good day of it, and put my work ahead, when Hetty, my little daughter, five years old, gave a pull at my elbow, and said: "Mamma."

"Well, dear, what is wanted?" I did not look aside from my work, into her sweet little face, nor speak in as loving tones as usual, for the interruption was not wholly agreeable.

"Can't I have my wax doll, mamma?"

Now this wax doll was a treasured present from grandmother, highly prized and carefully treated by Hetty; and after being tenderly nursed by her, dressed and undressed, on rare occasions, laid away under lock and key in one of my bureau drawers.

"Not to day," was my answer.

"Why not to-day, mamma?"

Sure enough, why not to-day? That was just the question. Was it because Hetty might injure the doll? No, that was not the reason; for she was a careful little girl. The true reason was, I did not wish to leave my work and lose five minutes time in going up-stairs to the bureau. Just this, and no more. But, what reply was made to Hetty? A very unreasonable and unsatisfactory one; and such as no mother should ever make.

"Because you can't have Dolly to-day."

Because—How many short-comings and sins of omission are covered by this convenient, vaguely meaning, little word.

"I won't hurt her, mother, I'll be oh! so careful. Do, mother, let me have Dolly."

"Didn't I say that you couldn't have Dolly?"

I knit my brows and spoke with some severity. Having said no, I must be firm. Right or wrong, I must be consistent; that is, have my own will in the case. And as I was the stronger of the two, of course my will decided the question between us.

Poor Hetty! She knew something of my hard decision of character, and retired from the contest. As I turned my eyes from her face to my work, I carried in my mind the image of her grieving lips, and tear-filled eyes. Was I rebuked? Yes. Did I repent? Yes. And go for the doll at once? No. I was busy at my work and could not spare a minute.

Sewing seams was of more consequence than sowing seeds of happiness in the heart of my child. And then, had I not said that Dolly was not to make her appearance to-day? Was I to break my word? No. I must be a consistent mother, if I expected to govern my children aright.

It was very still in the room for the next ten minutes. Only a sob or two broke the silence, at first, as Hetty choked down her disappointment. She had crept into the great arm-chair, and was sitting there idle and silent. After a while I turned partly around, and glanced toward her stealthily. Her brow was contracted, her lips pursed out slightly, and over her whole face was a shade of unhappiness.

"Why don't you get your china doll?" said I, rather coldly.

"I don't want my china doll," she answered.

"Oh, very well, just as you please, my little lady," I returned; and took no more notice of her for ten minutes longer—all the while working away as intently as if our next meal depended on the result of my labor. I was sorry that I had not taken the time to get Hetty's wax doll; but, as I had said no, I concluded that it was best to let no remain in force.

Presently she slipped down from the arm-chair, and went quietly from the room. I paused in my work, and listened to the light patter of her feet as she went up-stairs.

A faint sigh, born of a passing regret, came up from my heart. "It would have been better if I had given her the doll," said I, to myself. "But it is too late now."

So I bent to my sewing again, and made the little needle fly with increased velocity.

"I wonder where that child is, and what she is doing?"

Nearly half an hour had passed since Hetty left the room. I paused in my work as I asked myself this question, and listened. But I could hear no sound of her. I would have laid down my sewing and gone in search of her, only—what? I felt as if I could not spare the time!

"Hetty!"

There was no reply.

"Hetty! Where are you?"

My voice was raised to a louder key; but no response came. So I bent to my work once more.

But this uncertainty as to where the child had gone, and what she was doing, could not very long be borne. The time came when I dropped everything, and started, in some concern of mind, from the room. I looked into my own chamber, but she was not there. I called, but got no answer. Then I ran up to the third story, and pushed the door of one of the rooms open hastily. In the middle of the bed sat my little truant, busily at work, with a pair of scissors, on an elegant lace cape which had cost me fifteen dollars.

With a quick exclamation and an excited manner, I sprang toward the little destructive, who, frightened at my tone and appearance, suddenly threw up her hands, and I saw the sharp points of the scissors she held enter her cheek just below the eye. A scream followed, as the blood ran over her face. What a sickening sense of pain and fear fell suddenly upon my heart. For some moments I was half paralysed with terror and bewilderment. Then catching up my little darling, I made an effort to compose myself, and responded to the sober call of duty. I carried her down-stairs, and though almost fainting at the sight of her blood, held back my agitation with a strong hand, and proceeded to wash the red stains from her face, and find out the extent of her injury.

The wound, happily, was not of a serious nature; but the imminent danger of losing her eye that she had escaped, made me shudder whenever the thought passed through my mind, and so affected me that I grew weak and nervous, and on attempting, after soothing her to sleep, to resume my work, found that my strength was gone.

And so, in my over eagerness to "make a good day of it," I had compassed the loss of a day.

After trying, with an unsteady hand, to make my needle do its work, I threw down my sewing in despair, and went over to the chamber where I had laid Hetty to sleep. The dark red scar, just on the orbital verge, rebuked me as strongly as if it had been a living voice. Dear child! How could I have so forgotten the needs of her opening mind? How could I have so failed to realize that, while I was absorbed in my own employments, she must have something to do?

For several minutes I stood bending over her. Then going to the drawer in which her wax doll was laid, I unlocked it, and taking out the beautiful effigy, placed it on the pillow beside her. How sweet the two faces looked; the living and the inanimate. I gazed at them until my eyes were blinded by tears; and then went back to the sitting-room, where I made another effort to resume my work. My hand had grown a little steadier, but the heart was gone. For a very short time I endeavored to force myself to keep on with my appointed task; but, mind and body both dissented so strongly that

the garments I had hoped to complete were finally laid aside, not to be touched again until to-morrow.

As I was doing this, a sigh for my lost day passed sadly from my lips. At this moment I heard Hetty's feet and voice; she had awakened, and finding Dolly by her side, had forgotten all the past, and was as happy as a child could be.

"Dear, dear, sweet Dolly!" she was singing as blithely as if grief had never laid a finger upon her heart.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, as she entered the sitting-room, "you are so good to give me Dolly to play with," and she came dancing to me, with her dewy lips put up to mine for a kiss.

There was no rebuke on those precious lips,—Oh, no. That kiss was love's own best expression; and yet it stung me with remorse.

Hetty's trial was over, her grief forgotten. But, on my bosom was laid the burden of regret, and I could not throw it off. Her state of disturbance had passed like the morning cloud and the early dew; but mine kept pulsing on and shadowing the hours that might have passed in cheerful work.

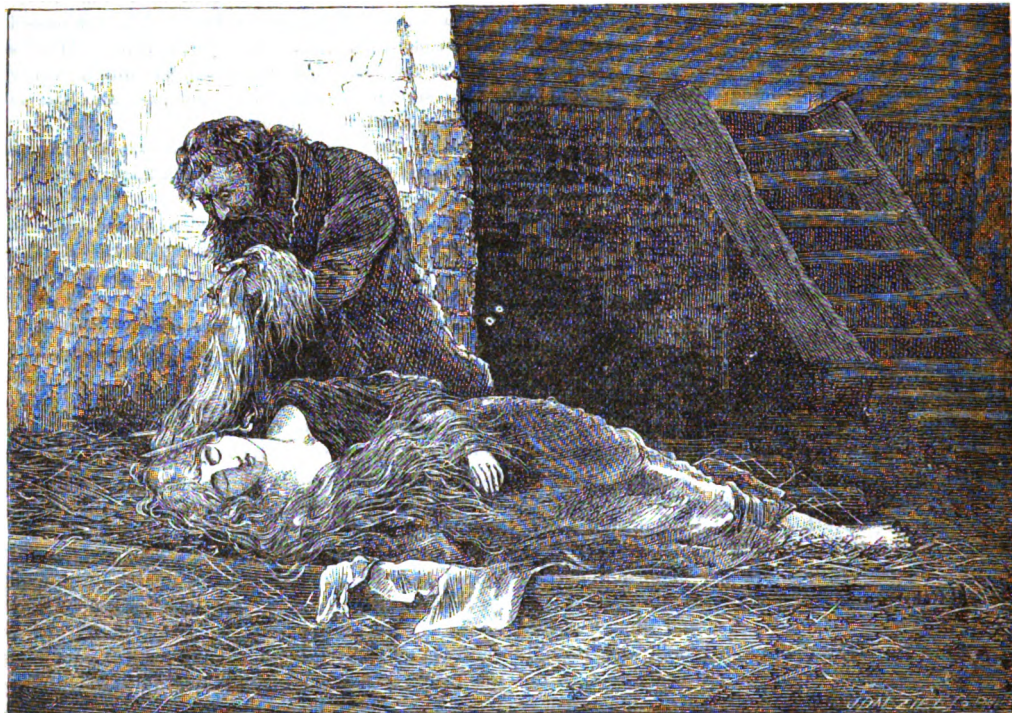
I counted that day lost, except for the lesson it taught me; for, when I laid my aching head upon its pillow at night, I could not look back upon any useful thing accomplished. There had been fruitless efforts to do many things; but my restless state kept me flitting and changing, and my half-formed purposes wrought out no sure results.

HAT-BANDS.

HATS were originally made of some soft material, probably of cloth or leather, and in order to make them fit the head, a cord was fastened round them, so as to form a sort of contraction. This is illustrated on p. 524 of "Fairholt's Costume in England," in the figure of the head of an Anglo-Saxon woman, wearing a hood bound on with a head-band; and on p. 530 are figures of several hats worn during the fourteenth century, which were bound to the head by rolls of cloth; and all the early hats seem provided with some sort of band. We may trace the remnants of this cord or band in the present hat-band. A similar survival may be observed in the strings of the Scotch cap, and even in the mitre of the bishop.

It is probable that the hat-band would long ago have disappeared had it not been made use of for the purpose of hiding the seam joining the crown to the brim. If this explanation of the retention of the hat-band is the true one, we have here a part originally of use for one purpose applied to a new one, and so changing its function.

The duties of the hat-band have been taken in modern hats by two running strings fastened to the lining, and these again have in their turn become obsolete, for they are now generally represented by a small piece of string, by means of which it is no longer possible to make the hat fit the head more closely.



FOUL PLAY.

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

FROM "CAST ADRIFT," BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP."

(We give a chapter from T. S. Arthur's new book, "CAST ADRIFT," just published by J. M. Stoddart & Co., of this city.)

FOR an hour Mrs. Bray waited the reappearance of Pinky Swett, but the girl did not come back.

At the end of this time a package which had been left at the door was brought to her room. It came from Mrs. Dinneford, and contained two hundred dollars. A note that accompanied the package read as follows:

"Forgive my little fault of temper. It is your interest to be my friend. The woman must not, on any account, be suffered to come near me."

Of course there was no signature. Mrs. Bray's countenance was radiant as she fingered the money.

"Good luck for me, but bad for the baby," she said, in a low, pleased murmur, talking to herself. "Poor baby! I must see better to its comfort. It deserves to be looked after. I wonder why Pinky doesn't come?"

Mrs. Bray listened, but no sound of feet from the stairs or entries, no opening or shutting of doors, broke the silence that reigned through the house.

"Pinky's getting too low down—drinks too much; can't count on her any more." Mrs. Bray went on talking to herself. "No rest; no quiet; never satis-

fied; forever knocking round, and forever getting the worst of it. She was a real nice girl once, and I always liked her. But she doesn't take any care of herself."

As Pinky went out, an hour before, she met a fresh-looking girl, not over seventeen, and evidently from the country. She was standing on the pavement, not far from the house in which Mrs. Bray lived, and had a travelling bag in her hand. Her perplexed face and uncertain manner attracted Pinky's attention.

"Are you looking for anybody?" she asked.

"I'm trying to find a Mrs. Bray," the girl answered. "I'm a stranger from the country."

"Oh, you are?" said Pinky, drawing her veil more tightly, so that her disfigured face could not be seen.

"Yes; I'm from L——."

"Indeed? I used to know some people there."

"Then you've been in L——?" said the girl, with a pleased, trustful manner, as of one who had met a friend at the right time.

"Yes, I've visited there."

"Indeed? Who did you know in L——?"

"Are you acquainted with the Cartwrights?"

"I know of them. They are among our first people," returned the girl.

"I spent a week in their family a few years ago, and had a very pleasant time," said Pinky.

"Oh, I'm glad to know that," remarked the girl. "I'm a stranger here; and if I can't find Mrs. Bray I don't see what I am to do. A lady from here who was staying at the hotel gave me a letter to Mrs. Bray. I was living at the hotel, but I didn't like it; it was too public. I told the lady that I wanted to learn a trade or get into a store, and she said the city was just the place for me, and that she would give me a letter to a particular friend, who would, on her recommendation, interest herself for me. It's somewhere along here that she lived, I'm sure;" and she took a letter from her pocket and examined the direction.

The girl was fresh and young and pretty, and had an artless, confiding manner. It was plain she knew little of the world, and nothing of its evils and dangers.

"Let me see;" and Pinky reached out her hand for the letter. She put it under her veil, and read:

"MRS. FANNY BRAY,
"No. 631 ——— Street,
"—————"

"By the hand of Miss Flora Bond."

"Flora Bond," said Pinky, in a kind, familiar tone.

"Yes, that is my name," replied the girl; "isn't this ——— Street?"

"Yes; and there is the number you are looking for."

"Oh, thank you! I'm so glad to find the place. I was beginning to feel scared."

"I will ring the bell for you," said Pinky, going to the door of No. 631. A servant answered the summons.

"Is Mrs. Bray at home?" inquired Pinky.

"I don't know," replied the servant, looking annoyed. "Her rooms are in the third story;" and she held the door wide open for them to enter. As they passed into the hall Pinky said to her companion: "Just wait here a moment, and I will run up-stairs and see if she is in."

The girl stood in the hall until Pinky came back.

"Not at home, I'm sorry to say."

"Oh, dear! that's bad; what shall I do?" and the girl looked distressed.

"She'll be back soon, no doubt," said Pinky, in a light, assuring voice. "I'll go around with you a little and see things."

The girl looked down at her travelling-bag.

"Oh, that's nothing; I'll help you to carry it;" and Pinky took it from her hand.

"Couldn't we leave it here?" asked Flora.

"It might not be safe; servants are not always to be trusted, and Mrs. Bray's rooms are locked; we can easily carry it between us. I'm strong—got good country blood in my veins. You see I'm from the country as well as you; right glad we met. Don't know what you would have done."

And she drew the girl out, talking familiarly, as they went.

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"Haven't had your dinner yet?"

"No; just arrived in the cars, and came right here."

"You must have something to eat, then. I know a nice place; often get dinner there when I'm out."

The girl did not feel wholly at ease. She had not yet been able to get sight of Pinky's closely-veiled features, and there was something in her voice that made her feel uncomfortable.

"I don't care for any dinner," she said; "I'm not hungry."

"Well, I am, then; so come. Do you like oysters?"

"Yea."

"Cook them splendidly. Best place in the city. And you'd like to get into a store or learn a trade?"

"Yea."

"What trade did you think of?"

"None in particular."

"How would you like to get into a book-bindery? I know two or three girls in binderies, and they can make from five to ten dollars a week. It's the nicest, cleanest work I know of."

"Oh, do you?" returned Flora, with newly-awakened interest.

"Yea; we'll talk it all over while we're eating dinner. This way."

And Pinky turned the corner of a small street that led away from the more crowded thoroughfare along which they had been passing.

"It's a quiet and retired place, where only the nicest kind of people go," she added. "Many working-girls and girls in stores get their dinners there. We'll meet some of them, no doubt; and if any that I know should happen in, we might hear of a good place. Just the thing, isn't it? I'm right glad I met you."

They had gone halfway down the square, when Pinky stopped before the shop of a confectioner. In the window was a display of cakes, pies and candies, and a sign with the words, "LADIES' RESTAURANT."

"This is the place," she said, and opening the door, passed in, the young stranger following.

A sign of caution, unseen by Flora, was made to a girl who stood behind the counter. Then Pinky turned, saying: "How will you have your oysters? stewed, fried, broiled or roasted?"

"I'm not particular—any way," replied Flora.

"I liked them fried. Will you have them the same way?"

Flora nodded assent.

"Let them be fried, then. Come, we'll go up-stairs. Anybody there?"

"Two or three only."

"Any girls from the bindery?"

"Yea; I think so."

"Oh, I'm glad of that! Want to see some of them. Come, Miss Bond."

And Pinky, after a whispered word to the attendant, led the way to a room up-stairs in which were a number of small tables. At one of these were two

girls eating, at another a girl sitting by herself, and at another a young man and a girl. As Pinky and her companion entered, the inmates of the room stared at them familiarly, and then winked and leered at each other. Flora did not observe this, but she felt a sudden oppression and fear. They sat down at a table not far from one of the windows. Flora looked for the veil to be removed, so that she might see the face of her new friend. But Pinky kept it closely down.

In about ten minutes the oysters were served. Accompanying them were two glasses of some kind of liquor. Floating on one of these was a small bit of cork. Pinky took this and handed the other to her companion, saying: "Only a weak sangaree. It will refresh you after your fatigue; and I always like something with oysters, it helps to make them lay lighter on the stomach."

Meantime, one of the girls had crossed over and spoken to Pinky. After a word or two, the latter said: "Don't you work in a bindery, Miss Peter?"

"Yes," was answered, without hesitation.

"I thought so. Let me introduce you to my friend, Miss Flora Bond. She's from the country, and wants to get into some good establishment. She talked about a store, but I think a bindery is better."

"A great deal better," was replied by Miss Peter. "I've tried them both, and wouldn't go back to a store again on any account. If I can serve your friend, I shall be most happy."

"Thank you!" returned Flora; "you are very kind."

"Not at all; I'm always glad when I can be of service to any one. You think you'd like to go into a bindery?"

"Yes. I've come to the city to get employment, and haven't much choice."

"There's no place like the city," remarked the other. "I'd die in the country—nothing going on. But you won't stagnate here. When did you arrive?"

"To-day."

"Have you friends here?"

"No. I brought a letter of introduction to a lady who resides in the city."

"What's her name?"

"Mrs. Bray."

Miss Peter turned her head so that Flora could not see her face. It was plain from its expression that she knew Mrs. Bray.

"Have you seen her yet?" she asked.

"No. She was out when I called. I'm going back in a little while."

The girl sat down, and went on talking while the others were eating. Pinky had emptied her glass of sangaree before she was half through with her oysters, and kept urging Flora to drink.

"Don't be afraid of it, dear," she said, in a kind, persuasive way; "there's hardly a thimbleful of wine in the whole glass. It will soothe your nerves, and make you feel ever so much better."

There was something in the taste of the sangaree that Flora did not like—a flavor that was not of wine. But urged repeatedly by her companion, whose empty glass gave her encouragement and confidence, she sipped and drank until she had taken the whole of it. By this time she was beginning to have a sense of fullness and confusion in the head, and to feel oppressed and uncomfortable. Her appetite suddenly left her, and she laid down her knife and fork and leaned her head upon her hand.

"What's the matter?" asked Pinky.

"Nothing," answered the girl; "only my head feels a little strangely. It will pass off in a moment."

"Riding in the cars, maybe," said Pinky. "I always feel bad after being in the cars; it kind of stirs me up."

Flora sat very quietly at the table, still resting her head upon her hands. Pinky and the girl who had joined them exchanged looks of intelligence. The former had drawn her veil partly aside, yet concealing as much as possible the bruises on her face.

"My! but you're battered!" exclaimed Miss Peter, in a whisper that was unheard by Flora.

Pinky only answered by a grimace. Then she said to Flora, with well-affected concern: "I'm afraid you are ill, dear? How do you feel?"

"I don't know," answered the poor girl, in a voice that betrayed great anxiety, if not alarm. "It came over me all at once. I'm afraid that wine was too strong; I am not used to taking anything."

"Oh, dear no! it wasn't that. I drank a glass, and don't feel it any more than if it had been water."

"Let's go," said Flora, starting up. "Mrs. Bray must be home by this time."

"All right, if you feel well enough," returned Pinky, rising at the same time.

"Oh, dear! how my head swims!" exclaimed Flora, putting both hands to her temples. She stood for a few moments in an uncertain attitude, then reached out in a blind, eager way.

Pinky drew quickly to her side, and put one arm about her waist.

"Come," she said, "the air is too close for you here;" and with the assistance of the girl who had joined them, she steadied Flora down-stairs.

"Doctored a little too high;" whispered Miss Peter, with her mouth close to Pinky's ear.

"All right," Pinky whispered back; "they know how to do it."

At the foot of the stairs Pinky said: "You take her out through the yard, while I pay for the oysters. I'll be with you in a moment."

Poor Flora was already too much confused by the drugged liquor she had taken to know what they were doing with her.

Hastily paying for the oysters and liquor, Pinky was on hand in a few moments. From the back door of the house they entered a small yard, and passed from this through a gate into a narrow private alley shut in on each side by a high fence. This

alley ran for a considerable distance, and had many gates opening into it from yards, hovels and rear buildings, all of the most forlorn and wretched character. It terminated in a small street.

Along this alley Pinky and the girl she had met at the restaurant supported Flora, who was fast losing strength and consciousness. When halfway down, they held a brief consultation.

"It won't do," said Pinky, "to take her through to — Street. She's too far gone, and the police will be down on us and carry her off."

"Norah's got some place in there," said the other, pointing to an old wooden building close by.

"I'm out with Norah," replied Pinky, "and don't mean to have anything more to do with her."

"Where's your room?"

"That isn't the go. Don't want her there. Pat Maley's cellar is just over yonder. We can get in from the alley."

"Pat's too greedy a devil. There wouldn't be anything left of her when he got through. No, no, Pinky; I'll have nothing to do with it if she's to go into Pat Maley's cellar."

"Not much to choose between 'em," answered Pinky. "But it won't do to parley here. We must get her in somewhere."

And she pushed open a gate as she spoke. It swung back on one hinge and struck the fence with a bang, disclosing a yard that beggared description in its disorder and filth. In the back part of this yard was a one-and-a-half-story frame building, without windows, looking more like an old chicken-house or pig-stye than a place for human beings to live in. The loft over the first story was reached by a ladder on the outside. Above and below the hovel was laid off in kind of stalls or bunks furnished with straw. There were about twenty of these. It was a ten-cent lodging-house, filled nightly. If this wretched hut or stye—call it what you will—had been torn down, it would not have brought ten dollars as kindling-wood. Yet its owner, a gentleman (?) living handsomely up town, received for it the annual rent of two hundred and fifty dollars. Subletted at an average of two dollars a night, it gave an income of nearly seven hundred dollars a year. It was known as the "Hawk's Nest," and no bird of prey ever had a fouler nest than this.

As the gate banged on the fence a coarse, evil-looking man, wearing a dirty Scotch cap and a red shirt, pushed his head up from the cellar of the house that fronted on the street.

"What's wanted?" he asked, in a kind of growl, his upper lip twitching and drawing up at one side in a nervous way, letting his teeth appear.

"We want to get this girl in for a little while," said Pinky. "We'll take her away when she comes round. Is anybody in there?" and she pointed to the hovel.

The man shook his head.

"How much?" asked Pinky.

"Ten cents apiece," and he held out his hand.

Pinky gave him thirty cents. He took a key from

his pocket, and opened the door that led into the lower room. The stench that came out as the door swung back was dreadful. But poor Flora Bond was by this time so relaxed in every muscle, and so dead to outward things, that it was impossible to get her any farther. So they bore her into this horrible den, and laid her down in one of the stalls on a bed of loose straw. Inside, there was nothing but these stalls and straw—not a table or chair, or any article of furniture. They filled up nearly the entire room, leaving only a narrow passage between them. The only means of ventilation was by the door.

As soon as Pinky and her companion in this terrible wickedness were alone with their victim, they searched her pocket for the key of her travelling-bag. On finding it, Pinky was going to open it, when the other said: "Never mind about that; we can examine her baggage in a safer place. Let's go for the movables."

And saying this, she fell quickly to work on the person of Flora, slipping out the ear-rings first, then removing her breast-pin and finger-rings, while Pinky unbuttoned the new gaiter boots, and drew off both boots and stockings, leaving upon the damp straw the small, bare feet, pink and soft almost as a baby's.

It did not take these harpies five minutes to possess themselves of everything but the poor girl's dress and undergarments. Cloth oversack, pocket-book, collar, linen cuffs, hat, shoes and stockings—all these were taken.

"Hallow!" cried the keeper of this foul den as the two girls hurried out with the travelling-bag and a large bundle sooner than he had expected; and he came quickly forth from the cellar in which he lived like a cruel spider and tried to intercept them, but they glided through the gate and were out of his reach before he could get near. He could follow them only with obscene invectives and horrible oaths. Well he knew what had been done—that there had been a robbery in the "Hawk's Nest," and he not in to share the booty.

Growling like a savage dog, this wretch, in whom every instinct of humanity had long since died—this human beast, who looked on innocence and helplessness as a wolf looks upon a lamb—strode across the yard and entered the den. Lying in one of the stalls upon the foul, damp straw he found Flora Bond. Cruel beast that he was, even he felt himself held back as by an invisible hand, as he looked at the pure face of the insensible girl. Barely had his eyes rested on a countenance so full of innocence. But the wolf has no pity for the lamb, nor the hawk for the dove. The instinct of his nature quickly asserted itself.

Avarice first. From the face his eyes turned to see what had been left by the two girls. An angry imprecation fell from his lips when he saw how little remained for him. But when he lifted Flora's head and unbound her hair, a gleam of pleasure came into his foul face. It was a full suit of rich chestnut brown, nearly three feet long, and fell in thick

masses over her breast and shoulders. He caught it up eagerly, drew it through his great ugly hands, and gloated over it with something of a miser's pleasure as he counts his gold. Then taking a pair of scissors from his pocket, he ran them over the girl's head with the quickness and skill of a barber, cutting close down, that he might not lose even the sixteenth part of an inch of her rich tresses. An Indian scalping his victim could not have shown more eagerness. An Indian's wild pleasure was in his face as he lifted the heavy mass of brown hair and held it above his head. It was not a trophy—not a sign of conquest and triumph over an enemy—but simply plunder, and had a market value of fifteen or twenty dollars.

The dress was next examined; it was new, but not of a costly material. Removing this, the man went out with his portion of the spoils, and locked the door, leaving the half-clothed, unconscious girl lying on the damp, filthy straw, that swarmed with vermin. It was cold as well as damp, and the chill of a bleak November day began creeping into her warm blood. But the stupefying draught had been well compounded, and held her senses locked.

Of what followed we cannot write, and we shiver as we draw a veil over scenes that should make the heart of all Christendom ache—scenes that are repeated in thousands of instances year by year in our large cities, and no hand is stretched forth to succor and no arm to save. Under the very eyes of the courts and the churches things worse than we have described—worse than the reader can imagine—are done every day. The foul dens into which crime goes freely, and into which innocence is betrayed, are known to the police, and the evil work that is done is ever before them. From one victim to another their keepers pass unquestioned, and plunder, debauch, ruin and murder with an impunity frightful to contemplate. As was said by a distinguished author, speaking of a kindred social enormity, "There is not a country throughout the earth on which a state of things like this would not bring a curse. There is no religion upon earth that it would not deny; there is no people on earth that it would not put to shame."

And we are Christians!

No. Of what followed we cannot write. Those who were near the "Hawk's Nest" heard that evening, soon after nightfall, the single wild, prolonged cry of a woman. It was so full of terror and despair that even the hardened ears that heard it felt a sudden pain. But they were used to such things in that region, and no one took the trouble to learn what it meant. Even the policeman moving on his beat stood listening for only a moment, and then passed on.

Next day, in the local columns of a city paper, appeared the following:

"FOUL PLAY.—About eleven o'clock last night the body of a beautiful young girl, who could not have been over seventeen years of age, was discovered lying on the pavement in — street. No one knew how she came there. She was quite dead when

found. There was nothing by which she could be identified. All her clothes but a single undergarment had been removed, and her hair cut off close to her head. There were marks of brutal violence on her person. The body was placed in charge of the coroner, who will investigate the matter."

On the day after, this paragraph appeared:

"SUSPICION OF FOUL PLAY.—The coroner's inquest elicited nothing in regard to the young girl mentioned yesterday as having been found dead and stripped of her clothing in — street. No one was able to identify her. A foul deed at which the heart shudders has been done; but the wretches by whom it was committed have been able to cover their tracks."

And that was the last of it. The whole nation gives a shudder of fear at the announcement of an Indian massacre and outrage. But in all our large cities are savages more cruel and brutal in their instincts than the Comanches, and they torture and outrage and murder a hundred poor victims for every one that is exposed to Indian brutality, and there comes no succor. Is it from ignorance of the fact? No, no, no! There is not a judge on the bench, not a lawyer at the bar, not a legislator at the State capital, not a mayor or police-officer, not a minister who preaches the Gospel of Christ, who came to seek and save, not an intelligent citizen, but knows of all this.

What then? Who is responsible? The whole nation arouses itself at news of an Indian assault upon some defenceless frontier settlement, and the general government sends troops to succor and to punish. But who takes note of the worse than Indian massacres going on daily and nightly in the heart of our great cities? Who hunts down and punishes the human wolves in our midst whose mouths are red with the blood of innocence? Their deeds of cruelty outnumber every year a hundred—nay, a thousand-fold the deeds of our red savages. Their haunts are known, and their work is known. They lie in wait for the unwary, they gather in the price of human souls, none hindering, at our very church-doors. Is no one responsible for all this? Is there no help? Is evil stronger than good, hell stronger than Heaven? Have the churches nothing to do in this matter? Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost—came to the lowliest, the poorest and the vilest, to those over whom devils had gained power, and cast out the devils. Are those who call themselves by His name diligent in the work to which He put His blessed hands? Millions of dollars go yearly into magnificent churches, but how little to the work of saving and succoring the weak, the helpless, the betrayed, the outcast and the dying, who lie uncared for at the mercy of human fiends, and often so near to the temples of God that their agonized appeals for help are drowned by the organ and choir!

REAL sorrow is almost as difficult to discover as real poverty. An instinctive delicacy hides the rage of the one and the wounds of the other.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSESIWAY POTTS.

No. V.

I AM vexed with girls saying: "Oh, it's good enough for everyday!" A girl will set the table for dinner, and as she throws the dirty cloth on in a careless, untidy way, stained with coffee and eggs and fruit juices, she will say: "It's good enough for everyday—nobody here but our own folks!"

As she puts on the cream-pitcher, minus a handle, or the sugar-bowl, with a broken lid, she thinks, "Oh, there'll be nobody here this time!"

She waits on the table without having brushed her hair, or put on a fresh collar; with, maybe, a button or two off her dress—but she thinks, "Heh, only our own folks!"

Oh, my dear girl, don't do it! How can your parents admire you, or your brothers and sisters feel proud of you, and what a low estimate of womankind you are giving them to carry out into the world with them. When you do this, you do not respect yourself. You feel as mean as you look. Don't allow yourself to have "company manners"—be neat and lady-like all the time—use good language, and encourage your family in doing the same.

Some girls always have to run and hide, or "fix up," whenever they hear a rap at the door. How common, when there is a rap, to hear girls say, "Oh, you go—see how awful I do appear!"

"Oh, no, you; my head's not seen a comb to-day!" "Oh, look at this old rag of a dress! I can't go—so, there, now!"

This is a bad state of affairs.

Farmers' wives and daughters have said to me, "I can't go looking neat about my work. I have to milk and bake and churn and feed pigs; how can I? If you were in my place, you'd see."

I've been over every inch of ground you tell of, and I only know of one kind of work in which a woman may appear like a fright, and really, in that case, she is excusable—that is, picking geese. Dence take the geese! I say—member in good standing in the regular Baptist Church, as I am—I do say it!

I wish a Yankee would invent a machine into which a goose could be thrust, and come out picked as bare as my hand, with its tail cut off behind its ears!

I knew of a young man once who saw his betrothed picking geese, and the sight affected him so that his love all evaporated—he hadn't a grain left.

To a woman who says she can't see how a farmer's wife or daughter can be tidily dressed while employed with all sorts of work, we say: Calico is cheap, and plain, neat dresses easily made; have plenty of them, then. You can have two or three large, white aprons with ties, half a dozen collars made to pin on in a trice, and you can take time enough to brush your hair smoothly early in the

morning, when you wash. If you are churning and working butter, put your sleeves up—the best plan is to roll them back, as you turn back a wide cuff, if only shoved up they will slip down every two minutes.

If carrying off buttermilk, or the milk after skimming, be careful and not fill your pails too full to carry without stopping.

If your dress is long, and you are working in the cellar or spring-house, pin it back in front and catch it up behind, and let your wide apron cover all.

If your breastpin and ear-drops are not too elaborate, or too valuable, wear them about your work.

Just look as pretty as you please, and as sweet as you can—never mind what the old croakers say. Jewelry is not out of place for everyday wear. But, girls, don't let this suggestion of mine make you loiter before the glass.

Don't you see that this is all easily done, and you are looking neat while at work? Clean dress, and wide apron, and collar, and smooth hair, and jewelry—and, if your arms are bare, I'm sure they are pretty. You would need no change at all if your pastor or friend or a book agent were to call. So, girls, teach yourselves the habit of neatness; don't be so slovenly that you will have to run and hide when any person comes.

At this season of the year, when people use salt fish, many are not aware that there is a right and a wrong way of freshening fish. Those who have seen the process of evaporating salt at the salt-works, know that the salt falls to the bottom. Just so it is in the crock where your mackerel or white fish lies soaking. If it lies with the skin-side down, the salt will fall to the skin and there remain; when, if placed with the flesh-side down, the salt falls to the bottom of the crock, and the fish comes out freshened, as it should be. In the other case, it is nearly as salty as when first put in the water.

Use fish and fowl and wild meat and mutton and beef in preference to fat pork at this season, if you can get it.

Avoid fat meat, rich cakes, pies, puddings, and live simply and naturally. Use your canned fruit now, with baked apples, tomatoes, pickles in moderation, buttermilk cheese with cream over it, custards, and all these things that people don't eat in the winter. Use green vegetables, but eat all kinds of food in moderation—leave the table feeling a little hungry. Any man or woman who overeats is not a whit better than the man who overdrinks, and tumbles into the ditch—drunk. Both are simply intemperance.

No one would guess what was the last job of work

I did. Why making a cushion for father and me to sit on when we ride to Baptist meeting! We have always sat on a comfort or a blanket, but after I saw the cushion that Sister Hartman made I thought we must have one like it. I will tell you how they are made. She took all the little fragments and ravelings and odds and ends left after making her last web of carpet, shook them well, out in the wind, dropping from one basket to another, so as to get out every bit of dust, threw out every hem, and seam, and thick place, and then spread them evenly on a piece of coffee sacking that was put in the frames, the same as a quilt. Cover with gay calico, or patchwork, or black cloth, and quilt it, or catch it in places the same as a comfort. Ours is as nice a cushion as goes to that church.

A mattress for a lounge can be made this way, or square or long cushions for old easy chairs, or one to lay in the bottom of the baby's crib. Care should be taken to spread the rags evenly and lightly.

While I worked at this, Ida made a mat to lie beside by writing-desk. She took sacking, covered it with calico, and then sewed bright bits of flannel and merino and opera cloth all over it. It is very neat. Lily is making one to put beside the deacon's bed, and granny is making her own. There is such a fellow feeling among us that we like to work at the same kind of employment.

One of the nicest desserts that I know of for a cosey tea table is to take sound sweet apples, bake them slowly till soft, set them away till cold, then peel the skin off neatly and slice them as you would peaches. Serve with rich cream and white sugar.

This is but little inferior to a dish of fresh peaches and cream.

With your boiled dinners don't forget to have grated horseradish and vinegar. Don't scrape, but use a grater. One of our boarders once brought me this recipe from his good old mother. I never tried it, but I know it is good.

For horseradish sauce, grate a heaping tablespoonful very fine, put it in your sauce tureen with a teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of good vinegar and four tablespoonfuls of rich cream.

Girls, I want you to turn over a new leaf—that's so. If I didn't love every blessed girl of you, I would not insist on it.

How many of you cut into the work that must be done, and get it all out of the way by the time the dinner dishes are washed, and are then ready to put on cool, clean dresses and sit down and sew and rest and read?

Now I don't want a nose to turn up, or any one to begin to whine out, "Oh, it takes so long to get through with our work! If you only knew, Pipey, how it goes!"

I do know every inch of the ground, child, for I've worked the best years of my life slavishly, from the early dawn till bedtime, without taking off the har-

ness or slacking my pace at all. I did not work systematically, and did a good deal of unnecessary work.

Have a day set to wash; sort the washing the night before, putting the white clothes to soak in warm water, if convenient, in which you have dissolved a bit of chloride of lime, or put spirits of ammonia, or spirits of turpentine—a spoonful to a quart of soap—get to washing early, and have it done before noon. Iron Tuesday morning.

While ironing, and you have a hot fire, it is a good time to bake a custard, or a pudding, or to stew a few handfuls of dried fruit, ready for supper.

If stewing peaches, plums, apples or berries, and you want a change, add a handful of prunes, raisins, English currants, or something to change the flavor. Don't stir your fruit while it is cooking, just shake the stew-pan so as not to break the fruit. Set it away to cool; sprinkle white sugar over it when brought to the table.

By good management you can generally get your jobs of work all out of the way by one o'clock; then wash, and fix your hair, and dress up pretty, and sit down and read and sew. You *must* take time to read, to store your mind and to be intelligent.

I wonder how many women there are who took the trouble to inform themselves what the Credit Mobilier was, or who knew what the Louisiana imbroiglio meant? And yet every woman of us should know—so intelligently, too, that we could talk about it. *Yes, it is our business, too.* I heard what you muttered in your far-off homes. If we cannot understand these topics that loom up so suddenly in the financial and political world, we should not hesitate to go to the most obliging man in our neighborhood and say: "I don't know what this means; I wish you would simplify it more than the papers do, so I can understand it; talk it as though I were a little child." After you know, be sure and tell it to your brothers and sisters; make them comprehend it. Never feel ashamed to confess your ignorance or to ask others to enlighten you. Many a big brother is not posted on public questions and affairs, and he is ashamed when among men who talk on these themes and he finds himself left out and unnoticed.

Don't let this be so, girls; do all you can to develop their minds, to enlarge their capacities for understanding, to make them grow up the full stature of a noble and intellectual manhood.

If they may not develop into men of intellect, they may make practical men of sterling good sense, and that is far better than a great mind ill-balanced, fickle, visionary.

Remember, just as far as possible, in that which is good, and noble, and elevating, to lead your brothers and sisters along with you. If you find a choice poem, read it aloud to them, it will make it ten times better to you; point out the beautiful places, the finest thoughts, and draw their attention to the poet's manner of expression.

Don't allow them to indulge in unjust suspicions of others; teach them not to gossip, not to be the

first to tell an evil tale, or even to mention it to another.

I do believe our brothers will be just what we sisters make them.

What a fearful responsibility rests upon us!

I think light lawns or prints or white jaconets make such pretty wrappers for women to wear in the warm afternoons, even elderly women as well as girls. Because a woman is old it is no excuse for wearing sober browns, and dead grays, when light, airy lawns are so much cooler. If you are a real old lady, and think a white lawn with brown or purple dots in it is too gay, you can tone it down with a black silk apron, or a black velvet bow to fasten your collar. That will give it the matronly air of respectability or discretion or propriety, or whatever you think it lacks. Yes, by all means let the mothers and grandmothers dress cool and summery.

One of the prettiest wrappers I ever saw, Ida made out of a white barred jaconet dress that was made the old-fashioned way with a very full skirt. It is cut to half fit the figure, sloping behind and at the sides, but loose in front. She trimmed it down the front and around the bottom with a two-inch wide bias strip of buff chambray, tied it with a ribbon of the same color round the waist, and had the collar fastened with a bow of buff ribbon.

Where the skirt had to be pieced it came in the waist, and was so matched that the seams fell in the bars and didn't show.

I know there are some days in which the work cannot all be done by noon, but they are only occasional ones. Women should take better care of themselves and try and preserve their good looks and their elasticity of spirits, and not sink into premature old age.

I feel very sorry for women who have not time to read. I know those who have little children can hardly find a quiet hour, unless it be at night, and then it is not good for weary eyes to read much by lamplight.

When these three children were small I had little time to read except when I was churning. I always felt so glad when the whole family were abed; I would bring out the rocking-chair, trim the lamp, draw up the footstool, open the fresh, new *Tribune* and other late papers, and my happiness was complete.

But I was tired, and should have been in bed, and the penalty of nature's violated laws was paid by long weeks spent away from my dear ones in a strange city, under the care of a distinguished oculist. That was very hard and cost me many bitter tears.

When reading and the eyes begin to itch, or require frequent rubbing, or the print blurs and the lines all run together, that instant desist and go out into the cool air. If persisted in the result may prove fatal.

An old schoolmate of mine, a beautiful brown-eyed, happy girl, lost one eye entirely, and rendered the other defective by copying a braiding pattern—holding it up against a pane in the window.

She said when relating it: "I was very tired that afternoon, and a little out of humor and was determined to get it copied before night. It was an intricate pattern and hard to follow. My eyes itched so that I had to rub them every minute—that only vexed me the more, and I doggedly resolved that nothing should hinder me."

It was a fearful price she paid—her marvellous beauty was turned into repulsiveness which the brown goggles only enhanced.

Oh, our eyes are so precious that we cannot be too careful of them!

I have told you how handy it was to have putty on hand all the time.

I put some glass in the windows yesterday in a few minutes and did it quite as well as a man would have done it.

I said to Rube: "How do you soften putty that has been mixed up a good while?"

"Can't be done at all, unless you pound it all up fine and put oil with it and mix it over again."

Now I didn't half believe that, and as soon as he went out I opened the tin can in which I kept the putty, wrapped up as when I bought it, broke off a piece held it in hot water, worked it awhile, heated it again, and it was soon as soft as when first mixed.

After I had put in the glass I took the remaining putty, mended a leak in a pan, a hole in the foot-tub, and went about making myself generally useful.

I dread people who have hobbies worse than those who have contagious diseases.

There's old Byron Fisher and his wife, who live over on the Ridge, now they think that an ointment they call "Newton's grease," will cure everything, no matter what it is.

Why, I heard old Brother Fisher say once, right in covenant meeting, that he owed his life to Newton's grease and the Lord!

I went over there the other evening to get some pink-roots, and they asked me how my catarrh was. I told them it was about the same, sometimes very bad, then again I hardly felt it; that I experienced the most trouble from my asthma. Even then I was wheezing like a dilapidated old bellows, from my walk up hill.

"You can be cured of both, and it won't cost you mor'n a quarter," said he, sitting down, leaning back and sticking his feet up on a line with our faces.

Positively, I would have given our last year's files of the *Baptist Banner* to have seen the hind legs of his chair slip and let him down suddenly, the low-bred old backslider!

"All you have to do," said he, "is to take about three spoonfuls of Newton's grease, melt it, and snuff it up your nose as hot as you can bear it. For

the sake of gettin' well, you could stand it pretty hot, you know; and for the asthma I would advise you to rub it on well all over your breast and throat, and up under your ears, and take about a table-spoonful inwardly three times a day."

That riled me, and I up and said: "Brother Fisher, do you suppose I have no feelings at all? I'd hug my catarrh, and rejoice and gloat over my asthma, and feel rich in their possession, before I'd treat my sensitive mortal frame with such indignity! I, a woman in good standing in the church? Never!"

"I don't insist on it," said he; "it's none of my business; but here it is before you, life and health and strength, or a poor patched-up, old frame, not able to stand anything—a wheezing around this way!"

I smiled, and turned the subject, though I felt as if my eyes snapped fire.

Sister Fisher sat combing her hair; it was long and even, and I couldn't help admiring it. I said, "Your hair is very beautiful for a woman of your age. I don't see how you keep it looking so bright and glossy."

She laughed, a little embarrassed sniff, and said she took good care of it.

"Well, tell the whole truth," said he, looking as though I were his victim; "she never dyes her hair, just uses Newton's grease pretty freely; that answers the same as a dye, with none of its bad effects, and perfumes it agreeably, besides," and he looked at my thin, scraggy hair.

Just as we came out of the garden with the pink-roots, Dick and Chub came home from school.

"Our Chub was sick in school, to-day," said Dick.

"What 'peared to be the matter?" said old Byron, brightening up with the prospect of a case.

"Oh, jus' sick, and didn't want to play, or nothin'."

The father laid his hand roughly on the child's forehead, and turned his head back, bringing the little wan, pinched faced up into full view, and said, "Oh, it's wor-rums, I know by the white about his mouth—nothing but wor-rums; come in, son, I'll cure you in no time."

The child put up his lip pitifully, and clung to the mother's skirts.

"Come right along; none 'o your sniffin', or I'll 'tend to you in a way that'll quicken yer paces," said old Blue Beard.

"Oh, I don't want to take any more o' Newton's grease. I don't want to father; oh—oh!"

"Yes, you will, too! Chubbuck! come here this minute, or I'll whale you like a sack!" said the inhuman father.

I hurried away. As I closed the gate, it creaked on its rude wooden hinges with a doleful squall. I couldn't help it, really; I hailed out, "Brother Fisher; ho! Brother Fisher! your gate needs a dose of Newton's grease!"

Oh, but the old fellow did cast a vengeful, black glance at me! He looked as if—had he not been a member of Pottsville church—he would have told me with infinite relish, to go to some place not half so comfortable as home.

It is strange to what extremes some people do go with their particular whims.

This morning father said, "I dreamed last night that I was sleeping with the boys—one on each side of me."

"What boys?" I said.

"Oh, my oldest brothers," he replied, and his eyes were as bright and full of joy as though his dream had been a reality.

His brothers! boys!—both were dead, and both elderly men when they died; but in dreams they were little boys again. He had been carried back, gently and kindly and tenderly—sixty years.

The dream still seemed touched with reality, and under its influence he fell into talking about old times—of his birthplace, Montpelier; of the old farm in Essex Co., N. Y.; of the view of Lake Champlain, and of the long, wearisome journey to Ohio. But most, he dwelt on that theme, the boys. He laughed, and said, "I'll never forget what my Brother Clark said an hour or two after we had left Essex County, and started on our Ohioward journey. Clark was four or five years old, and had left a very dear little playmate of about his own age. He was sitting on his mother's lap, in the forepart of the wagon, and after they had ridden a few miles, the little fellow sighed, looked up into his mother's face, and said, 'I wonder if I'd know Lan Dowlan if I'd see him now!'"

Every day does this truth unfold itself to me plainer than ever: how very tenderly do the aged father and mother hold in the bonds of the most sacred affection their grown children! I am pained and amazed when I think of it. I cannot laugh, and am touched most tenderly with the story of the old mother buying a hat for her boy.

After she had bought a lot of things, she said, "Oh, I want a hat for Bub!" The clerk brought out some little boys' hats; they were too small. He brought others, but they were not large enough. At last the stock of boys' hats were exhausted, as was the patience of the clerk, and he said, in a waspish way, "Is your boy's head the usual size?" She assured him it was. No hat could be found to suit, and at last he said, "Why, we have all sizes and all kinds of hats; what is the age of your son?" "He is a little past thirty," was the meek reply of the loving mother.

To the fond mother, he, the rough, bronzed, bearded man, was "Bub, my boy!"

How beautiful is such a love shined in the heart of a dear old mother! What agony for parents to feel that their children have grown away from them, that they don't need them, that they slight their commands and look upon them quite as they do upon others.

In making pies of rhubarb, don't forget to add a handful of raisins. If you stew the rhubarb first, and let it stand till cold it will not require as much sugar to sweeten it.

Cranberries should always be cooked, whether for pies, tarts or sauce; for, by boiling the sugar in, you have a fine jelly when cold, that would have been a thin juice if sweetened after being removed from the fire.

When a recipe reads "one cup of butter," quite one half of that can be good, sweet lard. Sweet white lard, if salted, is quite as good as butter for many kinds of common cake; it is even considered better by some, as it makes the cake more moist.

Molasses can be used instead of sugar, by being boiled and set away for that purpose.

I never could make that exceedingly nice kind of pie-crust, like some women do, it seems such a fussy way that I cannot have patience.

This is my way of making it, and I shouldn't wonder if it was good, for I often hear the girls say: "Oh, don't our Pipeey's pies taste good! I don't like other folks' pies half as well as I do ours."

I told you somewhere in this article not to eat pies, but I know you *will* do it, and, if you must, I'd rather you'd eat good ones.

In making pies, always mix your crust with pure cold water, rubbing just as little lard into the flour as will do. Make the undercrust only short enough to cut easily, it is more healthy than when made rich and short—and the undercrusts of pies are bad enough at best.

For the topcrust take the remainder of your dough on the pie-board, roll very thin, spread all over with a little lard or butter, then sprinkle on a good bit of flour, all over evenly, so much that you cannot see the butter or lard at all.

Then begin at one side, roll up tightly, let it lie a few minutes, then cut crosswise of the roll pieces large enough for an uppercrust, tip each piece upon the end, sprinkle well with flour, roll out to a desirable thickness, and cover your pie.

When baked, this crust will be white and flaky, and will break when cut as though very short. A nice-looking crust is made which is both economical and wholesome.

In rolling puff paste, always roll from you. In making any kind of juicy pies, have the oven hot by time the pies are made, else the lower crust will be sodden.

In baking bread, pies and cakes, if they are likely to burn or bake too fast, you must lay a piece of brown paper on them. To tell if a loaf or a cake is done, thrust a broom-splint down through the thickest place; if it comes out perfectly clean and smooth, it is done.

I did want to tell you how to wear your hair a pretty way, but this is not the place to tell it.

ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY, AND THEIR FRIENDS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

MRS. MARY CLEMMER AMES has done her sex an inestimable service in her touching Memorial of Alice and Phoebe Cary.

The brothers of the dead sisters were peculiarly happy in their choice of a biographer. Mrs. Ames's relations with the two had been those of the closest possible intimacy. She was for long periods an inmate of their household. She had seen them under all the hard, disenchanting lights of everyday life. She knew these two women of whom she writes with such tender consecration of love and memory, as few women, except those nearest of kin, can know each other; had seen them amid all their domestic perplexities and anxieties and burdens. She had beheld both sides of the pattern—and every life has two—and knew amid what cares, and dreariness, and heartaches the workers wrought, with patient toil combining the shades and fashioning the web.

Hence the pictures of the lives of these two women and artists have all a kind of pre-Raphaelite minuteness and fidelity of touch.

"Every man's life," says some author, "is so largely made up of common-place things, resembles so much in its outward circumstances the lines about him, that it is impossible he should seem heroic or grand to those who are in daily intimacy with him."

This rule, so true in the main, seems to have met with an exception in the case of the Cary sisters.

No garish daylight, no familiarity and "commonness" of habit and living, has darkened the ideal which Mrs. Ames sees in these two women. Of course it might have been there all the same, and other eyes not had the power to discern it.

No doubt plenty of men and women knew Alice and Phoebe Cary who never saw, in their lives and characters, precisely what Mrs. Ames has shown us in this memorial; yet that does not prove that all did not exist there which her fine sympathetic intuition discovered.

Some critic says that she has made heroines of these two women. If she has, she has proved them heroic.

The whole book is evidently a work of love. It almost seems as you read, that you can hear the warm, throbbing heart of the woman, if you only put your ear to the pages and listen. And they who inspired this ideal affection, and held it amid all the toil and struggle and dreary "commonness" of such lives as yours and mine, must have been worthy of it.

Mrs. Ames's love is courageous. She is not content, as too many biographers are, with showing her characters on the stage merely, with the lights and music, the crowds and the applause.

Her picture of the two sisters after the long day's work was over, coming together in the soft twilight, and reading to each other in their musical, half-

deprecating tones the poems they had written since the morning, is as tender and beautiful as it is unique in literary history; but the writer takes us with her friends to the market, into the kitchen, through the bustle and perplexity of the annual "dressmaking," seats us at the breakfast-table. And if she shows us how Alice and Phoebe Cary carried themselves in their pleasant parlors, among a circle of the most gifted men and women of the land, she shows us also how they behaved to their employees and servants. They could bear that fine touchstone of true manhood or ladyhood, they respected the individuality of their inferiors as much as they did their own.

Alice and Phoebe Cary were still young women when they came from their Western home on the Ohio bottoms, to raise their roof-tree in New York. What courage and faith it required to undertake that! The more I think of it the more I am impressed with the indomitable bravery and energy of these sisters; especially the elder one, for Alice seems to have been the prime mover in this enterprise.

Many a strong man might have shrunk from the burden which this delicate, shrinking woman took upon her frail shoulders. Of course, those people who imagine that an author "writes as a bird sings," and "coins ducats" with every line, will see nothing wonderful in the purpose and success of these women; but to others who know something of the usual awards of literary labor, and what it meant to "feed a family from an inkstand," as Jerrold Douglas wittily says, there will be something morally heroic in the purpose of these sisters.

They were not romantic dreamers, these young Western women, who came to build their nest somewhere in the heart of the great, noisy Babel of New York; coming alone, too, for they had few friends at that time, and their whole capital lay in a pen, that tiniest of the world's weapons, and its mightiest.

The history of their childhood and youth is almost as harrowing as that of the triumvirate of gifted sisters, of whom Charlotte Bronte was the eldest.

To think of such a soul as Alice Cary living for so many years a life of such bare, grim poverty and grinding toil; with her inborn idealism; her yearning for culture and recognition; her writing her songs after the day's heavy drudgery was done, "by a saucer of lard, with a bit of rag for wick, when a candle was depied her!"

The history of authors, "sickening," as Longfellow says it is, has few more pathetic pictures than this one of the young poetess, in that lonely, brown homestead, which her own songs and her sister's were yet to make immortal.

But, at last, the music that was in her so deep and strong made its way into utterance in such a sweet, full tide, that the world stood still and listened, and before the voice grew silent Alice Cary stood at the head of American poetesses.

Mrs. Ames may well say that "the fine feminine gold of Alice Cary's nature was set in a will of iron." Otherwise, she never could have conquered the place

in the world, and did the work there which she did. Yet, an ineffable sadness clings to this book. Her life was certainly a success. She had genius, fame, money, devoted friends. She was the leader of a choice literary circle in the greatest American city, and yet what a sweet, sad, weary face looks out upon us from all the pages of this biography until we follow it to its still sleep, beneath the grassy slope at Greenwood.

For all that, Alice Cary's was a grand, heroic life. It gives no uncertain wound, as it strikes into the clangor and trumpeting of the world's great battle, with its strong, heroic note. It was *her* pen which bought the pleasant home on Twentieth street, and kept all its machinery in admirable working order, and made the rooms bright with art and ornament; and made them, also, a centre of attraction to men and women of the most varied culture and gifts, until, perhaps, the greatest of them wrote, "It was the sunniest drawing-room to be found between the King's Bridge and the Battery."

And overhead, in her own pleasant room, which ran the depth of the house, Alice Cary sat day after day, year in and year out, behind the drawn blinds, busy with the pen, which was the fountain head of the family resources. Of course, she wrote too much for her fame, as everybody must who writes for money. Yet, what sweet songs bloomed perpetually out of the singer's heart! How they shook the air all over the land, and fell upon tired, aching souls, as light falls with healing and warmth and gladness.

The singer must have woven her own heart and life into the strain. It is a wonder that either held out so long with that perpetual strain upon them. She literally wore herself into the grave. The noise and clamor of the great city went on day after day, and far into the heart of the night, underneath those windows, where the quiet woman sat, with her sweet, sad face, and her marvellous eyes, whose beauty and radiance seemed something lost out of Heaven and wove her songs.

The springs came with their voices of birds, and rolled their billowy grasses and leaves all over the land; and the summers, with all their glories of light and blossoms for the country, and their hot, stifling days and nights for the great city, followed by autumns, with the splendors of their sunsets and the nectar of their morning airs; and the winter, darkened down at last with its winds and snows—and through all, she, who sang with felicitous sweetness of each, sat there writing poem after poem for the *Atlantic* and the *Ledger*, *Harper's Magazine*, and the *Independent*, and the poems would fall like the fresh singing of larks into human hearts, and into all the pain and sadness and denial of human lives, and help them to bear and work; but Alice Cary would never rise up and go out to all the sweet invitations of the great, glad nature which scattered its largess of leaves and blossoms over the hills and meadows, for the tired heart and the fainting feet, until at last both grew still.

"I take more interest," she wrote, "in life; in all

that concerns it, and in human beings every year that I live. If I fail of bringing something worthy to pass, I don't mean that it shall be for lack of energy or industry."

So the masterful will welded into the delicate feminine nature, held her on her way and to her work, until that, at last, fell from her stiffening fingers.

"She had settled so deeply into one groove of life and labor," says Mrs. Ames, "there seemed to be no mortal power that could wrest her out of it. She needed sunshine; she needed fresher, purer air; she needed change and rest; she needed a will wiser and more potent than her own to convince her of the inexorable laws of human life, and then compel her to their obedience."

So her lyrics grew and blossomed and floated broadcast like May petals all over the land. The critics shook their heads and said she wrote too much, and so she did. She was forced to it by hard necessity. "Her name was seen in print too often. This is one of the heaviest penalties which genius incurs in earning its living by a pen."

But, after all, the "common people" listened gladly. The lyrics of that fair, pale woman, seated behind the city blinds, floated up like summer winds laden with meadow clover, into lonely attics where weary women sat bending over their toil, into rough cabins and log-houses out on our frontiers, they nestled, like doves under the eaves, in the souls of care-worn men and women, and wherever they went they sang of hope and faith and courage, and in one way or another the refrain always fell: "I will be glad that I live and must die."

I never—and this will be a lifelong regret—met Alice Cary but once.

I stood, years ago, one summer morning at the door of the house on Twentieth Street, fortified with a letter of introduction to one or both of the sisters.

I was shown into the pleasant parlor, and its mistress came to meet me. I have forgotten almost everything but the face of Alice Cary as it shone on me for the first and last time. Such a fine, sweet, sad face as it was, with such a depth of tender radiance in those dark, mournful eyes. They were the windows through which you looked into the woman's soul. No words, at least none of mine, can describe their splendid beauty. It made you at once sad and glad to gaze into them.

Nothing could exceed the quiet cordiality of her manner. I felt at home with her in a moment, and we talked almost like old friends, though that was our first meeting, and proved to be our last.

Such a sincere, simple, earnest soul as I found that morning! She said she did her writing early in the day, and one would have fancied, by the way she alluded to this "writing," that it was a very small feature, and occupied a very small place in her life; yet we all know what a painstaking, earnest worker she was. But it was not in that finely-organized, tender nature to make her own affairs salient in the talk.

There was something half queenly in her quiet,

gracious dignity. No doubt the circumstances of her life and some melancholy vein in her own temperament had given a slight touch of morbidness to her whole character.

Her earlier poems are pitched too often in a morbid minor key, but through all what a brave, cheerful, helpful strain flows and sings.

And Alice Cary's lyrics were the "rhythmic echo" of her own soul.

There was an old French rule that no man should go from the monarch's presence with a sad heart, and so it seems to me that nobody could have left that tender, helpful presence without having its burdens, no matter how hardly they pressed, somewhat lightened.

We parted, I remember, with some half-formed plans of meeting again before the summer was over, and other summers brightened and faded, but their swift, flowing tide never drifted us together again; and so I never stood at the door of the house on Twentieth Street, over whose threshold so many of the world's famous men and women passed so often.

It was somewhere in the last May or June of Alice Cary's life that I met two of her most valued friends at a small dinner company: Horace Greeley and the poet, John G. Whittier. It had been, so his relatives informed me, a work of years and had required a good deal of diplomacy to beguile the Quaker poet from the shades of his quiet New England home to Brooklyn, where he had at last come on a brief visit.

Once there, however, he seemed quite at home with that thin, strong, keen face of his, and his simple, earnest manner. I remember how his poems rung their clear, sweet chimes through my thoughts, as I sat looking at the poet, and listening to his stories of the old days, when he stood with his handful of friends in the anti-slavery vanguard, and there were shouting mobs, and men and women fleeing for their lives, and persecutions and terrors. How like a dream it all seemed, and yet we could count on the fingers of one hand the decades within which it all happened!

How the poet's eyes blazed under their beetling brows as the old scenes came up and fired his soul!

Among his stories I remember one which went far back into the very dawn of our colonies, and was so full of tragic gloom and shifting lights of humor that I wondered if the whole would not blossom out sometime in some delicious old ballad, singing and sparkling with the very voices of winds and brooks and leaves through one's thoughts.

Whittier may have come upon the story in some musty old colonial record. At all events one could see, as he related the tale, that it had greatly impressed his imagination, and you will perceive what a rich quarry it afforded to his genius, though, so far as I know, the poet has never worked it.

A couple of friendless, hunted Quaker women had been brought before the colonial authorities on a charge of witchcraft.

None of the marks with which it was believed the

devil always signed and sealed the compact between himself and his emissaries in the Black Art, were found, on investigation, on the persons of the accused.

But the colonial bench gravely delivered its opinion as not at all convinced the devil was not aware these women could serve his purpose better as Quakers than witches, and they were accordingly banished, in due form, from the settlements; and after enduring incredible hardships and exposure in the wilderness, they were received and hospitably entertained by the Indians.

This was the story which Whittier told—and these men were our forefathers!

It happened that Horace Greeley sat next me at the table that night, having come directly from the house on Twentieth street, where he had been admitted to Alice Cary's sick-room. The visit had made a powerful impression on him, and he seemed hardly willing to talk of anything else, though this was our first interview.

I seem to hear now the slow feminine tones of the man, so singularly at variance with his heavy, ponderous frame and gait, as he said, half to himself, half to me, in a voice balanced between amazement and regret: "Why, Alice Cary is really broken down! I never could have conceived that illness would so shatter a nervous system, as it seems to have done in her case. The least emotion overcomes her. There was Phoebe and the rest of the household running at her slightest wish, waiting upon every movement with a breathless devotion that is really amazing. There is my wife now, she has been an invalid for many years, and yet her nervous system, the forces of her will, are not at all in the broken-down condition of Miss Cary's. Her case really seems to me hopeless."

So the king of journalists went on. I remember looking at him and thinking how impossible it seemed for him, with that ponderous physique and those iron nerves, to comprehend what pain was; to have the faintest notion of the rack, and strain, and anguish which the delicate organization of the woman had undergone before they had borne down the masterful will and splendid energies of Alice Cary.

Afterward, the talk led Horace Greeley to speak of himself, and he told us something of his work, and what it had been during those first years when he was establishing the *Tribune*. What a very Titan he had been when he took that pen of his! It did not seem possible that any merely human powers could have borne the long strain, and done the labor of those years.

I never saw Horace Greeley again. Yet what a little while it seems since I sat there and listened to his talk! Only three summers ago; and now all those of whom he spoke are gone into the unknown. Alice Cary and Phoebe, and the long-invalid wife, and last, and in some sense saddest of all, the speaker himself, with the great brain and the large, slow physique, that seemed good that night for a score of years of endurance and work.

Alice Cary went first of the four, as we all know, on a day lying right in the heart of February, with thick snows outside, and the earth underneath them had not felt the first thrill and touch of the spring that was coming.

"Waking," says Mrs. Ames—and I wonder if sweeter words were ever said of dying—"waking into the better land out of a slumber in this."

"The wittiest woman in America is dead. There are others who say many brilliant things, but I doubt if there is another so spontaneously and pointedly witty, in the sense that Sidney Smith was witty, as Phoebe Cary."

This is what Mrs. Ames says of the younger of the poetesses.

The characters of the two sisters seem to have been drawn on totally different backgrounds. I never met Phoebe Cary, but I do not see the faintest hint of family likeness in the two faces which accompany this memorial.

Yet in their fine sense of honor, their high conscientiousness, their simplicity, honesty, courage, there was a marked resemblance between the two women. "From the prevailing 'littlenesses' which Margaret Fuller says are the curse of women," both the sisters seem to have been "almost entirely free."

Yet with all that bright, flashing wit which put the most accomplished and gifted men who gathered under her roof on their mettle, Phoebe Cary seems to have been one of the humblest, most loving, tender, timid souls alive. She wrote far less, and had far less imaginative power, than her sister; yet the inspiration was there, and "rose to flood-tide at intervals."

We all know her exquisite parodies. Kate Ketcham, for instance, and that one on Longfellow's beautiful Lyric.

Mrs. Ames tells us she inherited the nature of both father and mother, and that this dual character pervaded even her poems.

"Through one nature she was the most literal of human beings. Never did there live such a disenchanter. Hold up to her in her literal, everyday mood your most precious dream, and in an instant, by a single rapier of a sentence, she would thrust it through, and strip it of the last vestige of glamour, and you would see nothing before you but a cold staring fact, ridiculous or dismal."

Yet with all this practical side her imagination could soar, and sing, and glorify whatever it touched.

She seems to have been one of those natures whose best powers ripen slowly. Essentially feminine as she was, her life was perhaps too much "an appendage of her gifted sister."

The indomitable energy, the resolute will of Alice Cary, carried her through everything. It was this which forced her out from the lonely cottage on the Ohio bottoms, and brought her into the thick of the world's great fight, where she lived, and toiled, and died.

It was different with Phoebe. With all her trench-

ant wit, her keen, lightning-like irony, she was still a dependent, child-like soul.

Alice, as I have said, literally worked herself to death. And there is something unutterably pathetic in her clinging to life; "not because she had any lack of faith in the other and higher, but because it seemed to her that she had not exhausted the possibilities, the fulness and sweetness of this."

With all the deep sadness and solitude of her soul, with all the weights of toil and care under which, at last, she succumbed, with all the pain and anguish which filled her days and nights, Alice Cary could still say at the last: "Oh, if God could only let me live ten years longer, it seems as if I wouldn't ask for any more time!"

It seems difficult to make up one's mind why Phoebe Cary should have died. Doubtless that sedentary life, the high, unwholesome temperatures to which both sisters accustomed themselves, and that long, tireless devotion to the beloved invalid, had sapped the vital energies of Phoebe Cary's life.

When she was left in the world without Alice, the motive power seems to have failed. It is very touching to find how she strove to bear up under it all, and to lead her daily life just as she would have done had Alice been by.

But soul and body seem to have failed in the struggle. A slow decline seized her; when the summer heats grew, and July had ripened into its last hours, Phoebe Cary followed her sister, only seven teen months behind; and the two, who read in the golden twilights their lyrics to each other, now read

them to sweeter music in a home which no pain can darken. "But," says Mrs. Ames, in concluding the story, "the house on Twentieth street is left desolate forever."

That thought hurts! When one thinks of all the loneliness and aches there are in the world; of all help and healing, the light and gladness men and women found under that roof; and that its lights are gone out forever, and that nobody can ever exactly take the place of Alice and Phoebe Cary in the hearts of these men and women. Why, as I said, the thought must hurt!

But, as the sisters went to the soft quiet of the graves at Greenwood—the one amid the spinning of winter snows, the other amid the billowy waving of summer grasses. So we shall all follow them in a little while.

Nothing can hurt them any more. And, shortly—it's pleasant to think that—nothing can hurt us any more. And, for the rest, there are the lines they left behind them; and the world is better because they lived.

The brothers, Mrs. Ames tells us, are still living "on and near the old farm homestead, strong, healthy, robust men.

"What if the old customs had still been in vogue, which, less than a century ago, condemned the education of woman as quite unnecessary for her sphere and work; and while these brothers had their chance with primer and pencil, Alice and Phoebe Cary, in accordance with the notions of those 'good old times,' had never been taught to read and write?"

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

IT might be amusing, but it would scarcely be profitable, to detail all the domestic difficulties which Fergus Laurie had to meet before his party came off. Fergus said that the Harveys had a full, bright flower-stand, and he could not understand why they should not have the same. Now, the Harvey's flowers were always supplied by Mrs. Webber, who kept her old skill and luck with them, and fostered a few pennyworth of seeds into plants worth half-a guinea. However, the Lauries bought six flowers in pots, at a shilling each. They had only been transplanted on the morning of the purchase. Robina deluged them with water, and set them out in the sun and wind. Then she forgot all about them for three days, in fact, till Fergus lifted them in again to adorn the room. They held their heads up fairly, poor things, for the evening of the party, and after that died as quickly as they possibly could.

It was the same with everything. Also, Fergus found that money was not only needed for the few

"extras" which he had sanguinely calculated as within an easy expenditure of two or three pounds at most. Money was also needed for the sudden supply of things which should have always been kept replaced and repaired. The tea-service, of a pattern which could once have been easily and cheaply matched, had been allowed to dwindle down to the veriest minimum of cups and saucers. It was now found to be as unique as if of the rarest porcelain. Robina wasted a whole day, and ever so many omnibus fares, going hither and thither vainly trying to match it. Fergus was so angry at this revelation of shiftlessness that Robina felt there was nothing for her but to obey without protest when he summoned her to accompany him to buy a new service, though it was a dreadfully wet evening, and she knew she had neglected to have her boots mended. Next day she was laid up with a cold, consequently the new service was not washed or arranged till the afternoon before the visitors came, when the charwoman did it in a great hurry, with considerable results of breakage.

However, everything was ready at last. During the last few hours, Robina made what she considered to be superhuman efforts, with marvellous results. In the morning all arrangements were chaos, by the afternoon they were just what they should be, but by such a strain upon Robina's temper, that when her brother came in and suggested some trivial change, her endurance gave way utterly, and she rated him soundly, and inconsequently—the two essentials of a fine scolding—till she was interrupted by a double knock.

George Harvey and his wife were the first arrivals. Mrs. Harvey and Millicent came next. David Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell were the last. Mrs. Maxwell was invited because she was "a professional gentleman's" wife, and Mrs. Laurie and Robina thought that her presence would show that Christian was not their only opportunity of genteel society. Mrs. Maxwell, in her turn, having in reality no place to keep, was very particular "to keep her place," and her way of doing it was to cause tea to wait for her fully half an hour.

Mrs. Laurie and Robina intended to be very polite to Mrs. Harvey and Millicent. They said to each other: "We must pay them a good deal of attention, poor things."

They had made up their minds to pity them, because they were self-dependent, and Mrs. Laurie and Robina had their own private opinion that it was such hard lines to earn one's own living, that nobody would do it who could get any one else to do it for them. Mrs. Laurie used a sympathizing tone whenever she happened to name George to his mother—for surely Mrs. Harvey must have "felt" his marriage. Mrs. Harvey caught the tone, but innocently wondered what it could mean, and only hoped that Mrs. Laurie did not think George looked delicate.

Milly was very glad to see David Maxwell again. Indeed she was too glad, for her pleasure was as frank as it could have been had he been a girl! All unsophisticated as he was, David's heart taught him the difference between the gay, cheery greeting which he got, and the deferent reserve with which Milly received Fergus Laurie's welcome.

"Of course, she must prefer him," he quietly settled it within himself. "What could she see in me, and what does she know of me, and what can she ever know? Now, Fergus is so clever, and is able to show himself her friend. It is only to be expected."

It was strength and not weakness which helped David straight to this conclusion. For what was happening was really quite natural, and also quite right in its way, and it is not courage but infantine perversity which kicks against pricks that cannot be removed. But David himself did not know his own strength. He thought that he was constituted not to feel things as hotly as some people. He supposed that he was not "high-spirited"—like Fergus for instance—and forgot how that which is called "poorness of spirit" is the very chivalry of Heaven!

"How do the pictures get on?" Fergus inquired of Milly when the tea was fairly served and the little party had settled down in something like composure.

"I have nearly done them," Milly answered brightly; "that is to say, I have done their hardest part, but they will take some time yet, for I must take care to make the vegetation what it would be in such a place, time and season."

"Ah," said Fergus, with that peculiar critical voice which Milly was already learning to hear with respect. "Mind you don't let your details run away with you. Don't smother your ideal. Treat it largely."

What a wonderful young man for a mere clerk! Who was to remember that he had an art-loving master, and that artists and art-critics gossiped sometimes in the counting-house? Not that this need depreciate his talents. They were very real. Power to adapt and to apply is a great talent, and one without which all others are useless. Yet it, too, must have talents to work upon, and when it has not them within, but must grasp them from without, it often has a peculiar vanity of desiring to merge its own individuality in theirs. The quick to learn are prone to think that they taught themselves, and many a "self-made man" seems to forget even that he himself did not put his own brains into his own head.

But George Harvey was not so likely as his other hearers to let these dogmas pass unquestioned.

"I do not see that truth in a detail need destroy truth in the whole," he said. "God individualized every moss which He spread as an unnoticed carpet over the world. And however careful a grass is drawn, it will not be its finish, but its want of finish, which will give it undue importance in a picture. In proportion to its degree of finish it will fall into its proper place in art, as in nature."

"Yes, truly," Fergus responded. He had not followed George's argument beyond its first proposition, because he had been thinking what he should retort in his turn. "What I mean is, that we do not want the bare truth, but something more than the truth. For instance, there is a truth in the dry correctness of botany-book delineations, but that is not all the truth about flowers that grow in dew and sunshine. Nay, it is not the truth at all, for the very self-displaying attitudes in which the flowers must be posed for botanical purposes is a lie."

"Granted," George answered, readily, "but I maintain this, that an artist who would give flowers their proper human interest, who would make a heart's-ease, Bunyan's "herb heart's-ease," or a lily to outshine Solomon in all his glory, had best know about these flowers all that the botany-book can teach. Who could accept an emblem of cheerfulness and content with less petals than it ought to have, and the wrong sort of leaf?"

"Those who did not know," said Fergus, lightly, "and that would be most people!"

"And what, when they grew wiser?" George

asked, seriously. "When they learned to mistrust and condemn the symbol, would they grow in trust and love for the thing symbolized? Wherever a feeling is to be reproduced there should never be a jar or a failure in fact."

"Nor in fiction either," added Christian, half playfully; "I mean when anybody is writing a story he should not be so carried away by his heroics as to change his hero's name, or age, once or twice, and forget all about dates and times and seasons. It is done sometimes, though, and it destroys all my interest. I can't sympathize with a Harry whose name is occasionally Dick, and who keeps Christmas within a month of midsummer. I know such a being never shed a tear or felt a pang. In fact, I can't believe in him."

"No, and that destroys one's pleasure," observed David, "one likes to believe."

"Do you?" Fergus asked, half scornfully. "Then, I suppose, your highest praise is to say a book is 'just like life.' I want something more than that."

"A good deal depends upon what one thinks 'life' to be," said Christian, in an undertone.

"Oh, I do think books would be dull, if they were exactly real," said Robina Laurie. "One likes one's heroes and heroines to be something better than the common people around one—more beautiful and braver, more forgiving and more interesting altogether."

"But don't you think that is real, after all?" Milly interposed. "Don't you think it is only our own fault for not seeing it? It seems to need less insight to admire a shadow than a substance. Haven't you known people delighted with the picture of a place, in which they never noticed any particular beauty? I think that is like most of us with stories and real life."

"There is a great deal in that," said Fergus, meditatively.

"Is it not dreary work to separate the ideal from the real?" she went on eagerly. "Are they not the same? Is not the ideal simply the best view of a thing, and is not the best likely to be the truest? Would you not take a man's character from his friend rather than his foe?"

"I am entirely with you," Fergus observed, emphatically, with a quick response in the hazel eyes that looked so grave and keen.

"Well," suddenly put in Mrs. Maxwell, "I am sure it is generally those who know most about people who think least of them. I'm sure I don't think much of anybody I know."

The acid tone, even more than the bitter words, damped everybody for a moment, and made David's heart ache and sink.

Mrs. Harvey spoke first. Her words seemed to ignore the sour interruption, and yet they bore subtle rebuke for it and healing for any whom it might have wounded.

"The nearest may be wrong in judgment or in praise as well as the farthest off," she said. And then she gave a kindly illustration. "Don't you re-

member a certain poor old neighbor of ours, George, who would look at one out of two blackened eyes, and say that nobody need wish a better and kinder husband than her man, take him for all in all?"

"But who shall say she was not right?" answered Milly, with flashing vivacity. "Perhaps he was really good and kind, although circumstances and temptations of many sorts made him appear otherwise sometimes. Perhaps when God made him, He meant him to be specially kind and good, and the eyes of love could see that meaning still, like writing under a smear!"

"I think God means us all to be kind and good; but if He designs it specially for some, and yet they fail in it, I think they are the worst of all, and least deserve charitable interpretations." Christian made this observation in an undertone, and only David Maxwell heard it.

"I am with you entirely, Miss Harvey," said Fergus.

"Only be quite sure, Milly, that your faith in another is not mere stubborn sticking to your own opinion," observed George. "But, more seriously, are you not stating a truth which, while whole in itself, is only half of another and greater truth? Did not we hear you say a minute ago that it seems to need less insight to admire a shadow than a substance, and that many people would value the picture of a spot which they would not walk half a mile to see? May not that be also true in your metaphysics? When people are often so undeniably short-sighted on the lower levels, must they always gain correctness of vision on the higher ones? Is it not possible that there, too, the semblance may command more attention than the substance? Is it not so in our commonest experience—is not the man who simply does, what under circumstances is easiest and pleasantest for himself and others, constantly called gentle and kind-hearted, whilst he who does what is right at the expense of an unspoken inward struggle and some temporary inconvenience to others, is pronounced hard and unfeeling? Nor is the judgment readily reversed, even when time destroys the one man's work and establishes the other's. The one is only pitied, but though the other may be praised, it is with a grudge. No, Milly, though I am ready to grant your propositions so far as to say that if we could get a perfectly wise and good man, his idealizations would possibly come nearest God's truth, I am not prepared to trust all ideals. A telescope shows us more of the truth of the firmament than the naked eye. But what if the telescope itself be defective?"

Milly shook her head gently. She was not an easily convinced person, which was not at all against Milly, since it at least proved that she was not made of that stony ground, where if seeds take root quickly they are as quickly dried up. Not that she did not at once see and acknowledge the force of her brother's arguments, only while they appeared to her to dash something good and grand in her own, she would not wholly accept them.

"Then is a friend's love and faith to go for nothing?" she said, wistfully.

"Oh, surely not," said Christian, warmly. "But don't you think they may have quite a different value? Don't you think they may be God's sign of a relationship between souls, upon which He ordinarily chooses to work spiritual good and blessing, just as He generally blesses our outer life by our physical ties? I don't think we ever do good to any one unless we love them and believe in them."

"But we ought to love everybody," put in Robina Laurie.

"Those who don't trouble themselves about the practice, are always very strong on the theory," observed Fergus, half-aside, to Milly.

"Certainly, we should love all in the sense of wishing and trying to do them good, or to be good to them," said Christian. "But, with some, I believe our very wish and endeavor to do them good will cause us to place them under other influences than our own. I once had a certain child in my Sabbath-class. I had myself secured her attendance, and whenever it flagged I hunted her up. I tried to give her even more attention than I gave the others, because she seemed to need it more. But there always was a barrier between us. That child's eyes were no sooner fixed on my face than my thoughts seemed to freeze on my lips, no matter how warm they lay in my heart. It distressed me dreadfully; for I made every effort in my power, and was still baffled by a mysterious law, that lay beyond it. Suddenly a fellow-teacher said to me, 'What an interesting child your little pale pupil is! It ought to be quite a help to you to have such a face in your class.' And I had grace given me to be frank, and answer, 'If you feel so, you will do her the good that I shall never do her. Take her into your class. And it was so arranged, and I saw the child's face gradually brighten, and her soul come forward, until even I could recognize its lovable features. I know she never liked me while she was in my class, and was always glad to run off without any good-bye. But afterwards she always came to kiss me every Sunday afternoon. And if she could come to my class now, I am sure we should get on capitally together. The ice between us is thawed, though we could never melt it by ourselves. And in this way I am sure that there are many circumstances, when the best that our love can do, is to stand aside and make way for the appointed love that can do more."

"Yes, that is true," said David; "and if love cannot so stand aside, it is not love, but selfishness. But it is hard sometimes," he added, with a checked sigh.

"Yes," responded Christian, "its present 'is not joyous, but grievous,' and yet it is the only way to joy. If love could be content to grasp what it could for itself, regardless of its object, it would not get what it really wanted, but only a very poor substitute. While, if it invests itself entirely in its object, God Himself secures it a rate of interest which shall

suffice its needs, and keeps its principal safe in that bank of His, which transmutes poor stock of earthly affections and hopes into rich store of everlasting treasure."

"How do you know that?" Fergus asked, in his abrupt way. "Don't you think now that you may be putting faith in your sweet fancies?"

Christian answered gently, "WHO spake, saying, 'There is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting?'"

"And how many have proved it true?" said Mrs. Harvey.

"Ah, but that speaks of surrender for 'the Kingdom of God's sake,'" Fergus replied, rather triumphantly.

"And what is the Kingdom of God?" Christian asked, "and while we are in the flesh how are we put in any relationship to it? Is not the Kingdom of God, like His chosen, something in this world, though not of it? Is it not that law of equity and harmony which underlies everything? Is it not the duty which every circumstance holds for somebody? I believe every action, nay, even every spiritual motion of each of us, is either a stone contributed or taken from that 'building of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

There was a pause, but Milly, who had been wanting to speak for some time, broke it.

"Is not what Christian says almost exactly what I said, after all?" she asked. "I said that I thought the ideal was God's truth, and is it not likely to be so, if, as she says, it is one of the most powerful instruments of good?"

"I think I can see a vital difference between your propositions," George answered. "You give the value of the ideal to the idealized. Christian keeps it for the idealizer. You make it a mental insight. Christian considers it a moral influence. You maintain that in some mysterious way a man really fulfils the highest ideal of himself, however he appears to fail. Christian, on the other hand, asserts that the ideal may be far above his head, not the measure of his soul at all, but the measure of the soul which creates it, but that it is his best help upward, and that its very height gives it the more strength to help him as far as he can possibly go."

"Yes," said Mrs. Harvey, "I have once or twice seen that a mother's faith in the superior industry and ability of scapegrace sons, has shamed and encouraged them, till it has finally made them just passable members of society."

"Well, I don't know," observed Mrs. Maxwell, "I've heard it said, 'Expect nothing, and then you'll not be disappointed.' I think there's a deal of truth in that!"

"I'm sure it wouldn't matter much what I thought of Fergus," said Mrs. Laurie. "He'd take his own ways, and be what he chooses, anyhow."

"Well, I can see a great deal of truth in your

idea," Millicent observed to Christian, "but I still think there's a little truth in mine."

"Don't you know, Milly," her brother went on, in further explanation, "that many people have to give up their ideal at last—that somehow, however much they try, they can no longer believe that their friend is what they once thought him."

"It may be their own fault," Milly responded, "some anger or enmity in their own hearts may have come like a mist between them and their ideal. When we cannot see the opposite side of the street on a foggy morning, we do not say that it is not there. We know it is only lost in the fog, and wait till it clears."

"Milly is right so far," said Christian.

"But suppose there is no anger or enmity," David suggested, quietly. "Suppose one only loves more than ever, and longs as much as ever to be kind and faithful, and yet can't help not being able to believe any more."

"I can't understand that," said Milly, fiercely, with a biting flash in her dark eyes. "If I had loved and trusted anybody I would do it till I couldn't—couldn't—do it any more, and when I couldn't—I should hate him!"

"I can believe you would," said Fergus Laurie, so quietly that nobody but Milly heard it, amid the storm of disapproval that her hot words called forth.

"That's always the end of thinking too much of people," observed Mrs. Laurie, shifting her knitting-needles; "those that are called 'dears' one day are generally 'devils' the next. I suppose they shake the two up together till it comes even."

"People that have fine ideas have the same feelings as common folks, it seems, and so it all comes to one in the long run," said Mrs. Maxwell, "only it's more shame to them."

"Those who feel so when they think of such a thing beforehand," Christian remarked, "are sometimes the first to be patient and forgiving when the trial really comes."

"But such would be happier if they prayed God to regulate their minds as well as their actions," said Mrs. Harvey, with a gentle rebuking gaze at her daughter. "I think I know Milly's real meaning, and that her words don't exactly give it."

"But people must expect to be understood as they speak," added Robina, in her little clipping, satisfied style. At that moment Millicent did not like Robina Laurie, and thought within herself that her sister Hatty was generally very shrewd in her judgments!

David's gentle words had seemed the spark to Milly's gunpowder. It is often so, nor is it thus unreasonably. The voice of love and patience suggests their long-suffering and agony, and the bitter rejoinder it calls forth is often half-sympathy, half-outraged justice. The tempter has a peculiar temptation for the soul which has a strong sense of justice—he deceives it into a fancy that God's justice is asleep, and must be aroused by some shrieking vengeance on its own part.

But Fergus Laurie's quiet "I can believe you would" rankled in Milly's heart after all the other rebukes, spiteful or kindly, were forgotten. Did he mean that he could understand the feeling? or did he mean that he could understand it as consistent with her character?

"I dare say he thinks me a vixen, only caring to hold my own," said poor Milly, within herself. "Well, well, never mind, perhaps he will know better some day."

When the evening was over, and all the visitors were gone, the three Lauries drew their chairs round the fire, and talked everything over among themselves. And Fergus found his mother's and sister's spattering tattle very wearisome, and presently went away, and sat by himself in his bedroom.

"These Harveys are the right kind of people for me to associate with," he said. "They are all clever, and have beautiful ways of thought. One can quite understand how such would grow in such conversations as we had this evening."

It never struck Fergus that one's thoughts must be the growth of one's life, if they are to be warm and stimulating lights, and not mere fireworks struck off by the friction of brain with brain.

"This is the right life for me to live; hitherto, I have only existed. But, judging from what Robina says of the cost of this evening, intellectual pleasures cost a great deal. We've always lived so up to my salary, that I shall have to take four or five pounds from next quarter's to pay to-night's expenses. And yet I can feel this enjoyment is as necessary to my mind as air or food to my body. I must have it. And, as my present means will not suffice to procure it, I must try something else."

Alas, for the schemes that are concocted, and the ventures that are taken, not because of a comfortable surplus, but because of a gnawing deficit—not in reasonable hope, but in self-willed desperation!

CHAPTER V.

A MESSENGER IN THE NIGHT.

WHEN Mrs. Maxwell and David returned to Blenheim House, they were not admitted very quickly, and when at last Phoebe Winter came to the door, she said not a word, not even in answer to David's cheery words; but followed them into the parlor, and there resumed a position, physical and moral, which she had evidently been holding before. Her master sat, leaning back in the great leather arm-chair, in an attitude at once defiant and cowering. The defiance, or rather indifference, was assumed, with all dramatic exaggeration, the cower was very involuntary and subtle. But David could see it.

"Either do it or don't do it, now I've told you the consequences," said Phoebe, in her harshest judicial voice. "I'll not go from my words, you may know I'm not the sort o' woman. A woman that'll starve on here, year after year, and put up with her sauce

(with a significant movement of the head toward Mrs. Maxwell), for an objec' that she has, is not a woman to say one thing an' mean another. You know I don't want to shame your son, an' if it has to be done, it ain't me, it's yourself as does it, an' as it can't be helped it'll be overruled for the best. Maybe, when I didn't do it, when I first could, a good bit more than twenty years ago, now, it were a doing evil that good might come. I didn't think so then. I thought it might be called a showing o' mercy; but it's a dangerous thing to call it showing mercy, when one's an objec' in view. But there's some people that you can't save, whatever you do. If you take 'em from the very gallows-foot, they'll get a rope an' hang themselves. I spared you before most for your boy's sake, and because what was done couldn't be undone; but if I spare you again, it's a helping o' your sins, and it'll get him into it as well; for Phoebe Winter knows what the world is, bitter well, and that there wouldn't be one in a dozen that would think but what he sin't as bad as yourself."

"Now you've done your wild Irish oration, Phoebe," said the surgeon aggravatingly, "perhaps you'll go and draw me half a pint of ale."

"I know I'm your servant, sir," Phoebe returned, "and I do what you tell me, and you can't say I haven't served you faithful, whatever I've done it for; but Phoebe Winter isn't going to stand by and watch while dirty ways is going on, though once she did think it was maybe no harm to hold her tongue, and let bygones be bygones." And Phoebe stalked back to her kitchen to fetch the ale.

"A pretty thing for me to come home and find you being lectured by that woman, Mr. Maxwell," said his wife, in her high-pitched cantankerous tones. "A nice degradation for a respectable married woman! I've always felt there was something behind the scenes, sir. I suppose she knows all about your wicked early life, sir, and the woman that David belongs to. She may know something very pretty about her, I've no doubt, sir, although you've had no more proper feeling than to let her brat live in the same house with your lawful wife, sir." The door flew open, and Phoebe stood blazing on the threshold.

"An' what if I did know her?" she cried. "I won't say she was as good as you is, for them's not the words for either of you; but I will say, you're as bad as she were! There ain't a pin to choose between ye, 'cept that you've lived to have one sin more and be a self-righteous Pharisee! I ain't lived twenty years in this here den of iniquity for nothing. I knows the date when ye first come home as missis, an' I should like to see the date o' the fine marriage certificate that you're so proud on! It were against the grain o' Phoebe Winter to stay in the house wi' the likes o' you, I can tell ye. I've heard say ye may gen'rally know the ways that's right, 'cause they're the hard uns. But I can tell you it were as hard for me to stay as to go; it were a precious sight harder to stay, 'cept for the objec' I had. And as for the 'brat' that affronts ye so much, it's because o' that brat that ye haven't had to go to

a prison to see the man that you're so proud to call your husband, though any woman that hadn't evened herself to him, would be ashamed o't. 'Brat,' indeed! Many's the time I'd ha' trembled to be where I was; only thinking that the Lord who'd ha' spared great big cities if they'd had five good people in 'em, would perhaps spare this wicked house for the sake o' the young soul that I b'lieve He's taken up and redeemed to Himself."

"Oh, Phoebe, do be quiet," David entreated.

And Phoebe looked at him, put down the flagon and glass, and withdrew with that high step which all her household moil had never made heavy or shuffling.

"Oh, to think I should have been brought to have to bear this!" said Mrs. Maxwell, with dry sobs. "It's a regular shame, and that it is! I expected everything to be so different. I'm sure I've hardly had better dress or victuals than I could have got myself, and I've not been taken about or spoken to, except like a dog. Lots of girls that have stuck to their work have done better, and yet I've had to give up a good deal, and live like a hermit, and put up with that woman, and with seeing your child, that wasn't mine. It's a regular shame, Mr. Maxwell, and that's what it is, and it shows that you're not a man, sir, to stand by and see me bear it!"

"Hey, what, what, what?" said the surgeon. "What are you talking about now, Poll? What do you know about it. Eh, Poll? Eh, Poll? Hadn't you better hold your tongue?"

David stood sorrowfully looking at the pair. There was nothing remarkable in his father's irritable incoherence. It was but too common. David knew by many a painful experience that it was worse than useless for him to offer a soothing word. Because it was his word, it would be but oil on the fire to Mrs. Maxwell. He might have tried to speak to his father had he been alone. Early influences that had been about the surgeon, and even the cultivation that had necessarily come to him by his profession, had kept one or two spots in his character, which though not soft, were at least not always actively repellant. His son could reason with him sometimes, even though it always proved fruitless. David wished he could be alone with his father just for five minutes that evening. Next morning he was glad to remember that wish.

He did what he knew to be best—left the husband and wife together. Quarrels always died out so. Two people, full of mutual indifference, only enlivened by a little hatred, do not quarrel when they are alone. They are quite aware that nothing either can say will pain the other, when safe from the humiliation of outer eyes and ears.

David went along the stone passage to the kitchen. When he opened the door, he found Phoebe sitting poking over her dim candle darning one of his stockings. There was no trace of the recent storm about her, except that she did not even look up when he entered, but went on darning as if there was nothing in the world but herself and the stocking.

"Phoebe what is all this about? What has made you say such things!" he asked, gently, standing beside her—rather behind her.

Phoebe did not answer. Perhaps she thought she had given her darling a shock about his mother, and that he had come to claim some withdrawing explanation. But David had been wiser than she guessed. A man's knowledge of the world had long since translated the once unintelligible sense of inferiority which had been forced on him by Mrs. Maxwell. Perhaps he had cherished a hope against hope, but it had not sufficient vitality to die hard. Still, he had a natural yearning to know something of the mother whom he had never seen or heard about. If Phoebe knew anything, as he strongly suspected she did, surely she would tell him. He remembered asking her about his mother years and years ago, when he was quite a little child, but the only answer, a curt command that he should never speak about her, had made itself imperatively binding on his sensitive nature. It was almost the only time he could remember Phoebe's speaking sharply to him. And though looking back upon this of late, he had argued himself that Phoebe must be able to give some cogent reasons for such repression, still he would never have re-opened the subject had not others done it for him. Even as it was, the living present, with its possibilities, rose nearest to him, and crowded out the past.

"Phoebe," he said, again, "what is the matter between my father and you? What makes you speak so to him?"

This time Phoebe dropped her stockings, threw her apron over her head, and burst into loud sobs.

"It's hard to know right fra wrong, and I'm only a poor ignorant woman. And it's hard to think you've been doin' wrong when you've put your whole life in it, and to find that it'll be right to do what'll waste years and years o' patience. But I'll do it! I won't go on doing wrong the minute I sees it, and there's none o' us can leave off afore. And come what may, David, I'm glad I've stuck by ye all these years, and ye are a bit the better for't, ain't ye, David?"

"Very much the better, Phoebe," the young man answered, soothingly. "You have been my best friend always."

"An' that's where it is!" she cried passionately. "And yet if I hadn't done what seems wrong, I couldn't ha' bin your best friend without doing of it. It's all in a muddle—there's something that you can't say is certain right or wrong, neither black, white, nor grey, and yet it lies in the way to something else that's certain great glorious good! For why, I ask, ain't I your best friend? Because I think I'm the only one that's tried to lead you to Him that's the Father of the fatherless and the motherless, as you s'most are and allays have been, David. I can't make out why God sets things so."

"But He does not," David argued, gently. "If there's a right thing to be done, and we seem to have to pass through a wrong thing on our way to it, de-

pend upon it, Phoebe, there's another way to it, and a better one, and it's our own fault, and not God's, that we do not find it."

Phoebe spoke more quietly. "It's comfortin' to hear you," she said. "Whatever I taught ye once, ye've made a precious deal more out of it than ever I could. I can bear a'most anything 'cept gettin' mazed and puzzled about the ways o' the Almighty, and kind o' thinkin' that either He can't know or doesn't care. That puts me fair past myself."

"That is because it is not a trouble sent from God, but growing from our own faithlessness," said David; "and I think it generally begins, Phoebe, when we've been letting in wrong feelings of some other kind. We do what God tells us not to do, and then grow unbelieving and impatient because the light of His countenance is withdrawn. We walk in roads which He has told us are dark, and then murmur because we stumble. I do not yet know what has been the matter to-night, Phoebe, and you will not tell me of other things which I feel sure must have happened to trouble you, so that I cannot tell what may have been your provocations; but still, dear old Phoebe, don't forget that the wrath of man never worketh the righteousness of God."

"It's a true word, David," she said, wiping her eyes; "and yet things is so peculiar. There's something I didn't do, years ago, which, maybe, I ought, and yet, if I had done, maybe it would ha been wi' a good bit o' vengeance an' spite. But there's no good sittin' up a' night talking o't, or I'll not be good in the morning, and there'll be words agen. I've heard the master and missus go off quiet enough to their room, and now you go to yours, and get a good sleep. Things mend theirselves while a body's napping."

David needed no second bidding; but slumber did not come so easily. In spite of his strengthening words to Phoebe, he held to his own faith in God much as a poor mariner clings to a rope in the dark, rough midnight sea.

Oh, it seemed so hard to pass from the bright, wholesome atmosphere of the early evening into this murky cloud of mystery and degradation. It was like going from sunshine and breeze into the dark, tainted chill of a charnel-house. What must it be to be like George Harvey, with such a mother and sisters, and such a wife—helped, encouraged, stimulated, comforted, on every hand, just as naturally and simply as a plant is nurtured by showers and sunbeams! The past evening had been as a festive robe to David's spirit; it was the others' every-day wear! And there must be so much of it in the world, and yet none for him who longed for it so much. The doubts which he had allayed in Phoebe returned to torment himself. Why did God create yearnings to leave them unsatisfied? "It must be right, it must be right," he cried in his heart. "But O God, keep hold of me, for I cannot keep hold of thee?" And yet better to be he, believing in the bright and innocent and happy, though shut from them, than Mrs. Maxwell, who concluded that every body's home was like her own, "if one only knew."

He lay wakeful for a long time, but was just in the midst of a troubled dream, when he was awakened by a piercing scream, followed by Mrs. Maxwell's voice, crying, "David! David! Phoebe! Mr. Maxwell is in a fit. He is dying!"

The son was in his father's room in less than a moment. He had sufficient professional knowledge to perceive that the surgeon was in no fit, but in a paroxysm of *angeni pectoris*, slight touches of which he had suffered once or twice before. But this was no slight touch; and Phoebe no sooner appeared than David hurried her off to fetch some brother medical man, even though it might be the humdrum parish doctor, at whom the sharp surgeon had so often scoffed. Once or twice the anguish abated a little, only to return with renewed force; and when the hastily-summoned doctor turned from his patient's bedside, his face spared David from asking a single question.

The dying man tried to speak once or twice, and failed. It brought the agony upon him like a fate. Oh, the poor opened mouth and hungering eyes! they stamped themselves on David's heart, and he ever afterward remembered his father so. And it was well! for it was a kindlier memory, after all, than any other could have been!

He got a word or two out at last. Oh, if he had only wrestled with his spiritual foes, as he did with the physical agony that he might accomplish this! Only by putting his ear close to his father's mouth could David catch his meaning.

"You will do what is right. Phoebe is a good woman, and—"

No more! The fierce agony was down upon him again, and, as it passed away, life passed with it.

And next day the windows of Blenheim House were blinded, except the kitchen window, which had no blind to draw.

"I suppose my words killed him. I know them sort of diseases come when people are put out." Phoebe vehemently sobbed this out in the presence of her mistress, whose philosophic composure was such as not to render such a statement unfeeling, while Phoebe seemed eager to take a wild revenge upon herself by draining the deepest cup of remorse and humiliation before the very woman who had aggravated her bitterest invectives the night before. "That's where it is," Phoebe went on. "When one begins to think one may have been wrong, and to try to be right, it's just then that one gets punished, and one seems to bring it on one's own head."

Phoebe's rough hand was unconsciously laid upon one of the deepest secrets of divine government.

"Well, let it be a lesson to you," said Mrs. Maxwell, without one thought as to her own share in the excitement of the previous evening; "and, of course, you'll always feel like a murderer, and can't ever expect to prosper. With all his faults, Mr. Maxwell was a good man in his own way, and that's more than you'll ever be with your violent temper."

(To be continued.)

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A YOUNG man recently ran away from the galleys of Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to get something to eat, and get refuge while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in the corner; their mother sat weeping and tearing her hair, and the father was walking the floor in agony. The galley-slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors, because they could not pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the father; "my wife and my children without food or shelter, and I without means to provide them."

The convict listened to the tale with tears of sympathy, and said, "I will give you the means. I have just escaped from the galleys. Whosoever brings back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does the rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord round my body. I will follow you to the city, where they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener. "My children should starve a thousand times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous man insisted, and declared at last that he would give himself up if the father would not consent to take him. After a long struggle the latter yielded, and, taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city and to the mayor's office.

Everybody was surprised to see that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow; but the proof was before them.

The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys. But, after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected that he not only added francs to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the minister of justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding it was a comparatively small offence which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his term, ordered his release.

THREE KINDS OF MEN IN THE WORLD.—A clever author says there are three kinds of men in the world—"The WILLs, the WON'Ts and the CAN'Ts." The first effect everything, the next oppose everything, and the last fail in everything. "I will" builds our railroads and steamboats; "I won't" don't believe in experiments and nonsense; while "I can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the court of bankruptcy.

HETTY HENDERSON'S ERA.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

TWO neighbors, Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Carter, were taking tea with Hetty that afternoon. Now Hetty, though in the main a kind, prudent, good woman, a treasure of a wife and mother, had one bad fault, she was a sloven.

Why sometimes her hair would not be combed for two days at a time, and as to wearing a collar, while about her work, she never thought of such a thing! Sometimes only her toes would be thrust into her run-down, flapping slippers, and if she tore her dress she always pinned up the rent and let it go.

Now every tidy woman knows this is a bad state of things—that if there's a hole in her dress no bigger than a gimlet hole, and she passes a barrel, or a box, a loose end of a hoop, or a jagged nail sticking out, will be sure to catch in that hole and tear it worse. That thing is conceded to be a certainty—no sane woman doubts that.

Hetty's tea-table looked tempting. She occupied the post of honor at one end.

Her face was flushed from the cooking-stove, and the rosy glow would have been exceedingly becoming if her hair had been smooth, and her dress freshly clean, but the dress did not fit well in the waist, and she had no collar on, and her hair hung in little tagged, sneaking slips about her ears and on her neck. Poor Hetty! her punishment was near.

Tea was over, but they still sat at the table conversing.

"Yes—yes, I think it was the winter that young Willsee from St. Albans taught our school," said Mrs. Ray.

"How pleasant the memories of that winter," said Mrs. Carter; "hardly a day passes in which I do not think of the good times we enjoyed together."

"How much older are you, Hetty, than Mrs. Ray?" said Mr. Henderson, looking first at one and then at the other.

"Older! why, husband! I'm five years younger, and three years younger than Susie Carter," said the poor wife, blushing.

"Why, Hetty Henderson! I should have thought from your appearance that you were almost old enough to be their mother, step-mother, at least," said her astonished husband, smiling and looking at the smooth, placid faces and neat appearance of the visitors, and then at the rumpled, creased head and face of poor Hetty.

No wonder; she sat there stooped over, her ill-fitting waist hanging loosely about her, making her back seem as broad as her husband's.

The untimely words only made her face flush still redder yet.

She felt as if she had been stabbed by the hand of a friend.

"Your wife works too hard, and is too loving and careful a mother," said Mrs. Ray, apologetically,

although Hetty fancied that she smirked a little, and relished the compliment so freely and honestly given.

"Now I never fuss much over my children, I try to save myself," and she laughed, and her eyes sparkled, and she really did look winsome and pretty, that woman of thirty-three years.

On their way home the two visitors talked of the painful affair.

"It was just good enough for her," said Mrs. Ray; "no woman has any right to go looking like a scarecrow. If I went that way I'd hear from Ray, and in no very measured terms, either. He has no patience with a slovenly woman; he thinks all women are pretty if they have a mind to be so."

"Almost old enough to be our mother; well, she's a tip-top cook, any how," said Mrs. Carter; "I like her good meals, and I know she's cleanly about her work. She don't seem to care much for herself, only for the comfort and happiness of Henderson and the young 'uns. Now, if I were in her place, that fellow 'd hear from me to-night, praising other women and comparing and measuring her beside them in a way that is no compliment to her."

"Oh, he'll never think any more about it; and if she does, it will do her good; it'll be a good lesson for her," was the answer, and the two women parted at the big gate in the edge of the wood-lot, each one feeling a pleasurable touch of pride from the effect of honest Tom Henderson's bit of flattery.

And how did it affect his wife?

In the twilight, as she stood in the milk-house, hurriedly doing up her work, flitting here and there, there was a brightness in her dark-blue eyes, a compression of the lips, and a red spot on each cheek, and she was nodding her head and talking to herself very earnestly.

"Time was," she whispered, "when Henderson couldn't 'a' said that o' me. The dear knows, I did use to almost grow tired of his words of praise. I was his choice of all the girls he ever saw. I've many a time heard 'im say that Cad Weldon, now Mrs. Ray, had a real putty face—no expression in it—and to-day he said I looked old enough almost to be her mother. Aha! Mr. Henderson, we'll see! it's only love and care for you and yours that's made me so forget myself and fall into careless ways. I'm just as good looking to-day as Cad Ray is—if I do say it myself—we'll see!" and the angry little woman's cheeks grew redder and redder, and her eyes almost snapped in their glittering brightness as she turned the safety-valve and began to sing. That was her safety-valve, when her tensioned nerves could stand no more; she sang and was relieved without a flood of tears.

From under the mossy roof of that tidy little

spring-house welled out the jubilant words of an old hymn to the inspiring air of Pisgah.

The next morning, after the children started to school and her work was all done up nicely, she washed herself and carefully brushed her hair, and put it up in a pretty way, with a rose and a spray of myrtle at the side of the coil. She had brushed it until it shone with a lustre. Then she put on a neat light-print dress, and a lace collar, fastened with a beautiful gold pin, a gift of her girlhood.

The gold hoops that her mother had worn long ago, of antique pattern, looked beautiful a-near the dark-brown of her hair. She had not touched those gold hoops for years—her children had never even seen them.

When she clothed her feet in neat gaiters, and put on her wedding-ring, and her nearest neighbors would hardly have recognised the careless slattern in the bright-eyed, sweet-faced woman of to-day. The change pleased her—it made her smile involuntarily, and that smile was her charm—always had been, why couldn't she wear it, too, if her heart was full of a joy so new and so rare and beautiful.

The whole woman was completely metamorphosed. The change beautified her, and the little bit of revenge was harmless and—*so sweet!*

When her husband came home at noon, he stopped in the doorway and stood still an instant, then he whistled a long, w-h-e-w!

She turned around in an innocent way, and—the expression of his eyes was the same as when he was a devoted, admiring lover.

"My wife," he said, and he folded her in his arms, and his face twitched, and he laughed in a pleased, hysterical way.

Her eyes filled with tears, and there was a stifled sob on his bosom, but it was the best sob she'd ever made, it meant a great deal.

"I've been too thoughtless and careless about myself, Tom," she said. "I thought so much of you and the children, that I never cared how I went. I didn't think of myself."

"You are so sweet, little wife, so beautiful," said Tom, holding her off and looking at her, while she blushed and struggled to get away.

The turning of that leaf was a new era in Hetty Henderson's life. She never so neglected herself again, and instead of growing older, it does seem that as the years glide by she grows younger.

When the children came from school that evening, one at a time, they said, "Oh, where have you been, mother?" or, "Where are you going, mother?" and little Rosy, who had never seen the jewelry before, or a collar, or a rose in her mother's hair, said, in a subdued whisper, "What is the matter, mother, you look like the pictures of the pretty ladies in the magazines?" and she felt of her face as though the vision before her might melt, or vanish into air under her touch.

We must confess that we believe that there is a little spice of mischief in it, when early every morning Hetty takes time enough to pin on a white collar,

and brush her hair smoothly off her brow, and remove every sign of the careless sloven from her attire.

She knows very well that a neatly-dressed woman has the advantage over one who is not appearing well. This shows itself in the springy step, and the self-assurance that gives her head a queenly poise. So the two lady visitors, who cared more for her good dinners than they did for Hetty herself, taught her a lesson well worth remembering, and her married life will be the better and the pleasanter for it as long as she lives.

NECESSITY OF SLEEP.

HENRY WARD BEECHER says: "There are thousands of busy people who die every year for want of sleep. Sleeplessness becomes a disease, and is the precursor of insanity. We speak of sleep as the image of death, and our waking hours as the image of life. Sleep is not like death, for it is the period in which the waste of the system ceases, or is reduced to its minimum. Sleep repairs the waste which waking hours have made. It rebuilds the system. The night is the repair-shop of the body. Every part of the system is silently overhauled, and all the organs, tissues and substances are replenished. Waking consumes and exhausts, sleep replaces and repairs. A man who would be a good worker must be a good sleeper. A man has as much force in him as he has provided for in sleep. The quality of mental activity depends upon the quality of sleep. Men need, on an average, eight hours of sleep a day. A lymphatic temperament may require nine; a nervous temperament six or seven. A lymphatic man is sluggish, moves and sleeps slowly. But a nervous man acts quickly in everything. He does more in an hour than a sluggish man in two hours; and so in his sleep. Every man must sleep according to his temperament—but eight hours is the average. Whoever, by work, pleasure, sorrow, or any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but the crash will come, and he will die."

WILD OATS.—We too often hear the remark made, in reference to some spirited young man, that "he is sowing his wild oats." This is spoken in palliation. "He will be different by and by"—perhaps all the better Christian in the end for his thorough knowledge of the world. But this illustration is very unfortunate; peculiarly so, because there is such an intimate connection between the sowing and the reaping. We cannot think of such a thing as a seed-time without a harvest. They are most intimately—yes, indissolubly connected in the natural world. Not less are they so in the moral. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If men sow barley, they do not expect to reap wheat; nor will oats produce rye. If men sow wild oats, they must reap a harvest accordingly.

THE MISTRESS OF ABBEYLANDS.

AN ENGLISH STORY. (*Continued.*)

CHAPTER III.

"IS this Charlton Mere, my boy?"

"Yes, marm," said the small youth in corduroys, to the lady who addressed him—a very neat, plainly-dressed lady, wearing a Quakerish gray gown and a long dark water-proof cloak, a prim bonnet and gossamer veil.

"And who lives in that house to the right, you say?"

"The minister," responded the boy, staring at the lady's gooshees.

"Ah," said the lady, with an affable smile. "And is it he who owns the carriage with the two beautiful little ponies?" The boy stared vacantly. "A lady drives them—a lady with a scarlet cloak and white feathers in her hat," continued his interlocutor.

No answer, but the small boy's hands dived deeper into his trousers pockets in the effort to extract some mental assistance from their manifold contents.

"Stupid little wretch," muttered the lady, "who lives in that house down the lane?"

"Mrs. Chivers," said the boy, backing away from further catechising, and leaving the lady alone at the turn of the long tree-hedged lane.

"What does she do with the ponies?" she asked herself. "She comes here to some place or house, I know; but what does she do with the ponies and her remarkable dress?"

The inquirer had been walking through the miserable village of Charlton Mere; she had plodded up and down through slushy lanes and by-ways, all to no purpose; she had discovered no trace of the woman's presence whom she was tracking, and Caroline Penn was unwillingly obliged to confess that Lady Katherine Lindesay had baffled her in this respect also. She was tired, cold, and disappointed, and had almost come to the wise conclusion that she had better go home to Abbeylands and leave Lady Lindesay's affairs alone, when she suddenly caught sight of a tall, well-dressed boy running down the lane toward her, and carrying something in his hands. He gave a startled glance at her, and, springing over a stile, ran across a piece of furzy common, whence he reached the country road, but not before Miss Penn had recognized Tom, her ladyship's groom, or "tiger," and in his hand a purple morocco hand-bag, which she had seen in Lady Katherine's dressing-room only that morning.

"Now, my lady, I have you!" said Miss Penn, deliberately, though her voice shook with excitement.

She walked straight up to the farm-house gate, but she could go no farther; it was locked, and a huge mastiff, lying in a kennel only two yard's distance inside, sprang out with a thundering volley of barks.

At the noise, the farm-house door was hastily opened, and a young man came out.

"What do you want, ma'am?" he asked, civilly, but distantly.

Miss Penn scanned him from head to foot, and her inspection strengthened her malicious assurance. He was an intelligent, good-looking young fellow, of about five-and-twenty, almost gentlemanly in his dress and demeanor, although evidently belonging to what are called "the lower walks of life."

"I want to see Lady Lindesay," said Miss Penn, pushing against the gate as she spoke.

"I don't know any such person," replied the young man, quietly.

"Isn't your name Chivers?" inquired Miss Penn, sharply.

"No, ma'am," said the gentlemanly young man—and there was a gleam of humor in his eyes, which Miss Penn was too confused to notice.

"Nor you don't know anything about Lady Lindesay's groom, who left this house five minutes ago?" retorted Miss Penn. She would have made a bad detective, with all her adroitness. There was want of tact and temper in this question, and its tone was sufficient to place watchful people on their guard.

"I have just said I do not know who Lady Lindesay is," said the young man, looking straight into Caroline's face with quiet determination; "do you wish anything else, ma'am?"

"No, thank you," said Miss Penn, flushing with vexation; "I wanted to see you or Mrs. Chivers on a matter of Lady Lindesay's—at least, the lady who drives the gray ponies—and—"

"I do not know anything about gray ponies, ma'am," interposed the gentlemanly young man; and this time Miss Penn perceived traces of amusement in his face.

"Ah, well," said Caroline, with a frigid, threatening smile, "I must only tell Sir Robert so, and perhaps he may come next time."

The young man bowed, as if such an occurrence would afford him much satisfaction; and, leaning on the gate, he and his mastiff watched Caroline out of sight.

She was baffled, irritated, and mortified—fearful of Lady Katherine's anger, which she might have fruitlessly incurred—wearied and exhausted from her long useless journey; and, reaching Abbeylands about dusk, she had only barely time to hurry to her own room to commence her evening toilette—for it was the day of the dinner-party—when Bessie Martyn tapped at her door.

"Miss Penn, could you come down to mother's room?—she wants you about the dessert," she said, inquisitively eyeing Caroline's finery on the bed—"about some ices or jellies, I think, Miss Penn."

"In a minute," answered Miss Penn, sharply, almost shutting the door in Bessie's face.

"I was just going to offer to do her hair up in splendid frizzed rolls, mother," said Bessie, indignantly, relating the affront, "and make her as nice as I could."

Miss Penn evidently thought she could do without Bessie's assistance, for when she sailed into the housekeeper's room, a quarter of an hour afterward, that good lady was overwhelmed with the grandeur of her appearance. She had not been saving up her annuity, and sitting up at nights, and paying visits to a dressmaker and various others for nothing.

Caroline's sleek black hair rose in perpendicular waves above her forehead, and fell in cataracts of suspiciously luxuriant braids and curls down on her neck and shoulders, which were whitened by a cloud-like web of snowy spangled tulle. There were billows of lavender silk rolling through the doorway in the wake of Caroline's figure; there was silken material glistening in Brodignagian festoons and "puffs" around Caroline's waist; there were damask roses in Caroline's hair, and tinkling ornaments all over Caroline's person.

"Why, Miss Penn, you're grander than her ladyship!" cried Mrs. Martyn.

"You don't say so," said Miss Penn, scornfully.

"Yes, indeed," replied the housekeeper. "My! there's a splendid dress! Must have cost a sight of money, Miss Penn. A great deal grander you'll be—she's in black velvet, Bessie tells me—very rich to be sure, but so sober. That's a splendid lavender, Miss Penn."

"My lady" was in black velvet, as the housekeeper had said—very pale, very quiet, with the sombre richness of her long sable robe clinging to her like a pall, her very diamonds shining with a cold frosty brilliance, her small beautiful hands wearily folded in her lap, and the light of her yearning eyes dimmed with sadness.

Sir Robert Lindsey wondered that he had never before noticed what a lady-like, good-looking girl Caroline Penn was, but Caroline Penn did not know what he thought of his grave, silent, young wife.

"She looked miserable," concluded the lady in the lavender silk, as she pinned up her dress in paper when laying it aside that night.

"Did you not notice, dear," said one of the county ladies to her husband, as they drove home from the dinner-party, "that Lady Lindsey is actually quite fading? Those olive-colored women lose their beauty very early."

Loosing her beauty! fading early!—Katherine, Lady Lindsey, though she was only twenty-four! Day by day Sir Robert Lindsey watched the cloud of spiritless sadness deepening on her bright face, and listened to melancholy tones making discord in the harmony of her clear, musical-ringing voice; a change, almost indefinable, but keenly painful to him, was observable in her frank, gay manner and her self-possessed bearing—a mute timidity, a nervous

fear of displeasing him, a feverish anxiety to understand his wishes and commands, and, above all, a restraint, a guarded care and secrecy about her words and deeds.

Let men, such as Robert Lindsey was—honorable, kind and true, within an armor of sensitive pride, which rejected the slightest touch on its spotless surface as a foul stain—think what his feelings were, as he thus watched his young wife day by day. He thought he knew the cause of her secret sorrow. He thought the gold circlet on her finger was to her a badge of slavery, and that Abbeylands, and the heirlooms, and traditions, and splendors, were wearisome to death to her, when she had to share them with him. The mirror showed him a plain grave face, and dark hair threaded with gray, and the lines and wrinkles that had come with his forty-five years, and he thought that they were hateful in Katherine Lindsey's eyes. He thought also—ah! what did he think in lonely hours, when he reviewed his short married life, when he owned to himself that which he had never told to mortal ear, and when the knowledge only brought him deeper sorrow and more bitter regret?—that he loved her!

And Caroline Penn? She had never been so amiable, so powerful, so prosperous in every way, as in those days, when an intangible woe and grief, like an unresting spirit presaging coming trouble, walked through the tenantless rooms of the stately house, with the husband and wife apart, silent and secluded. Caroline dressed in silk and velvet quite commonly now; her spare frame, clothed in shining garments, flitted and rustled about the old mansion from garret to basement, like an omnipresent domestic goddess.

She was not wise, even in her generation, this managing, acute, sharp-witted young person. She was apt to be rash, and blind, and wrong-headed, where her passion for revenge or for gain was concerned. She kept close to Sir Robert as her sure friend and most powerful protector, and she disregarded all the rest of the household, by whom by this time she was beginning to be cordially detested. She hated Lady Lindsey too much to be able to preserve a cordial manner toward her—and of Caroline's envious flattery and hypocritical deference Lady Lindsey would have none. She would not have Caroline in any shape or form—she ignored her, she shut her out of her presence, and otherwise discarded that lady's strenuous endeavors to become her conscience-keeper.

With Mrs. Martyn, Caroline Penn certainly tried to form an alliance offensive and defensive; but she loosened the strongest bond of union there could have been between them, when she omitted to gain Bessie Martyn's confidence and goodwill.

"I'll never like her, mother, say what you please. She's a prying, deceitful, mean thing, even if she wore pearl-gray satin and ruby velvet, like my lady's court costume. What business has she to be giving orders and sailing about, with 'Sir Robert' here, and 'Sir Robert' there, and my lady sitting up there

lonely in her dressing-room, and never giving an order or raising her voice, no more than if she were a visitor?" Thus uttered Bessie, indignantly fastening a lace tie with a natty carved ivory brooch over the blue crape, and otherwise making herself unnecessarily pretty.

"Well, my lassie, I'll tell you one thing," said her mother, gravely patting down the folds of her daughter's dress, "Miss Penn is like to rule Sir Robert and my lady, too."

"She never will!" cried Bessie, turning round sharply, her eyes sparkling with indignation.

"Bessie, I know what I know," said her mother, nodding her head, and speaking in an undertone of significance; "and I've a good reason for saying it. There, child, don't you mind; it's none of your business, Bessie."

This having of course a powerfully stirring effect on Bessie's curiosity, she made it her business to discover what Miss Penn had told her mother, and under the seal of secrecy her mother betrayed to her the secret that Miss Penn had intrusted to her keeping.

"It is the wickedest, blackest, cruellest lie that she ever told in her bad life!" cried Bessie, with tears in her blue eyes.

"Well, Bessie, I'm not going for to say that it's true," rejoined her mother, "but Caroline Penn hasn't watched her day and night for nothing."

"Well, then," muttered Bessie to herself, as she sat down before a heaped-up work-table in my lady's room, to unpick ribbons and edgings from a soiled white morning-robe, "I'll watch Caroline Penn—two can play at that game, I know."

So it was, alas! that while the spring sunlight and the tender green that decked the smooth lawns and meads of Abbeylands changed into summer's darker tints and deeper radiance of warmth, brightness and color, the golden beams of hope and happiness which may have trembled for a brief space above and around the gray ancestral pile had long since died out in cold blackness of silent sorrow and disappointment, and in their stead there lowered a cloud lurid with omens of coming desolation and woe.

Sir Robert Lindsey and his wife had lived apart in mute, dignified estrangement almost from the first month of their marriage. Each believed they had good and sufficient reason for imitating the other's behavior; but the breach had widened slowly, and then less slowly, and then rapidly, until the great gulf of separation between Robert Lindsey and the woman he had sworn to love and cherish could hardly have been greater if he had laid her in her dead youth and beauty beneath the cold white marble where slept the generations of high-born dames and demoiselles of the house of Lindsey; and alas! again, there were times when Robert Lindsey trembled to think that she never might be permitted to rest there.

The gulf had widened, until the happy, buoyant girl he had married had changed into an imperious, proud, cold, resolute woman, with schemes and plots

ever agitating her restless, unhappy heart, craving for her past life, craving for what he might never hope to give her, recklessly perilling her fair name in her wilful defiance of him, weary of trying to please or obey him, weary of her gilded prison—this was his wife, the mistress of Abbeylands, the miserable husband owned to himself.

Owened to himself; but what of the evil angel ever at his ear? What of the ceaseless hints, and gentle reminders, and artfully disguised admissions, and pretended regrets, and delicate assiduous sympathy, and meekness, and patience, and admirable ministrations to likings and fancies and requirements, which were ever palpable to his senses in a thousand forms, daily and hourly, through the medium of a crafty, cruel, calculating woman's brain? Caroline Penn never flinched in her remorseless course; she never thought of pity or regret for a beautiful woman's ruined hopes, or compassion for an erring soul. She had no pity to spare for Katherine, Lady Lindsey. She laid her cruel plans and wily snares, and she cared not for the smirching and the bruising of the beautiful creature struggling in her toils.

CHAPTER IV.

"**B**ESSIE Martyn, Sir Robert wishes to see you in the library."

"Me, Miss Penn?" said Bessie, nervously dropping her work, and rising with a fluttering color.

"Yes—you. Come at once." And Miss Penn drew her lace shawl about her with deliberate dignity, as she slowly descended the stairs before Bessie.

Her master was sitting on a chair by the open window when Bessie entered with a low curtsy. Some letters and papers, on a table near him, were pushed hastily away in disarray—bills, money, bunches of keys, and a half-emptied glass of wine; and he, with his haggard face leaning on his hand, was as if the world and its wealth and cares were gnawing at his very heart.

"Sir Robert, here is the young person," said Miss Penn, in a soft, modulated tone, and with a deep sigh.

"Ah," said he, rousing himself as if from a painful trance. "Bessie Martyn, I wish to ask you a few questions, which I shall expect you to answer in a truthful and straightforward manner. Do you hear?"

"Of course she will, Sir Robert. She would not attempt to answer in any other way," interposed Miss Penn, with a sweet smile tinged with sadness.

Bessie glanced at her with a hostile flush, and then said, steadily, "I always try to speak the truth, sir."

"A painful necessity," explained Sir Robert, with a hoarse quiver in his voice, "obliges me to seek information from you about your mistress."

Miss Penn turned away abruptly, and moaned at an escritoire near the fireplace.

"My mistress, Sir Robert?" said Bessie, trembling very much, but holding her head up. "What can I tell you, sir?"

"Where is Lady Lindesay gone to-day?" demanded Sir Robert, rising involuntarily to his feet, and speaking sternly.

"I think Miss Penn can tell you, sir, much better than me," replied Bessie, with a defiant nod at that lady's back hair. "She ought to know more of Lady Lindesay's comings and goings than my lady herself."

Miss Penn pressed her lips together, and, drawing her drapery around her, with a *suspicion* of offended majesty in her face and tones, she said, "Bessie Martyn, do you forget to whom you are speaking?—passing by my presence altogether," she added, with quiet humility.

Sir Robert had been watching her keenly, but he now turned to Bessie.

"Yes," he said, harshly, "you need not tell me what Miss Penn knows or does not know. Tell what you know, without any further prevarication. Where has Lady Lindesay gone to-day?"

"I'll tell you, Sir Robert," exclaimed Bessie, hotly, irritated by his manner and Miss Penn's sharp watchful eyes; "my lady's gone to visit some friends at a place called Charlton Mere, and that's all I know; and—and—Miss Penn ought to know a good deal more, when she watches, and spies, and tracks my lady across the country, and tries to get into houses after her, and peeps into her drawers and baskets, reading every bit of a letter she can get in a fireplace; and—and—listens at doors—I saw you, Miss Penn!—and tries to open her letters and papers, and—and—" (Bessie broke down with a sob) "and tells the most dreadful lies of a dear, beautiful, kind, good, sweet lady, that she's not fit to hold her slippers to, and frightens her, that she says she wishes she was in Heaven, to be free from spies and enemies. There, now—and I don't care—you may say what you like, Miss Penn; every word is truth that I've said, and mother knows it. And I beg your pardon, Sir Robert; I'm ready to cry my eyes out to see the way my lady is treated, because she's gentle and—"

"Hold your tongue, girl!" commanded Sir Robert, but he did not utter the words very angrily. "There is no one would dare to treat Lady Lindesay with anything but the utmost respect while she is mistress of Abbeylands."

Bessie shook her head doubtfully, and sobbed in her handkerchief.

"Sir Robert, you are quite aware of the real facts of the case, which this girl's attachment to her mistress—who has certainly been lavish of costly presents to her," said Miss Penn, venomously; "has represented in so distorted a light."

"Yes, yes, I know," he murmured, moodily.

"Unless you wish the young person to remain, after her insulting language to me, Sir Robert—"

"No, no; you may go, Bessie Martyn; and see that you keep your tongue silent," said Sir Robert, absently locking and unlocking a desk.

"Yes, I'll go now," muttered Bessie to herself; "but you'll hear more from me, Sir Robert, when Madame Pry isn't at your elbow!"

Bessie's indignation and schemes of vengeance were heard throughout the day; they flamed up fiercely in the servants' hall during dinner, when she dealt out mysteriously wrathful hints to her companions that "they might expect to hear something soon," and that "there was one too many in Abbeylands, for certain," and that "she would not stand it if she were shot for it." More could not be extracted from Bessie; but the servants coughed and nodded their heads with Masonic intelligence.

It was a sultry, lowering day, and as the hot, silent hours of the afternoon rolled on, Bessie grew sleepy and languid over her work, and at length put it aside; and taking a richly-bound novel from one of the rosewood shelves, she sat down by the open window to amuse herself. But the book was of rather too high a class of literature for Bessie's taste; she began to listen dreamily to the sleepy chirps of Lady Lindesay's canaries, to the ticking of the ormolu clock, to the steady pacing of Sir Robert's feet on the gravelled walk of the terrace; then fell to wondering where Miss Penn was, and finally slipped away into slumberous oblivion.

* * * * *

A sharp knock at the door startled Bessie violently, and she sprang to her feet with a bewildered stare at the twilight outside and the semi-obscurity inside.

"It's my lady! and I've been asleep for hours!" gasped Bessie, shivering; "and I'm perished to death. Oh, dear! there—I've knocked down the chair."

Half awake, and thoroughly confused, Bessie rushed to the door and unlocked it. It was not "my lady," but Sir Robert, who stood there on the fleecy violet mat.

"Has your mistress not returned yet?" he demanded, and there was something in his voice that frightened Bessie.

"No, Sir Robert," said Bessie, timidly.

"It is nearly eight o'clock," he remarked.

"Something may have delayed her ladyship," urged Bessie, trembling, she knew not why. "I dare say she will be home in a few minutes, Sir Robert; she is always back at six or half-past six."

He made no reply, but strode over to the easy-chair by the open window, and flung himself into it, leaning out on the sill, wet with dew.

"Shall I have the lamp lighted, Sir Robert?" asked Bessie, half fearful of the darkness.

"No," he said, in a low tone.

And so they remained, Sir Robert at the open dressing-room window, and Bessie in my lady's bedroom, afraid to look at the tall mirrors in the spectral gloom of the apartment—both listening and waiting.

The hour struck, and then the half-hour, and then the three quarters, and yet both master and maid waited in silence. The ghostly moonlight was beginning to steal into the room; Bessie could hear

the throbbing of her heart in the oppressive stillness that seemed to have settled down over the whole household, when the clear, quick strokes of the clock telling the ninth hour resounded through the place, and with them the noise of Sir Robert's hasty steps quitting the dressing-room. Without giving herself time for a second thought, Bessie rushed after him, and heard him give a fierce order for his own favorite pair of horses and the light mail phaeton to be brought round instantly.

Bessie watched in silent fear while Sir Robert put on his overcoat, and, seizing his whip, ran down the steps.

"Will you hurry?" he shouted, like a man beside himself, to the bustling grooms and stable boys.

Suddenly Miss Penn, dressed in bonnet and shawl, brushed past Bessie, and joined Sir Robert as he waited. He said something in a sharp, dissatisfied tone to her, and as the phaeton swept round from the stable-yard, Bessie ran down desperately and touched his arm.

"Sir Robert, will you let me speak to you one minute?" she whispered, beseechingly.

"No, I cannot! Be off!" he cried, pushing her away roughly.

"Go in, you forward, lying minx!" said Miss Penn, in a savage undertone.

"Sir Robert," entreated Bessie, "one word!"

"What is it, girl?" he said, impatiently.

"If you are going to look for my lady, don't take Miss Penn with you! Don't, Sir Robert!" implored Bessie, in an urgent whisper. "She hates my lady; she has told shameful lies of a good, beautiful Christian lady," added Bessie, mixing up her adjectives in her distress; "don't take her; she'd send you wrong just to do my lady harm."

Bessie spoke rather at random in her agitation, but Sir Robert only said, "I am not going to take her, Bessie Martyn," and springing into the phaeton he drove away.

"Bessie Martyn, I will make you repent this!" said Caroline Penn, in a suffocated tone, while her pale face looked cadaverous in the moonlight.

"So you may, but I'll never stand to see you try to ruin an innocent lady!" retorted Bessie, courageously.

"Miss Penn, you let my daughter alone, please; she's a good, kind girl, who needn't be ashamed of anything she's said or done in her life," interposed Mrs. Martyn, with cutting significance.

The night passed away, and the gray dawn stole over the sleeping woods and lawns, and the grim silent old Abbey. Who would say that the sunlight could ever more bring joy and brightness to the desolate home?

CHAPTER V.

WHILE he lives, the memory of that night's drive to Charlton Mere will haunt Sir Robert Lindsey. The pale cloudy moonlight, the weird shapes of the trees and bushes as he swept past them,

the deadened roll of the wheels on the early fallen leaves, the damp earthy scent of the close woodlands, the fragrance of the pine groves, and the gnawing agony of pain and anxiety goading him every step of the weary way beneath the calm pure eyes of Heaven, namely, the few sleepless stars that peered out here and there at him from behind hilltops and woods—all were vivid to him in after years. There were no other eyes upon him but those above, and the strong, proud man gave way to his grief and fear in frenzied words.

"Oh, Katherine, my darling!" he cried, "I cannot believe this! There must be some reason, some mistake. I will not believe Caroline's hints and stories, and yet—yet—have I not the evidence of my own senses? But not that—not that—my poor, beautiful girl! Wilfulness, weariness, disobedience, but not dishonor—it could never touch her; it could never touch her!"

In his dire extremity, Robert Lindsey took off his hat, and prayed aloud to Heaven to protect his wife.

Bessie Martyn little thought how often her unhappy master mentally referred to her passionate defence of her mistress, and each time with renewed consolation when Caroline Penn's cruel words occurred to him.

"I may have been always wrong," said he, with a sharp pang of remorse; "Caroline may have warped my judgment by her malice, since she hated Katherine so. Perhaps she might have cared a little for me, if I had tried to please her more in her own way, indulged her more, and been gayer with her."

Then he thought of the gray hairs in his beard and of his forty-five years against her twenty-four, and groaned with sick impatience.

It was past eleven o'clock when Sir Robert reached Charlton Mere. About a mile from the village he had stopped at a roadside hostelry which Caroline Penn had told him of, and procured a guide in one of the tavern-keeper's sons; and now by the latter's directions he drove across by the common and into the long deep lane.

"By the way," said he, asking the question which he had forgotten amid his troubled thoughts, "you have a pair of gray ponies in your stable—the lady has not taken them home yet?"

"Naw, sir," said the rustic, in some trepidation as to whom this stranger, who knew the interior of the stables, might be, "they're gone long ago."

Sir Robert pulled up the horses on their haunches. "Gone!" he cried.

"Yes, sur," said the lad, wishing himself anywhere but on Sir Robert's cushions and otter-skin rug.

"And Lady—the lady and the groom?"

"Naw, sur, naw un but the groom," replied the young fellow.

Sir Robert said not a word, but drove slowly to the farm-house gate and stopped there, "as if he were dazed," the lad said, telling the story afterward.

The furious mastiff made no delay in his frantic

leaps and hoarse raging barks, and soon the sound of unfastening bolts was heard, and light streamed forth from a door near at hand.

"What do you want? Who are you?" cried a strong, clear feminine voice.

"I will tell you, if you will keep your dog quiet," said Sir Robert.

The woman bade the dog lie down, and came out with a lantern in her hand.

"Are you Mrs. Chivers?" asked Sir Robert, springing down.

"Yes," said she, holding the lantern to his face.

"Is Lady Lindesay here?" he demanded, laying his hand on her shoulder. "You must tell me, woman—do you hear—I must know."

"Who are you?" said the woman, rather stiffly.

"Sir Robert Lindesay," he replied; "and there is some secret or some mystery about this house which brings Lady Lindesay here, and I will know it. Is my wife here?"

"I never saw Sir Robert Lindesay in my life; I don't know you, sir, nor do I know who your wife may be; but this I know, that you have no right to come to a respectable dwelling at the dead of night, and storm at people in this way," said Mrs. Chivers, indignantly, shaking his hand off, and retreating inside her gate.

"Listen to me, woman," returned Sir Robert, hoarsely; "I will pay you well. I am nearly distracted, and I want you to help me. If Lady Lindesay is here I will take her home; if she has left, you must give me what traces you can of her whereabouts."

"Lady Lindesay is safe wherever she is—that is all I will tell you, sir," said the woman, when a second person ran over from the house door, and Sir Robert saw in the rays of light from the lantern the face of a young man. He whispered something to the woman, and she turned to Sir Robert with a different expression.

"You may come in, Sir Robert," she said; "Lady Lindesay is in the house. Softly, sir, there is one dying here, too."

"Who is dying?" demanded Sir Robert.

"A poor lady," said Mrs. Chivers.

He entered through the low-ceiled kitchen, in which was a small fire burning redly on the hearth; through long narrow passages, lighted by Mrs. Chivers with a tallow candle; and then into a small, neat parlor communicating with a bed-room. The door was ajar, and Mrs. Chivers motioned him to enter, with the warning, "Hush!"

A low bed draped in handsome damask, a small table beside it laden with a plate of fruit, a medicine bottle, and a decanter of wine, a shaded lamp burning softly on another table, a figure standing by the bedside, and a dark face and long tresses of shining hair streaming over the pillows—these were what he beheld, while a camphorous, sick-room odor filled the apartment.

The figure by the bedside was Katherine, Lady Lindesay, and the face on the pillow startled Sir

Robert by its being a haggard, ruined likeness of his wife.

"Katherine," he said—his anger and fear fading before Katherine's sad, gentle face, and the serious light in her eyes—"what are you doing here? who is that?"

"My mother, Sir Robert," sobbed his wife. "Hush! She is dying. Come into this room to speak to me."

"Your mother?" gasped Sir Robert—"why, you told me—"

"I told you three months before you married me that she was dead," interrupted his wife, "and I told you what I believed. She was not dead, though, as I discovered afterward. It is a long story, Sir Robert, but I must tell it now, I suppose—long as I have striven to hide it."

"Was it her whom you came to see here?" he asked, tremulously.

"Yes," said Katherine Lindesay, with a deep sigh.

"And why did you keep it secret from me, Katherine?" he asked, taking her hand.

"Because, Sir Robert," said his wife, drawing her hand away and looking straight into his eyes, "I could not let you know my mother," and then her eyes fell, and her face quivered all over.

"Why, Katherine?" he questioned, very gently.

"You have not been very tolerant of my whims and fancies, Sir Robert," said Katherine, somewhat bitterly; "you have not been very unwilling to believe the worst of me, who never wronged you in thought, word, or deed; but you might be generous enough to spare me from further questioning. I came to see my mother here; I could not let you know the fact of her existence; and she is dying now. I found she was dying to-day, and I could not leave her, but I sent the groom home with a note to you."

"I never got it," he interrupted, eagerly; "it was because I did not know where you were, Katherine, and because I was nearly mad with alarm and anxiety, that I came after you. You say you have never wronged me, Katherine; but, in withholding your confidence from me, and suffering malicious people to make what assertions they pleased respecting your strange conduct, have you not wronged me cruelly?"

"I could not tell you," said Katherine, sadly and resolutely.

"But you could let others say worse things of yourself, Katherine," he observed; "which do you think would touch me more nearly?"

"I was wrong," said Katherine with tears, "but I was so unhappy and lonely, that I did not know what I had best do. I could not tell you that you had made a worst *mésalliance* than you thought," she added, drying her tears, and confronting her husband proudly.

"And this woman is your mother, Katherine?"

"Yes, and she is dying. I must go to her now, Sir Robert," said his wife, endeavoring to pass him.

He looked at her bright hair girlishly curling on her black dress, at her *spirituelle* face downcast and pale, at her little white hands nervously trembling, and as with one swift comprehensive bound his mind flew back over the past, seeing the wrong made right and the darkness clear, and in his joy finding his wife all that he believed her to be—pure and true—his yearning love, pity and thankfulness melted down the icy barriers of his pride at once and forever.

"Katherine, my darling," he cried, taking her in his arms, "who so fit to be your confidant and protector as your husband? You do not care much for me, I know, but, after all, you might be sure I would be your best counsellor and friend; indeed I would, Katherine."

She gave a startled glance at her husband's face, to see if he was in earnest.

"I did not think you cared anything for me," she said, in a low tone; "I thought you only married me for my money."

"So I did, Katherine," he answered, truthfully, though her reproach cut him to the heart; "but, my darling, I came to love you afterward. Won't you share your troubles with me, Katherine?"

"Why," said she, sorrowfully, "did you never tell me that before? Oh, Robert, it would have saved me such pain! I dared not tell you of my poor mother, when I knew how you valued your noble pedigree, and all those great names in your family history that you told me were so spotless, and concerning which there was never a blot on the escutcheon of the house of Lindsay."

Sir Robert colored with shame; his young wife had his pompous expressions so sadly by heart.

"There never was a spot or stain on our name, my darling," he said, "and there never was a purer or fairer wearer of it than Katherine Lindsay."

She glanced through the open doorway at the figure on the bed.

"Tell me of her, Katherine," he whispered; "tell me, my dear wife."

She looked at him, the color coming and going in her cheeks, and her bright eyes troubled.

"She is my mother, and she was a gay, beautiful girl when my father married her," said Lady Lindsay; "but he was too grave, and—I mean, she was very young, and—"

"Yes, I know," put in Sir Robert, with a sigh.

"She was fond of dress and admiration, and she had a passion for theatre-going, and the end was she ran away from him, and went on the stage—ran away and left her husband, Sir Robert, and went on the stage," repeated Lady Lindsay, distinctly. "And he said she was dead, and intended she should be dead to him from that time forth. That is two-and-twenty years ago, Sir Robert, and I know little of the life she led in those years, save that it was a miserable one; and when, at the time of my marriage, one of my solicitors discovered that a strange, wild-looking woman who came to his office to make inquiries about me was no other than my long-lost

mother, he informed me of the fact, meaning to give her money and send her out of the country; but when I saw her in spite of him, and when she wept and kissed my hands, and asked to be let live somewhere near me, that she might see me a few times before she died, I resolved I would not forsake my poor wretched mother. And then, Sir Robert, I took this place for her, and Mrs. Chivers, who was an old servant of mine, kept the secret well, even from her own daughter and son-in-law—the young man you saw—and never told them I was Lady Lindsay; and I used to disguise my dress and leave my carriage and ponies at the hostelry beyond the village, and walk here across the fields. I have done this once or twice a week for nearly twelve months; but it is over now—she is dying."

There was a dead silence for a minute after she had spoken; all the pride of the Lindesays was doing battle with his love in Sir Robert's heart—but only for a minute. His living, beloved Katherine was a thousand times dearer than the dignity of his dead ancestors; still it was a struggle between the two.

"It is a sad, terrible story, Katherine," he said, with a sigh. "You must have suffered a great deal to keep a—a—"

"A disgraceful secret!" said Katherine, coldly. "Yes, it was very painful; but I came to feel such deep pity, and love even, for this poor desolate woman, that it made it easier to bear." She moved away a few steps. "Mrs. Chivers will get a room ready for you, Sir Robert, in a few minutes, if you wish to stay. I am going to sit beside my mother," said Lady Lindsay, with one of her old resolute expressions, though her features were wan and weary.

"Won't you let me keep watch with you, Katherine?" asked her husband. "Do you imagine I should think harshly of the poor soul passing away? Have we not both been wronging each other, Katherine?"

"We may—" she began, then quitted him abruptly. "Yes, mother," she said, softly leaning over the bed.

The haggard face was raised from the pillow, and the dark eyes, painfully distended, fixed on Katherine's face. They were so dreadfully like and unlike those two faces—she so pitying, and gentle, and youthful, the other so lined, and hardened, and scarred.

Robert Lindsay shuddered as he looked. The skeleton fingers of the trembling hand were pointing at him.

"Who is that?" came the faint, gurgling whisper.

"That is my husband, mother," said Katherine.

"You know I told you of him."

"Yes, I know—I know." The face was raised again in struggling anxiety. "Will he speak to me? Sir—Robert—you will—not be angry—Katherine was married when—"

"When I found her out," said Katherine, wiping the cold brow, while her tears fell fast.

In the awful presence hovering over them, with

the fleeting soul striving to plead for forgiveness with him, with his wife's grief and the sight of a ruined, broken-hearted creature once as young and beautiful as she before him, Robert Lindesay, for the first time in his life, felt ashamed of his family pride and pomp, as making him contemptible where all was terribly earnest.

"No, not angry; how could I be?" said he, earnestly, "Katherine is my beloved wife," and in sight of the fading eyes he drew Katherine's arm within his.

The fading eyes flashed with some of the long-forgotten light of happiness, and then turned to Katherine again.

"God bless my daughter, and—"

A fluttering, shivering sigh followed, and then the gray pall of death fell on the world-worn face.

"She is gone, Katherine—poor soul, she is gone!" said Sir Robert, brokenly. "My darling, I will try to make up for the mother's love you never knew."

"Oh, Robert, why did not tell me before?" sobbed Katherine. "I never thought you cared for me, and—I loved you at first, until I grew afraid of you."

"Your poor mother tried to bless us both; will you not try to love me again, Katherine?" he entreated.

"I will," said Katherine. And thus in the presence of death the husband and wife were united.

* * * * *

Caroline Penn left the Abbey the hour Lady Lindesay returned to it, and went on the Continent, where she was soon lost sight of.

Katherine Lindesay is a happy wife and mother, and Sir Robert is not half as formally dignified as he used to be. Katherine laughs at him now, when he tries any stately frigid manners with her, and calls him some eminently ridiculous pet name, which provokes and amuses him at the same time. And then he pleases himself with thinking that there never was so bright, and winning, and talented a Lady Lindesay, or such a good mother to such a splendid young heir of Abbeylands, as his wife, and so becomes self-congratulatory about the esoutcheons and dignities after all. He knows they are safe in Katherine Lindesay's hands.

OUR CLUB.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

IV.

ABOUT MARRIAGE.

HOW would two such strongly-marked and individualized characters as Jeannette and the professor carry themselves in their new role of acknowledged lovers, and in what manner, if at all, would they announce the tender relation established between them? were questions mentally exercising the Club the ensuing evening, a whisper of the thrilling state of affairs having got mysteriously in the wind, as such things do.

Nothing could have been more simple and natural.

Jeannette, always first in the field, was sitting at the table looking over the fresh periodicals and talking energetically, as was her fashion, when the professor, a little late from his day's enforced absence, came in with the look of a man who, after long and painful journeyings had at last reached the shrine of his hopes, ambitions and aspirations.

With a general nod to all present, he went straight up to his "bright particular," who had risen with beaming face to greet him, and bowing his godly head, gave her a conjugal kiss with the freedom, grace and authorized right of a Benedict of twenty years' standing.

Might it not have evidenced more tenderness and delicacy of feeling if Jeannette had waited in some dark corner and come in all blushing with the guilty sense of having a lover? Was there not in this public demonstration of mutual affection and understanding—a—well, a lack of that fine sentiment which we awkwardly define as good taste?

These are delicate points which the Club, and others, always critical in such matters, are permitted

to decide, each to his and her individual satisfaction.

"Good people," said the professor, with straightforward simplicity and honest pride, "I have the happiness of presenting to you Jeannette, my promised wife."

And there was nothing for the good people but to rise and acknowledge the relation with proper and becoming congratulations.

With the exception of our occasional and somewhat waggish visitor, Dr. Osgood, whose anti-marriage principles were sustained by his fifty years' single blessedness or wretchedness, as the case might be.

"My dear friends," he said in a hollow, sepulchral voice, looking around with a lugubrious countenance, "it becomes us on this most melancholy occasion to offer our misguided brother and mistaken sister, so late entailed in worldly snares, our sincerest and profoundest sympathy and compassion."

And suiting the action to the word, he got up in a funeral gloom, and, groaning deeply, advanced and with a commiserative look, as though the most heart-rending affliction had befallen them, shook hands solemnly with Jeannette and the professor.

"Thanks, friend doctor, for your kind condolences," returned the professor, with an air of gratitude, "we accept them in good faith against our possible time of need."

"For we are prepared for all sorts of weathers," Jean added, smiling.

"And as Robert Collyer said the other evening, only so our love is deep enough to float the ship we

can bravely breast the storms, which are needful to clear the atmosphere," said the professor, coming to her support.

"Bless us!" ejaculated Sherwood, with a contemptuous shrug. "We shall have nothing now from these two demented persons, but panegyrics on love and connubial felicity. Except a couple newly married, I know of nothing that can compare in egotism, self-complacence and self-satisfaction with a couple freshly engaged. They advertise themselves wherever they may be with an obtrusiveness and persistency, and a total absorption in each other, which is—excuse me—quite disgusting; and the air of superiority which they assume toward those who have not arrived at their exalted and beatific state, is something that needs to be seen to be appreciated. Look at the professor. Should you judge the world had any farther honors or preferments to bestow on him? He glows, and shines, and scintillates all over. Ordinarily, you would not take him for a man at all inclined to sentiment, or likely at any time to be attacked with the poetic mania, but it would not be in the least a surprising thing after this to see him rumple up his ambrosial locks, and mounting his winged Pegasus, amble delightedly through a mile of flowery stanzas celebrating the heavenly blessedness, and divine ecstasy of love-united souls."

"And, Jeannette," struck in Dell Falconer, in her vivacious way, "like a certain renowned woman of the platform, after six months' celestial experience, will put forth, under a sensational emblem and title, a book eulogizing the exalted joy, happiness and freedom of the married state, with a theatrical clap-trap and rapture of enthusiasm, suggestive of new brooms, which always sweep well."

"No, truly, Dell, my friend, I will not that," disclaimed Jeannette, earnestly. "'As much virtue as there is, so much appears,' is an Emersonian period worthy to become a proverb. The thing must stand on its own merits. A too frantic dilating and bolstering-up of its claims justly excites a suspicion that there is something weak and shaky at the foundation."

"Precisely what I would say of the case in point," acceded Dr. Osgood, warmly. "There is so much rant and fusian sounding in the air regarding the sacred and beautiful relation of marriage, that one is moved to wonder whether, as we have come to judge of all things so extravagantly extolled, its virtues are not a little meretricious. After a trial of six thousand years, more or less, an institution, it is reasonable to suppose, should have become firmly enough fixed in the affections and the confidence of human kind to hold by its own intrinsic merit, if it had any, without the sustaining force of law and opinion. Do we need anybody to tell us that the sun is the light and life of this terrestrial sphere, and are there any pros and cons concerning the blessing of its influence?"

"No, I presume not," responded the professor, to this abstruse query; "but there are plenty of people who will tell you in the same day that it is too warm, and they can't abide it; that it is too glaring, and

that it doesn't agree with them; that it shines too much, and that it doesn't shine enough—for even blessings cannot escape the criticisms of peevish, petulant, dissatisfied, fault-finding natures, as a reason for the vigorous defence of marriage, which you profess to regard as irrational and absurd, if it be the good that is claimed; I would refer you to the violent assaults which in these latter days are being made on that time-honored institution. When our principles are assailed, we have to rally to their support; when our sanctuaries are invaded, we cannot sit mute and unresisting."

"But that is admitting that you have assailable and vulnerable points," cunningly deduced the doctor. "Why flutter like a snared bird? No evil can befall the thing that is fixed and true. If God be with you, who can be against you?"

"God gives us the divine right to fight His battles, and the victory is sure, as we are faithful," answered the professor, coolly. "I admit the vulnerable points as being in ourselves, but not in the sacred social relation which we imperfectly sustain."

"Is that the reason of all this trouble? Why, then, we should have a law of social relation adjusted to the natures and needs of our people," returned his opponent.

"No, we should have a law pure, just and holy, and educate our people up to its standard," maintained the professor, firmly.

"Ha! a docile, tractable school you have, after centuries of training, with open divorces ranging at fifty per cent., and actual ones at ninety," chuckled Dr. Osgood, relishing the joke.

"You leave a generous margin," smiled the professor. "Ten true marriages in a hundred; that is really hopeful—that is progress, friend doctor."

"True marriage—hum!—elective affinities—psychic attractions—ah!—have I not heard somewhere somewhat of this before?" studied Osgood, rubbing his forehead meditatively.

"I must say, however," went on Professor Engel, not marking the doctor's ridicule, "that while I reverence and believe, with all my soul, in the institution of marriage, I do not in any sense approve of the reckless, impious fashion in which, in a majority of cases, its duties, relations and responsibilities are assumed. There is a kind of individual marriage, so to speak, a bringing of one's own faculties into harmony and equipoise that is necessary to accomplish before we have any right to seek marriage with another. Two undisciplined, undeveloped, inexperienced and ungoverned natures, brought together by the blind force of circumstances in the closest and most intimate association, will be convulsed by storms, embittered by strifes, overcome by temptations, and driven asunder by differences, which, with hearts more tempered with love, and minds more enlightened with wisdom, might have been avoided or controlled to higher and nobler ends; while the weak, unfortunate souls that wail helplessly into existence through them, will bear in themselves through all their marred, unsatisfied and passion-

racked days, the scars and pains of battles that should have been fought and decided before they were summoned to a world which it is their right to enter at the best estate that human and divine power can confer."

"Come, come, my worthy man, you are trenching on my ground," said the doctor, rubbing his hands complacently.

"No, I'm not. I know your ground. I'd fight shy of it as I would of a cockatrice's den," retorted the professor, indignantly. "What I want to prove to you, is, that all this conjugal trouble and struggle and infelicity of which we see and talk so much, and about which you and your party are raising such a wild hubbubboo, is not the fault of the state, but the result solely of unfitness in the candidates for the state, and that our true remedy lies, not as you suggest, and as you insist, in abrogating the marriage relation; but, in making ourselves worthy to sustain it holily, reverently, purely. I would agree with you so far, that wedlock should be an exception rather than a rule, until the world is in a condition to admit of making it universal; but this is an order which neither you nor I can establish, and the unhappy, incongruous sortings will go on adding their accumulated miseries to the burdens of humanity, God knows how long."

"Well, you will remember those in bonds as bound with them, I suppose. There is no remedy in your dispensary for these poor, galled wretches, is there? 'What God has joined together,' you know," said the doctor, with pious cant.

"There is the same remedy in my dispensary, doctor, that there is in yours, for the patient brought to you with a mutilated limb. If possible to save it, and preserve, intact, the health and symmetry of the body 'which God has joined together,' you leave no means untried to that end. But if this cannot be done—what then?"

"Why, I lop off the offending member, to be sure," returned the doctor; "but not without an inward excretion of the infernal inventions contrived by human ingenuity, prompted of the devil to trap poor unwearied, witless victims to ruin. Had my patient been left to the ways of nature, I say, pitifully, he would not have been brought to this grievous strait."

The sharp, repeated tap of Dell's afghan hook upon the table commanded the disputants to order.

"Gentlemen," she said, pertly, "please be so kind as a talk down to the comprehension of your listeners. I cannot make out from the sound and fury of your words, what it is that I am to do. I'm a properly brought-up young woman, and my friends are all anxious and expect me to make a proper settlement in life—that is, to snare and catch a man with a sufficient competence to support me in becoming style. But here is one of you inveighing against marriage altogether, and the other hedging it about with difficulties and conditions that render it next to an impossibility—and pray, what is a well-brought-up young

woman on a look out for a settlement, to make of it all?"

Sherwood had got up while she was speaking, and stood balancing himself uneasily, first on one foot and then on the other, his hands thrust into his pockets in an embarrassed way, his eyes cast sheepishly down.

"You see there's so many well-brought-up young women," he said, as though he had been personally appealed to, "a fellow doesn't know what to do. He can't marry 'em all, in this country—at least not all at once—and he doesn't want to show partiality—'tisn't gallant. If the dear creatures would only settle it among themselves and take me, some of them, I'd feel infinitely obliged, but it's a dreadful responsibility to choose."

And he looked around with an affected air of timid distress.

"Generous and suffering man!" Dell exclaimed, in a fervor of sympathy. "Your condition is so much more harrowing than mine that I withdraw my case entirely, and commend yours to the consideration of these wise savants. Prescribe for the afflicted 'fellow,' doctor."

"There isn't much to be done for a rattle-pated pair like you and Sherwood, who are always breaking in upon our profound discourses with your distracting nonsense," responded the doctor, brusquely. "Sherwood's symptoms are those of a man jilted in early life, and being excessively vain, the disappointment and mortification have soured on him until he has acquired a chronic and almost unconscious habit of sneering and railing at everything under the sun, and it is doubtful if he is even capable of a thoroughly earnest feeling. As for you, Miss Dell—well, I question if there will be any place for you in the 'New Republic.' Finding no game for your traps you will cry with all the anguish of the moor, 'Othello's occupation's gone.' You will need to put by your interminable worsted snarling, take off your back hair, sacrifice your beloved train and dromedary's bunch, loosen your corset strings, get into an attire fit for a Christian woman, and give yourself to some hearty, serious, honest, useful work that will help forward the cause of truth and freedom, and hasten the day when we shall have no debasing human slavery to fashion or passion."

"In a word, I am to rise up, lay the shears to my hair, put on the reform dress which is neither this thing nor the other, but a little of both, seize a blue cotton umbrella and rush forth shrieking in quest of a mission," Dell said, with undisturbed good-humor. "Excuse me, Dr. Osgood, but I think I'll snarl my worsteds a little longer. When you see them taking shape in a gay-hued afghan for your favorite horse, you'll feel more kindly affectioned toward them. But, soft, what is this that Templeton is saying in low murmured aside to his charming wife?"

"And Jeannette and the professor are listening with their hearts," noted the doctor.

"We were saying only how very wonderful and amusing it is to hear you wisecracks talking so sagely of a matter you know nothing at all about," Templeton explained.

"Of marriage, do you mean?" they all queried, in a flash of confusion.

"Yes."

"Well, people must theorize, you know," said the professor. "But, come, give us a word out of your experience. Mrs. Templeton, have you nothing to say?"

"Does not my life speak?" responded that sweet-voiced lady, smiling straight into the eyes of her husband, for it was a peculiarity of this couple always to look at each other, no matter to whom they were talking—a peculiarity at which we laughed sometimes, but with a curious little thrill at our hearts nevertheless. "I think with Jeannette," she went on, "that if marriage does not commend itself in the lives of such of us as have put it on trial, no words of ours can make it fair."

"And no words are needed to give force to the beautiful example we have daily before our sight," Jeannette said, warmly. "I am not at all affected by rapturous bursts of eloquence concerning the beauty, sweetness and sacredness of love and marriage; nor do a newly-wedded pair, whom most people esteem so interesting, suggest anything to me but the greenness, rawness and insipidity of unripe fruit which may or may not mature into something rich, generous, sweet and wholesome, as its nature is. But when I see a man or woman who have stood shoulder to shoulder through the battle shocks, and the dead, dreadful commonplaces of life with unflinching affection and trust—better still, when I see a loyal couple, with heads silvered white and forms bent and tremulous with age, clinging yet to the fresh, bright love of their youth that has been the one true, steadfast thing through all the fluctuations of time, the deceptions and treacheries and temptations of the world, and is now on the brink of eternity their guiding light and comforting support—why, then, I catch a glimpse, and I am penetrated with a sense of the wonderful power, and glory, and sweetness, and holiness of the divine thing we name marriage, and I bow my head with a reverence that I yield to nothing else under God."

"Aye, aye, Jeannette," responded Templeton, in his hearty, open, honest manner. "It is age that tests the quality and brings out the flavor of love as well as of wine. But these people will not believe there is anything they do not see on the surface, and they will weigh and measure and judge always after their own stupid, foolish, superficial fashion. Let them. It gratifies them, and it doesn't hurt us. Let them talk. We have no churlish objection. In fact, we rather like the agitation. All this wordy warfare about marriage, this knocking to and fro of things sacred and profane, will result by and by in a needed reform of very gross evils. It is as the wind winnowing the chaff from the wheat. And there is a

good deal of chaff, Jeannette, and there will need to be a good deal of wind. Let them talk—let them talk."

But "they" did not appear inclined to talk after that. Templeton's love was his religion, and when he revealed his worship, which was not often in words, scoffing and doubting seemed as irreverent and irrelevant as cursing in a church.

Even the doctor was silent, and withdrew unto himself, as Dell said afterward, as though he had been a rattlesnake touched by an ashen wand. And presently he went away, and the others, intent on their own devices, followed, ere long, his example, leaving Jeannette and the professor alone with the Templetons to talk over in confidence and sympathy the duties, and hopes, and plans, and pleasures of their new estate.

But as the lessons of wisdom and experience evolved from this talk are only valuable to those who seek them, the reporter will withhold the notes, unless specially requested to use them.

MAKING PEOPLE HAPPY.—A poetical writer has said, that some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air, to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their strength and sweetness, as the orchards in October days fill the air with the ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses, like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and blessing it is so to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joys, to fill the atmosphere which they must stand in with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves.

A WOMAN'S TACT.—A lady writes, we all know that when a man in anger is whipping his horse, and we remonstrate, he will sometimes continue with renewed energy, to show he will do as he pleases. He had full opportunity to do this until the formation of societies for the protection of animals; and one had to resort to novel means to prevent cruelty. She then relates an instance where she saw a driver, angry with his horses for some fancied offence, about to lash them severely. She interrupted him by inquiring the way to a certain street, to a certain man's house, both of which she knew very well. But the driver, too gallant not to answer the lady's questions, had opportunity for his temper to cool, and restored the whip to its socket without striking a blow.

THE husks of emptiness rustle in every wind; the full corn in the ear holds up its golden fruit noiselessly to the Lord of the harvest.

INSUBORDINATION; OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

AN INCIPIENT DEMONSTRATION.

"I'll not stand this any longer," said Bill Grimes.

"Nor I, neither," said Ike Wilson.

"I wonder how you'll help it?" responded Tom Peters, hammering a piece of leather to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and filling the shop with a din that drowned all voices for the space of the next five minutes.

"There are many ways to kill a dog without choking him," broke in Ike, as the noise of Tom's hammer and ringing lapstone subsided.

"That may be, too; but you'll find old Lignumvitæ hard to kill, or I'm mistaken in him. He's a screamer when once raised; and I, for one, had as lief meet a bear, as to cross his path when his nap is fairly up."

"A hard bit and a steady hand have cooled many a wild colt," said Bill; "and I'll do it to the end of the world, or I'm mistaken."

"There's no use in your talking, Tom," said Ike, a little tartly. "You always were a chicken-hearted, babyfied sort of a feller, afraid of your own shadow of a moonlight night. Nobody asked for your advice, nor your help. Hardamer's an old tyrant, and his wife's as much of a she-devil as she knows how to be. We've stood their kicking and cuffing long enough, and would be fools to stand it any longer. But you can go on your hands and knees to them, if you choose, and thank them for beating you; but, for one, I set my foot down here, that old Lignumvitæ sha'n't lay a feather on me from this day, henceforth and forever."

"Here's my hand to that," said Bill Grimes, dashing his hard fist into the open palm of his worthy associate.

"I don't like the present state of things any better than you do," said Tom, who began to feel himself in the minority; "but I can't see the use of a feller's putting his head into the lion's mouth. We can't hold our own against old Hardamer, and it would be fool-hardiness to try."

"There were many just such as you, Tom, in the glorious days of the Revolution; but all the prophesying of faint hearted croakers, was nothing. Our Yankee boys had right on their side."

"But, right don't always make might."

"Pool ain't here three of us, and any one of us a match for old Hardamer? Don't talk of might against right, if you please. But you needn't fatigue yourself, Tom, about the matter, if you're afraid! Ike and I can do the thing to a charm. We're not afraid of the old boy, tail and all."

"I reckon you'd find the old boy a queer chicken to deal with. But we'll let his majesty rest, if you please," responded Tom. "I, for one, have no par-

ticular friendship for him; nor any particular desire to provoke his ill-will by too much familiarity. Let's hear how you're going to manage affairs, and then I can tell you whether I'm with you or not."

"Comparisons are odious, so says the copybook, but they are useful sometimes, you know, Tom; and, much as it may offend your ears, I must drag in your friend, his satanic majesty, by way of illustration. It's an easy matter to raise him, you know; but, as there is no telling beforehand how he'll behave himself, there's no telling how a body will act in the case. Now, we have determined to raise his majesty in old Hardamer; how we shall manage him afterward is yet to be told. No sailor knows exactly how he will act in a storm; but he would be a lubber indeed if he stayed on shore until he settled the matter to his satisfaction."

"That may be all very true, Bill; but a good sailor would be sure, before putting to sea, that all was right and tight aloft and aloft; and that there was ballast enough to keep all erect in the worst storm. You know that Hardamer has law on his side, and that if he can't manage us himself, he can turn us over to a constable. I've no wish to have a taste of the whipping-post."

"This is a free country, Tom; and a pretty big one, too. I'd find my way to the Rocky Mountains, before I'd wax another cord for the old rascal, if he attempted to play a game of that kind; and I'd tell him so, too. The fact is, the law wouldn't justify him in the way he bully-rags and beats us all the while. There's two sides to a question, always—and, of course, there's two sides to this. If he'll treat us well, we'll treat him well. But, 'wisey-wersey,' if he don't."

"Well, I don't care if I join you," said Tom, who was not quite so headstrong as his fellow-apprentices, but who, when he once set his head upon doing anything, would show no hanging back.

"I thought there was something of the man in you, Tom," said Ike, seizing his hand and shaking it violently; "if we don't have a tea-party now, with old Lignumvitæ, I'm a fool."

"Don't let's be in too much of a hurry about it, Ike," responded Tom, who always preferred the slow but sure way.

"Strike when the iron's hot, is my motto" said Ike.

"You're both right, and mean the same thing," said Bill. "Let's lay low until old Lignumvitæ cuts up one of his tantrums, and then I'm for being into him like a thousand of brick."

"Suppose we make this rule," said Tom, "that he sha'n't flog us, and that we will anub him up, the first time he tries that trick."

"Agreed," said Bill.

"Agreed," said Ike.

And the three worthies crossed hands in confirmation of the contract.

This little scene of incipient insubordination occurred some thirty or forty years ago in Baltimore, in the back shop of a neat boot-making establishment, on Market Street, the owner of which carried one face all smiles and welcome for his customers, and another all frowns and harshness for his boys. His name we will call Hardamer. As an apprentice, he had been hardly used; and having been taken while a very small boy from the almshouse, he had received no schooling previous to the time of his apprenticeship to the cordwaining business. By virtue of his indentures, he was to have been sent to school a certain number of months during his minority. But in his case, the indenture was pretty much a dead letter, for all the schooling he obtained was at night, during the last year of his service. In this time he learned to read a little, and to write a cramped, almost unintelligible hand. Soon after he became free, having the love of money deeply implanted in his mind, he opened a small shop, in a poor part of the town, and took one boy. By dint of hard work and close economy he was enabled to live upon about one-half of his earnings, and thus gradually to accumulate a small capital. His progress, however, was very slow, and it was full twenty years before he was able to open on Market Street. In the meantime, he had married a girl about as ignorant as himself, who felt her own importance growing gradually as did her husband's property. They had been ten years in Market Street at the time of the opening of our story, and were blest with a brood of six daughters, aged from seven to twenty years. These daughters, as they had grown up, had been accomplished in the arts of dancing, playing on the piano, doing nothing, etc., and in consequence of these superior attainments, had a commendable degree of contempt for all young mechanics, and an exalted idea of any one who could write "merchant," or "M. D." after his name. The three eldest, Genevieve, Geneva and Gertrude, were of the respective ages of sixteen, eighteen and twenty; and were looked upon by their mother as perfectly accomplished, and ready to make charming wives for doctors, lawyers or merchants, whichever might come forward and claim their willing hands.

We cannot say whether the reader will find them very interesting girls, but it is necessary that he should be introduced, and he must be as patient and polite as possible.

"I wonder, ma," said Genevieve, the eldest, one day after dinner, while lounging at the piano, "why pa don't quit business, it's so vulgar? I don't believe we'll ever get married while our parlor is within hearing of the shop, and the ears of our company stammered with the constant sound of the lapstone. How can pa be so inconsiderate?"

"That's a fact," said Miss Gertrude, just turning the corner of sixteen. "Doctor Watson has never

been to see me since that night when it was hammer, hammer, hammer, in the back shop all the while. I tried to apologize to him on account of it, and said it was so disagreeable; and that I would persuade pa to move away or quit business, that he was rich enough to do without work. I wish, ma, you would move up into Charles Street, so that we could live like other people. I'm mortified every day of my life at the poverty-struck way in which we live."

Mrs. Hardamer was silent, for she did not know exactly what to say. She thought pretty much as her daughters did about matters and things, but she did not exactly like to bring her thoughts out in words before them.

"The fact is," again spoke up Genevieve, "I'm almost discouraged. I'm twenty, and have not had a single direct offer yet. And I never expect to have while things remain as they are. Pa don't appear to have a bit of consideration! If he'd only move into a bigger house away from this dirty shop, or quit business, as he ought to do, and then give large parties, we might get our pick. But we'll get nobody that is anybody at this rate," and Genevieve heaved a long melancholy sigh, as she laid her head down upon the piano, at which she was sitting in abandonment of feeling.

"Never mind, girls," said Mrs. Hardamer, soothingly. "It'll come right by and by. We can't always have things our own way."

"It's a shame, ma, it is so!" broke in Genevieve, lifting up her head, and exhibiting a face now covered with tears, "and I don't care what becomes of me, I don't! It can't be expected that I should do well without any chance, and I don't care who I marry, there! Just listen now!—Rap, rap, rap!—bang, bang, bang!—hammer, hammer, hammer! Oh, it makes me sick! this eternal ringing of lapstone and hammer. I sometimes wish the shop would burn down, I do!"

"Genevieve!"

"Indeed, and I'm in earnest, ma! If you will drive your children to desperation, you'll have nobody to blame but yourselves. I'm determined that if Mr. Dimety don't offer himself before two weeks, I'll accept the first tailor or shoemaker that comes along. I'll marry, if I have to marry a drayman, so there now!"

"You mustn't give way so, Genevieve, my dear. Marrying comes natural enough; and when it's the right time, it will all go off as easy as can be. Have patience, my dear!"

"Patience!" responded the interesting Genevieve, jumping up from the music-stool and stamping with one foot upon the floor, while her face glowed like a coal of fire. "Haven't I had patience, I wonder? It's all well enough to talk of patience, patience—but it's another kind of a thing, I reckon, to see the commonest drabs of girls making the best matches, and we sitting at home with hardly a decent beau, and all because we live in such a way. I'll leave home, I will, if there ain't some change. I'm not going to be sacrificed in this way."

"And so will I," chimed in Gertrude.

"And I will too," responded Genevra.

"I wonder where my young ladies will go?" said the mother, in a quiet, sneering tone; for she was used to such exhibitions, and understood precisely how much they were worth.

"Go?" asked Miss Gertrude, with emphasis—"Go? why, go anywhere?"

"Well, suppose you go now," continued Mrs. Hardamer, who had grown a little irritated—"I don't think you will find things very different if you stay here."

"And I will go, too, so I will!" said Genevieve, passionately, sweeping off to her chamber.

"Suppose you pack off with her," continued the mother, to the other two paragona, and they likewise swept off in high displeasure.

At tea-time the three young rebels were sent for, and found asleep in their chamber. On putting their heads together, they concluded that an elopement, where there was no nice young man in question, would be rather a poor business, and fell to crying, and finally slept the matter pretty well off, in the usual afternoon nap, which was prolonged an hour or two beyond the ordinary period.

When the young ladies appeared at the tea-table their eyes, from which a long sleep had not stollen the redness, attracted their father's attention.

"Why, what's the matter with you; you've not all been crying I hope?" he said, looking from one to the other, of the three demure faces.

But neither of them felt like replying to their father's question.

"What's the trouble, Genevieve?" he continued, addressing the elder of the three.

"Nothing," she replied, in a low, moody voice.

"Nothing? Then I should think it was a poor business to cry for nothing. Come! speak up, and let me hear what's the matter. Can you find your tongue, Genevieve?"

But Genevieve's tongue had not the slightest inclination to fill its usual office.

"I don't understand this," said Hardamer, warming a little, and looking from face to face of the three girls—"Can you explain, mother?"

"Oh, there's nothing particular the matter," said Mrs. Hardamer, "only these young ladies are getting discouraged about their beaux. They think the sound of the lapstone has frightened them all off."

"The devil they do!" said Hardamer, a good deal excited on the instant. "That is, they are ashamed of their father's business, and of course of their father. I wish in my heart they were all married to good, honest, industrious shoemakers."

"I'd die first!" broke in Genevieve, passionately.

"Then you'll not be likely to starve afterward, as you will if you marry one of these milk-faced, counter-jumping dandies, about whom your foolish heads have all been turned. Please to remember, my ladies, that you are a shoemaker's daughters, and that's the most you can make out of yourselves.

If your mother had put you in the kitchen, as I wanted her to do, instead of sticking you up in the parlor, you'd have been more credit to us and to yourselves, than you now are. Remember! I'll have no more of this kind of stuff."

There was a degree of sternness about the father's manner, that showed him to be in earnest, but his daughters had been taught manners in a higher school than that in which he had been educated; and they not only felt equal to their parents, but superior to them.

"I wouldn't be seen in the street with a shoemaker!" responded Genevieve, partly, to her father's positive expression of disapproval.

"Do you know who you are talking to?" said Hardamer, in a loud, stern voice.

"Yes, sir!" replied Genevieve, in a quiet steady tone, looking her father in the face, and drawing in her lips with an air of self-possession and defiance.

"Leave the table this instant!" he said, rising and motioning her away.

"No! no! no! father!" said Mrs. Hardamer, also springing to her feet, and putting her hand upon her husband's arm—"don't do that! don't! don't!"

"Why, do you suppose, madam, that I am going to let a child of mine talk to me in that way?"

"Sit down, sit down! she won't say so again. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, to speak so to your father!" she continued, addressing Genevieve, who still sat in her chair, apparently unmoved by the storm she had raised.

Hardamer resumed his seat, checked by his wife's interference, but by no means soothed in his feelings.

"It's a pretty pass, indeed," he went on—"when a child becomes ashamed of her father. Here I've been toiling this thirty years at an honest trade, and now my children must be ashamed of the very means by which they were raised to a comfortable condition in life. I wish I'd had my way with 'em, there'd been other kinds of notions in their heads I'm thinking."

"Well, it's no use for you to talk, pa. Your business ain't very reputable, and you know it?" said Gertrude, unmoved by the excited state in which she saw her father.

"Ain't reputable, you hussy! what do you mean, ha?"

"Why don't you sell out, pa, and quit business, or open some kind of a store?" said Genevra, following up her sisters' bold attack pretty closely.

The father was for a moment utterly confounded. His business had always been his pleasure, and it was yielding him a good income. He had never much liked the accomplishments displayed by his daughters, nor been especially pleased with the foppish, frivolous young fellows who dangled about them. Now they had left their own peculiar domain and had invaded his; and he was chafed to a degree that made it impossible for him to command himself. Springing up from the table, he resisted all attempts made by his wife to check him, and, in a loud, angry

voice, ordered the three girls to leave the room instantly. For a moment they looked him in the face hesitatingly, but they saw something there that they did not wish to trifle with, and slowly obeyed the order.

"Not reputable!—quit business!—ha!—indeed!—not reputable," ejaculated Hardamer, pacing the room rapidly backward and forward. "This comes of making ladies out of shoemakers' daughters. Not reputable! I'll have 'em all binding shoes before a week I'll show 'em what's reputable!"

"H-u-h, husband, do!" said Mrs. Hardamer, in a soothing voice.

"Indeed, and I'll not hush! And it's all your fault, I can tell you, my lady! You would make fools of them, and now they're ashamed of us. Quit business! Keep a store! Not reputable! Indeed! Quite a new discovery!" and old Hardamer hurried off into his shop in a state of perturbation such as he had not experienced for years.

"How could you talk so to your father?" said Mrs. Hardamer, joining the three eldest girls in the parlor, and leaving the younger misses to take care of themselves.

"How could he talk to us about marrying shoemakers?" replied Genevieve, tartly, giving to her face at the same time an expression of strong disgust.

"If he's got no higher ideas, I can assure him his daughters have," said Gertrude. "Marry a shoemaker, indeed!"

Now this was almost too much for Mrs. Hardamer herself—for hadn't she married a shoemaker? And wasn't the father of these high-minded damsels a shoemaker? Still, she cared as little to have shoemakers for sons-in-law as did her daughters to have them for husbands. This latter consideration modified her feelings in a degree, and she replied: "Nonsense, girls! your father was only jesting. But you should remember that, in speaking as you do, you reflect upon him!"

"That's not our fault, you know, ma," said the incorrigible Genevieve. "If he will continue to follow a business that necessity compelled him to adopt many years ago, now that there is no occasion for it, he must not wonder if his children are mortified. And then to talk of putting us back to the point where you and he started from, was too much for human nature to bear."

"Genevieve, you mustn't talk so."

"It's the truth, ma, and I must speak it out!"

"It is not always necessary to speak even the truth."

"In this case it is. To talk of marrying me to a shoemaker! Give me patience to bear the thought!"

"Genevieve!"

"Ma!"

"I won't put up with this any longer. So just let me hear no more of it."

"But, ma—"

"I tell you to hush!"

"Yes, but—"

"Don't you hear me?"

"Ma, is this the way to con—"

"Genevieve, I command you to be silent!"

"I can't be silent, ma—and I won't be silent!" now screamed Genevieve, in the hysterical feminine octave. "Talk of marrying me to a shoemaker! Oh, I shall go crazy!"

"A good, honest, industrious shoemaker would be a fool to have you, let me tell you, you proud, lazy, good-for-nothing hussey!" said Mrs. Hardamer, in a voice pitched to the same key with her daughter's. "Your father is right! I've made fools of you all; but I'll bring you down, see if I don't!"

"It would be hard to get any lower, I'm thinking," remarked Genevieve, with provoking calmness. "I feel disgraced all the while, for isn't the hammer ringing in my ears eternally?"

"Yes, and the whole house is scented with leather and varnish," said Gertrude. "Who wonders that young gentlemen soon slack off? What's the use of attracting attention abroad, if receiving company at home spoils it all?"

"Will you hush, I say!"

"No, ma, I can't hush! Haven't we borne this, and met with disappointment after disappointment, until we are driven to desperation? There's that elegant young Williams, who was just on the point of declaring himself, when, as luck would have it, he must call upon me here; and then the cake was all dough, for he never came again. And last week I saw him at Mr. L——'s party, all attention to Grace Jameson, a pert minx; and he only gave me a cold nod. Don't I know the reason of all this? Give me patience!" and the disappointed lady of sixteen stamped upon the floor with her little foot in a towering passion.

"I can't stand this," said Mrs. Hardamer, completely subdued by the tempest she had called about her ears, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving the wounded dignity of the young ladies to heal as best it might.

Upon returning to the breakfast-room, she found that the younger children had finished their meal; and she set about preparing supper for the apprentices. Upon the table were two plates, each containing what had been once the half of a half-pound print of butter, but now somewhat diminished in size. One of these plates she took off, and cut the butter in the other plate into two pieces, and removed one of them. A plate of chipped beef was also taken off, and a bread-basket containing a few slices of wheat bread. Nothing except the plates and the tea things were left. From the closet she now brought out the half of a large cold Indian pone, and placed it on the table.

"Call the boys!" she said, in a sharp, quick voice, to a black girl, who soon passed the word into the back shop, and four boys, with three of whom the reader is already acquainted, made their appearance. The other was a small lad, not over eleven years of age—a puny child, with fair complexion, and large bright blue eyes. He was an orphan boy, and the drudge of the whole house and shop. One whose young heart had known enough of affectionate regard

to create in it a yearning desire for kind looks and kind words; but few of these warmed it into even an instantaneous delight.

Placing herself at the head of the table, Mrs. Hardamer turned out the lukewarm, wishy-washy stuff she called tea, and then sat in moody silence, while the boys stowed away, with a kind of nervous rapidity, the cold, heavy slices of pone, just touched with the butter, which they had to use sparingly to make it last, and washed the mouthfuls down with the not very palatable fluid.

It so happened that the warm weather had awakened into remarkable activity certain troublesome little animals in the boys' beds; and Ike had been deputed by the others to inform Mrs. Hardamer of the fact, in the hope that some speedy remedy, made and provided for like necessities, would relieve them from their annoying visitors. This information Ike had determined to convey at supper-time, but the lowering aspect of Mrs. Hardamer's countenance, for a time, made him feel disinclined to perform his allotted duty. Gradually, however, he brought his resolution up to the right point, and suddenly startled that lady from her unpleasant reverie with the announcement: "The clinchers are as thick as hops in our beds, ma'am."

"Catch 'em and kill 'em, then," was the brief and crabbed answer.

Ike was silent, but his blood rose to fever-heat.

"Short and sweet, wasn't it, Ike?" said Tom, as the boys met in the shop after supper.

"Catch 'em and kill 'em, ha! I'll catch 'em, but somebody else may kill 'em, if they choose," said Ike, giving his head a knowing toss.

That night, at bed-time, Ike appeared with a little paper box, in the top of which was cut a small hole.

"What are you going to do with that, Ike?" said Bill.

"Going to catch clinchers. Didn't the old woman say we must catch 'em?"

"Quite obedient, Ike. You're improving!"

"People ought to grow better as they grow older," responded Ike, turning up the hard straw bed with one hand, and routing the young colonies of clinchers that had settled around the pegs of the bedstead. With a very small pair of pincers he caught the nimble animals, and thrust them into his box. For nearly an hour he worked away with all diligence, assisted by the rest, until he had caught and caged some two hundred.

"What are you going to do with these, Ike?"

"That's tellings, just now. Let me alone for a day or two, and then I'll show you a neat trick."

"But, what is it, Ike?" urged Bill.

"Never mind, now, Bill. You shall know time enough."

Sealing up the small aperture in the top with a piece of shoemaker's wax, softened in the candle, Ike deposited the box in his trunk for safe keeping.

Three days after he came into the shop with his prisoners.

"There'll be some fun to-night, boys, or I'm mistaken," he said. "Let us examine our captives."

Slowly removing the lid, the little animals were found lying upon the bottom of the box, to all appearance dead. Their deep-red color had changed to a light-brown shade, and they looked more like thin, dry flakes of bran, than anything else.

"They're all dead, Ike."

"Don't believe the half of it. Just look here, and I'll show you if they're dead."

Picking up one of the seemingly inanimate thin flakes, he placed it on the back of his hand, where it could hardly be distinguished, by its color, from the skin. For a moment it lay there motionless, and then its fine legs began to quiver, and its head to move and bend down upon the skin of the hand. In a little while its head was perfectly distinguished by a small brown spot, and from this spot a thin dark line began to run down its back. Gradually this line widened, and the whole back assumed a darker hue.

"Does he bite, Ike?"

"Don't he! See how he is sucking up the blood! He's about the keenest chap to bite I ever felt."

Ike still allowed the little animal to draw away, until he was swelled up with the dark fluid, and almost ready to burst; then brushing him off, he remarked, in a low, chuckling voice, "Somebody'll know more about clinchers to-night than they've ever known before."

"But what are you going to do with these bed-bugs, Ike? You haven't told us yet."

"Oh, haven't I? Well, I'm going to let 'em have a taste of the old woman, after their long fast."

"You're joking."

"Humph! The old lady won't think so to-night."

"But the old man'll come in for a share."

"Who cares! If he will go into bad company, he must take the consequences. But he's as bad as she is, any day."

After dinner Ike watched his opportunity, and slipped into the royal bed-chamber, while all were down-stairs. Carefully turning up the bed-clothes from the foot, he scattered the two hundred half-starved bugs between the sheets, so low down, that in turning the clothes over from the top to get into the bed, they would not be perceived.

"Did you do it, Ike?" said Bill and Tom, eagerly.

"In course I did."

"They'll never find out who did it."

"No. They'll not even suspect anybody."

The garret in which the boys slept was directly over the chamber of Mr. and Mrs. Hardamer, and when they went to bed they left their door open, to hear as much as possible of what should happen below.

About ten o'clock the old folks retired, and were just about losing themselves in sleep, when they were each awakened by a burning sensation about their feet and ankles. They bore it for awhile in silence, and tried to go to sleep again; neither being aware that the other felt the same annoyance. But the

burning increased to a smarting and stinging, and soon covered nearly their whole bodies.

"I feel just like I was in the fire," said Mrs. Hardamer, who was first to complain.

"So do I," said her husband. "There must be bugs in the bed!"

"Indeed, and there can't be, then, for I looked the bed all over to-day."

"There must be, by jingo!" exclaimed Hardamer, in reply, reaching suddenly down and scratching his leg with all his might.

"Something's the matter!" said the old lady, rubbing with a like earnestness, and then creeping out of bed.

A light revealed about twenty lively fellows, who had, in the short time allowed them, filled themselves pretty well, and now stood out in full relief from the snow-white sheets. These were caught and dealt with according to law. The bed was examined, and in the belief that there was not another live animal on the premises, the worthy couple again betook themselves to rest.

But they were soon forced to turn out again, smarting, burning and itching all over. Thirty or forty more of the ravenous little creatures were discovered and killed, and the bed and bedstead again thoroughly hunted over.

Again did they seek to find rest; and again were they forced to leave their snug retreat. This time they abdicated their chamber and sought for repose in another room and in another bed. Here they were more fortunate, and after a few efforts to drive from their imagination the idea that bugs were all the while creeping over them, finally succeeded in falling into a sound slumber, from which they did not awake until daylight.

At breakfast time, while the boys were disposing of their cold pone, and weak, warm rye coffee, Mrs. Hardamer asked if they were troubled much with bugs during the night.

"Not at all, ma'am," said Ike, with a grave countenance.

"I never was so troubled with them in my life," said Mrs. Hardamer.

"I didn't feel any, did you, Bill?" said Ike.

"I wa'n't at all troubled," responded Bill, in a voice that trembled with suppressed mirth.

"Well, I had to go into another room. I never saw so many in a bed in all my life! They must have all come down in an army from the garret."

"There's a pretty large army of 'em up in the garret, that I know," said Ike; "but they kept pretty quiet last night."

"Well, I'd thank 'em to keep on their own side of the house," responded Mrs. Hardamer, with an expression of disgust; for the idea of having bugs from the boys' dirty beds creeping over her was by no means a very pleasant one.

That day the garret had a thorough overhauling. The bedsteads were taken down and scalded, and some thousands of bugs slain. Upon a close inspection of the sheets of her bed, the old lady discovered

a number of what she thought the skins of bugs. These she gathered up carefully, and threw them into boiling water. She was a little surprised to see many of them stir, which created some vague suspicions in her mind; but there the matter ended. After this the beds in the garret were regularly examined every week during warm weather.

CHAPTER II.

A MOVEMENT NOT TO BE MISTAKEN.

"DID you ever see such a proud, lazy, stuck-up somebody as Genevieve is?" remarked Ike, one day, to the boys in the shop.

"I do believe she's ashamed of her own father, because he's a shoemaker," responded Tom.

"Humph! I know she is!" said Bill.

"And there's Gertrude, too. She never thinks of knowing me in the street on Sundays. But I guess I always speak to her as polite as a dancing-master," said Ike. "I like to cut the comb of such people."

"Ain't you afraid to do so?" asked Tom.

"Afraid, indeed! And what should I be afraid of? She can't help herself. Suppose she tells the old man? She'll only get a flea in her ear for her pains. He's not going to do anything."

"Jim said he heard Millie say, that all three of the fine young ladies had a high-top-tea-party with the old man and woman about the noise of the lapstone when they had company. Old Hardamer was as stiff as you please, and said he'd set 'em all to binding shoes before a week, if they didn't take care."

"I wonder if that's a fact! Are you sure Millie told you so, Jim?"

"All I know about it, Ike, is, that Millie said so, and I 'spose she knows," said the little fellow, in half apparent reluctance to make any communication on the subject.

"Ah, very well!" responded Ike. "They shall have lapstone enough after this. But, won't I lay it on with a vengeance, when the young doctors, and lawyers, and counter-hoppers are about?"

"They're what they call accomplished, ain't they?" said Bill Grimes. "What do they mean by that, I wonder?"

"You're green, Bill, if you don't know what accomplished means."

"I reckon I do know, Ike, what it means. But I can't for my life understand what it means when applied to old Lignumvitae's three oldest daughters! If it means to play on the piano, why the wife of black Jake, the barber, is accomplished, for Jake says she can play the forty-piano to kill. And she can beat either of our young ladies, if I'm any judge of music, for I heard her once, and you know we hear them until we're sick and tired. If it means to dress up in all kinds of flim-flammeries, Jake's wife is just as accomplished, for she sports as much finery as they do. Or, maybe it is to sit all day in the parlor, and do nothing; if so, Mrs. Morton's

Spanish poodle is just as much entitled to be called accomplished as they are. I must find some new meaning to the word before I can understand its application."

"Nonsense, Bill! you're soft in the upper story. To be accomplished, means to dance, and talk poetry, and all that sort of thing. A perfectly accomplished lady can talk nonsense, and to save your life you can't tell it from good sense, it will come out so gracefully. She will tell you that you are a fool or a puppy in terms that leave you at a loss to know whether she means to compliment or insult you. A queer animal, I can tell you, is an accomplished lady."

"Of course, then," said Bill, "our up-stairs misses are not accomplished ladies."

"No, nor never will be, in full. They can ape a few of the graces, but can never be accomplished inside and out. A shoemaker's daughter, Bill, always seems to hear the sound of the lapetone, and it makes her both look and feel awkward. She will do well enough, if she is content to be herself; but the moment she tries to step above the path in which she walks easily and naturally, she will get on uneven ground, and wobble from side to side like a duck; everybody will laugh at her."

"That's a law of nature, Ike."

'Of course it is, Bill. Shoemakers' daughters are as good as anybody else's daughters, until they grow ashamed of being shoemakers' daughters, and then they ought to be despised, and are despised."

On that same night it so happened that the girls had company, and as it was in the summer time, all the doors in the house were open for the free circulation of air. The boys, of course, did not work at night, and the girls fondly imagined themselves freed from the dreadful annoyance of the hammer and lapetone. But they were not to be so highly favored.

"Where are you going to-night, Ike?" said one of the boys to this young ringleader of mischief.

"I'm going to stay home, I believe."

"Stay home! Why what's in the wind, Ike? It's a new kick for you to stay at home at night."

"Why, didn't you see that the girls were all furbelowed up at supper-time. They're going to set up for company—doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc."

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing, only I want a pair of shoes, and must beat up the soles to-night."

"You're not in earnest, Ike?"

"Indeed, and I am though. I want these young gentlemen to hear the sound of the lapetone."

"The old man'll walk into you, if you try that trick."

"The Iron Chest Society meets to-night, you know, and he never stays away."

"True enough; but the old woman'll be into you."

"Well, suppose she is; the mischief will all be done before she can waddle into the back shop."

"But I wouldn't if I was you, Ike."

"Wouldn't you, indeed! But I would, though."

"As long as the girls hate the sound of the hammer so badly, I'd let 'em alone."

"Why, what's come over you, Tom? You're grown mighty feeling all at once! But you needn't preach to me, I can tell you! I know what I'm about. Won't I make the old stone ring a merry tune, though?"

As Ike had indicated, about eight o'clock a young Mr. Willis, who had just opened a dry goods store came in to see Miss Genevra; and shortly after, a student of medicine, a wild rake of a fellow, who had an idea that old Hardamer had a few of the "gooseberries," as he called them, dropped in to renew an acquaintance recently made at a party with Miss Genevra. His name was Anderson. A Mr. Wilkins also called; but as he was a young shoemaker, just in business, who did not think himself above shoemakers' daughters, he met with a very cold reception.

"It's quite a pleasant evening, Miss Gertrude," remarked Mr. Wilkins, the last comer, as he seated himself beside that young lady.

"Yes, sir," she responded, in a chilling tone, and with a face as free from smiles as a wintry sky.

"Not much danger of a gust, I reckon," he continued, glancing out of the window.

"No, sir."

"It's been rather an oppressive day."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been to the museum, lately?" continued Wilkins, varying his attack. "They have an Egyptian mummy there—the first ever exhibited in this city."

"No, sir," replied the monosyllabic lady, as coldly and indifferently as possible.

Still, Wilkins was not to be driven off into silence, although he felt awkward and embarrassed.

"That's a beautiful painting there of the death of Virginia."

"Yes, sir."

"Were you ever electrified?"

"No, sir."

"You've no idea what a strange feeling it produces. You feel just as if your shoulders were jerked apart. How singular it is, that in a circle of even twenty, every one feels the shock at the same instant. They electrified a big negro there the other night. It was fun, I assure you. Mr. Peale charged the machine pretty strongly, and asked the fellow to put his hand on a knob. He, of course, did as requested, in all obedience. 'Now take hold of that chain a minute,' said Mr. Peale, and the negro obeyed. I thought the whole company would have died laughing to see the fellow jump and roll up his eyes. He couldn't understand it at all. 'Shut your big mouf, Mr. Pictor,' he said, shaking his fist at the two laughing portraits in the room where the machine stands. 'You've no 'casion to laugh.'"

Even this failed to interest the young lady, and and she did not accord a single word in response.

During this vain effort on the part of Mr. Wilkins to get up a conversation, the tongues of the other

girls were running at a rapid rate; and as they grew more and more animated, their voices were raised to a higher pitch.

"He's a splendid writer, though, ain't he, Mr. Anderson, that Mr. Byron?" said Genevieve. "Oh, I've a passion for him!"

"Lord Byron is certainly a poet of splendid powers," responded the young student.

"He's a lord, then, is he?"

"Oh, yes, miss."

"Well, I declare! I didn't know it before. I shall admire him more than ever."

"You've read his 'Bride of Abydos,' I suppose?" said Anderson.

"I haven't got that far, yet," replied Genevieve, blushing a little.

"Then there's a treat yet in store for you. His 'Bride of Abydos' is one of his most beautiful productions."

"I'll read it to-morrow, then; I won't wait till I get to it. He's the author of 'Grey's Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' ain't he?"

"Yes," said the polite student; "and it is one of his finest pieces."

"I've always admired that. Ain't it elegant where he says,

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air?"

"Indeed, it is," responded Anderson, a little cooled off, but the thoughts of the old man's "gooseberries" warmed him up again.

"You're fond of reading poetry, Miss Genevieve?"

"Oh, I dote on it! It's a passion with me! I could read poetry from morning till night."

Rap, rap, rap, bang, bang, suddenly came ringing up from the back shop with startling distinctness.

"Goody gracious, me!" said Genevieve, suddenly thrown off her guard, and rising to her feet.

Anderson, with easy politeness, endeavored to carry on the conversation, as freely as if there was no deafening sound of lapstone and hammer ringing through the room. But not only Genevieve, but all the girls were terribly annoyed.

"That's quite a familiar sound," remarked Wilkins, in a quiet tone.

Gertrude looked at him as if she could have annihilated him.

"Your father is pretty busy now, I believe?"

"Sir?" said the young lady, with an offended air.

"Can't you give us something on the piano, Miss Geneva?" said Mr. Willis, who felt for the girls, and suggested the idea of music, as an antidote to the annoying sound below.

"Yes, I will play, if you wish me to," responded Geneva, moving quickly toward the instrument.

"What will you have?"

"'Washington's March,'" said Willis.

Instantly Geneva struck the keys with full force, introducing the drum whenever she could manage to

give it a deafening bang, and thus succeeded in drowning the noise of Ike's hammer. But marches, like everything else, must have an end, and in the pause that succeeded, the ears of the poor girls were agonized by the terrible sound below.

Another tune was quickly called for, and during its performance Genevieve left the room, and descended with rapid steps to the back shop.

"What do you mean, sir, you insolent puppy, you?" she half screamed to Ike, who, seated on his bench, with a shade over his eyes, was still hammering with all his might.

Ike looked up with a simple, bewildered air, but made no answer.

"What are you filling the house with this eternal din for, I want to know?"

"Nothing, Miss Genevieve, only I'm making myself a pair of shoes. You see, I've got none fit to wear," poking up at the same time his foot, on which was an old shoe the toe of which gaped like the mouth of a catfish.

"Then why don't you make your shoes in the daytime, and not disturb everybody in the house at night?"

"'Cause I ain't got no time in the day."

"I'll tell pa on you, so I will," said the incensed young lady.

"Why, I ain't done nothing, Miss Genevieve," replied Ike, as demurely as possible. "But, if it disturbs you, I'll do it in the morning." And, so saying, he replaced his hammer upon his bench, pushed the stone under it, and threw off his pasteboard shade.

"Don't let me hear any more of this, remember that, sir!" and the offended beauty swept off so quickly as to lose the sound of Ike's humble "No, miss."

"It worked to a charm!" he exclaimed, as soon as Genevieve had retired, and hurrying on his jacket, he blew out the candle, and in a moment or two was in the street.

On the next morning, after breakfast, old Hardamer went into the back shop, and standing before Ike, addressed him in a loud, angry tone, with, "What were you doing here last night, I want to know?"

"Only hammering out a shoe-sole."

"Well, what business had you hammering out a shoe-sole at night, this time of year?"

"I wanted a pair of shoes, sir."

"That's a lie, sir! for, it's not two weeks since you made yourself a pair."

This was a poser, for it was a fact.

"You only did it to disturb the family, you imp of Satan! But I'll learn you a trick worth two of that! I'll let you see that you can't play off your pranks on everybody."

And, before Ike had time to do anything, Hardamer was laying it over his back and shoulders with a heavy stirrup. The old fellow was a cruel hand to flog when once excited, as the scarred and seamed backs of the boys bore ample testimony; and he was terribly passionate whenever he met with opposition.

Recovering himself from the surprise and confusion of so sudden an attack, and recalling his resolution to resist, Ike suddenly sprang from his bench, and driving his head full into the rotund abdomen of his master, sent him tumbling over backward into the corner among the lasts and rolls of leather.

Uttering a fierce oath, Hardamer sprang quickly to his feet, and made toward Ike, who stood calmly by his seat, waiting for the result of his bold innovation upon ancient usages. Blind and mad with passion, the short, thick, old fellow, plunged like an enraged bull toward Ike, who coolly stepped aside, and by just advancing his foot a little, allowed him to tumble heels-over-head into the other corner of the shop. There he lay for some moments, so bewildered as to scarcely know whether he was on his head or his feet. But he soon began to understand the position of matters a little more clearly, and seeing Ike still standing boldly up in front of him, he rose up, with a last in each hand, and, in the twinkling of an eye, launched them, one after the other, at Ike's head. But that chap had as quick an eye as his master, and readily dodged them.

"Two can play at that game, remember!" said Ike, picking up a last and brandishing it in his hand.

For a moment Hardamer was utterly confounded. Implicit submission to his will, and the privilege of thrashing any one of the boys whenever he pleased, had been prerogatives which no one had questioned for twenty or thirty years.

"Do you dare to threaten me? you scoundrel!" he at length said, moving toward Ike, his face dark with anger.

"Stand off, sir!" said Ike, retreating.

But Hardamer pressed forward, and, finding that warning would not keep off his master, Ike let fly a last at his head. It just grazed his ear. In an instant the old fellow grappled with him, and they rolled over together on the floor. Bill and Tom looked on with anxious interest, both resolved to aid Ike, according to the compact, if there was any chance of his master's getting the best of the battle. All at once they saw Ike grow black in the face, and were shocked to perceive that both of Hardamer's hands were tightly clasped around his throat.

"The old scamp will kill him!" exclaimed Bill, springing forward and throwing himself upon his master.

"Choke him off, Bill!" cried Tom, joining him on the instant.

Not taking the hint as quickly as Tom thought the nature of the case required, he clasped his own hands with a vigorous grip around Hardamer's throat, and held on, until the master's hold relaxed from the neck of the now almost insensible boy.

Ike quickly revived, and the three boys retired from their not very pleasant proximity to the body of their master, and ranged themselves side by side in an attitude of defiance.

"I'll murder the whole of you!" shouted Hardamer, rising to his feet, mad with passion. "What

do you mean? you scoundrels! Go to your work this instant! and you, Ike, walk off up-stairs. I've not done with you yet."

"There's no particular use in my going up-stairs," said Ike. "Because, you see, I'm not going to allow you to touch me again, I'm a'most too old for that now"

"Hold your tongue, you scoundrel!"

"Well, I was only saying that—"

"Hold your tongue, I say! Off up-stairs with you!"

"Can't go, sir," said Ike.

"We might as well all understand each other at once," now broke in Tom. "We've all resolved that we won't stand your eternal beatings any longer. We've had enough; and, as Ike says, are too old for that kind of fun, now. If you'll treat us well we'll work; but if you don't, we'll raise the very devil; so there now!"

Here was a state of things, the possibility of the existence of which had never entered the mind of Hardamer, and he felt utterly at a loss how to act. If he had followed the impulse by which he was prompted, he would have dashed in among them and knocked right and left with blind fury, but he could not forget that these three nimble chaps before him, in whose determined faces there was no evidence of fear, had but a moment before proved too much for him.

"I can have you all cowhided by a constable," he said, in a calmer voice.

"We have calculated all that," replied Tom, more respectfully, "and are prepared to act in that case, too."

"I should like to know how you'd act in the officer's clutches. I guess you'd not like his cowhide much."

"I can tell you how we'll act," said Tom, in a determined voice. "We'll never wax another cord for you as long as we live. Mind, sir, we're not to be fooled with!" he continued, anxious to impress his master with a sense of their indomitable resolution; and thus avoid future contentions, which none of the boys had any desire to enter into.

Hardamer turned upon his heel and went into the front shop, while the three rebels retired, each to his respective seat, and resumed their work. He was as much at a loss to know how to act, as they were to know how he would act. At one moment, he resolved to avail himself of the law which provided for the punishment of refractory apprentices; but the determined manner of the boys caused him to hesitate. Although he was in pretty easy circumstances, he by no means considered himself rich, and had no idea of dispensing with the services of three well-grown and pretty industrious boys. This turmoil in his mind, accompanied with its troublesome indecision, continued for many days, during which time the boys worked steadily and quietly. Gradually the keen mortification, and chafed feelings of Hardamer, wore away in some degree, and the boys began to feel safe.

(To be continued.)

RELIGIOUS READING.

HIS WORD SHALL NOT FAIL.

AM I dark in mind about myself—about other men—about the world? Do I feel sometimes as if God had not spoken expressly to man? As if the problem of life were yet unsolved, and in fact insoluble? As if human creatures were little more than ghosts and shadows—man truly walking in a vain show, every man at his best state altogether vanity? Then it will be wise and well to let the word of Christ come to me, and dwell in me richly as a word of revelation—as the opening out and public declaration and verification of things which had been hidden from the beginning of the world. I must, that is, try to vanquish and cure such a state of intellectual despondency, by remembering how much Jesus Christ has revealed—how far, how very far, He has transcended and surpassed all other teachers by what He has said, and by what He has done; how, especially, He has “brought life and immortality to light by the gospel,” thus translating dim conjecture into firm and clear certainty. I must remember, and realize as a fact about which there can be no dispute, that it is His hand alone that has drawn the veil from the invisible world and the future life, so that now, if not all the glory of that high state, there yet shines out upon us the fair vision of the Father’s house with many mansions, which can be seen by the lowly, and the suffering, and the weary, and the dying, all the world over, if only their eyes are thitherward.

Am I—not doubting the revelation or its preciousness—doubting and desponding much about myself, my wretched self? finding few signs of grace? observing little progress through the years? feeling little but hardness within? fearing that I have no part nor lot in the matter? Then let me remember the word of Christ as a word of redemption, of complete, assured salvation. The Gospel is not an argument, a process, an education, a curriculum, a growth merely, although all these things are in it. It is a redemption, and those who receive it are redeemed. It is saving the eyes from tears, the feet from falling, and the soul from death. It is the annulling of penalty, the blotting out of sin forever, the slaying of enmity and the kidnapping of love, the death of the old man, the creation of the new. If this be so, then what have I to fear? If I find no virtue nor any good in myself, I find the more in Him, and by His complete redemption I am warranted in believing that all His own goodness will become a

growth in me, through righteousness unto eternal life. If, when I look more narrowly, my very virtues, or what seemed so, darken into sins, do I not see, may I not at least see, and most clearly when things are at the worst, the light of a Saviour’s face beaming compassion on me in my helplessness and misery, as He says: “Believe, and thou, too, shall be saved. Come unto Me, thou weary one, and heavy laden, and I will give thee rest.”

Am I, although calmed with forgiveness, very weak, and as to my own feeling, although unfit for continuing the struggle of the nobler life? Then let me take some strong promise adapted to the need, and drink it up as a fainting man would drink a cordial, until I am refreshed; let me seize it as a sinking man would grasp a strong staff if it were offered to him, and lean upon it and be borne through.

Am I sorrowing? And can I forget that word of Christ which has sounded so sweetly in so many mourners’ ears, in so many desolated homes, over so many graves—“Let not your heart be troubled?”

Am I myself now in the very process of passing away from earth and time? “Warned by God,” by some sensible sign, by some inward utterances more and more audible of the sentence of death, am I now beginning to turn my face away from the interests and the homes of earth, and, in spirit, sometimes to part company with the nearest and dearest companions of the way? Ah, then, do not I the more need to take Him at His word who has said: “I will not leave; I will not forsake. I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am there ye may be also?”

Thus, the thing is to find and bring in the word of Christ which is suited for the time, for the day, for the need, for the mental state, for the moral struggle, for the peculiar providence, and make that master and occupant of the house.

And yet there will be times when there is no sharp consciousness at all, no sense of distinct and peculiar needs, and still the word of Christ may dwell richly within. It is everything to have a real faith in Christ and in His blessed Gospel, and a real sense of the love of God therein, to be answered by our love and obedience forever. Life with some has few turns and changes, inward or outward, but with Christ and His word in the heart, it will be, in the main, what life ought to be, a passing from darkness into light, a growing through grace into glory.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

MRS. DALTON'S STRATEGY.

BY SARAH HART.

MR. DALTON sat before the glowing fire—for the bright spring days were a trifle too cool to do without it—but her usually cheerful face wore a troubled expression, as if her mind was seriously perplexed. And indeed she was troubled, for that morning had brought to her the intelligence that Florence, her eldest daughter, a bright, beautiful girl of sixteen, was fond of the company of those whom her mother would not have chosen as companions for her daughter. The intelligence had come in

a way, too, that was deeply mortifying. Mrs. Dalton was in a store where were several other ladies, when a group of girls passed.

“There goes Lida Herring and her crowd,” remarked one of the ladies.

“What a brazen-faced girl she has become,” remarked the other. “I think if I had a daughter I should be careful she did not associate with girls who are so ill-behaved.”

“But mothers do not always know,” replied the other. “I dare say some of those girls’ mothers do not know

anything about their behavior on the street, nor the company they are in. I often see Florence Dalton with them, and they say that her mother is, or tries to be, very particular with her."

The conversation was continued, but Mrs. Dalton heard no more. She quietly walked out of the store, and turned homeward.

Mrs. Dalton was a wise woman. She knew her daughter's disposition too well to rush to her with the intelligence she had gained, for she was a headstrong girl—slow to take advice, and quick to take offence. She knew that if she asserted her authority, and forbade all intercourse with these girls, that her daughter might look upon it as only antagonistic to her own wishes, and there might come of it either open rebellion or else strict vigilance and clandestine meetings.

"No. Florence must be made to see for herself why I wish her to break away from such associates," she said to herself. "I know that underneath all her frivolity and self-will there is good common-sense. I must find some way to appeal to that."

For more than an hour she sat there in deep thought. Then suddenly her face brightened, as if a happy idea had come to her; but she said nothing relative to the matter when, in a few moments, her daughter entered the room.

Mrs. Dalton was a widow in easy circumstances. The care of her two children had been a pleasant task, and she rather prided herself upon her and their good name. The bare possibility that anything should sully that had given a sting to her sensitive spirit. How bitter then must have been the reality.

"Have you any engagement for this morning, Florence?" said Mrs. Dalton, a few days after this had occurred.

"Nothing, in particular, mother. I was going out, but it makes no difference. Why, do you want me?"

"I was going to select flowers and ribbon for Katie's hat, and wanted you to go with me, and give me the benefit of your taste," she said, smiling.

"Very well. I'll be ready soon."

It was a bright, sunny day—just such an one as comes after the spring rains have housed us up for days together—and crowds of people, gayly dressed, were on the streets—some for business, some for pleasure, some for the sake of being there—to see and be seen. Florence met and bowed to several girls and young men who were strangers to her mother; but that lady asked not a question concerning them. She was patiently waiting for her time to come.

"Let us go in here," said Mrs. Dalton, stopping before a fashionable refreshment saloon.

They entered, and ascended the broad stairway to the ladies' parlor, and Mrs. Dalton took a table near a window, which commanded a full view of the street and promenaders below.

"What a delightful place this is!" exclaimed Florence. "I think I never was here before."

"It is very pleasant, indeed," said her mother. "But, here comes the waiter with our refreshments; I think you will find that part of it as delightful as any, and more substantial, after our shopping expedition. We have a full view of all the passers-by," continued Mrs. Dalton, after a pause. "I always like to watch faces and forms. Look, Florence, do you see that group of idlers lounging around that corner?" Florence looked, and her face flushed, for she recognized several faces there. "Do you

know why they lounge there?" The bright face grew more flushed; but, meeting the calm, loving gaze fixed upon her, she could not dissemble, so she answered nothing. "Let us watch and see," said Mrs. Dalton.

Soon there came sauntering along a bevy of girls, all about the age of Florence, and most of them were her acquaintances. As they passed the corner they appeared not to notice the idlers there; but the most casual observer might have seen that nearly all gave some sign of recognition. One held her fan in a coquettish manner—another gave her handkerchief a toss—another sent a gay ribbon over her shoulder, and similar tokens were passed by the others; to all of which the young men (?) answered in some manner, and the girls passed on. The young idlers looked after them with jeering looks and vulgar grimaces, that made Florence's cheek crimson with indignation.

"Oh, mother! are young men so lacking in principle as that?" she exclaimed.

"Rather say, my daughter, are young girls so lacking in all that makes young womanhood respected. Those girls challenged those actions by their own behavior."

"I think, if those young girls could see what we have seen, they would not behave in like manner again," said Florence, warmly.

"You saw their actions, Florence; but the thoughts of their hearts were even more base and impure. No young man can maintain his purity of heart very long by associating with such companions; nor can a young girl long retain her charm of maiden modesty by such a course. But, come, dear, if you are rested, we will go on."

That evening, as Mrs. Dalton sat at her window watching the full moon

"Coming slowly

Through the silence deep and holy,"

she felt a hand upon her shoulder.

"What is it, dear?" she inquired, when she saw it was Florence.

"Oh, mother! I must tell you. Do you know I have walked down the avenue with those same girls we saw to-day, and was to go again to-day; and I knew they practised all those arts to attract attention. Oh, mother, I shall die of shame!" and the slight form shook with anguish.

The mother drew her child toward her till the fair head was pillowed on her breast. But she said nothing. She thought it better that the storm should spend itself first.

After a time the flood of mortification subsided, and Florence told her mother how these things had seemed nothing to her but girlish freaks—told her, too, of things the others had told her they had done, until Mrs. Dalton trembled to think how terribly endangered her daughter had been.

"These seeming trifles, my dear," she said, when Florence had ended her story, "are the beginning of greater evils, and are the steps which lead young girls from purity and virtue. I have known girls to become outcasts from society, whose first faults were a fondness for admiration and a love of fine clothes. I trembled with fear when I knew you had become fond of the promenade."

Long and confidently conversed the mother with her daughter that night. Nor was it the last confidential talk between them, but only the beginning of a new bond.

Mrs. Dalton's strategy proved an entire success—for her daughter learned to choose her associates from those who held modesty and purity of character in high esteem.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

SPRING WEATHER.

BY OLIO STANLEY.

IF all the sweet, wild winds that blow
 Across the world in spring—
 If all the little flowers that grow,
 And all the birds that sing—
 If one and all were met together,
 What would they say about the weather?
 So low the soft south wind would blow,
 Its voice we scarce should hear;
 And yet 'twould bid our hearts rejoice,
 'Twould banish clouds of fear;
 And soft south wind, and west wind going,
 Would whisper to the small flowers growing,
 Till they should lift their little heads
 And shine and smile together,
 And wisely say, "We never saw
 Such rare, such radiant weather;"
 And each bright birdling swooping down,
 Would sing away some lurking frown!

So all the merry winds that blow,
 And all the buds of spring,
 And all the birds, on all the boughs,
 Alight, with ruffled wing,
 Would blow, and bloom, and sing together,
 "We never knew such radiant weather!"

The silver bracelet of a shower
 May deck Dame Rose's wrist,
 Yet still she leans her wet cheek out,
 Shy, waiting to be kissed;
 In merry dance, the winds together
 Shout out aloud, "What joyous weather!"
 And Robin winks his bold, bright eye,
 Gay, blithesome, little rover,
 And each sweet flower, laughing, says,
 "I would be were my lover;"
 And Rose and Robin say together,
 "Oh, merry winds, what fair May weather!"

A POSSIBILITY.

THE THOUGHT OF A MOURNING MOTHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

MY little baby is buried to-day;
 Gone—down in the depths of the churchyard
 clay,

Up in the sky so dim and gray;
 Who will take care of my little baby?

Who will kiss her?—her waxen feet,
 That have never walked, and her small hands sweet,
 Where I left a white lily, as was meet.

Who, who will kiss my little baby?

Who will teach her? her wings to fly,
 Her tiny limbs their new work to ply,
 Her soft, dumb lips to sing gloriously,
 Oh, who will teach my little baby?

I have a mother—who long ago died;
 We speak of her now with our tears all dried;
 She may know my pretty one, come to her side,
 And be glad to see my little baby.

Christ, born of woman, hear, oh, hear!
 Thine angels are far off—she seems near.
 Give Thou my child to my mother dear,
 And I'll weep no more for my little baby.
 Surely in Heaven, Thy saints so blest,
 Keep a mother's heart in a mother's breast;
 Give her my lamb, and I shall rest
 If my mother takes care of my little baby.

THE RIGHT.

LIGHT after darkness,
 Gain after loss,
 Strength after suffering,
 Crown after cross,
 Sweet after bitter,
 Song after sigh,
 Home after wandering,
 Praise after cry.

Sheaves after sowing,
 Sun after rain,
 Sight after mystery,
 Peace after pain.
 Joy after sorrow,
 Calm after blast,
 Rest after weariness,
 Sweet rest at last.

Near after distant,
 Gleam after gloom,
 Love after loneliness,
 Life after tomb.
 After long agony
 Rapture of bliss!
 Right was the pathway
 Leading to this!

WAIT AND SEE.

WHEN my boy with eager questions,
 Asking how, and where, and when,
 Taxes all my store of wisdom,
 Asking o'er and o'er again
 Questions oft to which the answers
 Give to others still the key,
 I have said, to teach him patience,
 "Wait, my little boy, and see."

And the words I taught my darling,
 Taught to me a lesson sweet;
 Once when all the world seemed darkened
 And the storm about me beat,
 In the "children's room" I heard him,
 With a child's sweet mimicry,
 To the baby brother's questions
 Saying wisely, "Wait and see."

Like an angel's tender chiming,
 Came the darling's words to me,
 Though my Father's ways are hidden,
 Bidding me to wait and see.
 What are we but restless children,
 Ever asking what shall be?
 And the Father, in His wisdom,
 Gently bids us, "Wait and see."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

SHAVING JACK.

"THERE'S something going on," said Aunt Lois, and the click of her needles stopped. "They'd never be as still as this if something wasn't going on."

"They're reading, most likely," answered Mrs. Barclay, the mother of one of the children referred to by her sister.

But Aunt Lois shook her head. "There's something going on, you may depend. Katy's a perfect witch when she gets started, and I saw this morning that she was let loose. She'll be into everything if you don't look after her."

"There's no harm in the child," said Mrs. Barclay. "Only boiling over with spirits."

the image of a sharp razor. But her fear was groundless. Katy had not done lathering Jack when she glided into the chamber.

"What on earth are you doing?" she exclaimed, not able to conceal the mirth that twitched at the corners of her mouth.

"Only shaving Jack," replied Katy, with much gravity. And she went on rubbing the brush over Jack's face.

Mrs. Barclay turned the key in her husband's shaving case to make sure of the razors, and then went back laughing to Aunt Lois.

"She's a limb," said Aunt Lois, "if there ever was one. I don't know what will become of her."

"There's no harm in the child," answered Mrs. Bar-



"Exactly! Boiling over with spirits. You've said it. But when a kettle or a child boils over, there's apt to be mischief. So I'll just take a look after her."

Aunt Lois put by her knitting and went out quietly. In a few minutes she came back with a broad smile on her kindly face.

"Well, I'll give up!" she said. "That child beats me out!"

"What is she doing?" asked Mrs. Barclay.

"Shaving Jack!" And Aunt Lois sat down, fairly shaking with laughter.

But Mrs. Barclay did not join in her mirth. A slight pallor came into her face, and she ran out of the room hastily. At the word shaving there arose in her mind

clay. "She's only bubbling over with spirits. No one will get blue mouldy while she is about."

"I reckon not," said Aunt Lois, dryly, as her hands began moving again, and the sharp click of her needles sounded through the room.

THE CLIMBING PERCH.

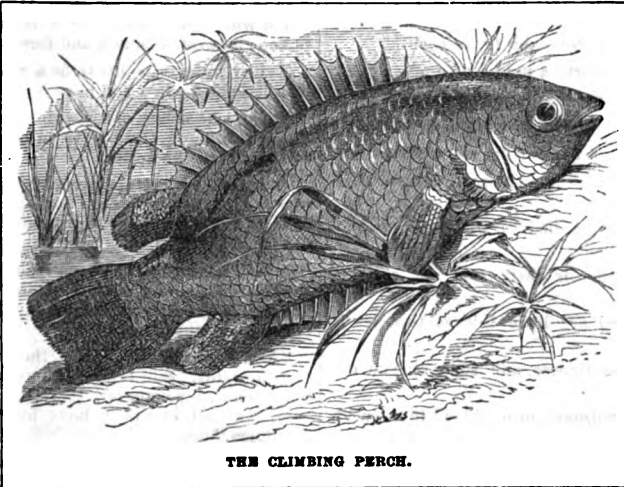
THE Climbing Perch is best known as an inhabitant of rivers and ponds in most parts of the East Indies, and is about six inches long. Unlike other fishes of which we have any knowledge, it can live for several days out of water, and has the power of ascending trees, which it does, it is asserted, for the purpose of obtaining

food. Hence its common and scientific appellation—*scandens*, or climbing. In all its parts, this singular little fish is peculiarly fitted for performing the feat from which it derives its name. From its gill-covers project numerous little spines or prickles, which are used as hands to cling to the tree. To facilitate its progress over the bark, its body is lubricated with a very slippery mucus. In climbing, the fish, turning its tail to the left, and resting upon the small spines of its lower fin, pushes itself forward by expanding its body, at the same time closing its gill-covers, that they may not impede its progress; then re-opening them it attains a higher point. Thus, and by bending the spiny rays of its back fin to the right and left, and fixing them in the bark, it is enabled to perform its curious journey. Both the lower and back fins, so necessary for certain portions of this climbing operation, can, at other times, be snugly packed away in cavities left for that purpose in the animal's body.

But it is not as a climber only that this fish is remarkable. In the countries in which it abounds the smaller water-courses or ponds dry up in the hot summers. When they begin to fail, the little animal creeps up the banks and "slowly makes its way over the earth to some larger stream. Though sometimes compelled to travel in this way by day—and it has been met within the glare

of noon, toiling along a dusty road—its journeys are usually performed at night or in early morning, whilst the grass is still wet with dew." Climbing Perch are plentiful in the Ganges, and the boatmen have been known to keep them for five or six days in an earthen pot without water, using daily what they wanted, and finding them as lively as when just caught.

There is one other fish, found in the fresh waters of tropical America, which shares with the Climbing Perch its independence of its "native element." This fish is very abundant in Guiana, where it is much prized by the natives, who are passionate lovers of the fish, on account of its fatness. It is called the Hassar, and is one of the few fishes known to construct nests. It is a small fish, seldom exceeding eight inches in length, of a greenish-brown color. Perhaps the most curious part of the economy of this fish is the fact that



THE CLIMBING PERCH.

its nest is not placed in the water, but in a muddy hole just above the surface. This, however, accords with the qualities of the fish, which has the power to travel over land from one pond to another. During the dry season the Hassar frequently burrows in the mud, remaining there until the welcome rain sets it free or until it is removed by some hungry native, acquainted with its habits and energetic enough to dig for it.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

NURSES.

SAYS Dr. George H. Hope, in his little manual "Till the Doctor Comes:"

There are five qualifications we require in a nurse—Sobriety, Cleanliness, Firmness, Gentleness and Patience.

SOBRIETY.—All I shall say on this point is, if, unfortunately, you cannot resist temptation, do not come near us; the sick room is no place for you; we dare not trust you.

CLEANLINESS.—Be always very clean yourself, and keep the room sweet. A very little thing will spoil the appetite of a person already sick. Never let anything offensive, any dressing from a wound or burn, remain in the room. Let every vessel be emptied as soon as it is done with, well washed out, and left in the open air. Change the air frequently by opening the window; remember, bad air will poison a person as surely as bad food. The poison of fever is dangerous or not accordingly as you weaken it with fresh air—just as you make spirits weaker by adding water. Do not leave food in the room if the patient cannot eat it. Do not let the drinking-water stand long without being changed, as it absorbs whatever gases there are in the room, so that when the pa-

tient drinks, you are actually putting back into his stomach the poison which has been thrown out through the skin.

FIRMNESS.—Remember firmness is not rudeness. You cannot expect a suffering patient to know as well what is best for him as those whose brains are clear. Therefore if a certain thing is best to be done, do it; do it kindly, but do it; he will thank you for it afterward.

GENTLENESS.—Whatever you have to do for the patient, be gentle. In cases of rheumatism and broken limbs, you must change the clothes, however painful the process, but do it gently, and cause no needless suffering. With care all jerks and knocks may be avoided. And lastly,

PATIENCE.—Never forget the difference between yourself and the person under your care. Did you never yourself feel irritable and restless even when you were well? Have there not been some days when you had so easily been put out, so cross that you have been almost ashamed of yourself? How, then, must it be with the person taken suddenly from an active life and compelled to lie still in one position—or with one whose whole body is racked with pain? Never lose patience, however sorely tried; bear with these trials for awhile, and by and by you will have your reward.

A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

BUSINESS neglected is business lost.

IDLENESS is the grave of a living man.

HE has hard work who has nothing to do.

SHUT your ears when evil things are said.

LEARNING makes man fit company for himself.

A GRAIN of produce is worth a pound of craft.

VIRTUE and happiness are mother and daughter.

WISE men make more opportunities than they find.

FIRE gold fears not the fire, nor solid stone the water.

THE error of a moment is often the sorrow of a whole life

HE who spends before he thrives, will beg before he thinks.

A GOOD word for another is easily said and costs us nothing.

SMALL faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.

LET your promises be sincere, and such as you can carry out.

A MAN had better be poisoned in his blood than in his principles.

BENJAMIN WEST said, "A kiss from my mother made me a painter."

A PRUDENT man is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far.

YOU cannot jump over a mountain, but step by step takes you to the other side.

WHENEVER you doubt whether an intended action be good or bad, abstain from it.

ONLY what we have wrought into our character during life can we take away with us.

DID you ever do anything wrong without, sooner or later, being in fear, shame, or sorrow on account thereof?

SAYS an ancient writer: "when a man dies, people say, 'what property has he left?' But the angels say to him, 'what good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'"

PERSONS who are always cheerful and good-humored are very useful in the world; they maintain peace and happiness, and spread a thankful temper amongst all who live around them.

IN most quarrels there is fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint as well as steel; either of them may hammer on wood forever, but no fire will follow.

NEVER do a good action from the expectation of gratitude. If gratitude follow, so much the better—you are so much into pocket; but gratitude or not, always do the good action when the opportunity presents itself.

THE good of human life does not lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess, is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all can possess alike, and where one man's wealth promotes his neighbor's.

WHAT good does scolding do? It does no one the least service, but it creates infinite mischief. Scolded servants never do their work well. Their tempers are roused, as well as the mistress's, and they very often fall in their duties at awkward moments, simply to spite her and "serve her out." Very wrong in them, doubtless; but human nature is frail, and service is a trying institution. It does no good to husband or child, for it simply empties the house of both as soon as is possible.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

"THE best way to keep cool," said a witty person, "is not to get warm."

A LOAD of wood given to a poor person, warms you almost as much as it does him.

HE who pokes his nose everywhere, will sometimes poke it between a thumb and forefingers.

EVERY minnow wants to be a whale; but it is best to be a little fish when you have but little water.

THOSE who marry old people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hopes that some one will come and out the halter.

A RIVAL of a certain great lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying: "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it well."

MRS. PARTINGTON has been reading the health officer's weekly reports, and thinks, "total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as of all the rest put together.

"You have not one drop of the great Napoleon's blood in your veins," said testy old Jerome, one day in a pet to his nephew, the emperor. "Well," replied Louis Napoleon, "at all events I have his whole family on my shoulders."

A LITTLE girl was one day reading the "History of England" with her governess, and, coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, she looked up and said, "Whatever did he do when he was tickled?"

"How do you get along with your arithmetic?" asked a father of his little boy, who answered and said: "I've ciphered through addition, partition, subtraction, distraction, abomination, justification, hallucination, derivation, amputation, creation and adoption!"

A COUNTRYMAN was complaining of the trouble a drunken man had given him. "How do you know he was drunk?" said a bystander. The countryman indignantly replied, "What could he be else, when he asked for the shoe-horn to put his hat on with?"

THAT was a sorry case of a tailor who dunned a man for the amount of his bill. The man said he was sorry, very sorry indeed, that he could not pay it. "Well," said the tailor, "I took you for a man that would be sorry, but if you are sorer than I am, I give under."

A CLERGYMAN in a strange parish wishing to know what the people thought of his preaching, "interviewed" the sexton, and asked him what the people said of Mr. Jones, his predecessor. "Oh," replied the sexton, "they say he isn't sound." "Well, what do they say of the new minister?" "Oh, they say he's all sound."

AN editor in Illinois talks in this way: "If you owe but a single dollar, go and pay it; when there is so little money, we ought to keep it moving around lively. Jim owed us, and we owed Bill, and Bill owed Jim. Jim got mad because we made him pay one morning last week; but we paid Bill, and Bill paid Jim, and Jim went to bed that night as happy as a clam, with just as much money as he had in the morning, and three men out of debt."

FITTING FOR COLLEGE.—"That's where the boys fit for college," said the professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to a schoolhouse.

"Did they?" said the old lady, with animation. "Then if they fit for the college before they went, they didn't fight afterward?"

"Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit, "but the fight was with the head, not with the hands."

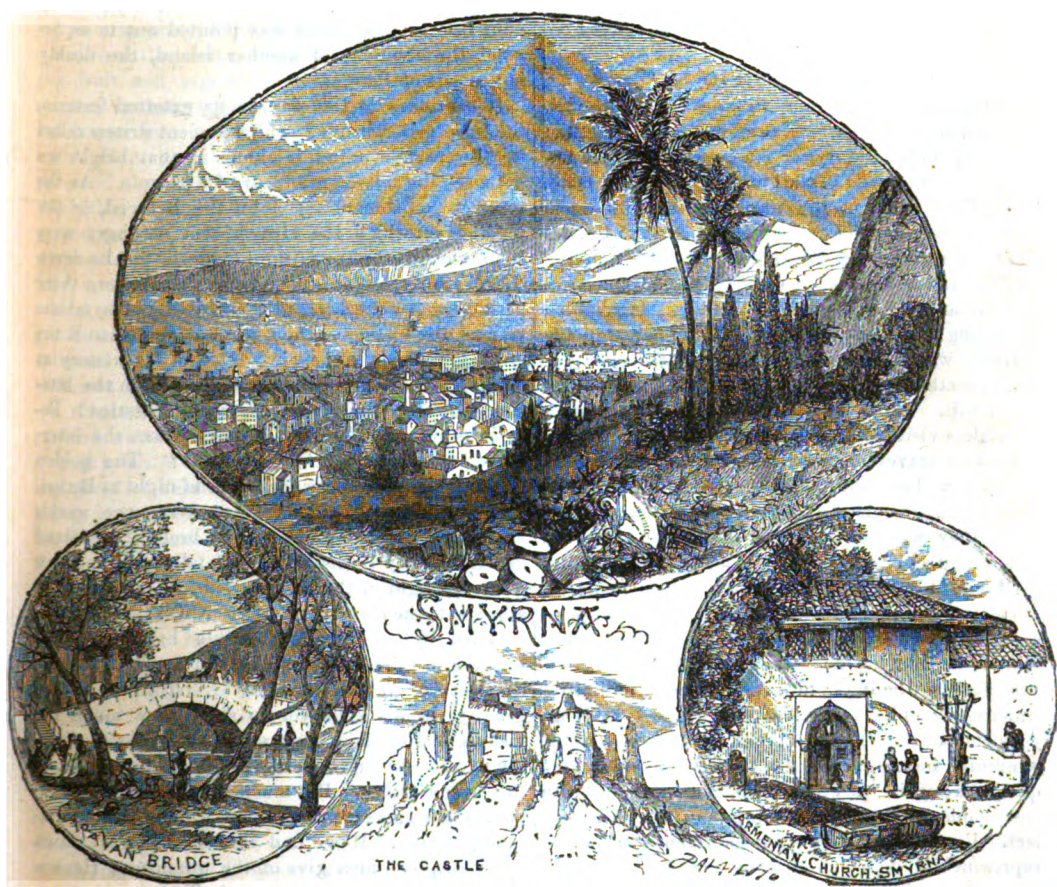
"Butted, did they?" said the old lady.

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A VISIT TO SMYRNA AND EPHEBUS.

FROM "FOOTPRINTS OF THE APOSTLES," BY ANDREW THOMSON.

A SIGNAL from our ship warns us to be on deck, and waving many a grateful farewell to our kind Cypriot friends, we are in a few hours beyond the farthest point of Cyprus, and sailing along the shores of the Levant.

We have now time to look at the passengers in our somewhat crowded ship. In the saloon, England and America almost monopolize the accommodation. But when we look over upon the deck-passengers,

what a strange medley presents itself! There is a sad, old, white-bearded Jew, seldom rising from his little bit of carpet, with a young Rebecca, probably his grandchild, watching his every movement, and anticipating his every want. There are many Mahometans punctiliously performing their devotion at the stated hours; while a few Maronites and Druses from the Lebanon, and some soldiers of the Sultan, help to make the groups more picturesque.

In one part of the vessel, between the saloon and the side, protected by an awning of canvas from the sun, there are six young women belonging to a pasha who is on board, going to fill up vacant places in his harem at Constantinople. They are inclosed and separated from the rest of the ship's company, and herd together. Their soulless looks give one the impression that their minds must have ceased to grow after the age of ten or twelve. They are not, however, without their full share of curiosity, as their frequent furtive glances into the saloon make evident. The waters have become a little rough, as we have approached the shores of Asia Minor, but it is enough to make the Orientals miserable. A gale is about the last thing in the world that they would wish for. They leave it to the pale-faced men from the West to sing—

"Be thou my chariot, stormy sea."

But by another morning we are lying off Rhodes, not with time enough for a comfortable landing, but with ample opportunity for receiving a general impression of the little capital with its neighborhood. Several Turkish war-ships are anchored at no great distance from us. The whole appearance of Rhodes produces a greater sense of majesty than did that of Cyprus, and vindicates her old title of "Queen of the *Ægean*." The town is fortified and surrounded by strong walls, and we can see from our ship the entrance which was once bestrid by that huge Colossus, beneath whose legs the most tall-masted ships could sail. Those who have been on shore on a breathless visit confirm the information of Fellowes and other travellers respecting the distinct marks which have been left on Rhodes by the knights of Jerusalem, though it is now eight hundred years since they were driven from the island, carrying honor and chivalry with them. The arms of England and France are seen sculptured on many an ancient house, and the castle continues in massive strength, under which sixteen thousand Turks fell, before the knights handed over their iron yet not ungenerous dominion to the Moslem. The little minaretted capital is circled on the land side by an eminence of considerable height, which is crested by windmills and trees, especially by the always-picturesque palm; while, further inland, mountains rise into the clouds to the height of more than four thousand feet. Remembering the old pagan fable intended to represent its delicious climate and its perfumed breezes, that Jupiter poured down upon this island a golden shower, it was with some regret that we were hurried away from it, and that soon after midday we saw it dwindle out of view.

Our course now lay in the midst of islands of every size and shape, some of them rising high in pyramidal and even fantastic forms, and others retaining a comparatively low level, many of them so small that their entire outline could be traced, as if the sea were a map, and those islets the highly-relieved and richly-colored parts of it. Classical and Christian associations strangely mingle in many of those islands. There, for example, is Cos, the birthplace

of Apelles and Pythagoras, so abounding in old heathen altars, that the inhabitants scoop them out for vessels in which to bruise their corn, and in whose little seaport capital Paul must have spent a night on his third great missionary circuit. And that larger island, which seems like one vast mountain, its summit dark with clouds and nursing the thunder, when all the rest of the *Ægean* is cloudless and serene, is Samos, where Paul touched, and perhaps preached, on the same eventful voyage; and which is memorable as the birthplace of Hippocrates and the scene of Herodotus's temporary exile, where he wrote some of the books of his delightfully garrulous history. But our highest satisfaction was reserved for the afternoon of that singularly beautiful day; for an hour before sunset there was pointed out to us, beyond the shoulder of another island, the doubly sacred Isle of Patmos.

It continues to this day, in its external features, the "*Æperima insula*," which ancient writers called it. But, to our mind, it shone in that bright sea with all the solemn grandeur of a temple. As the scene of banishment for John the Beloved, as the place from which the Heaven-sent messages were communicated by the faithful Apostle to the seven churches on that western seaboard, and where there passed before the seer, in a succession of symbolic visions, the history of the Church of Christ from the ascension down to the winding up of its history at the judgment, what scene approaches it, in the interest of its sacred recollections, out of Palestine? Between what spot of earth and heaven was the intercourse so intimate and continuous? The golden ladder which Jacob saw for one brief night at Bethel, here spanned the distance between the two worlds for many a day and night. As we brought the island nearer to us by means of a good telescope, and saw it in the light of the western sun, we were able to appreciate the description of it by Clarke, as "surrounded by an inexpressible brightness, and seeming to float upon an abyss of fire." Probably the Dean of Westminster has overstrained his ingenuity, in his endeavor to show how much the visions of John took their shape and coloring from the natural scenery and the physical phenomena of this island-prison. But much may be said in support of the general principle on which his speculation proceeds. If we find the descriptions which other inspired men give of the worship of Heaven idealized from that of Solomon's Temple, why may we not believe that John's visions were influenced in degree by the scenes of this natural temple of the *Ægean*? It has been noticed that there was little in the sunrises and sunsets of Ephesus corresponding with the grand pictures of the Apocalypse, but it was otherwise with what John beheld in and around Patmos. As he looked down from one of its summits on the everchanging sea, he must often have seen it calm as a mirror at his feet, "as a sea of glass like unto crystal;" or when the neighboring volcanic mountain of Thera sent up its lurid flames, how often must the deep have seemed "like unto a lake

of fire?" And, again, when its dense smoke darkened the heavens, the sun must have appeared "like sackcloth of hair," and the "moon as blood." Thus far, perhaps, we may safely go with the accomplished traveller in supposing the natural phenomena in and around this rugged isle to have been reproduced and enlarged in John's symbolic pictures of the spiritual world; and, indeed, the very circumstance connects the Apostle all the more with Patmos.

Before the dawn of the following day we were off Chios, "the isle of wines," over against which Paul had passed a night at anchor, on his return voyage from Troas to Cæsarea. We both received and landed goods. Indeed, it was one of our minor enjoyments to observe the commodities that were obtained from the various islands at which we touched; rich fruit and vegetables from one, poultry from another, earthenware of antique shape from a third, and flowers from a fourth. In the early morning we were sailing up the noble bay of Smyrna, skirted on either side by many-shaped mountains covered with woods that were green and beautiful. Before noon we had cast anchor in the midst of war-ships and merchant vessels from many lands, in the wonderfully spacious bay of Smyrna. The view of this capital of Asia Minor, as obtained from the sea, was grand and imposing. Spreading along the semicircular extremity of the bay, it rises far up the sides of Mount Pagus, minaret and cypress intermingling—a ruined fortress, its ancient acropolis, with dismantled walls standing out on the summit against a clear sky, while behind all this there is a far-reaching circle of verdant hills. We noticed, with our glass, far up Mount Pagus, a tall, solitary cypress bending over some object; and, on inquiry, we found that it was the tomb of Polycarp. There is an extraordinary vitality in this city of Smyrna. Ten times it has been destroyed, and as many times it has risen from its ashes. It would not be easy to compute the times in which it has been shattered by earthquake, and more than decimated by the plague; yet there it is, with more than one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants, rapidly becoming the commercial rival of Constantinople. The chief explanation of all this is to be found in the fact that it is the natural emporium of Eastern commerce by caravans from the East and ships from the West, which ride in safety in one of the most tranquil and spacious bays in the world.

On landing we experienced a good deal of that disenchantment which all must expect on a closer view of an Eastern city; but still, we greatly enjoyed Smyrna. Many things that drew our attention, at once told their own story. The flags of so many foreign consulates, on the roofs of spacious houses, of semi-European architecture that lined the shore, bore testimony to the importance and magnitude of the commerce, of which this city was the centre. And as we passed from the Frank quarter to the interior of the city, which contained the native population, the one-storied wooden

houses revealed the fact that the people dreaded the earthquake even more than the conflagration.

But three objects especially interested us in Smyrna. One of these was the famous Caravan bridge, a little distance out of the city, which spans the Meleus, from whose waters blind Homer may have drunk three thousand years ago. It is at once the chief scene of festivity on all gala days to the Smyrniots and the great thoroughfare of commerce; for all the rich produce of the East that is to be shipped at Smyrna must pass along this bridge, and all the caravans which pass toward the East and pay toll here, acquire a right to pasture their camels in any part of the sultan's dominions. It is a common wish of the people, by which they express their idea of becoming rich, that they might possess the value of what passes over this bridge in a single day.

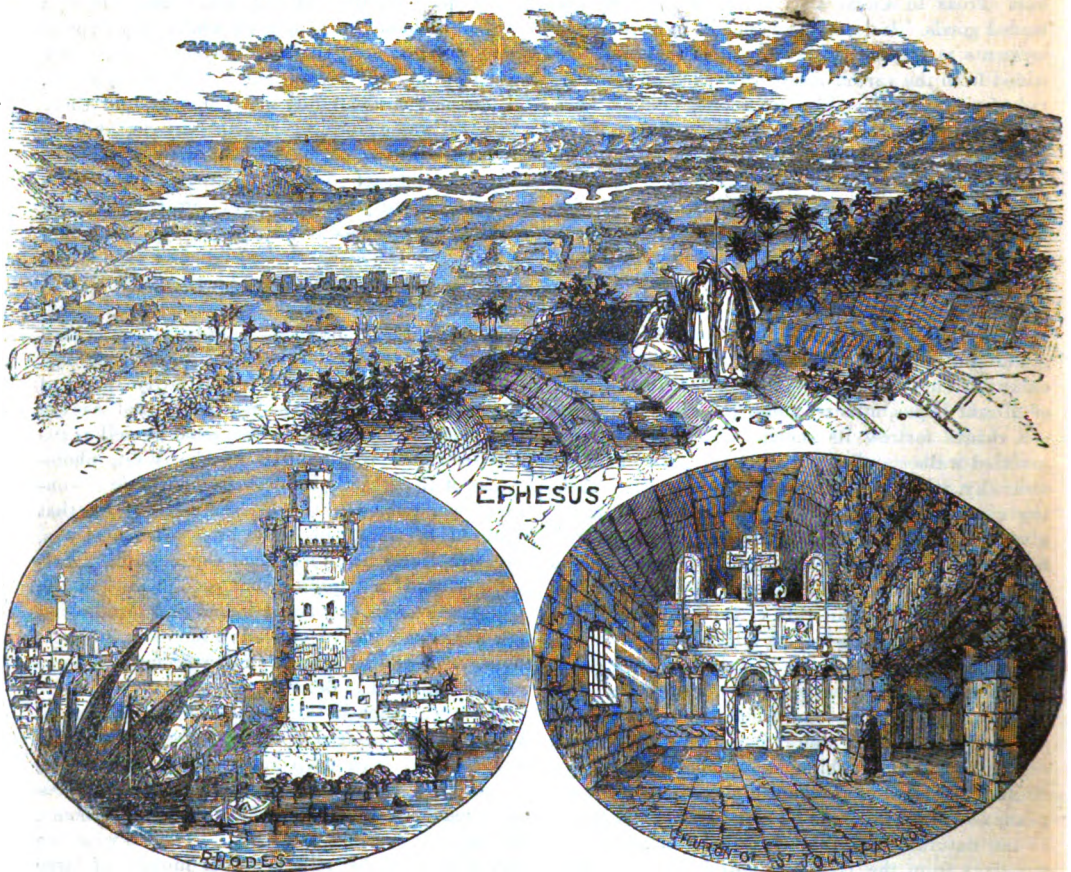
Ephesus was about fifty miles distant, and there was a railway connecting it with Smyrna, and the attraction drawing us to this seat of the first of the seven churches of Asia now became irresistible. But there were discouragements in the way, for brigands were known to be active in all the neighborhood. A farmer's son had recently been seized by them, carried off to their horrid robbers' den, and only recovered by the payment of an exorbitant ransom. Three of these scoundrels had afterward been caught by the soldiers of the sultan, identified by the youth as belonging to the party that had stolen him, and promptly beheaded; and as the Smyrniots are fond of the sensational as well as the better-educated communities of the West, photographs of the ghastly heads were being sold in considerable numbers in the few shops in Smyrna that ventured to traffic in literature. Revenge was, therefore, likely now to actuate the remaining brigands as well as cupidity; but though we had the strongest aversion to being bound and blindfolded by ruffians and treated to their kind of hospitality, the mere possibility of such an unwelcome adventure was not sufficient to deter us.

When we reached the miserable mud village of Ayasolook, the modern Ephesus, we learned that the brigands had been deep in their potations during the previous night, and that drunkenness had probably made them harmless for some hours to come. The first object that attracted our notice when we looked beyond the village was a mosque of large dimensions, which was named from St. John. It had originally been a Christian temple, built by the Emperor Justinian in honor of the beloved disciple upon the site of an older church whose date went back to the early Christians. The famous council of Ephesus, with its two thousand bishops, met within its walls, and found ample accommodation for themselves and their dependants. But the central point of interest in connection with ancient Ephesus was Mount Prion, a mile and a half distant. The first part of our way to it was past a line of lofty marble columns, on the top of each of which, instead of the usual capital, was a stork sitting on her nest, and more than covering the whole summit.

We then walked along narrow paths; through the midst of tall, rank grass or waving corn-fields, often stumbling over prostrate marble columns or richly-carved sarcophagi which had been brought to light by Mr. Wood and his Arab excavators; keeping a sharp look out all the while for serpents, which are so numerous here that there are men with long hollow instruments who devote themselves to their destruction. Everywhere underneath our feet there is the buried city; for wherever excavations have been made there have been found not only the marks of its existence, but of its extent and splendor.

We are now wending our way around Mount

everything else in magnitude as well as in interest, the Great Theatre, or, as it is popularly named, the Theatre of St. Paul. The proscenium, which has only recently been laid bare, is in good preservation, with its magnificent entrance gates and its sculptures in alto, and the whole of that extremity of the mountain where it stands, appears to have been scooped out up to its summit to afford seats for the spectators. The marble of which the seats were formed has been removed by native Vandals, but their places may still be distinctly traced in the grassy shapes which remain, and rising up from the proscenium to the summit, they must have been



Prion, and it is evident that the principal public structures of Ephesus were built around the sides, or at the foot of this mountain; while an ancient cemetery can still be traced upon its summit, where, tradition says, the ashes of the beloved apostle were laid. We can say nothing indeed with certainty of the locality of Diana's temple, for hitherto it has baffled the researches of the excavator—the earthquake having probably made its grave very deep. But with the help of the pencilled sketch with which Mr. Wood supplied us we were able to identify the Forum, the Market-place, the Stadium, the Odeon with its marble seats still rising a considerable way up the sides of the mountain, and transcending

capable of holding at least ten thousand spectators. It was into this place that Gaius and Aristarchus the companions of Paul, were dragged, and here the maddened multitude called for hours together, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The Theatre looks forth upon what was once the Bay of Ephesus, in which, in the days of the city's greatness, a thousand ships were often anchored, and the sight must have been magnificent, whether of the crowded bay as seen from this enormous and splendid edifice, or of the theatre and the mountain with its circle of grand structures, as seen by the ships entering from the sea. All these effects were evidently in the design of the architect, and the whole proves on what

a Titanic scale of grandeur the public structures of those times were both planned and executed. But how melancholy is the change! Ruin now bends to ruin. The once crowded bay is now a heap of mud, covered with reeds and coarse grass, through which the Cayster winds lazily, sending up exhalations laden with fever and pestilence. Around us for many miles there is one vast grave. It is not only barrenness we look upon, but something that is awfully desolate and judgment-stricken.

It was some hours after sunset on a Saturday evening when we got back to Smyrna. But the night was calm and the sky "sown with stars," and we glided easily from the shore to our ship, through waters so very phosphorescent that at every stroke of the oars we seemed sailing in a sea of gold

PERILS OF ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WHEN we consider the perils which beset an expedition of exploration in the Arctic Regions, it seems almost incredible that there are to be found men brave enough to encounter them in the interests of science. The rigors of the past winter here have been almost too much for us; suffering has been great, and complaint universal. Yet the coldest of this winter weather has been mild compared to that experienced in Greenland at the same period of the year.

But even now there is more than one expedition quartered somewhere in the Arctic Regions waiting for the opening of the few months of comparatively mild weather to prosecute their researches. What their tale of suffering has been and still is, we have yet no means of knowing. We may never know; for, like the ill-fated expedition under the command of Sir John Franklin, they may never be heard of more. Let us hope, though, for better things.

The records of travel in these regions are highly interesting. The heroism and endurance which are necessitated by the great dangers constantly encountered, render even the most trifling incidents wonderful when compared with other records of travel. Hunger and thirst are frequently to be contended with, and the cold is an ever present enemy.

The ships in winter are ice-locked. In summer they must navigate amid fields of detached ice, while great ice mountains are floating around, and may at any time come rushing onward with irresistible force, bringing certain destruction.

Foot or sledge travellers in these regions may, in a blinding snow-storm, lose their way, and never more be seen alive. Hall, the Arctic explorer, who has made several journeys to Polar Regions, gives a touching narrative of a man who was thus lost. His companions went in search of him, and after tracing his steps for many hours, and finding he had wandered helplessly and aimlessly for miles—often going in circles which interlocked one with another—at last discovered him lying frozen and stiff upon the snow. Unable to bury him, they covered him with

snow and ice where he lay, and returned sadly to their ship.

There is another danger which besets the traveller. The vast fields of ice which, in the colder season, connect one shore with another, are traversed the same as though they covered the solid ground, instead of hiding the treacherous deep. Sometimes a sudden change of weather will break up, in an incredibly short time, these icy surfaces, and perhaps cut off the traveller from the land. Hall describes a peril of this sort which once threatened him. Traveling with dogs and sledge, in company with three Esquimaux, one of them a woman, over the ice, they stopped for the night and built themselves an ice-hut or igloo, Esquimaux fashion. It was made by carving out snow blocks, and building a hut in the shape of a dome. They spent a very comfortable night, the woman getting them a hot supper, and attending to all their wants. The next morning they took up the day's journey over the frozen sea, and at night built another igloo. They were no sooner under shelter than a terrible storm burst forth which detained them all the next day. They could hear the roar of the elements without, and feel the ice upon which their frail tenement stood shaken beneath them. Toward night one of the Esquimaux took a survey of the outside world, and "returned with the astounding news that the ice was breaking, and water had appeared not more than ten rods south" of them. It was late in the afternoon. The shore presented a view of rugged precipices and steep mountains. They must remain another night in their insecure quarters. In the evening the gale abated, "but the heavy sea kept the ice creaking, moving and thundering, as it actually danced to and fro." The next morning they made all haste to reach a place of safety. But it was with great difficulty that they could pursue their way over the broken ice. The snow was very deep, and there was constant danger of falling into the snow-covered ice-cracks. Sometimes they came to wide fissures in the ice, and they would have to turn aside in their course to avoid them. Encountering and overcoming difficulties which would have discouraged people less brave, they at nightfall succeeded in reaching the shore ice. During all this toilsome journey they were suffering severely from thirst. Ice and snow were all around them, but so cold that if taken within the mouth they froze it instead of being thawed by it.

At another time, as Hall was crossing the ice in a sledge, the wind freshened to a gale, and there was great probability of a floe, or ice-island, cracking off and drifting them seaward. "The open water," he says, "was within a mile of our course, and the floe giving way would have been swept rapidly to the northeast." This danger he fortunately escaped.

Dr. Kane also experienced this same danger on more than one occasion. Once when crossing the ice, he found the spring tides had broken the great area of ice, and that the passage for the sledge was interrupted by fissures. Seeing the state of the ice,

he attempted to reach shore, but the tide was low, and the ice-belt rose up like a wall. Turning about, he and his companions with dogs and sledge travelled for hours over the broken ice. The dogs would leap the chasms, dragging the sledge behind them. Once dogs and sledge fell through a wider chasm down

enough to move on again. At high water they succeeded in surmounting the ice-belt, and thus escaped from their danger.

The most insidious enemy which the traveller in Arctic Regions has to contend against is the sleepy lethargy which overcomes him when exposed to



into the water, and it was only after much difficulty that they were brought back upon the ice again. The thermometer was below zero, and at night the tent could not be raised, as it was frozen as hard as a hingle. So they laid down with their bufa'o robe bags for protection, and slept until it was light

severe cold. We have all heard of that sleep which creeps over a man about to perish from cold. If this desire for sleep is yielded to, its victim seldom wakes again of his own accord.

Dr. Kane tells of a long and perilous journey himself and several others undertook to rescue four men

who were lost and overcome with cold. At setting out, the thermometer stood at forty-six degrees below zero, and finally fell to forty-nine below, with a keen wind from the northwest. For twenty-one hours they wandered, hungry and thirsty, before they found the camp of their disabled comrades. The little tent was so small that of the fifteen men all told, only eight could enter at once. So while one-half the party took a turn of two hours' sleep, the other half had to remain outside and walk up and down to keep from freezing.

They finally set out on the return, with plenty of food, and the sick on the sledge carefully wrapped and bundled in furs. The thermometer was now fifty-five degrees below zero. For six hours they made encouraging progress. Then they began to feel the lethargic sleep of freezing. Kane's account of this journey is exceedingly interesting. He says:

"Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me begging permission to sleep; 'they were not cold; the wind did not enter them now; a little sleep was all they wanted.' Presently Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed, and could hardly articulate. At last John Blake threw himself on the snow, and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered or reprimanded; an immediate halt could not be avoided. We pitched our tent with much difficulty. Our hands were too powerless to strike a fire; we were obliged to do without water or food. Even the spirits (whisky) had frozen at the men's feet, under all the coverings. We put Bonsall, Ohlsen, Thomas and Hans, with the other sick men, well inside the tent, and crowded in as many others as we could. Then leaving the party in charge of Mr. McGary, with orders to come on after four hours' rest, I pushed ahead with William Godfrey, who volunteered to be my companion. My aim was to reach the half-way tent, and thaw some ice and pemmican before the others arrived.

"The floe was of level ice, and the walking excellent. I cannot tell how long it took us to make the nine miles, for we were in a strange sort of stupor, and had little apprehension of time. It was probably about four hours. We kept ourselves awake by imposing on each other a continued articulation of words; they must have been incoherent enough. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have ever gone through; we were neither of us in our right senses, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival in the tent. We both of us, however, remember a bear, who walked leisurely before us and tore up as he went a jumper that Mr. McGary had providently thrown off the day before. He tore it into shreds and rolled it into a ball, but never offered to interfere with our progress."

They reached their tent in safety, and prepared supper for the rest of the party, who arrived a few hours afterward. After a short rest, they all proceeded on their journey. The thermometer had

risen to four degrees below zero. Kane continues his narrative:

"Our halts multiplied, and we fell half sleeping on the snow. I could not prevent it. Strange to say, it refreshed us. I ventured upon the experiment myself, making Riley wake me at the end of three minutes; and I felt so much benefited by it that I tried the men in the same way. They sat on the runners of the sledge, fell asleep instantly, and were forced to wakefulness when their three minutes were out. * * * We reached the brig safely at 1, P. M., we believe, without a halt. I say we believe—and here, perhaps, is the most decided proof of our suffering. We were quite delirious, and had ceased to entertain a sane apprehension of the circumstances about us. We moved on like men in a dream. Our footmarks, seen afterward, showed that we had steered a bee line for the brig. It must have been by a sort of instinct, for it left no impress on the memory. Bonsall was sent staggering ahead, and reached the brig, God knows how, for he had fallen repeatedly at the track lines; but he delivered with punctilious accuracy the messages I had sent by him to Dr. Hayes. I thought myself the soundest of all, for I went through all the formula of sanity, and can recall the muttering delirium of my comrades when we got back into the cabin of our brig. Yet I have been told since of some speeches, and some orders, too, of mine, which I should have remembered for their absurdity, if my mind had retained its balance."

There are other dangers besides that of the elements. Kane refers to the bear which preceded them on their way. The great white Polar bear is a formidable antagonist. Then there are swarms of gaunt, starved wolves ranging the ice and snow in quest of food.

In the picture we see a man upon a floe or detached piece of ice, keeping at bay a pack of hungry wolves, who are longing to pounce upon him and rend him limb from limb. It is perhaps only the steady glance of his eye, filling their cowardly hearts with fear, which causes them to hesitate; or it may be the sight of his rifle, which they instinctively recognize as a weapon of defence.

A recent traveller tells of a pack of four hungry wolves which pursued him until he presented his rifle at them, when they turned tail and crept off.

It was the gentle politeness of a genuine Christian gentleman which led Dr. Richard Mansfield, the rector of the Episcopal church in Derby, Connecticut, to correct himself once, as he was passing a group of the children of his flock. They had grown so fast since he last saw them, that he said: "Why, my dear children, you grow so like weeds that I am scarcely able to recognize you." And then, as if he had done wrong, he said: "Pardon me—I should have said, you have grown so like flowers." It must be pleasanter to a little child to be likened to a flower than to a weed, and true politeness thinks of such little things.



THE STONECUTTER'S SIX WISHES.*

ONCE a poor stonecutter
In Eastern quarries wrought;
His toil was long and weary,
And little wages brought;
And as above the stone he bent,
He murmured in his discontent:

"Oh, if I could be only
Rich enough some day
To rest on carpets warm and thick,
In silken garments gay!"
His murmur mounted to the sky;
His guardian angel made reply:

"Thy wishes have been granted!"
And soon the poor man sat,
All clad in silk so soft and gay,
On many a costly mat;
There as he sat in wealth and joy,
Behold, the emperor went by.

Runners ran before him,
And his titles cried;
Splendid horsemen rode behind,
More splendid at his side;
While one above his head did hold
A great umbrella all of gold.

Then the rich man murmured:
"Mine is but useless treasure
If I've no right to ride abroad
In all this pomp and pleasure,
With glittering courtiers all around—
With the gold badge of empire crown'd."

Again the murmur mounted,
Again the angel heard:
"Thou shalt be emperor!" he said.
Soon had he kept his word.
Now the poor stonecutter, elate,
Rode forth in his imperial state.

Runners ran before him,
And his titles cried;
Splendid horsemen rode behind,
More splendid at his side;
While one above his head did hold
The great umbrella all of gold.

But fiercely beat the sunbeams;
All the land was parched;
The road was white and dusty
Where the grand procession marched;
The emperor cursed the blinding ray,
And almost fainted by the way.

"A fine thing to be emperor,"
He murmured, "when the heat
Pays no regard to all my power,
And these fierce sunbeams beat
On me, like any common one;
'Tis plain that I must be the sun!"

"Lo!" spake the guardian angel;
"Now surely thou'rt content?"
For now he had become the sun,
And forth his arrows sent,
Below, above, to right, to left,
Till all the earth was parched and cleft

* Paraphrased from "Max Havelaar."

THE STONECUTTER'S SIX WISHES.

Till all the green things withered ;
Till all the brooks were dried ;
Till all the princes of the world
Against the sunbeams cried.
Then a soft cool cloud stole in below,
And bade the beams no farther go.

"The cloud alone is mighty !
The cloud alone is great !
The cloud can dare defy my power,
And my burning wrath abate.
To be the sun no more I'm proud ;
I only want to be the cloud !"

Again the guardian angel heard,
Again the prayer was granted ;
Right in between the sun and earth
Lay the soft cool cloud undaunted ;
The half-dead earth took heart again,
And listened, longing, for the rain.

First in stealthy dews and drops,
Then in whispering showers,
Then in mad-roaring waterspouts—
The wrathful watery powers—
Till every river overflowed,
And wasted all the land abroad.

Trees, and men, and cattle
Whirled pell-mell down the flood ;
Castle and cot in ruin crashed ;
Only the rock withstood,
And smiled to feel the paltry beat
Of fuming billows round his feet.

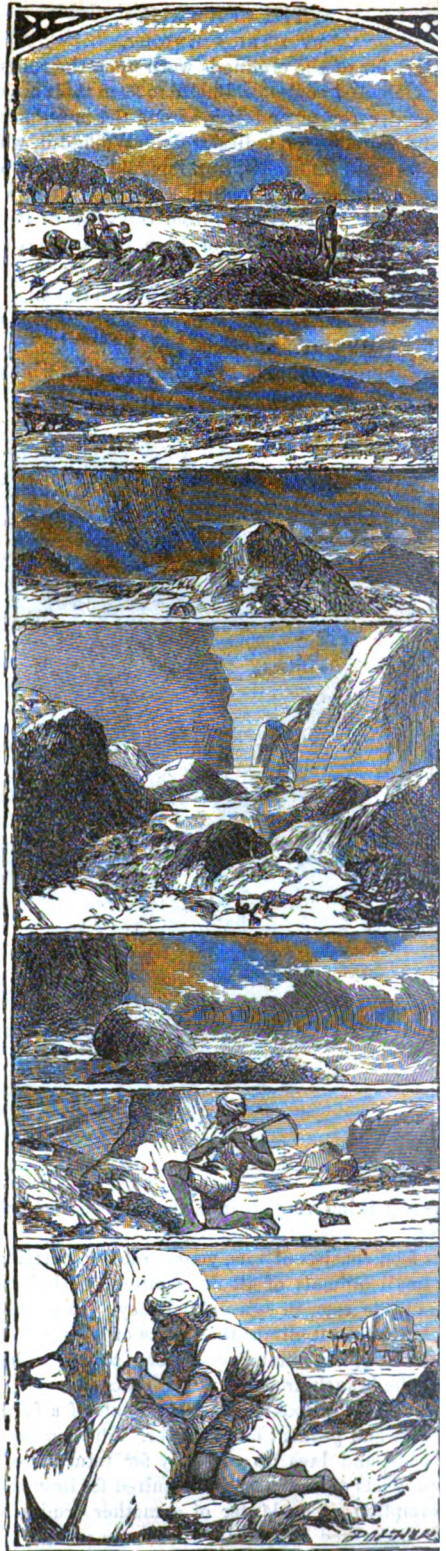
"I'm master'd !" cried the baffled cloud :
"I fain would be the rock !"
The angel heard, the change was wrought
Ere he the word well spoke ;
His foot deep-planted in the ground,
His rugged head with sunshine crown'd.

No man could climb his pinnacle,
No storm could shake his root ;
In vain the cloud might spend its spite,
The sun its arrows shoot :
The floods their wildest passion proved—
He stood immovable, unmoved.

Then a poor stonecutter,
That in the quarries wrought,
Came boldly to the rock's huge feet,
And pick and hammer brought ;
Steadily, surely, day by day,
He hewed the rock's huge bulk away.

"How then ! and hath a mortal
A power beyond my own,
To carve these mighty blocks away
From out my breast of stone ?"
He needs must end where he began,
He prayed to be that quarryman.

So, a poor stonecutter,
As of old, he wrought ;
His toil was long and weary,
And little wages brought ;
But, as above the stone he bent,
He sang—for now he was content !



THE ERMINE.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

THE fur of the ermine is worn upon the robes of kings and nobles, and helps to form their crowns and coronets, and it is among the most beautiful and valuable for ladies' wear. We find it, when manufactured into robes, soft, fine and white, or of a delicate creamy tint, spotted here and there with glossy black. The ermine, from the value of its fur as an emblem of royalty or high dignity, has obtained a distinct recognition in heraldry.

Yet the little creature which provides this highly-prized fur is one of the commonest of animals in the northern part of America and of Europe. It belongs to the same family as the weasel, to which it

animals, such as field-mice, birds and frogs, packed nicely away.

The ermine is, in the summer, called a stoat, and then its back is of a reddish-brown, while the under portions of its body, its toes and the edges of its ears are white.

As cold weather advances, it gradually changes its color, not, as has been sometimes supposed, by the shedding of its old coat, but by an actual whitening of the fur. Passing through a state of transition, it becomes of a pure white, all but the bushy tip of its tail, which remains black. It is this tip which is distributed over the fur in its manufactured state, and which contrasts so beautifully with the white.

In temperate latitudes the fur never becomes suffi-



bears a striking resemblance, though it is somewhat larger.

Its food consists of rats, young rabbits, partridges and small animals of all descriptions, while it considers birds' eggs an especial delicacy. In search of this latter food it climbs the trunks of trees with the utmost ease, and stretches its long and lithe body along the branch until the nest is reached.

The female in looking after the wants of a family, is a wise and prudent housekeeper. She forages far and wide, and lays up carefully for future use all the products of her chase not required for immediate consumption. The larder of a mother ermine was once discovered supplied with five hares and four rabbits. Another one displayed a number of small

ciently whitened to become of any commercial value. Thus the trapper seeks the ermine in Norway, Lapland, Siberia and in the neighborhood of Hudson Bay.

This white dress serves a double purpose. White is warmer than black or brown; and, being of the same color as the snow, upon which the ermine must travel in the wintry season, its wearer is not so easily discovered by its enemies.

The ermine cannot be really said to be a dangerous animal, though if molested, its sharp teeth and claws make it a formidable assailant. Mr. Wood repeats the story of a man who was attacked by several ermines. He says: "A gentleman was walking along a road when he saw two stoats sitting

in the path. He idly picked up a stone and flung it at the animals, one of which was struck and knocked over by the force of the blow. The other stoat immediately uttered a loud and peculiar cry, which was answered by a number of its companions, who issued from a neighboring hedge, and sprang upon their assailant, running up his body with surprising rapidity, and striving to reach his neck. As soon as he saw the stoats coming to the attack, he picked up a handful of stones, thinking that he should be able to repel his little enemies, but they came boldly on, in spite of the stones and his stick. Most providentially a sharp wind happened to be blowing on that day, and he had wound a thick woollen comforter round his neck, so that he was partially protected. Finding that he had no chance of beating off the pertinacious animals, he flung his stick down, fixed his hat firmly over his temples, and pressing his hands to his neck, so as to guard that perilous spot as much as possible from the sharp teeth of the stoats, he started off homeward as fast as he could run. By degrees, several of the animals dropped off, but others clung so determinately to their opponent, that when he arrived at his stables, no less than five stoats were killed by his servants as they clung to his person. His hands, face and part of his neck were covered with wounds; but owing to the presence of mind with which he had defended his neck, the large blood-vessels had escaped without injury. The distance from the spot where he had been attacked to his own house was nearly four miles. He always declared that when he struck the stoat with the stone his companions called out "Murder!"

Although the ermine or stoat is naturally a wild animal, it is tamed as easily as the ferret or weasel, and is exceedingly gentle and playful and even affectionate in a state of domesticity.

CHERRIES.

(Written on receiving Canned Cherries from a friend.)

BY EDITH W. KENT.

WITHOUT, a perfect winter day,
Bright sky and dazzling snow.
Within, day home-life, pictures, flowers,
And firelight's ruddy glow.

When, like a sudden dash of bells,
A merry voice I heard,
A girlish voice, which seemed to me
Like gay, bright song of bird.

The messenger it was who came
Your gift to bring to me;
Oh, blessings on you, thoughtful friend,
And on your cherry-trees!

Thanks for your gift! such flavor rare,
So fair and fresh they seem,
That half inclined am I to think
This winter day a dream.

Thus fancying, fast from my eyes
The present fades away;
For wintry scene and sitting-room,
A golden summer day!

My childhood's home! bright are the skies,
The brooklet murmurs near,
Soft breezes whisper 'mong the trees,
Flowers bloom and birds sing clear.

A little child again, I stand
Beneath the cherry-tree,
And gaze, with wide and longing eyes,
On fruit too high for me.

Ah! I with ease those boughs might reach
If I were only tall;
And even now perhaps I might,
Could I but climb the wall.

At last, by persevering pulls,
Upon the top I stand,
And, reaching up—oh, joy of joys—
The bough is in my hand!

Oh, cherries kissed to ruby glow
By sunshine and by rains!
How rich am I: your wealth my all—
No king such grand realm gains!

The summer scene now vanishes,
The old-time fades away,
I to the present once more turn,
To live life's later day.

But still my mind will backward turn,
Soft winds from dreamland blow,
Till distant seems the present life,
And near the long ago.

Oh, friend of mine, your welcome fruit
This mem'ry brings, to teach
How we some things of life may grasp
That seem beyond our reach!

We children of an older growth,
Such tempting fruit oft see,
Some blessings which we long to grasp,
But all too high the "tree."

But, trusting God, let's persevere,
Life's current boldly stem,
And, soon or late, our strenuous will
Must raise ourselves to them!

ALL FOR THE BEST.

All's for the best! set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of despair may have wandered,
A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove.
All's for the best! be a man, but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of His creature is guiding,
Wisely and warily, all for the best.

MY MOTHER'S LOOM.

BY M. L. O.

WHEN we first moved to Wisconsin, my mother's loom made a prominent piece of furniture in our house.

That was about thirty years ago, and hand-weaving was not quite out of fashion at that time—and my mother, besides being a very good mother, was also a very good weaver.

How she ever managed to bring up a family of seven children, and spin and weave their clothing, and make and mend for them, would be a mystery to some people now; but she did it, besides doing a great deal of work for others—and she also taught her girls to spin and weave and knit and sew, as soon as they were old enough to learn such things.

We were poor, but were all healthy and happy. My father had given up his trade and come West for the purpose of getting a home for his family, preferring for us the companionship of nature, rather than the companionship of village children. It was the best thing that he could have done for us, and we enjoyed it to the amount of our capacity—the hills and the woods and the running brooks were our paradise then.

Father, with the help of my two brothers, worked a farm on shares, for a few years, to get a start; for he must have a team and farm implements, and some provisions ahead, before he could go out on the wild land and get a farm of his own; and mother, with the help of her girls, clothed the family. My oldest sister, who was then in her "teens," was of great assistance to her, especially in spinning and sewing. The rest of us were too small to do much, only light chores and errands. We were sent to school generally, when there was one in the neighborhood.

"Well, girls," mother would say to the little seven and five-years-old daughters, after the early breakfast was over, "mother must go on the loom, now, and Bessie must spin; so, you must wash the dishes and sweep the floor, and then you may play till time to go to school."

So the work would begin. Mother's commands were always obeyed—not that we were more obedient than children generally are, but because her requirements were always reasonable, and (whether willingly or unwillingly on our part) they must be heeded. Obedience was the law of the household. She did not waste many words about such things, and did not often have to resort to punishment; but when she did, it was sharp and decisive, and to the point; so that, being early trained, we soon took to minding our parents quite naturally.

She would go to her loom, and from daylight till dark, with the exception of the dinner-hour, up and down would go the treadles, in and out would fly the shuttles, back and forth would swing the heavy lathe. No steam nor water-power moved that loom—mother's hands and feet did it all.

I used often to wonder how she could throw the shuttle through so quickly. It would go like a dart—back and forth—from one hand to the other—and as it left either hand she would grasp the lathe, and as quickly as the other hand drew out the shuttle, she would "bang" the thread up into place. That was the work it required for each single thread of the "filling"—to treadle, to throw the shuttle, and to drive up the thread. Not to speak of the spinning, the spooling, the warping, the beaming, and the winding of quills to fill the shuttles, see how much work there was in weaving one yard of cloth. It took several yards for each garment, and many garments for a family of seven children, and that was the way she put in each thread, and the labor by which she clothed her family.

Sometimes little disagreements were heard in the other room among the children. We would soon hear her voice calling one of us by name to come and help her weave. Away we would go to help mother weave, which was to sit down on the back part of the loom, with our feet on the treadles near the place where they were fastened, and as she sprung them up and down, our feet would go up and down too, and we really thought at that time that we were helping mother very much—perhaps we were, but not in the way that we imagined.

She did not usually weave in the evening. She and the older girls would be busily employed with sewing or knitting, or whatever kind of light work could best be done or was most needed. We would all sit around the great fire in the old-fashioned fireplace and talk together, or listen to some of the family reading. Often some of the neighbors would drop in for an hour or two for a social chat.

But sometimes the "piece" would be to cut out in the evening, and that was a great diversion. Mother would weave it down from the great beam till the shuttle could pass through no longer, and then cut the cloth from the remnant of the warp (which is called "thrums").

"Now, girls," she would say, "take hold and pull off the cloth from the cloth-beam, while I measure it." And "girls" might pull pretty fast, they would not come out much ahead of mother with her yardstick. Each of the girls that could knit would have a bunch of the bright-colored "thrums."

So mother wove our clothes. Nice, they were, and bright and warm—and we wore them and were happy. And she wove another web at the same time—another, fine and strong, and the garments made from that web will last us forever.

When she taught us obedience to our parents; when she kept us in loving harmony with one another; when she taught us, by her own life, to love and speak the truth; when she taught us to live by honest labor, and instructed us in its arts;

when she sent us to school; and, above all, when she made us such a blessed, happy home, that we loved it better than any other place, she gave us a garment that will endure in all weather and be fitting for any occasion.

Oh, my mother! may the web of my life be woven as firmly, and be as strong and true as the pattern thou didst give to me.

Those were happy days to us, though to my parents they were days and years of toil.

Some other time I may tell you how we made our home in the wild, unsettled part of our State.

"WORK WHILE THE DAY LASTS."

BY JANE O. DE FOREST.

EXCEPT in the gift of the Redeemer, God never bestowed so precious a boon upon mankind as the necessity of work," said, with truth, a distinguished statesman. The Saviour Himself gave us an undying example of the nobility of honorable employment, inasmuch as He was an humble artisan, a carpenter, and the son of a carpenter. The hundreds of distinguished men and women of every age have all been workers, either with the brain or hand, or both. We challenge the mention of one who was an inefficient do-nothing.

Idleness and greatness do not go hand-in-hand and many a person of superior natural abilities has lacked the energy to use them, thus remaining a mere cipher; while his brother, whom Nature had endowed far less liberally, has, by means of hard and untiring work, reached the goal of perfect success. If any of our readers feel that they have no particular "gift," let them remember that it was Application, and not Genius, who ascended the Hill of Science.

Mankind are said to be lazy by nature—original sin, we suppose; but that this inclination can be nearly or quite overcome, is proved every day by the lives of those earnest workers, who are never happy unless busily employed. Such persons are very apt to deny themselves needful relaxation and rest. They tell us that "it is better to wear out than to rust out," an opinion which we heartily endorse, but beg leave to suggest that it is better to do neither. Industry, though always commendable, never reaches its true position, unless the worker is actuated by other motives than those of pure selfishness. If one has no thoughts beyond the narrow limits of self, no desire to benefit his fellow-men, or to glorify his God, his life, though crowned with unceasing exertion, will become a grand failure at the last. When we look abroad over the vast universe, we behold no marks of indolence, no signs of weariness. The Eye that never sleeps, and the Hand that never tires, is seen amid all the works of nature. And as we stand beneath the starry heavens, on a calm, clear night, our heart is filled with awe and reverence, as we fancy we can almost hear the rush of our great planet, as it whirls through space with the speed of thought. If our Heavenly Father should suspend

His loving care but for one moment, what ruin and chaos and crash of worlds would follow.

The fields are whitening; there is work for all to do. Are the harvesters girding themselves? Are they using every opportunity for improvement? for gaining strength physically, intellectually and morally? Are they going forth with eager and hopeful determination? are they ready for the great work? God is calling—poor, dying humanity sends up its despairing wail, and our own souls urge us on to do or die. And shall all these petitions be in vain? shall we enroll ourselves among the sluggards, or join the noble army of workers? It may cost us self-denial, indomitable energy and courage; nevertheless, let us "Work while the day lasts, for the night of death cometh, wherein no man can work."

FOR YOUNG MEN.

JAMES PARTON, the noted author, in an article on Charles Browne (Artemus Ward), closes thus, and he gives good advice to young men:

"I thought I ought not to conclude this article without letting the reader know why this bright and genial spirit is no longer here to add to the world's amusement. Well, this was the reason: Wherever he lectured, whether in New England, California, or London, there was sure to be a knot of young fellows to gather around him, and go home with him to his hotel, order supper, and spend half the night in telling stories and singing songs. To any man this will be fatal in time; but when the nightly carouse follows an evening's performance before an audience, and if succeeded by a railway journey the next day, the waste of vitality is fearfully rapid. Five years of such a life finished poor Charles Browne. He died in London in 1867, aged thirty-three years, and he now lies buried at the home of his childhood, in Maine.

"He was not a deep drinker. He was not a man of strong appetites. It was the nights wasted in conviviality which his system needed for sleep, that sent him to his grave forty years before his time. For men of his profession and character, for all editors, literary men and artists there is only one safety, teetotalism. He should have taken the advice of the stage-driver on the plains, to whom he offered some whisky; and I commend it strongly to the countless hosts who see this paper every week:

"I don't drink—I won't drink! And I don't like to see anybody else drink. I'm of the opinion of those mountaineers—*keep your top cool!* They've got snow, and I've got brains—that's all the difference."

If you would add lustre to your accomplishments, study a modest behavior. To excel in anything valuable is great; but to be above conceit on account of one's accomplishments is greater. Consider, if you have natural gifts, you owe them to a Divine bounty. If you have improved your understanding and studied virtue, you have only done your duty, and there seems little reason for vanity.



THE MILL AND THE TAVERN.

BY. T. S. ARTHUR.

"**T** my oldest son, Richard, the tavern-stand known as the 'Red Lion,' and twenty acres of ground attached thereto; and to my other son, Jacob, the grist-mill on Dart Creek, and the residue of my landed property."

So the will read. A deep silence, and then a single word of dissatisfaction. It came from Jacob, the youngest son of the deceased Richard Cragan. His brother looked up with a troubled expression on his face, and their eyes met.

"The will is not to your mind," Richard said, gravely, but kindly.

"No, it is not," answered Jacob, with a hardness in singular contrast with his brother's subdued and gentle manner.

"You prefer the tavern-stand?"

"Of course I would," rejoined the brother.

"And I would prefer the mill. So all can be satisfactorily adjusted," replied Richard, in a frank and cheerful way.

Jacob's face was not the only one that showed surprise. But as none present had a right to question Richard's decision, there was no remonstrance or deprecatory remark.

"Well, you are a precious fool!" said Harry Glenn, in an angry voice, on meeting Richard Cragan next day; "and, if Katy follows my advice, she'll give you the mitten."

"What do you mean?" asked Richard, showing some resentment at this rude assault.

"Just what I say. Didn't your father leave you the 'Red Lion' tavern-stand?"

"Yes."

"And you've given it to Jacob for that miserable old grist-mill, on Dart Creek?"

"Yes."

"Humph!"—contemptuously—"I knew you were not remarkable for wit, but did not imagine you were such a cursed fool as you are. Why, the tavern stand is worth forty times as much as the grist-mill."

"Maybe so, and maybe not," replied Richard, with a flash in his eyes that was unusual to their blue tranquility; "time will show. As for me, I am satisfied; and no one has a right to question any decision I may choose to make touching my own affairs."

"I have a right," said Glenn, with something offensive in his voice, "as the brother of Katy—"

"Stop there, Harry!" interposed Richard, in a voice stern and indignant, that Glenn moved back a step or two in surprise. "I never permit any one to meddle in my affairs, and you cannot be made an exception. Katy has cast her lot with mine, and her happiness is in my keeping, not in yours."

"Not quite cast in yet," muttered Harry Glenn, as he stepped away from Richard, whose ear caught the muttering. Its meaning he well understood.

On the evening of the same day Richard met Katy Glenn, and noticed, with a sudden chilliness about his heart, a change in her manner. She was very different to him. He had loved her ever since he was a boy—loved her with a steadiness that no coldness on her part, no flirting with other boys, or, as the years went on, other young men, could diminish. She was pretty, but wayward—the very opposite of Richard Cragan, who was so quiet, reserved, and true of purpose. After a long series of tender vicissitudes, of pains and discouragements, of hopes and fears, Richard at last had the ineffable happiness of giving her the kiss of betrothment. This happened only a short time before his father's death.

A cloud that looked no larger than a man's hand at first now appeared in his sky. But it grew rapidly, and in a little while filled the whole horizon, obscuring the sun.

"Is this true that I hear?" said Katy.

"What?" asked Richard, his heart falling like lead, for he understood what she meant.

"That you have given Jacob the handsome tavern-stand your father left you, and taken that old grist-mill, and a few acres of poor land, for your share."

"It is true," answered Richard.

"What could have possessed you to do this?" said the maiden, all the beauty in her face dying out under the hot flushes of a selfish indignation.

"Because I would rather have the mill, and earn my bread by useful work, than burden my heart and life with evils that are inseparable from tavern-keeping."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Katy, in no amiable tone. "As good men as you have kept, and still keep tavern. Are you better than your father?"

"I don't set up as being better than any one, Katy," replied the young man, whose face had become very pale; "I only determine for myself what I ought, or ought not to do. If I had not let my brother take the 'Red Lion,' it would have made no difference as to my own future—I should have sold it, and put the money into a farm, or something else by which I could make a living."

Katy bit her lips, and looked angry and disappointed.

"I will never consent," he resumed, "to bring up a family amid the baleful associations of a tavern. There are only two of us left out of six brothers. Four of them died years ago—and it is better that they died. Oh, Katy! try to think and feel as I do. The mill has a good run of custom. I shall improve it in many ways, and double its capacity. We shall get along well—trust me for that, and be, oh, so much happier! As for me, I should have a restless, miserable, guilty feeling all the time if I kept a tavern, and sold drink to the young men of our place—hurting all, and doing good to none."

And he shuddered at the bare thought of such responsibility.

"As you like," answered Katy, in a chilling voice. "But, one thing is certain, I'm not going to be cooped up in the little pigeon house over at the mill, you may count on that as settled."

"I will have it done up new all over, and make it the nicest place in the world," said Richard.

"But you'll never put me into it," cried Katy, with a sudden passion in her voice.

"You are surely not in earnest, Katy," remonstrated Richard.

"I surely am," she replied, tossing her head in a way that hurt and amazed the bewildered young man.

Richard Cragan sat silent and still for a long time. Then, rising slowly, and with a quiver of pain running over his pale face, he put out his hand to Katy. She let hers fall into his coldly, not returning by the slightest motion the pressure he gave.

"Good-night, Katy!"

The girl would never have known the voice as that of her lover.

"Good-night!" Not a pulse of feeling beat in her tones.

Richard turned slowly away, and left the house—but all the while, as he went farther and farther from her, his ear hearkened for her voice breaking out into a repentant cry, but hearkened in vain!

It was all over with Richard and Katy. The selfish, fickle and worldly-minded girl, who was incapable of such a love as glowed in the heart of this young man, broke off her engagement, and in less than a year became the wife of his brother Jacob, who installed her as mistress of the "Red Lion," which had been fitted up in the most attractive style, and was known as the best tavern for miles around. The custom had more than doubled since Jacob became "mine host," and the new owner was beginning to reap an abundant harvest of profit.

Katy had her horse and carriage, her fine clothes, her personal ease and comfort; pride and vanity were gratified in many ways. Yet she was not so happy as she had expected to be. Jacob was a different man from Richard. He was harder, more selfish, less scrupulous—and had little hesitation about trampling down with a ruthless foot whatever came in the way of his purposes. He had no tenderness toward his wife, and never seemed to regard her feelings, comforts, or wishes in what he did. Not that he was unkind to her—only indifferent. There were no little confidences between them—no concessions on his part to her wishes and comforts, but a silent self-assertion that left her wholly out of his business affairs, while in all that concerned her personally he seemed to feel little or no interest.

No, Katy was not happy. Far from it. And as the years went past, the desire of her heart was less and less satisfied.

Richard Cragan took possession of his mill, and began refitting, improving, and setting things in order. All the light of his life seemed for awhile to have gone out. But his work kept him up. There were not many in the neighborhood who did not call him a fool. But, in his own mind, he never doubted or repented.

"Better so," he would often say to himself, "than bear the responsibility of all that"—meaning the tavern. "I take no man's money without giving him what is good in return. My work will not come back to curse me in after years. No father or mother can ever say to me, 'Where is my boy?—my poor, lost boy, that was led astray in your bar-room?' No—no—no! I will give the people bread, not a poison to consume body and soul."

The years went on. Jacob Cragan grew rich; but, alas! how many became poor and miserable that he might abound in wealth. Richard had no ambition beyond his mill, and the thirty or forty acres of land attached thereto. His first work had been to put it in good order, and year after year he made one improvement after another, until he had

the finest mill in all that region, and as much custom as he could possibly attend to.

The miller did not marry. Katy had been his first and only love; his heart never opened to another. Year after year he grew better off; but not with the rapid increase that marked the fortunes of his brother.

But there came a time when things began to change—when the owner of the "Red Lion" grew less attentive to business, and more given to sporting, and the company of sporting-men. A good customer at his own bar, the evil of his work cursed him as well as others. His feet drew near to the pit he had digged for other men, and the edge was crumbling away from them.

"The 'Red Lion' is not what it used to be," said one and another of its old customers.

"Jacob is going to the dogs, I'm afraid," was heard now and then, half confidentially.

One day, more than twelve years after Richard and Katy parted company, the former, while standing at his mill door, was surprised to see his brother's wife coming down the road. She was alone.

"Why, Katy!" he said, going out to meet her, "what has brought you away down here?"

As he looked into her face, he saw that it was full of trouble. "Is anything wrong?" he added.

"Yes, everything is wrong," she replied, her voice choking with the sentence, "and I want to talk to you."

Richard's bachelor home stood close by the mill, and he went in with Katy.

"What is it?" he asked, with kindly interest.

"Oh, Richard!" She choked, and sobbed, and then, controlling herself, went on: "Oh, Richard! I am almost heart-broken. Things are going to rack and ruin; and if there isn't some change, we'll not have a house over our heads in a year."

"Which may be the best thing that can happen," replied Richard. "A tavern is a curse to all who have anything to do with it, and the sooner you and your children are out of it, the better."

Katy covered her face, sobbing and crying in a weak, despairing way.

"I wish you would talk to Jacob," she said, after a few moments, looking at Richard with tearful, pleading eyes.

"I have talked to him again and again; but he only gets angry."

"Yes—yes—that's just it. I can't say a word without his flaring up, and—and—cursing me! Oh, Richard! It's dreadful how he goes on sometimes!"

"I know. Tavern-keeping has been his ruin; and I wish he were out of it—if it isn't too late."

"Too late!" The words sent a chill through Katy's heart.

"It isn't too late for your boys, if it is for their father," Richard added, in a softer voice.

"But what else can Jacob do?" asked Katy. "If we give up the tavern, we must starve."

"Not so bad as that," said Richard.

"He'll never turn his hand to anything else, you may be sure," replied Katy.

"Necessity drives men to doing a great many things."

"It may drive him to do worse than he is doing now," answered Katy. "He's in with a dreadful bad set of men—horse jockeys, and—and—gamblers, I'm afraid! Oh, dear! And I'm getting worried about Jimmy. He had trouble with the teacher, and has been home from school now for three weeks, and his father won't make him go back: says the teacher is a cross old hunk, and not fit for his place. And now he goes idling about, spending his time in the bar-room, or with the stable-boys. He'll go to ruin if something isn't done."

Richard looked very grave. There was so little in common between him and his brother, that they had been for a long time getting farther and farther apart, and now rarely met.

"The sooner this tavern-keeping is broken up, the better," he said, after a long silence. "I can't help you now, Katy. But when things come to the worst I'll do the best I can for you. If I had Jimmy all to myself, in the mill, I am sure I could make something out of him. But as things are, there's no use, talking about that, Jacob wouldn't give his consent."

Poor Katy went home but little comforted; and Richard had a weight of concern laid on his heart that was not to be shaken off.

Later in the day, Richard was surprised again this time by a visit from his brother, who had not been at the mill for over two years. Jacob wanted him to go on his note for three thousand dollars.

"I shall be sold out by the sheriff if you don't do it!" he said, after a hurried statement of his affairs and the pressing need for money that was upon him.

Richard was silent for a long time, trying to see what it was best for him to do.

"Let the tavern go, Jacob," he said, at length. "It has cursed you from the beginning, and will curse you tenfold in your boys, if you keep it. A sheriff's sale, if it must come to that, will, in my opinion, be the most fortunate thing that can happen to you. There are a hundred other ways to make a living. Let the tavern go, and then I will help you in every way that I can. But I should do wrong and hurt you and yours if I put a single dollar into that wretched, soul-killing concern."

Jacob started up, all on fire with anger. He shook his clenched fist in his brother's face, and cursed him for "a mean, selfish hound."

A sheriff's sale did not take place. But Jacob gave up his inheritance in a compromise with his sporting creditors—gamblers—and went off to a new place, two or three hundred miles distant, and set up another tavern, but in a style far below that in which he kept the "Red Lion."

Years passed, and no certain news from his brother and family came to Richard. Once or twice he wrote to him, but got no answer. A lonely man,

working on steadily and patiently in his mill, the years crept over him, and vied with the dusty atmosphere in which he dwelt in sprinkling his hair with gray. He was spoken of far and near as the kind old man at the mill; and the gossips for once had the truth, when they told the story of his disappointed love, and the mistake of Katy.

Twenty years had gone by since Jacob Cragan sold out the "Red Lion," and moved away. One evening, late in November, Richard sat in his solitary home, while the wind and rain sobbed and sighed without, feeling more lonely and disquieted than was usual with him. His thoughts had all gone out of his control, back through more than thirty years, and the image of Katy, for whom a tender feeling had never died out of his heart—the image of Katy, in all the freshness and sweetness of girlhood—stood smiling and happy before him. He was stirred with feelings that he had believed dead and buried long ago. Then he thought of the fatal tavern which had been given up to his brother, and how it had blighted all their lives.

"If I had kept it and closed it," he said in a kind of bitter self-accusation, "it might have been so different!"

He started and listened. A voice had faintly touched his ear. He rose up, and moved toward the door. The voice came to him again, and then a low answering voice. He threw the door wide open, and let the light stream out. Then he saw two women, closely wrapped up, coming in from the road through his little gate.

"Richard! oh, Richard!" one of them cried faintly, and tried to hurry forward, but stumbled and fell on the wet ground. In an instant she was lifted in his strong arms and carried into the house.

The voice—how like the old voice that had been for all these years as the sound of music in his soul; but the face, when he looked into it, alas! how changed. Old, shrunken, faded—even haggard! What a wreck! What a transformation!

"I have come here to die, Richard. I have no right; but—"

Sobs choked the voice.

"Hush, Katy." Then, "Where is Jacob?"

"Dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes," in a steadier voice.

"How long since?"

"Not long: a month. This is Katy, my youngest child. You never saw her before."

Richard looked into the girl's face, as the light fell upon it, and trembled. He was back again through thirty years, and Katy, in the sweet May-time of life, stood before him!

"Dear child!" said the old man, as he took her hand and kissed it very tenderly.

The story that Richard heard that night was sad and sorrowful to the last degree. Both of his brother's sons grew up to be miserable drunkards, and died in the prime of manhood. His oldest

daughter married their barkeeper, who broke her heart and then deserted her. She was dead. Three children were left, and were now with the husband's parents, who were low people, and not fit to have charge of them.

"There is room here for all," said Richard Cragan, when the sad history was told. He asked no particulars about his brother's life and death, and Katy did not intrude them.

A week later, and the last day of another mortal life was closed. Dark and stormy had been the years that preceded this dying day; but as the sun drew near the western hills, the clouds broke suddenly, and golden rays came flooding the earth and brightening all the air. All that Richard Cragan could do to soften the pillow on which lay dying his early and only love, was done.

"They shall be mine," he said. "Your Katy shall be my Katy; and the children out West shall be my children."

And smiling in gratitude and calm content, the woman died—died with a single, sweet draft from a cup that love had filled for her years and years ago but which she pushed aside for another that held only gall and wormwood.

Richard Cragan kept his word to the dying one. Katy's daughter and grandchildren were taken to his home. Their presence gave new life to the old mill, and a new grace and charm to his dwelling that filled his soul with a sweetness once dreamed of, but never tasted before.

It was a pleasant sight to see them all together, in the waning summer afternoons, gathered about the mill door, after the great wheel was still, and the air no longer jarred by the rumble of machinery. There was peace, and sweet content; and hope for the young lives over which, when their morning broke, dark clouds hung and threatened.

LORD, GIVE ME REST.

BY REBECCA RUTER SPRINGER.

LORD, give me rest. My soul is bowed and broken;
My heart is desolate and full of pain;
Its empty rooms—wherein no word is spoken—
Are like the chambers where the dead have lain.

Lord, send me rest. The clouds more thickly gather;
The skies above my head are leaden gray;
Oh, take me gently by the hand, my Father,
Until the darkness shall have passed away.

I dare not ask for earthly joy or blessing—
Do with me, Lord, in this as seemeth best—
I only pray, look on my grief, in passing,
And send unto my troubled spirit rest.

Lord, send me rest—I cry from out the shadows—
Rest in Thy love. Ah, shall I cry in vain?
And lo, like summer rain upon the meadows,
Peace drops into my weary life again.

AMERICAN FALLS.

BY C.

AMONG the many attractions that are presented to the traveller in America the different falls of water have been considered not the least interesting. The Falls of Niagara are celebrated in every part of the civilized world, as one of the grandest and the most sublime spectacles to be found in the universe. There can be no doubt that these falls were at one time lower down the river than they are at the present time; both reason and observation show that it must have been so. The rapidity with which the continual attrition of so large a body of water wears away the hardest rocks is evident, and may be seen in the changes which Niagara Falls exhibit both in form and position in the short time they have been under the observation of civilized beings. The falls could not have been further down the river than Queenstown, which is five miles, north of the falls, on the west bank of the Niagara River; because the elevation that occasions the falls begins there, and is called the mountain. The precipices which form the two sides of the river have a close resemblance to each other in form and outline, and the elevations exactly correspond. The wall-like appearance of the rocks on each side of the river is precisely the same at the falls as at the commencement of the chasm at Queenstown. As the present causes must continue to operate, the falls will probably reach Lake Erie, in a few centuries. From the remotest periods of the earth's physical history to the present time, the laws which govern inorganic matter have undergone no change, and those laws have produced the physical changes that have been going on through all time, these changes are under the influence of those immutable laws established by Divine Providence for the maintenance and renovation of the material universe.

Niagara Falls are the finest and most celebrated waterfalls in the known world, without question, yet, they have been so often described that any minute account of them would be undesirable to most readers. There are many other wonderful and beautiful falls, which cannot be here described.

Only as falls of a secondary character those of Montmorency will be noticed. The scenery around them is by no means as impressive as at Niagara, yet the true lover of nature—he who looks with the eye of an enthusiast upon the sublime and the beautiful, as it came from the hand of the Creator—can spend many an hour of pleasure and delight in watching the Montmorency, as it comes rushing and thundering down the steep precipice, sending forth its rainbows of light spray, in token of joy that the rough way is passed over, and that its waters may now roll on in peace and quiet. The Falls of Montmorency are on the river of the same name, six miles below Quebec. The river falls over a vast precipice; its breadth at the top of the cascade is about one hundred feet; its perpendicular descent is two hundred and forty feet. The banks on each side are smooth and precipitous, and crowned with trees.

INSUBORDINATION; OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER III.

A MATRIMONIAL SPECULATION.

"THE storm's pretty well over," said Ike, about a week afterward. "Who'd 'a' thought the passionate old rascal would have been cowed so easy."

"Tyrants are always cowards," said Tom. "Just make 'em lay aside their bluster, and all's safe."

"It's jubilee now, I s'pose," added Bill. "No more of his confounded weltings. Hurrah!—hurrah!—hurrah!" he continued in an animated voice, swinging a boot-lag about his head.

"Hush, Bill, the old fellow will hear you, and it's no use to provoke him without a cause. We are not altogether on dry land yet. A little false play may do the business for us."

"I'll fight till I die before I'll give in now," said Ike. "Still he's a fool to fight when he can have peace by being a little quiet, and lose nothing neither."

"It's my opinion," said Tom, "that the old man wa'n't so much to blame in calling you to account t'other morning. But then we'd resolved to snub him up the first time he went to cutting up any tantrums, and so it came all in good play."

"I've got it so often when I didn't deserve it, though," responded Ike, "that it's put the old Scratch into me. If our Old Harry-of-a-boss had treated us right all along, he'd had none of this work on his hands."

"That's true enough. He has no one to blame but himself. Tyrants make rebels. Boys know what's what as well as anybody."

"Humph! I reckon they do," added Bill. "Do you think Thompson's boys would ever raise on him? No indeed, he's a reasonable man, and treats 'em well."

"But he has one boy, though, you know," said Tom, "who hates him as he does a snake; and says he's a canting old hypocrite."

"Who's that—Abe Shriver?"

"Yes."

"We all know what he is. Didn't Mr. Thompson pick him up out of the gutter and make him all that he is? I hate an ungrateful fellow, and I hate Abe Shriver!"

"But he says Thompson is a hypocrite, Bill," continued Tom, "and that he cheats his customers every day, if he does have prayers night and morning."

"You don't believe him, though, do you?"

"Why shouldn't I believe him, Bill?"

"Why, just because Abe is a mean, low fellow, and had as lief tell a lie as the truth."

"How would you like to live with Parker down South Street, Bill?" said Tom, jumping to another subject.

"I wouldn't live with him, that's all."

"They say his boys have a pretty tough time of it."

"Yes. Harry Sands, who lives there, says that they're worked 'most to death, and half starved into the bargain. And I should think so, for they all look as yellow and lantern-jawed as bullfrogs. They are never allowed a bit of butter, and no bread for dinner. Mrs. Thompson cuts off for each boy one slice of meat at dinner-time, and then takes the dish off. Potatoes make up the bulk of the meal. They did get a pudding once, but Harry said their stomachs wa'n't used to it, and it made 'em all sick."

"I wonder they'll stand it."

"Boys'll stand a good deal sometimes to get their trades."

"But what I wonder at is," said Tom, "that boys, after they know their trades, will continue to submit to such treatment. I'd tramp in less than no time."

"Several have run away. But runaway apprentices rarely do well, and this fact is pretty generally known and talked about in shops."

"There's Wells, the tailor; a clever fellow to his boys, they say. If all I hear is true, I'd like to live with him," said Bill. "It does one good to look at his jolly, good-humored face."

"Tom Brown lives there, don't he?"

"Yes. Tom says he never flogged him in his life, though he's often deserved it. Once Tom stayed out all night, after Wells had positively forbidden him to do so. 'Where were you last night, Tom?' he asked, angrily, the next morning. 'I was at my aunt's,' said Tom. 'Haven't I positively forbidden you to stay out at night?' 'Yes, sir,' says Tom. 'Then what did you stay out for?' 'Because I wanted to,' replied the scamp. 'I'll break this up, I know,' says Wells; 'here, take this eleven-penny-bit and go and get me a cowhide. I'll teach you to mind me!' Tom went off and bought the cowhide, and brought it in with a demure countenance. His beeswax happened to be all out, and knowing his master's propensity to laugh at the ludicrous, he handed him the long, slender cowhide, saying at the same time very gravely and earnestly, 'Please, sir, to give me a tip to buy some wax.' Wells tried to keep in, but it was no use. He roared right out, and Tom escaped into the back shop with a whole skin."

"Wells is a prime chap, there's no doubt of that," said Ike. "Pd almost consent to be a tailor to live with him, much as I despise the pale-faced craft. No man with perfectly formed legs ever ought to be a tailor, that is my doctrine. It will do well enough for cripples and women."

"But they look upon us with contempt, and call us snobs," said Tom.

"Yes, and the chimney sweep despises the miller; but the world can see where the honor lies."

"There is something manly in our trade, any how," responded Tom, hammering his favorite tune of Yankee Doodle on the lapstone, and silencing all conversation for the next minute or two.

"You're right there, Tom," said Ike, as the noise subsided. "A bootmaker is as much above a stitcher as a merchant is above a cheesemonger."

"What do you think of Genevieve?" said Willis to Anderson, drawing his arm within that of the latter, as they left the residence of Mr. Hardamer, after spending from two to three hours there on the night the girls had been so distressingly annoyed by Ike's hammer and lapstone.

"She's rather tough to swallow, Willis; but then the old man's got the 'gooseberries,' and I'm terribly in want of money."

"Well, if you want her, stand up like a man, and she's yours."

"But how's the old chap? Is he at all come-at-able? Because, you see, Genevieve with the rhino and Genevieve without the rhino are not in my eyes one and the same person."

"I understand. But I don't know exactly about that matter. He's an industrious, hard-working old fellow, and I should judge that he would not look with very favorable eyes upon a young student of medicine, who may or may not graduate in the next twelve months, and then has no practice on which to support a wife."

"That does look a little blue; but then he needn't know all that. It's easy enough to talk of my father's splendid farm in Virginia, stocked with five hundred slaves, where we will go and live like a lord and lady."

"I guess he's too old a bird to be caught with chaff; still, the game's worth shooting at."

"I can bring down the game easily enough. But then I don't want an empty craw, you see; that's the big business."

"You'll have to feed Genevieve up, and trust to her stuffing the old man. She'll believe any story you can tell her."

"Yes, I see that. She almost coaxes me to deceive her. But, tell me, have you any notion of Geneva?"

"Not exactly."

"What takes you there, then?"

"To pass the time away, of course. I have twenty young ladies that I call on every month. I should be sorry if I was suspected of having a notion to all of them."

"What do you think the old fellow is worth, Willis?"

"That's more than I can tell, I'm sure."

"But, what do you think? I've heard his property estimated at a hundred thousand dollars. Do you think he is worth that much?"

"Hardly. And, even if he was, it wouldn't go far among six daughters."

"He hasn't that many, has he? I thought there were only three."

"Yes he has, though. There are three younger ones."

"Bless us! That alters the case. I've been calculating on a neat little plum valued at something like thirty thousand dollars. With that much I could afford to have the poetical Miss Genevieve quartered off upon me. But half that sum is too little."

"I've no idea that he's worth a hundred thousand dollars, myself," said Willis. "He may be, but I doubt it."

"What reason have you for doubting it?"

"No particular reason. It's only a notion of my own."

Anderson went home to his room that night, and found upon his table three letters, each containing an earnest demand for money. His pockets were empty; the small sum allowed him by his father for his incidental expenses having been all squandered away weeks before, nothing more he knew could be expected in that quarter before the usual period, for his father was a poor farmer in Virginia, who found it as much as he could do to meet the expenses of a large family at home, and spare from his slender income the sum of five hundred dollars a year, to carry his son through a course of medical studies in Baltimore. That son, as may be supposed, but poorly appreciated the sacrifice which a fond father made to give him an honorable start in the world. Already he had spent two years and a half in Baltimore, and in the ensuing winter he must offer for graduation. How little he had improved his time may be known from the fact that his preceptor had but a few weeks previous to his introduction to the reader, felt it his duty to admonish him in strong terms, and to represent it as being very doubtful whether he could get a diploma, unless he applied himself with vigorous attention for the next few months. His own case seemed to himself to be rather a hopeless one, in view of accumulated debts, and accumulated desires. And the only remedy he could hit upon was to marry a rich wife. He had tried for some time to get introductions to rich girls, but the few he had met seemed to take but little fancy to him, until accident threw him in the way of Miss Genevieve Hardamer. The usual question, "Is she rich?" always asked by him, on being introduced to a new face, having been answered by the pleasing information that her father was worth at least a hundred thousand dollars, he determined to follow up in the pursuit without delay. He was somewhat disappointed in the lady, and a little dampened in his ardor by the information that the interesting sisters were six in number. But, after reading over his duns, and reflecting seriously upon the prospect before him, he came to the conclusion that, as it was the first fair chance for a rich wife he had met with, he had better not let it slip.

On the third evening after his visit, he called a second time on Miss Genevieve, and, on leaving at eleven o'clock, proposed a walk with her on the next evening.

"I shall be most happy to walk out," she said, hardly able to keep down her exuberant feelings at the idea of having, at last, got a nice young fellow married.

Punctual to his engagement, Anderson called, and in a few minutes Genevieve's arm was trembling in his. They extended their walk, as it was a bright moonlight night, out Calvert Street to the Waterloo Row, and then crossed over into Belvidere Street, and out to the bridge. This was, at that time, a very fashionable evening walk, and hundreds strolled out every moonlight night.

Anderson modified his voice to the gentlest and softest tones, and talked of brooks and fountains and green meadows, until Genevieve's poor head was almost turned. He frequently alluded to his father's beautiful seat in Virginia, and spoke of it as a little paradise. His sisters, he said, were dear, good girls, and were all impatient for him to return home.

"How I should like to live in Virginia," said Genevieve, as Anderson dwelt upon the lovely spot he called his home. "I have always admired the Virginian character."

"They are a fine, frank, hospitable people. Somewhat proud, it is true. But, then, we have something to be proud of," said Anderson, elevating his head, and stepping forward with a bearing as dignified as he could assume.

"Virginia's a great ways off—more than a thousand miles, isn't it?" asked Genevieve.

"Oh, no. It's not a hundred miles to some parts of it. Our place is about two hundred miles from here."

"Is that all? La! I always thought it was such a distance! How long does it take to go there?"

"I can easily go home in a couple of days. You go down the Potomac River in the steamboat."

"Ah, indeed! Is the Potomac a river? Why I always thought it was a tavern. I heard father say once, when he went to Washington, that he stayed at the Potomac House."

"That tavern was called after the river. The Potomac is a splendid stream running into the Chesapeake Bay."

"I've often heard of this Chesapeake Bay; where is it, Mr. Anderson? But, perhaps I'm too inquisitive."

"Don't you really know where the Chesapeake Bay is, Miss Genevieve?" asked Anderson, in astonishment.

"Indeed, I do not, sir. I never was proficient in geography. It was such a dry study. I remember a little about the maps; and before I left school could easily find places, when our mistresses would point out on the edges of them the latitude and longitude. But I never could recollect much about it, except that Greenland and Lapland were in the North Pole; and that the Torrid Zone was situated in the Autumnal Equinox."

Anderson felt too solemn to laugh; for it was no pleasant discovery for him that the only being who

was likely to make him a rich wife was, as near as could be, a fool.

He did not make any answer, and she ran on:

"Our teacher used to tell us that Italy was shaped like a boot, and I remember tracing the red and blue lines all around it with a pin one day; but I never could find it again, though I have often looked for it all over my old school atlas. Byron used to live in Italy. When I found that out, I was anxious to see it on the map. We were talking about Byron the other night. I've read the *Bride of Abydos* since I saw you. It is a glorious thing!"

"There is no doubt of that," said Anderson, pleased that Genevieve had so promptly read the poem after his recommendation.

"You said just now that you would like to live in Virginia," continued Anderson. "Were you really in earnest?"

"Indeed I was," she replied, trembling all over, and pressing closer to his side. "I've always had an idea that it was a delightful place. *Pokerhontas*, the Indian Queen, lived there once."

"How would you like to go there?" he said, acting upon a desperate resolution to bring matters to a speedy close.

"I should like it of all things in the world," replied Genevieve, fully understanding her part.

"If I were to ask you to go there with me, what would you say?" he continued, advancing a little nearer to the point.

"How should I go with you, Mr. Anderson? I don't understand you!" she said, in feigned surprise.

"Go as my wife, of course! You don't know how dear you are to me, Genevieve. I couldn't live without you. Since I first saw you, I haven't slept an hour at a time, and to-night I am determined to know my fate. Don't say no to my suit, or I shall die, dear Genevieve!" he continued, taking her hand.

"Have I anything to hope?"

"Oh, sir! Oh, sir! I shall faint! Who'd 'a' thought it? Don't let me fall!" ejaculated the astonished maiden, leaning her full weight against her enamored swain. "There! Let me sit down!" she continued in a faint voice.

It so happened that they were at the bridge when this scene occurred, and Anderson gently eased her down upon one of the stone elevations that rise at each end.

"Oh, dear!—oh, dear!" she continued to ejaculate, in an agitated manner. "It took me so suddenly!"

Gradually she recovered herself, and soon cast upon Anderson most loving glances.

"I have won the prize!" he said, pressing her hand to his heart, as his eyes caught the meaning looks.

"I loved you from the moment I first saw you," she said, more calmly; "but dared not hope it was returned."

"You are dear to me as the apple of my eye, and have been from the first," replied Anderson, in passionate tones.

But enough of this. That night, neither Genevieve nor her lover, as he had declared himself, slept much. She, from excess of delight, had no inclination to sleep, and he, from very different emotions, lay awake hour after hour. At times he repented of the rash step he had taken; but his embarrassed condition would then stare him in the face, and reconcile him to the revolting necessity. He could not conceal from himself that he had the most unconquerable aversion for Genevieve, but it was quite as apparent, that he had a tender regard for her father's money. But the old man could not fancy him, and when he asked for his daughter, gave him a peremptory denial. He had his own reasons for this. It was useless to talk to him of his rich father in Virginia. He knew too much about his unpaid tailor's and bootmaker's bills.

Presuming upon the forgiving disposition of all fathers, Anderson proposed an elopement, and in two or three weeks from the time old Hardamer had refused to give the hand of his daughter to a young, idle spendthrift, that daughter, who thought herself a little wiser than her father, took the responsibility of giving herself away.

Since her father's refusal to countenance the visits of Anderson, he had ceased coming to the house. But Genevieve had contrived to meet him at a friend's, and one night, at eleven o'clock, she failed to return home as usual. Her absence, up to that hour, was thought to be nothing remarkable, for all the girls were in the habit of running about with beaux, or visiting at the houses of acquaintances, until ten or eleven o'clock almost every night.

After sitting up until one o'clock for their sister, Gertrude and Genevra became alarmed on account of her absence, and awakened the old folks.

"Where can she be, Gertrude?" asked the mother with a strong expression of anxiety.

"Indeed, ma, I can't tell. She never stayed out so late before."

"Has she ever seen that graceless chap, Anderson, since I forbid him the house?" asked the father, abruptly.

"Yes, sir, I believe she has seen him pretty often since," said Genevra.

"Then the matter's explained!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Hardamer, in alarm.

"Why, it's as like as not she's run off with that idle student, she's fool enough!" replied Hardamer, angrily.

"It's impossible!" said the mother, bursting into tears.

"Don't believe the half of it! She's been crazy for a husband these five years, and has been ready, for some time, to take the first offer," responded Hardamer, bitterly. "If she really has married that fellow, though, she must not expect anything from me, for I shall have nothing to do with him or her either." And so saying, the incensed father retired to his room.

For an hour longer did the mother and the two

daughters sit up, in the vain hope that Genevieve would return. As the clock struck two, they all retired with heavy hearts.

About ten o'clock on the next morning, a letter was brought to Hardamer, which, upon breaking open, he found to run thus:

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—Will you forgive your child for her first act of disobedience. Contrary to your wishes and commands, I have married Mr. Anderson. He is all you could desire in the husband of your daughter. Only consent to cheer us with your smiles and approval, and we shall be too happy. But if you will not forgive your child, she will never more know peace or contentment. I am at Mrs. —, and am trembling with anxiety to hear from you.

"Your affectionate child,

"GENEVIEVE."

"It's just as I suspected!" said Hardamer, entering the room in which his wife sat sewing. "The huzzy has married Anderson in spite of us!"

"You cannot be in earnest!" exclaimed the mother, dropping the work from her hands.

"Yes, but I am, though. Listen to this!" and he read her the letter he had just received from Genevieve.

"She's made her bed and she can lie in it, that's all!" said her mother, resuming the work that had fallen upon the floor.

"So say I! Let her eat the bread of her own baking!" and Hardamer turned away abruptly and entered the shop.

"Have you sent the letter yet?" said Anderson to his young wife, on the morning after the marriage.

"Yes, love, an hour ago."

"Ain't it strange that none of 'em have come yet."

"It takes the girls a good while to dress, and I suppose they're all coming along. They'll be here pretty soon, now."

"Do you think there's any danger of your father's being stiff about the matter?" he asked, in a tone indicating some concern.

"Oh, no, love, none in the least. He'll be quiet enough, now it's all over."

"I hope so."

"Never fear, I know him," said Genevieve.

Another hour passed, and yet there had been neither visit nor message.

"What can it mean, Genevieve?"

"I can't exactly understand it, love," she answered, her face indicating considerable anxiety.

"Perhaps your messenger did not deliver your letter to the right person. Suppose I call him up and question him."

The boy who was sent with the letter was now called and interrogated. He testified that he knew Mr. Hardamer very well by sight, and that he had placed the letter in his own hands.

"Surely they will not cast you off!" said Anderson, after the boy had retired.

"Impossible!" responded Genevieve, emphatically.

"What can it mean, then?"

"Indeed I don't know," said Genevieve, bursting into tears.

Anderson shook his head, and the young couple sat for ten minutes in moody silence.

"We've got each other, love," at length said the bride, looking up into the face of her husband, and twining an arm around his neck. "They can't rob us of each other, and we will be happy in spite of their cruel neglect."

This was a view of the case that was not at all flattering to Anderson. The more intimate had become his acquaintance with Genevieve, the more intolerable did she appear, viewed apart from the "gooseberries." He did not, for he could not, return her fond caresses, or respond to her affectionate expressions. This coldness, so unexpected, completely turned the current of the young bride's feelings, and she burst again into tears.

"You don't love me, I'm sure you don't," she said, laying her head upon his shoulder.

"You are dear to me as life!" he instantly replied, drawing his arm tightly around her, for he could not so suddenly give up the cherished idea of sharing with her a few of her father's hard-earned dollars.

"Then I am so happy!" she said, smiling through her tears.

A whole week passed, and not even an inquiry, so far as they could find out, had been made after them by any of Genevieve's family. Urged on by Anderson, she had written home three letters in the interval, but they all remained unanswered. At the end of that time, Genevieve, at the suggestion of her husband, determined to go home, and try to reconcile matters. The announcement in the newspapers of his having married old Hardamer's daughter brought down upon him all of his duns, who, from long fasting, had become as hungry and as importunate as wolves. This state of uncertainty, therefore, could not long be endured; more particularly, as his landlady had become a little pressing about her dues. Much against her will, for Genevieve was more incensed than troubled about the neglect of her parents and sisters, did she proceed, a week after her marriage, to her father's house. Her two grown-up sisters were, as usual, in the parlor, one reading a novel and the other thrumming the piano.

"Well, Genevieve?" drawled out Gertrude, not even rising. Genevieve did manage to come forward and offer her hand.

"Where's ma?" she asked, in considerable agitation.

"Gone to market," again drawled out Gertrude, turning over a music book, and resuming her pastime.

"Will she be home soon, Genevieve?" Genevieve ventured to ask, her eyes filling with tears.

"I expect she will; she's been gone a good while. What's you take off your bonnet?"

"No, I believe not. I can't stay long."

But few more words passed between the sisters for the next half hour, at the end of which time Mrs. Hardamer returned.

"Who sent for you, my lady?" was the salutation with which she met her daughter.

Genevieve looked at her for a moment, and, bursting into tears, arose and left the house, without the least effort being made to detain her.

"If ever I go back there I wish I may die!" she exclaimed, passionately, on entering the chamber, where sat, in all impatience, her expectant husband.

"What do you mean?" he asked in alarm, rising to his feet.

"I mean what I say! They didn't treat me like a human being, and I'll never go near 'em again!"

"Did you see the old man?"

"No, I did not."

"But, why didn't you see him?"

"Because there'd 'a' been no use in it!"

"But you don't know that. No man can be hard-hearted enough to turn away from his daughter when she asks for his forgiveness."

"I've nothing to ask his forgiveness for. Besides, you don't know him as I do. He's as stubborn as a mule when he once sets his head."

"But you never said this before! You always held out the idea that he'd be easily enough managed after it was all over."

"Well, suppose 'em I did. It was only to ease your mind on the score of the great sacrifice I was making."

"The deuce it was!" ejaculated Anderson, in undisguised astonishment.

Now this was too much for any young bride to bear, before the honeymoon was over, and she very naturally gave way to a flood of tears.

A weeping wife is never a very interesting sight to a husband, more especially if there is but a trifle of real love in the case; and this effusion of tears had but little effect upon the heart of Anderson, save to harden it toward her.

Rap, rap, rap, sounded on the door, and Anderson opened it with some misgivings.

"Mr. Wilson says, can you let him have that money to-day?" said a dirty little urchin, in a loud voice, pushing a bill at him.

"Tell Mr. Wilson to go to —!" replied Anderson, slamming the door in the boy's face, and retreating to a chair at the opposite side of the room from where his wife was sitting.

His words fell like ice upon the heart of Genevieve. A suspicion of the real truth flashed across her mind. Could it be possible that she had been deceived? But she dashed the dreadful thought from her mind.

After sitting for half an hour in silence, Anderson took his hat and left the house without saying a word. He felt completely caught in his own trap. If she brought nothing with her, what was he to do with a disagreeable wife—especially as he had not a single dollar in the world, and was over head and ears, as the saying is, in debt.

"A fine bit of work this, anyhow!" he muttered to himself, as he hurried along the street. "If that old rascal ain't brought to reason, I shall have to run away, or hang myself."

"Good-morning, Mr. Anderson! You are the very man I am looking for," said a well-known officer, smiling blandly as he addressed the young student.

"I can't say that I am much delighted at seeing you, then."

"That's hardly fair, Mr. Anderson. But, jesting aside. There's a little matter of yours down at Squire Miltenberger's that I wish you'd arrange some time to-day."

"Whose is it?"

"Old Lawson's, the bootmaker. He's a little impatient to share in your good fortune," replied the officer, smiling at his own humor.

"It's the last time I'll patronize the old scoundrel," said Anderson, in an offended tone. "But, never mind; I'll arrange it before night."

"Do, if you please," said the officer, bowing; and again Anderson was moving along with no companion but his own thoughts.

"A cursed fix I'm in, now, ain't I?" he said, half aloud. "A rich wife, and not a copper with her. But it's folly to despair yet. The old snob 'll come to, by and by; he's only acting a little stiff, to show off. He ought to be proud of the connection!" And the young man walked along with a dignified pace for the next half square, in the pride of self-consequence.

But Anderson was mistaken. Hardamer was so incensed at his daughter, and so displeased with all he could learn of Anderson, that he would take no notice of them.

After two months, during which time the young couple lived in open rupture, Anderson found it impossible longer to keep free from jail. Waiting just long enough to get his quarterly remittance of one hundred and twenty-five dollars from his father, who had been kept in ignorance of his marriage, he pocketed the money and left the city. He did not even leave a note behind for his wife.

A sad time, poor girl! had she of it afterward. On the third day after Anderson had failed to make his appearance, his wife received notice from her landlady to leave the house, as she could not afford to keep her any longer for nothing. This communication was made in no very choice terms, and wound up as follows:

"And, if you 'll take my advice, you 'll go home to your father, for not much good 'll ever come to you of living with Mr. Anderson, let me tell you that, even if he should show himself again—though I've no notion that ever he will!"

Genevieve burst into tears, and cried and sobbed as if her heart would break. This exhibition of distress touched, in some degree, the feelings of the landlady, and she said, with more kindness of manner: "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Mrs. Anderson—I wouldn't do that for the world. But I'm

serious, when I tell you as a friend, that you would build on a vain hope if you calculated much upon a return of your husband. He's over head and ears in debt here, and has gone off, I have little doubt, to get clear of it."

"Don't talk to me in that way, madam! You cannot surely be in earnest? But even if he has gone home to Virginia, he will send for me directly."

"His father, if I am rightly informed," replied the landlady, "is a poor farmer, with a large family, who has stinted all the rest to make a doctor of this one. Having trifled with his father's kindness, and abused his confidence, he will hardly go back to him."

"Oh, ma'am! what you say cannot be true!" exclaimed Genevieve, the tears flowing afresh from her eyes.

"It is all too true, Mrs. Anderson, and sorry am I to have to tell you so. Anderson expected to get a fortune with you, but having been disappointed in this expectation, and being overwhelmed with debt, he has left you."

There was too much evidence in Genevieve's mind to enable her to reject fully her plain-spoken landlady's statement, and, overwhelmed at the idea of her situation, she covered her face with her hands, and rocking her body backward and forward, murmured: "What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Go home at once to your father, Mrs. Anderson," said her landlady.

"But father won't see me, nor suffer me to come to the house."

"Then you are in a bad way, poor thing!"

"Mayn't I stay here a little while, ma'am?" she said, meekly, looking through her tears imploringly into the landlady's face.

The feelings of the latter, not usually very sensitive, were touched, and wiping the moisture from her eyes, she said: "Certainly, Mrs. Anderson, for a little while. But you know I can't afford to keep you long; and so you'd better make fair weather with your folks as quick as possible."

If there is anything of good remaining in the heart, circumstances of trial and affliction will develop it. It may lie hidden for years, like fire in the steel, but rough collision will reveal the spark. This is one of the uses of adversity:

"I have done wrong," said Mrs. Anderson to herself, after an hour's afflicting communion with her own thoughts. Now this simple conclusion and acknowledgment showed that beneath all the false pride and vain desires of Genevieve, there lay concealed something by which she might be elevated from an evil and a false into a good and true character. Had this shown itself under different circumstances, it might have been trampled upon and extinguished. But it had been kept concealed and protected until the right moment.

(To be continued.)

THE pure mind carries Heaven within itself, and manifests that Heaven to all around.

GEORGE ELIOT.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

EVERYBODY is reading "Middlemarch," and everybody presumably is interested to know something of its author. For, as has been well said, it is but her "second self" she shows us in her books; and behind that, one would fain catch a glimpse of the real woman. No other writer so constantly eludes us, and it is this very impersonality that gives to her works their dramatic force and truthfulness. She is like a calm and unprejudiced observer, equally interested with the reader in the fate of her characters, indicating and interpreting their actions and motives, but nowhere appearing to mould and direct them. And because of this reticence and absence of self-consciousness, we hardly think of George Eliot as a creature of flesh and blood like ourselves, but forget the woman in our admiration of the artist, teacher and philosopher. Other novelists put themselves tangibly between their pages, confide to us bits of personal experience, and make no secret of their likes or dislikes, preferences or prejudices. But she seems rather a transparent medium between her characters and us, and without any visible interposition on her part we are left to watch their unfolding and development.

George Eliot, like Mrs. Browning, is a refutation of the theory that intellectual women have dolts for husbands. She is married to a man well known in English literature, the biographer of Goethe and Robespierre—George Henry Lewes. Readers of Charlotte Brontë will remember her correspondence with him, and enthusiastic admiration of his talents. That these are of a varied order is sufficiently shown by the pursuits to which he has turned his attention, for he has written successively novels, dramas, histories and scientific treatises, and acquitted himself favorably in all.

He met George Eliot (Miss Marion Evans) at the house of Dr. Chapman, editor of the *Westminster Review*. A similarity of tastes drew them together, and that meeting was fraught with happy results. Rarely have two such highly gifted natures been joined in wedlock, and though the woman's is undoubtedly superior to the man's, their union is at once perfect and harmonious. Both are devoted to the study of science, philosophy and the languages, are passionately fond of music, and enjoy social pleasures intensely.

Mrs. Lewes herself, outside of her books, is a remarkable woman. She possesses a scientific knowledge, unequalled perhaps by that of any other novelist save Goethe; can converse with ease in several languages, and most brilliantly in her own; is a profound thinker, a poet of no mean order, and a musician whose extraordinary skill, when one remembers her other pursuits, may well excite wonder. But having bestowed upon her all these gifts, nature has denied her personal beauty, and her face,

like Madame de Stael's, is homely and unattractive. We can fancy that to her friends it is lighted up and transfigured by the soul within.

Her first triumph, the publication of "Adam Bede," was not won until she had served a long apprenticeship to severe literary labor. Before that she had dived in German metaphysics, and written essays on abstruse topics for the *Westminster Review*, and at one time assisted in editing it. She had also made several translations, and one in particular of Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity." But, strange to say, the only fiction she had hitherto attempted was a series of sketches, entitled, "Scenes of Clerical Life," contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*; and though these attracted some attention at the time, and were greatly admired, they but faintly foreshadowed the greatness of what she afterward executed.

"Adam Bede," however, was a revelation, and raised George Eliot at once to the highest rank as a novelist. No other woman in England or this country approaches her in vigor of thought and conception, and where she is first few are second. Reade, Trollope and Collins may be more popular, but one would as soon think of comparing Shakspeare with the other dramatists of his age, as her works with theirs. English criticism even places her above Dickens, and though the echo of his name yet stirs us too powerfully to admit that, she is without doubt unexcelled by any living novelist, man or woman.

If we try to analyze her writings, and find out in what their power consists, we are struck at once with the variety of instruments she uses to rivet our attention and interest. She first creates a background for her figures, an English landscape, rich with local coloring, and then, as if unrolling a panorama, places before us the life of a whole neighborhood. Her chief personages are not thrust prominently forward, but are grouped with the minor ones as in actual life; and so effective are her touches, that we seem not only to have known these people, but to have read their very souls, and discerned the springs of their very thought and action. She goes straight down to the roots of human character, and brings us face to face with those great moral truths that press upon men's consciences, almost forcing us, as it were, to acknowledge their existence and necessity. Her men and women are psychological studies, whose lives and thoughts show the working of spiritual laws, and upon this our interest is made to centre rather than upon their happiness or unhappiness. Yet, although she thus places the moral relations between human beings higher than the social or intellectual ones, there is nothing didactic in her manner of doing it, and the truths she enforces are those our own lives teach when we recall their various events.

This, to our mind, is the crowning excellence of George Eliot's works. Other writers have created lifelike people, but she does something more, and we see the individual, influenced by personal desires and personal motives, yet bound by a tie he cannot break to the rest of humanity. Behind all her observation, pathos and humor, is a profound purpose, incorporating itself so easily and naturally with her work that we do not recognize its true significance until reflecting upon it afterward. Not that she seeks to mould our opinions in accordance with her own, but simply elucidates that individual life cannot be considered apart from that of the whole race, and that we are not only the heirs of the past, but the progenitors of the future. No mist blinds her clear vision; subtle distinctions between right and wrong are merged into definite lines: she sees and explains the varying relations between man and his fellow-men, and the duties that spring out of them. There is a death to her, not only of the body, but of the soul, and the last alone is pitiable and terrifying. She shows us the conflict between egoistic desires and that higher rule taught by the Divine Master, and points out the base paths into which a weak yielding to the former will lead. But, at the same time, she recognizes and depicts with terrible minuteness the agony of renouncing self when that renunciation involves our personal happiness. So strong is the struggle that goes on in Maggie Gulliver's soul between love and duty that we tremble at its intensity, and almost feel as if the sacrifice of one to the other were a wrong and cruelty. Why should she resign to Lucy what Lucy would never have given up to her? Why should the nature so fitted for passionate enjoyment be doomed forever to self-denial? Did not "natural law," as Stephen said, "surmount every other," and could they "help what it clashed with?" Stephen is blinded by passion, but Maggie's conscience makes her clear-sighted, and we feel the justice of her decision when she says: "I have tried to think it again and again; but I see, if we judged in that way, there would be a warrant for all treachery and cruelty. We should justify breaking the most sacred ties that can ever be formed on earth." Elsewhere we are told that the "higher life begins where we renounce our own will to bow before a divine law," and that is but a "poor sort of happiness that comes by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures."

Another quality of George Eliot's books is that broad-reaching sympathy which flows out toward all her characters, and gives us just and faithful portraits of the least as well as greatest. Dorotha and Lydgate are not more carefully drawn than Rosamond and Bulstrode, and with these figures stand out, more than a dozen others, part of the population of Middlemarch, clearly identified, and with an individuality as distinct and separate as those of the people we meet in actual life. No matter though some have natures that are dwarfed, or selfish, or stained with sin; they are all human, and she is careful to let us know whatever palliates their weak-

ness, and not exaggerate either that or the virtues of others. We are made to realize Rosamond's littleness, and the effect it has upon Lydgate, but at the same time no touch of the author throws her character into greater relief than justice demands.

Such impartiality and insight into human nature are rarely found except in Shakspeare, and are the signs of a nature perfect and complete in every part. Dickens does not conceal his prejudices toward certain of his characters, and heightens their repulsiveness to an extent that is sometimes painful. In "The Old Curiosity Shop," the malevolence of Quilp is dwelt upon and intensified until even his grotesque humor cannot save us from a feeling of horror. It is demonic rather than human, and yet so powerful is the author's genius that Quilp lives for us as well as Nelly, even while we protest against the monstrosity of such a creation. The truth is, to read Dickens is to be permeated with his spirit, and see everything through his eyes rather than our own. But George Eliot affects us differently, and although we recognize the presence of a powerful intellect behind her creations, our judgment is not influenced thereby, and the criticisms we pass on her characters are like those given to everyday acquaintances. So it seems, at least, and yet few of us emulate her wide charity toward the faults and weaknesses of human nature. Dickens throws upon them the broad glare of his genius, and shows up their ludicrous aspects, and lets personal feeling color his descriptions; and in this we think sometimes offends against the canons of true art. George Eliot's manner is a marked contrast to his; the most vicious and foolish of her characters waken pity rather than hatred or ridicule, and her attitude toward them forever remains that of an impartial observer, unchanged by personal inclination or emotion.

But it is simply by way of illustration that we have alluded to these dissimilarities between her writings and those of Dickens, for the same rules of criticism hardly apply to both, and posterity alone can decide which is the greatest. That George Eliot's books will delight other ages than our own we feel assured, for not only are they founded upon truths as old as the world itself, but are illuminated by a sympathy for human nature and an understanding of its needs that the universal heart and conscience of mankind will forever recognize.

POWER OF GOOD HUMOR.—The effervescing, the overflowing, the irrepressible good humor of Franklin made a way for him wherever he went; in Christian America, in the halls of Congress, in infidel France, in the age of her disgraceful and inhuman and bloody revolution, Franklin was alike successful in carrying out his political purposes. What a life lights up in every eye, how instinctively a private company or a public crowd make a way for the man who is known to be full of fun, to be a jovial soul! But good nature has its foundation in good health, in an industrious, temperate life, with a loving heart at the bottom of it all.

JOHN JONES'S NEW LEAF.

BY ROSSELLA RICE.

IT was a dreary kitchen—the walls were dirty and smoky, the breakfast dishes stood on the table in the middle of the floor, the cooking-stove was open, with kettles and pans on it, and cold ashes on its hearth, its sooty plates awry, a pot of dishwater standing on top of the stove, and the broom and poker and tongs lay just where the little riders had left them when they were called to prepare for school. Johnny had gone off crying, and his whine could even then be heard coming up the hollow, in the direction of the school-house. The milk had not been strained, and the flies were buzzing about it as they sat on the edges of the two brimming pails, sipping and rubbing their hands together in a satisfied way. The baby was teething, and cross, and the one pair of hands that could have brought order out of this disorder were busy trying to soothe it.

Is it any wonder that tears were in the mother's eyes, as she cuddled her baby to her bosom, and walked across the floor trying to still its cries?

"Oh, dear, what a life!—what a life!" said she; "I try to be patient, and make the best of it, but it does seem so hard." Just as the babe was growing quiet, and its little blue hands had fallen listlessly upon its bosom, a shadow fell across the doorway, and the husband entered, saying, "Jane, can you tell me what the children did with the hatchet yesterday?"

"It was out on the rock, behind Johnny's wagon, last night," said she, speaking low, and gently laying the baby down in a bed that had not been made-up yet.

"Seems to me you're a good while gittin' your chores done; you haven't the knack of gittin' along like Mrs. Leavondyke—her work is done up long ago, an' she's busy in the garden. Tell you, she's a nice garden, don't look much like our'n; you don't put the time on our'n that she does in her'n."

"Oh, John," said the little woman, slipping back her sleeves and tying on a big apron, and trying to keep her face turned away to hide the gathering tears, "with four little children, and the baby sick, and three cows to milk and calves to feed, and hands to cook for, and all the other work to do, I only wonder that I get half my chores done in a whole day."

"Well, I'm sure I don't see how it is," said he; "my mother had ten living children, and she managed to get along first-rate, and do all our own weaving, besides taking in weaving for the neighbors. You have more room than she had, and you don't have to carry water forty rods, like she did—here it is, right at the foot of the hill; and you never have to cut your own firewood, unless it is in the midst of harvest, and I think you shouldn't complain. If there is anything I hate to hear, it is a growling, whining wife. Now, I have to be out o' doors all the time, no matter how the sun shines, or

how cold the wind blows, while you are in the shade and comfortable—if you only knew it. Ah! you have an easy time of it, you women, if you only knew it; so, cheer up. I married you for a help-mate, don't you know. The girls will be big enough in three or four years to help you, and then you can take times easier, and maybe by that time the bottom farm will be paid for, and we'll be able to ride in a carriage, like the Leavondykes do.

"How long since you brought in this water?" said he, as he took a drink from the tin dipper, and finding it not fresh, he squirted it out coolly right on the floor among some pans that had slipped down off a shelf.

As he took the hatchet, and started out to the wagon to fix the hay-rigging on it, he said, "Jane, if you can as well as not, s'posin' you have some o' them new beans that grow in that fur lot for dinner."

"Well, I'll try," said she, hopelessly, as she slipped her shoes off so she might step softly and with more comfort. All we working-women know what a task it is to put a disordered kitchen into neatness, especially when little children have been about. First she strained the milk, saving out a quart, with which to mix the bread, for the yeast was set the night before, and had been bubbling two hours; she mixed it and set it in the warm sunshine, then started a fire and made feed of skim-milk and meal, for the noisy, frolicsome calves that ran in the door-yard. Then she swept and picked up playthings after the children, hung up their coats and aprons, and set their old shoes away, and moved their sleds and wagons and hoops from about the doors.

While the dishwater was heating she hurried upstairs and made the beds, then washed the dishes, and went down cellar and skimmed the milk. There was cream enough for a churning, and the churn was scalded, and then left with a pail of cold water standing in it, so as to be fresh and ready. By this time the baby woke and cried, and the tired little mother was compelled to sit down and take him in her sheltering arms.

In half an hour or so he was ready to sit down on the floor on a quilt, and she left him long enough to carry three or four pails of the skimmed milk to the pigs—two pailsful at a time, and she went on the run. She always fed the pigs; when she asked her husband once to carry the milk to the pen, on his way out to his work, he said, "That belongs to a woman's work; a man whose name is out for commissioner shouldn't be asked to slop the pigs—that's a little too steep."

It was no trifling job to feed those pigs; the pen had been made out of some old house logs, and the opening through which the pails had to be lifted before they could be emptied was so high up that it just came even with her neck, and was only wide

enough to admit the pail with the bail lying down. Twice, when she was dressed up clean, had the unsteadily poised pail tipped back and poured the contents upon her, from her neck even down to her little feet, drenched as by a waterspout.

Withal the little mother was quite patient, and almost every day could her untrained voice be heard, even down to the lower field and the school-house, singing: "A charge to keep I have;" or, "God moves in a mysterious way."

But before another year a change came. The strong, hard man, her husband, was stricken down with typhoid fever, and for long, weary weeks he lay balancing between life and death. His recovery was very slow, and his confinement irksome; no prison walls could have been gloomier than were the home-walls that held him a prisoner. Day after day the ceaseless patter of his wife's patient little feet fell upon his ear; he could hear them up-stairs and down, now here, now there, her voice always kind and tender, her hand ever ready to minister to her dear ones, her words full of consolation, and love, and cheer.

John Jones was not wholly unimpressible; slowly the scales fell from his eyes, the light came, and he was as one born into a higher and a better life. He drew his bony hand across his eyes, often the sobs made him catch his breath suspiciously, and he marvelled much that he had walked beside this little woman for years and not known that he was mated with an "angel unaware." His voice grew softer, tenderer, his great talony hands touched her forehead and her hair lovingly, as would a woman's—touched her as though he was afraid she would fade away into a white mist.

Weeks afterward, when he was able to ride out, the old whimsical buggy that had done good service in the days of his church-going parents, was made comfortable by a soft woollen blanket and an armful of sweet-smelling oat straw. John didn't tell where he was going, but he looked wise, and his mouth had a perky look about the corners that seemed to say: "Just le' me alone; I know what I'm about!"

It was evening when he came home. He was still wise as when he went away. His cup of hot tea was waiting, and his toast, and the tender little pullet fried nice and brown. He seemed really happy—jolly. He trotted the baby on his foot that night, and he called his wife "Jenny," as in the days when he won her, and he let Johnny play horse with his boots, and there was such a contented, rich-man expression on his face that his wife couldn't help wondering what had made such a change in him.

The next morning the crazy old rig was called out again, and the soft blanket spread in it, and John Jones took the lines in his emaciated hands and drove off in the same direction as he did the day before.

When he returned, he was accompanied by a broad-shouldered, good-looking German girl, whom he introduced to his wife as "our girl."

She looked with amazement upon "our girl," and

then stared at John. He soon explained things to her satisfaction.

"The upshot o' the matter is, Jane, that I've 'bused you long enough; the Lord helpin' me, I'll never see you make a drudge o' yourself ag'in. It's a burnin' shame for any great lout like me to expect a frail little body like you to be man, an' boy, an' dog, an' wife, an' mother, an' nigger, an' me a savin' an' a hoardin' up money and means to leave to the Lord only knows who. I beg your pardin, Jane; and now you'll tell this girl, Barbara Groetz, how you want things done, an' let her take your place an' work in your stid, an' you'll live hereafter like a human man's wife ort to."

By the time his speech was made, the poor weak fellow was blubbering like a whale.

Poor little surprised wife! She flew to his neck and laid her head on his bosom and cried like a baby, as she said: "John Jones! you old darling!"

"No, not a bit of a darlin'; just an old bear, a reg'lar old heathen, to sacrifice the best little woman under the sun, inch by inch, this way that's been a-goin' on for years an' years," snuffled he, as he fumbled over her face in an aimless, loving way.

Then "our girl," Barbara, went into Jane Jones's harness, and it fitted her to a fraction.

"Now we've turned over a new leaf, go and dress up, Jenny, bless you!" said the new convert.

So, with the memory of lang syne warming her heart, Jane unearthed her wedding dress in the afternoon, and put it on with a pretty old-fashioned collar, and brushed out her nut-brown hair that once upon a time curled beautifully. Perhaps she felt foolish and girlish and out of her sphere, but she looked sweet enough to make up for all discrepancies.

She sat sewing, putting a new band on Ruby's white skirt, when the children came home from school. Her back was toward the door. Tom came to a dead halt as he stepped on the sill, and then ran round to the lean-to to find his mother. No mother there, but the smiling, pinky-faced German girl, who was paring potatoes to bake for supper.

Tom bawled out: "Is mother dead? Oh, I want my mother!" and circled round the house and peeped in shyly with wet eyes.

Was that lady in a soft gray merino dress, wearing an embroidered collar and gold ear-drops, his mother? That pretty woman! Surely it was, for Nettie was feeling of her face, and was sparkling all over and saying: "Is this you, mother? Why where have you been?"

"Oh, ma!" said Tom, holding her round the neck as though he thought she might flit away the next minute; "why where did you go, and when did you come back?"

Poor little ones, how proud they were of the household drudge in her new and beautiful transformation!

But this is not all. Before the first cold blast of winter came, steps were taken to save and lighten the labors of the feminine portion of the farmer's household. An addition was built to the house, new

siding was put on and painted white. New windows were added, and green blinds, and spouting, and a big cistern close to the kitchen door, and a wide, long, roomy porch. Closets were put in all the rooms; the old verminy bedsteads split up and used for kindlings; new chairs were bought, including a new rocking and a sewing-chair for mother; a new sewing machine, that was a love of a friend; the door-yard was paved in, and the calves and colts kept where they belonged; and evergreen trees, and flowering shrubbery, and rose-bushes, made beautiful the new yard. An easy chain-pump took the place of the old moss-covered bucket that held as much as a churn. It was packed off to the barn to put clover-seed in, and the heavy windlass was borne away forever from the little arms that had tugged at its ponderous weight with a sick weariness many and many a year. The big well-rope made a nice swing out under the oaks for Tom and Belle and chubby Harry.

Now that the no longer enslaved mother has leisure to mingle with her growing children as teacher, and companion, and friend, they grow more lovable and intelligent, and they cling to her like vines. They see so much in her to admire and emulate.

And John Jones? That spell of fever was the Aaron's rod that smote the rock of his soul and opened it for the outgushing of love, and sympathy, and charity, and all the virtues and charms and graces of the human heart; and to-day, growing broader, and ruddier, and riper, and better, there lives no happier farmer than dear old renovated John Jones.

IT IS DARK.

THERE come seasons of darkness in all our lives—times when there are neither sun, nor moon, nor stars in the sky, and we stand still in fear, or grope trembling.

A few years ago there fell upon my life one of these seasons, in which I could see neither to the right nor the left. A terror of darkness was upon me.

One night I lay awake, thinking, thinking, until my brain grew wild with uncertainty. I could not see a step in advance, and feared to moved onward, lest, with the next footfall, I should plunge into hopeless ruin. Very strongly was I tempted to turn aside from the way in which I was going—a way reason and conscience approved as right—but something held me back. Again and again I took up and considered the difficulties of my situation, looking to the right hand and the left for ways of extrication; now inclining to go in this direction, and now in that; yet always held away from resolve by inner convictions of right and duty that grew clear at the moment when I was ready to give up my hold on integrity.

So the hours went, heavy-footed, until past midnight. My little daughter was sleeping in the crib beside my bed. But now she began to move un-

easily, and presently her timid voice broke faintly on the still air.

"Papa! papa!" she called.

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

"Oh, papa, it is dark! Take Nellie's hand!"

I reached out my hand, and took her tiny one in my own, clasping it firmly. A sigh of relief came up from her little heart. All her loneliness and fear were gone, and in a few moments she was soundly asleep again.

"Oh, my Father in Heaven!" I cried, in a sudden, almost wild, outburst of feeling, "it is dark—very dark. Take my hand!"

A great peace fell upon me. The terror of darkness was gone. "Keep hold of my hand, O my Father!" I prayed fervently; "and though I should be called to walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." Let not my feet wander to the right or to the left."

Sleep fell softly on my eyelids, and morning broke with scarce a seeming interval of time.

I felt calm and strong. The day was to be one of severe trial. Dark uncertainty rested over it. But I was resolved to walk steadily through its trials and its pains, holding tightly the hand of my Father.

Oh! is not the Lord better to us, if we will trust Him, than all our fears? There came fierce assaults upon my integrity. I was lured by golden promises; I was threatened with disaster and disgrace. But my hand lay in the firm clasp of one who sticketh closer than a brother, and who is strong to save.

In my rectitude I found safety. Had I swerved, I would have gone down to hopeless ruin. Even my tempters, who had hoped to gain through my defection from honor, bore witness to my integrity. And now, having escaped the perils of this difficulty and dangerous pass, peace, prosperity and honor opened on my view. But the highest and dearest of all my possessions is mine integrity, which, but for the hand of my Father, grasped in darkness, I should have lost.

THERE is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modern author, that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise, or his farm; fly over lands, sail over seas, meet difficulty, or encounter danger, if he only knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for his happy hours.

THERE is an elasticity in the human mind capable of bearing much, but which will not show itself until a certain weight be put upon it; its powers may be compared to vehicles whose springs are so contrived that they get on smoothly enough when loaded, but jolt when they have nothing to bear.

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE HACKNEY MERCURY."

THE death of the head of a family generally brings many changes with it. It could not fail to do so in Mr. Maxwell's case.

There was no will, and David knew he had no right to anything. His father's private income had all been derived from funded property of increasing value. Mrs. Maxwell would take her widow's moiety, and the rest would go to the next of kin, the surgeon's only nephew, who had never even been seen at Blenheim House. David would scarcely have wished it otherwise, nay, would positively have rejoiced in it, but for the actual pinch of necessity. There are certain ties of life which seem to pollute and corrode any gold that passes over them. And though David had loved his father in a way, and would have taken any kindness from him in life when it might have savored of a personal affection, in his heart he rather preferred the plain legal cutting off of a legally nameless child, to any subterfuge.

Mrs. Maxwell promptly announced her intention to leave Hackney instantly, and go into apartments at some watering place, until she had time to secure a suitable permanent residence. She had secret visions of visiting and visited dowerhood, wholly free from the cloud that had hung over her in Hackney. Mrs. Maxwell was so densely ignorant as to think nothing of her own defective grammar, or even to suspect that her manners were coarse and ungainly. Everything would be well so long as her dress was rich, her apartments spacious and her table good. She judged thus in unsuspicious vulgarity. Other people might have confirmed her judgment in worldly cynicism.

On the very early date when she left Blenheim House "for good and all in every way," as she elegantly expressed it, David received a letter from the next of kin. It was couched in very courteous terms, asking him as a special favor to retain possession and keep everything going as usual until this unknown relative could himself appear upon the scene and wind up matters.

David was not ungrateful for this breathing time, for his future course was sufficiently indeterminate. His medical studies had proceeded so far as to render their completion desirable, and it seemed to David that his best plan was to offer his services to the parish doctor until such time as he could pass his examinations, since he believed he could make himself quite useful enough to deserve some salary in the meantime. He had a very natural desire to have arranged his future before his father's relation arrived. Phoebe's future he carried with his own, in

his mental eye. He had never sought further to probe the mystery about her. It was connected wholly with his father, and he had in remembrance his father's dying encomium, and knew the surgeon well enough to have full faith in it. David would have been glad to receive Phoebe's confidence, yet he would not ask it. But he was determined to provide for her to the very best of his power. She had, indeed, been more than a faithful servant to him, and he was resolved to do his utmost for her, to keep her with him all through, if possible; if not, to aid her as much as he could at present, and hasten to bring about a speedy re-union. He did not hesitate in bringing this tie upon himself, nor forecast that there might come a time when he should have other uses for the income that must certainly be very narrow for a long time. David's was one of those simple, straight minds which, beneath the scriptural warning, "Sufficient unto the day is the trouble thereof," reads a command, "Sufficient unto the day is the duty thereof."

With quick tact he felt that Phoebe must be anxious about many things of which she would be too reserved and delicate-minded to speak. For with all her homely bluntness, Phoebe was a woman of many fine perceptions, and nobody knew it better than he who was almost her foster-child. It was not lost upon him that the moment he became the apparent head of the household, Phoebe prefaced her old nurse-like "David," or "Davie," by the title of "Mr." He was made owner of nothing else, neither acre nor coffer, but to that one plain, faithful woman, he had become "master."

So, in pursuance of his desire to set her heart at rest as much as possible, he announced to her: "I am going to call on the doctor, Phoebe, to see if he will take me into his surgery until I can set up for myself. Perhaps he will give me a salary to live out of his house, and then we must manage so that you can be my housekeeper. I know you are not particular about doing any sort of work that may come to hand, and I should prefer one kind woman overlooker all to myself to paying heavily for part shares in faithless landladies, laundresses and needlewomen. It would not only be happier for me, but really cheaper, I think, Phoebe."

"No, it wouldn't, tho' I've got clothes for two or three years, and needn't take any wage, and can live on taters, as I used to, once't before. Why can't you speak truth, Mr. David, and say you're doin' it out o' kindness to me?"

David laughed. "Kindness to myself," he said. "If you will have it that it is dearer, be it so, but what should I have to give elsewhere for the same article? What is the market value of care and

kindness like yours? Can a king's revenue buy them? So, when I have the chance of them, I think they are dirt-cheap, even if they do cost an extra shilling or two. Why, I set such store by them, Phœbe, that if the doctor wants me to live in his house, I was going to get you to take a little retaining salary, so as to be ready to come back to me whenever I want you."

"I'll be that without taking a wage for it," returned Phœbe, with a toss of her head. "Trust me. Bless us, if it wasn't for the look o' the thing, I'd be your housekeeper, and keep myself, and bring home money into the bargain. It's made my fingers itch to hear what women get a-washing and charring. There's a poor fal-de-ral of a thing down the lane that gets three shillings a week for dusting out an office before eight in the morning, and cleaning the door-steps o' Saturdays. And don't do it, either. For I troubled myself to walk past one Saturday night, and I'd ha' been ashamed o' them steps, and couldn't ha' gone to church on Sunday wi' such allobbered work on my mind. I ain't going to take your money to live idle away from ye, Mr. David. And I'll never engage myself for more than a day, wi'out telling the folks that I may have to go off without notice if my old master wants me."

"I think there'll be no need for that, Phœbe," David answered, and then he went off, to call upon the doctor.

That gentleman received him kindly enough till he knew his errand, and then he grew cool, except in eager reiteration of his belief, that he believed his visitor to be personally all that he should desire either as assistant, colleague, or housemate. And though the good doctor did not intend it, there was an emphasis on the word "personally" which gave David an insight into his real meaning, and prevented him from seeking any detailed explanation, when the doctor went on to repeat "that though personally you are all that I could desire, and though for some reasons such an union of our forces might be highly desirable to both, still—there are—other considerations—certain drawbacks—things that cannot enter into any agreement."

The worthy man could have thanked David heartily when he put him out of his misery by courteously acknowledging the civility with which he had received his unwelcome overtures, and then rising and taking his departure.

The doctor meant what he said when he followed him to the door, and shaking hands with him twice, begged him "to let him know if he could serve him in any other way. He should be only too delighted—in any other way."

David understood, and yet he did not understand. As we have said before, from the inside and from the outside, things show differently. He knew his dead father was as far removed from what a doctor should be as he was from true Christian manhood, which, in fact, must be the foundation and finishing of all technical excellencies. But David knew that his own ideal was founded on standards which the world

in general ignored. He believed that all professional etiquettes and prerogatives should be so permeated by Christianity that no lawyer should accept a client, unless assured that he had true and sufficient legal or moral claims for plaint or defence, and should find his sweetest professional success in the weight which such a man's name would presently carry with it. And that a medical man should be as severe and as curt to the criminal or imaginary diseases of his rich patients as he would to those of his poor ones, and as gentle and patient to the really suffering and dying poor as to the afflicted millionaire. But just as David knew that many lawyers were honored and prosperous in the worldly, mainly just because they could successfully make the worse appear the better cause, and show trophies of doubtful titles established, and criminals set scot free, so he knew that many a medical name stood high and fashionable, not only although he did not keep these ways, but partly, perhaps, because he did not! Whenever he had reasoned with his father on this or that grasping, selfish, or hoodwinking practice, his father, whether he yielded the point or not, had always proceeded to justify it by precedent, gilded by some name, often truly great in scientific skill, and in undeniable possession of the world's good opinion and respect. Therefore David had never supposed that his father stood condemned in the world's eyes save as an eccentric, coarse-mannered man, who failed to make the best of his talents either for himself or for it. Truly, David was never quite sure that he knew all, and Phœbe's speech to his father the night before his death, had changed his suspicions into certainty. Still, the style of Phœbe's hints, and, though inconsequently, the heat shown by Mrs. Maxwell, had led him to conclude that this something was a skeleton in the household rather than the surgery.

Therefore, though he felt that some cloud about his father overshadowed his prospects, he was mystified. He half shrank from any attempt to analyze it, and he walked moodily along, wondering, with the vagueness always attendant upon a new groove of thought, into whatever channels besides medicine he could possibly turn his knowledge of chemistry and anatomy. The former was his favorite, and this instantly struck him as fortunate, being the more adaptable of the two. He knew that the world was all before him, but dismissed that thought in an instant. There were three reasons why he should remain in Hackney. They must be written down in succession, but it need not, therefore, be inferred that they presented themselves so to David. He might have seemed more heroic if they had, but, in fact, they all came together, shading into each other, so that it was hard to say where one ended and the other began. First, he would not wish to extort from ignorance a confidence which was not to be obtained from those who knew his antecedents. Second, a confidence that goes so cheaply is seldom worth having, and in his case could scarcely be procured without evasions stronger than silence. Third, a charmed link held him to Hackney; had it been

stronger, it might have been elastic; as it was, the least strain would snap it at once, and forever. If he stayed where he was, he might in time become Millicent Harvey's friend, her second brother, a familiar face in whatever household she blessed with her presence.

David kept his castle-building within these modest limits, and yet somehow it brought the blood to his pale face, and it was still flushing there when the corner of a cross-road brought him face to face with Millicent herself.

She paused and greeted him; and then, as for some few hundred yards their ways lay in the same direction, they walked on side by side. They had not met since the evening of the Lauries' party before his father's death. And Milly wondered rather awkwardly what she ought to say, which wonder resulted simply in more emphatic inquiries after Mrs. Maxwell's health and whereabouts, and in an observation that her sister, Mrs. George Harvey, had been telling her husband that he should call at Blenheim House, but that George had said he feared it would be too early an intrusion.

"Tell your brother that I shall only be too happy and honored," David responded. His very earnestness gave a hesitation to his manner, and Milly scarcely thought he was sincere. After a few moments' silence, he asked whether she had seen Fergus Laurie lately.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "he was with us last evening. I am very busy—just as busy as I can be—for him!"

"Dear me, has the firm so much on hand?" David observed.

"No; I am working for him," and Milly became a little embarrassed. "I am working for him apart from the firm. Of course you know he is soon going to set up in business by himself. I thought you were sure to know. I thought you were the same as himself!"

"I did not know," said David. "I have not seen him much this last week or two. I knew he was very busy. You see there was no object in his telling me—dear me, and he is going into business by himself. Once he starts, Miss Harvey, he will be a great manufacturer. You can't think how clever he is, nor how generous!"

"I can fully believe it," Milly answered, and thought to herself, "Of course, Fergus did not tell him about his plans, because it would have seemed so heartless, when this one is so miserably circumstanced." For in course of conversation Fergus had imparted to Milly all that he knew, believed or imagined about the Maxwells. And then as they parted Milly said in her frank, off-hand way, "Tell Mr. Laurie that I told you. I did not think I was revealing any secret. It would have been safe from everybody else. Good-bye."

David walked on homeward. He knew that he was Fergus's nearest friend, but for all that he was not so near as the girl whom his friend had scarcely spoken to six months ago! "Well," David thought

to himself, "it is only natural; in fact, it is as it should be."

He pushed open the garden gate at Blenheim House, and made his way to the back door to save Phoebe the trouble of leaving her kitchen.

He lifted the latch and went in. The room was bright with what Phoebe would call a fine "cooking fire," and there were savory smells rising from sundry pots and pans grouped about the grate. But Phoebe, active, bustling Phoebe, sat apart, leaning heavily on the table. A local newspaper lay a little way from her, as if she had given it an impatient push. She sprang to her feet as David entered, and her face was ablaze with wrath, and sorrow, and tears.

"Ye might as well read it at onc't," she said, holding out the journal. "There'll be plenty that'll speak on't, and it's well to have on your front ready. Says the baker's boy to me, 'You look in the second column, third page of our *Mercury*,' and I saw the milkman a-smirkin'. There's no use in a-hushin' and a-hidin', I sees that. The only way to get rid o' dirty clothes is to wash 'em. Shut 'em out o' sight and they smells! It's a poor work to have set one's life to, that can be all unpicked in a minute, like mine. But oh, Mr. David, Mr. David, don't turn like that, but remember that the Lord Himself says that the son and the father may differ as dark and light, and anybody that reads the Bible knows it!"

For David's face had grown white and rigid over the paragraph which poor Phoebe's thumbing had made painfully conspicuous. But he gently stroked the hand she laid on his arm.

"Don't fear for me," he said.

Still he gathered up the paper in his hand, and went off to his own room and shut himself in.

CHAPTER VII.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

DAVID MAXWELL kneeled by the side of his bed with the horrible local newspaper in his hand. He was guided by the same instincts which led the old Judean monarch up to the Temple of the Lord to spread out Rabshakeh's letter before the mercy-seat. There is a bitterness which cannot be uttered even in a prayer. We can only show it to God.

There he kneeled, nameless, and with a new shadow resting even on the name that he bore from custom. There lay the *Hackney Mercury*, with its cruel readiness to make capital out of a shameful story about the dead, which could serve no purpose, except to pain the survivors. There could be no mistake as to who was referred to in its paragraph, though dashes were liberally employed, and X, Y and Z, the only initials used. The phrases of "recently deceased medical man," "questionable popularity," "peculiar domestic arrangements," gave it an individuality which nobody who knew anything about Blenheim House could fail to recognize! Nor could David dare to doubt the particular instance of

sin—sin, revolting and futile—which the newspaper reported. The revelation shed a flood of light over Phoebe's mystifications—and over the friendly doctor's disinclination to any professional connection with himself.

We must all look at trouble somewhere. The only question is, where? Shall it be in the glare of our own passions? Or in the cold, hard light of the world's opinion? Or in the softened glory of God's presence?

That last light does not hide any hard facts which the others could reveal. It does not even veil their ugliness. Hideous things look more hideous in the sunshine than in gaslight or candlelight. But the sunshine has a promise in it. It says, "I will dry up this stagnant pool." "I will clothe this yawning chasm with sweet flowers and soft mosses." "I will bring beauty out of burning—I will bring life out of death." So it is with the glory of God's presence.

As David kneeled there, sin and sorrow and shame, empty present and darkened future, passed before him, and showed themselves exactly what they were. God's proper gifts are sight, not blindness, memory, not forgetfulness, clear comprehension, not dull credulity. Because David drew near to God, he only saw more plainly all the happiness that might have been, and all the misery that was, and must be. For God Himself knows, better than any of us, what our lives have lost. And what a comfort it is to know that He knows.

Kneeling there, too, he remembered the text which lay hidden in the secret drawer of the old bureau, "Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desire of thy heart."

And for a moment a mist closed about his soul.

Only for a moment. And then it cleared gradually. You and I, reader, who perhaps have but one sorrow in a life of happiness, may be left to walk in that mist for years, having only faith and not sight, concerning the brightness above it. God leaves us there, to let us learn that there is something in every sorrow, which no other mere blessing can heal.

But those who have no comfort, God comforts utterly. "When father and mother forsake us, then the Lord taketh us up."

David suddenly felt like one who stands on a mountain overlooking a fierce struggle in a dark valley below. Sin and sorrow and shame, empty present and darkened future were there, but they lay below him. There were also beautiful things among them, love and joy, and domestic comfort and worldly prosperity, but they, too, lay below him. They were not the very life of the soul. It might have them all, and yet be dumb and dead in misery. The very life of the soul was something above all these. They might come up to it. It could not go down to them. They could not live well nor long without it. It had them all, and more too, in God Himself.

And David felt that as he had gone up himself, he had carried God's promise with him. "Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart." The true desire of his heart now, and

henceforward, would be something between God and himself—something that no earthly chance or change could touch. They might go and come over it, like clouds floating across a mountain, but it would remain the same forever.

Now, he knew what the Psalmist meant when he said, "Those that trust in Thee, Lord, Thou shalt hide in the secret of Thy presence from the pride of man: Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

Oh, it is in the paths of special sorrow and shame, that the bleeding footprints of the Saviour show the plainest, and we can best plant our own steps therein. And it seemed to David as if he heard a brotherly voice say: "I bore all this, and far worse, for thee—canst thou not bear this for me? No, thou canst not without me; but I will be with thee, to make thy bearing easy. My cross was made of this cross of thine, and of every other cross that has ever fallen to any man. And there was none to help me bear mine; for, when they compelled Simon of Cyrene, he could only take it from my back, not from my heart. But I will be with thee to bear both thee and thy cross."

That is how God deals with his foundlings; that is how He deals with all of us, if we only break through all barriers of earthly comforts, and throw ourselves straight upon His heart. And, oh, what tender mercy and loving-kindness there is in such dealing with his foundlings! For, unless He was kind to them first, they would repel other kindness. To their sore hearts sympathy would come like a blow, and help like an insult. But He says, "You see I can comfort you, because I am your Father and your Brother, and because these are your brothers, too, it is well for them if they can give comfort, and well for you if you can take it from them. All the good things of my royal table are thine already, but let thy brothers hand them to thee. Take them so, gladly and thankfully and patiently. If thy brethren's touch seem sometimes rough, bethink thee it may rather be thy great weakness."

Still kneeling there, with the storm within him hushed, and a great calm in his heart and eyes, David heard Phoebe beginning to go to and fro below, and to make an over-ostentatious rattling of dishes. He would fain have stayed where he was a little longer. He needed no food but the spiritual refreshment he was enjoying. But he thought that he had left Phoebe rather abruptly, and that she would be worrying about him, and that it was unkind to waste her housewifely labors by letting the dinner cool untasted. So he rose; he folded up the newspaper and put it away. He would not burn it, that seemed like helpless spite against an enemy he could not destroy. And then he went down-stairs. He had a curious feeling, as if he had parted from somebody—one of those partings where a sacred solemnity enwraps the sorrow as with a robe of consecration. And it was so. He had parted from self. He had given it wholly to God.

Though Phoebe saw he was pale, she saw also that

he was calm and cheerful. In a far different sense to what she meant, "he had on his front."

"There's a letter just come for you," she said. "A boy brought it. It's on the parlor table. I don't know who it's from."

David felt the half-recoil of a recently-wounded heart, but was reassured in a moment. Whatever happened, all was in God's hands.

The handwriting was quite strange to him, which was no wonder, for it was Christian Harvey's. George had been intending to obey her counsel, and visit Blenheim House that very morning, but had awoke with a severe cold, which would probably confine him at home for some days. In the course of the morning he and Christian had seen the ugly paragraph in the *Hackney Mercury*, and had conferred together thereon. Visiting David being out of the question, Christian proposed that they should invite him.

"It is a breach of all etiquette," George had said.

"My dear," said Christian, laughing, "let etiquette, as the school-books say of temper, be your servant, and not your master. Would you stand on this etiquette, if David Maxwell were your brother?"

"But then he would be sure to understand, and not to take offence," George answered.

"I think that now," pleaded his wife; "I see your argument, and it would be right in many cases. But I do believe, from all I heard of David Maxwell whilst I lived in Uncle Devon's vicarage, and from all I have noticed of him since, that he is a true Christian, and quite ready to believe the same of other people, if he can only find the least reason. Therefore, he will not suspect me of telling a lie, when I write the truth, that you are unable to leave the house, and he will credit us with the kindly intention of drawing him a little out of his loneliness. I feel sure he will, George, because if he declined the invitation, I feel that I myself shall believe the excuse he gives, and shall not fancy that he has taken a tiff."

"Is that womanly logic?" George asked, playfully. "Whether it is or not, there is something in it, Chrissy. So take your own way, and write the note yourself, for you have a wonderful knack of conveying your own kind heart between the lines of the commonest compliment. You have a genius for writing notes, Chrissy."

"I do wonder whether he will come," George remarked, presently, as his wife sat down to her desk.

"I am sure he will," she said.

There was an under-note of meaning in her voice, which made George look up and observe, "Why, you inconsistent woman! You said just now, that you would quite believe any reason he gave for staying away."

"So I should," said Christian, oracularly; "for it would be a very good reason that would keep him away from us."

"Why from us, particularly, in the name of wonder?" George asked.

"Because you are Millicent Harvey's brother," his

wife answered, succinctly, and looked at her husband, who looked back at her. Their own courting-days were not so very long past; and George Harvey understood at once.

Somehow he exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" It was not in reference to David's circumstances; for George Harvey did not know very much about them. The details that Milly had heard from Fergus Laurie she had kept to herself. George quite supposed that David would be thrown chiefly on his own resources—but it never struck him that the revelation of that day's *Mercury* would be almost fatal to his medical pursuits, and so set him back once more at the very beginning of life. But even so, one with George Harvey's past was not very likely to despair of anybody's future. Still, George's first exclamation was, "Poor fellow!" Then he asked, "How do you know about it, wife?"

"By my wisdom," she replied, with a smile that was half sad. "I can't help knowing."

"And does my Chrissy think she will try her skill at a little match-making?" George asked, rather gravely.

"No," said Christian, quickly, looking up from her letter. "In this particular instance, I almost wish I did. Milly does not care for David Maxwell."

"Not now," said George, rather archly. "But these things grow. I don't think it is doing you justice to say that I fell in love with you the first evening we met at the vicarage. But I may admit that I was deeply impressed. Yet, of course, you did not care in the least for me till a long time afterward."

Christian's color deepened, and she gave just the least little pout. "That has nothing to do with the present instance, air," she said, loftily. "For, at any rate, I cared for nobody else."

"That infers that Milly does," said George.

His wife gave him another quick look. "I know it," she answered.

"Who is it?" George asked, with keen, brotherly interest.

"I shall not tell," replied his wife, laughing.

"Secrets?" said George. "Chrissy, I am ashamed of you. You should hear nothing that you cannot tell your husband."

"I have heard nothing, and seen nothing, except what your majesty's self has also seen and heard," Christian replied. "Yet, I know, notwithstanding. I can feel when there's love in the air, just as I can when there's thunder! But I never frighten people by prophesying storms, only just get them to take their waterproofs as a precaution against a possible shower! And so, I just watch the poor things who are getting into love, and help them where I can, without frightening them by telling them what a terrible bit of their life they are coming to!"

"Do you mean to say you know before they know themselves?" George asked.

"Oh, dear, yes, long before," said Christian. "The parties concerned always seem the very last to find it out. Dear Milly does not know in the least!"

"If I may ask so much," George went on, "I should like to inquire if the mysterious somebody is also in love."

"Well, yes, in his own way," Christian admitted, half reluctantly.

"That is all you can say for him," said George; "And do you think he knows of Milly's liking?"

Christian paused half a moment. "A great deal better than she does herself," she said, energetically.

"It is clear to me that if you had your own way, you would depose this favorite and substitute David Maxwell," observed George.

"Yes, I should," said Christian. "But then I have no right even to wish for my own way!"

"You must find it wonderfully interesting to be in secret sympathy with all these matters, Chrissy," George remarked.

Christian shook her head thoughtfully. "It is and it isn't," she answered. "It may be always interesting, but sometimes it is sad too. It is pleasant enough when, in all apparent innocence, one can contrive to convey a little counsel or comfort. But it is dreadfully painful when one daren't say what one knows, and yet see help is needed that can't be given without doing so. But one can always pray, George, and that is really the safest interference in love affairs, at any rate, till all is over, and people want cheering or keeping up to their own best selves."

"I suppose my mother felt that," said George, "for though I know what a deep interest she must have taken in our marriages, it was wonderful how she never gave any advice. In my sister Hatty's love affair, before she married Webber, Milly and I were very ready with our dogmas, but mother was only especially silent and sympathetic, till, as you say, it was all over, by Hatty's own act, and then she made no secret of her approbation."

"Ah!" said Christian, "I have always admired Hatty so much for the courage with which she did what she felt was the right and just thing both for herself and her lover. For it takes a great deal of courage to do it, George. The world does not help one. It either believes that the heroine of a broken match was 'jilted,' or it insinuates that if it be possible the breaking was her own act, then she is no true woman, but a false and fickle coquette. As if the mistake of a foolish engagement could be cured by carrying it on to a foolish marriage! Why, when the love is gone, it is the very kindest thing left to do, to remove the vow which is not yet irrevocable."

"I believe it is," said George, thoughtfully. "I remember that Hatty's final refusal seemed to stir up that young Westbrook into a new manliness. I should not have thought it was in him to write such a sensible, sorrowful letter as he wrote to Hatty before he went away. I wonder what has become of him?"

"And now," observed Christian, as she sealed up her letter, "as we are to have a visitor to supper,

it is time that I retired to the kitchen to superintend the pudding."

This, therefore, was the letter which half an hour after, David stood reading in his dreary parlor:—

"DEAR MR. MAXWELL,—My husband has been intending to call on you for some days, but delayed, fearing lest he should intrude too soon. Just as he had resolved to procrastinate no more, he finds himself confined to the house by a severe cold. Under these circumstances, we take the freedom of asking if you will give up this evening to us here? We shall be quite alone, and supper will be ready at nine. We both trust you will excuse the great informality of this invitation, and with the assurance of our deepest sympathy,

"I remain, yours faithfully,

"CHRISTIAN HARVEY."

"Phoebe," said David, as she came in to remove the dinner dishes, "I shall be out this evening. I am invited to Mr. George Harvey's."

"I'm glad to hear on't, Mr. David, returned Phoebe, sincerely. "Dearie me," she added to herself, as she went down the passage, "he isn't invited out so often but that it's real wonderful it should be this evening. Those Harveys 'll have seen the *Mercury*. Well, one can do with an enemy, if one's friends closes round 'em. Them Harveys are the right sort of people."

CHAPTER VIII.

OTHER FOLK'S TROUBLES.

THERE was nothing special to relate about David's visit to Mr. and Mrs. George Harvey. Indeed, its charm lay in the absence of anything special. It was an evening "at home," in the true sense of the word. There were just two candles lighted as there would be, when George and Christian were alone. And though Christian sat unemployed during the first hour's conversation, she had a little work-basket at hand directly George brought forward the chess-board. Then, though the supper-table was graced with a pudding, all of its arrangements were of that easy simple sort which assure a guest that he is neither troublesome nor expensive. It is fitting to make elaborate festival in honor of the friend who can be expected but seldom: the best compliment to the near neighbor who may become the familiar visitor, is to admit him at once to the private style of home. Then the little servant was summoned to family prayer and dismissed to bed, and David felt that the evening which had been such a pleasure to himself had been no hindrance or burden to anybody else.

There was not much "clever" talk. Both George and Christian knew of better mental exercise than metaphysical gymnastics. They preferred to think less about thinking than about the common world around them, and found that upon the whole, this training gave them an immense advantage in the metaphysical gymnasium, whenever they chose to.

trifle there awhile, just as athletes are made by climbing genuine mountains, not by trudging useless tread-mills. Neither of them were at all averse to such "rounds" as they had taken with Fergus and Milly at the Lauries' tea-party, but they and their opponents set a far different value on them. With George and Christian they were scarcely a means to an end; just a pause in the business of life, to count up the items. With Milly, they were a delight, a holiday, something to which she felt as a child feels to household work while it is still "play," before it has set duties of dusting rooms and bed-making. With Fergus, they were the end. To have grand ideas and to associate with those who had, and to live a life that might be filled with such an atmosphere, was the form into which his ambitions were gradually shaping themselves. He never reflected that even a marble palace, with all its beauty, is not a desirable residence, unless its foundations are sound and right!

The group in George Harvey's parlor talked about very much the same subjects as were probably being discussed in the laborers' cottages just behind their house. They talked of the good works that were going forward in the parish, of the recent proceedings in parliament, of chess tactics, of the quality of the muslin that Christian was embroidering. But it was the talk of cultivated people. A pedant cannot hide his vulgarity in his learning, and thought and refinement will come forward even in chat about dusters and darning-needles, just as a beautiful woman remains beautiful in the homeliest garments.

Even with the shadow of death new upon him, and the still more recent horror of the weekly paper, David was far less silent than he had been at the Lauries. He quite wondered at himself. But the mute of one circle is frequently the wit of another, and the characters that we get are often the reflection of those who give them!

But after they had read the evening lesson, and sung Ken's beautiful Evening Hymn, and kneeled together round the family altar, and the servant was gone, and the curious hush of a completed day closed over the little household, a kind of silence fell upon the three, in which they seemed to draw nearer to each other than in the conversation which had gone before. They spoke in low voices of the chapter which had just been read, and then they sat and gazed into the fire. And they all knew what was in each other's thoughts, and David felt a comfort in the knowledge. It was like the grasp of a friendly hand on a dark and dangerous road. And when he rose to go, he could not depart without letting them see the gratitude with which his heart was overflowing.

"It was so good of you,"—it was Christian he addressed (perhaps it was easier to look into her face, because her eyes were not so like Milly's, as George's were). "It was so good of you to invite me here to-night. I know why you did it, Mrs. Harvey."

"It was so good of you to come!" Christian an-

swered, with straightforward kindliness. "And it has been such a pleasure to us to have you! And I don't think you will be any the worse for it."

David turned away for a moment to regain his voice. George laid his hand kindly on his shoulder. "Come in and see us as often as you can," he said. "I think I shall like to talk over old times with you. I can't do that with many new acquaintances, and I can't make friends without it."

And David was only able to grasp their hands, and rush out into the night. He had said in his heart that morning, "God, though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee." And this was God's slaying.

When he regained Blenheim House, he found somebody waiting for him.

"Mr. Laurie's been sitting here a long while," Phoebe said. "I told him I did not think you'd be very late, and so he said he'd stay. No, Master David, he's not in the surgery. He went toward the dining-room, and I thought he might as well, so I stuck a bit of fire in the grate, and giv him the newspaper to amuse himself with."

Fergus was seated in the easy-chair, with his feet on the fender. It might be but the effect of the great dingy room, or the big black chair, but somehow he looked particularly small and delicate. He jumped up, and responded rather heartily to David's shake of the hand. It was not a habit of his, and David thought the extra warmth was a special sign of friendly sympathy. This young man was David's nearest friend, and David's heart felt so warm and open that he could lay candid claim on his fellow-feeling.

"I suppose you've seen the *Mercury* to-day, Fergus," he said. It was a relic and proof of their old boyish intimacy that they always called each other by their Christian names.

"Yes; no. I never read the *Mercury*—it is not worth the trouble. Oh, I know what you mean, though. I did not see it. But Robina told me. It won't matter, David. Don't let it hurt you, and then it won't."

It was all true; and now that far other treatment had warmed and opened David's heart, he could accept its truth, and feel the better for it, just as the carefully nursed convalescent grows strong enough to bear and benefit in a strong sea-breeze.

It braced him to say frankly, "But I think it will make it hard for me to be a doctor. I must try something else."

"Well," said Fergus, almost impatiently. "You've only got yourself to take care of, and I don't pity any man who can't do that."

"No," David answered, and passing from his own difficulties, went on; "and so you are going to set up for yourself, Fergus. Miss Harvey let me into the secret, because she thought I would be sure to know it. She told me to tell you this."

"She has told me all about it herself," said Fergus. "I called upon her this evening, before I came here."

And he had been there yesterday, too, David knew. Two consecutive evenings—well, well!

"Yes," Fergus observed, "I am determined to make a plunge for myself. I can't go on any more in the old humdrum, stupid way. I've been out of my element for a long time. I had no scope, and I must have some."

"I don't doubt you'll get it, Fergus," said David. "I think you will do admirably. You're so clever and persevering."

"If I only had the start!" Fergus ejaculated, almost bitterly, "but it is awfully hard to be kept down in slavery for want of a little paltry money. You see I've nothing of my own to turn over, David. I've never been able to save anything. I might, if I had not had duties to perform toward others."

David kept silence, almost wishing for the first time that his father had left him some small legacy, which he might put into Fergus's hands, the loan to be regarded as a small recognition of the profit and pleasure he had derived from Fergus's friendship.

"I could do a great deal with so little," Fergus proceeded, "for the business is one where most of the profits are so quick that one may safely take credit for everything but a very small outlay."

"You think you could get credit if you fairly stated your case?" said David. "I suppose the dealers are kindly inclined to give a young beginner a start."

"Kindly!" echoed Fergus, with scorn. "They know it's the best thing they can do. It is for their own interest. They secure a customer who perhaps would not come to them if he had his money in his hand at the time. It is everybody's interest to serve a beginner, because it is the only chance of binding him to themselves. By and by his goodwill is not to be bought at any price. But, of course, it is, as you say, very kind of them."

"Have you made any arrangements with anybody yet?" David asked, being sincerely interested.

"I can't ask those who have dealings with the old firm," Fergus answered. "It would be no use, they would not do it."

"Why not?" David inquired.

"Because they would think I was planning an opposition. Of course, it is not. I shall do good to myself without harming the old firm. I believe in competition. I have a right to sell a little cheaper than them, if I choose to work harder for smaller profits."

"I suppose so—yes," David assented, with a voice more dubious than his words.

"Still, as I say, there might be an adverse feeling in that quarter," Fergus went on, "and therefore I would rather begin on a new field altogether. Who do you think I have been talking it over with to-day, David?"

David would not attempt to guess.

"With Webber, the stationer, Millicent Harvey's brother-in-law," Fergus stated with a suppressed sense of triumph. "You see some of his dealers deal also in the class of paper which I require—paper for

decorative purposes—it is that branch of our business that I shall keep to chiefly—at any rate, at first. I went to him and explained what I thought of doing, and how I was situated, and asked if he would mind speaking for me to the dealers. I put it in this way: I asked him if he would mind trusting me a little himself, and he said no. Then I said would he just mention me to the dealers, and say as much for me to them. And he said that was a small thing to do to serve an industrious young man, and he was only sorry that he could not be sure it would have more influence. But I know Webber has weight. He is not a large customer, but he pays as he goes. He might make a splendid thing even of that little business of his if he had more spirit, and launched out a little. But Webber has settled down in a rut, and just jogs on. Yet he's a good fellow in his way. He quite took to me. I dare say he felt I might bring a little new blood into his own commercial transactions. He asked me to dine with them. So I did."

"Then you saw Mrs. Webber?" David asked.

Fergus gave one of his expressive sounds of dislike. He had a whole vocabulary of these.

"There's a narrow, commonplace woman for you," he said. "I don't believe she thinks of anything but her needlework and cookery. And she's so afraid of losing the penny she has, that I don't believe she'd open her hand to grasp a diamond that was held toward her. I know she was worrying herself in wonder over what business was passing between Webber and me. That's the kind of woman to keep a man down, David."

"If she is what you describe her, she must be very different to her sister," said David, who had never met Hatty Webber.

"So she is—indeed, not a pleasant woman to have in one's family at all, in my opinion. I don't think she likes me. I fancy Webber does. Well, if he serves me, perhaps he'll find the benefit does not end there."

There was a pause. Then David observed, "So, I understand Miss Millicent is engaged to work for you."

"Yes. It will be better for her. They don't treat her in the right spirit, and she can't find it pleasant to work for them. In fact, she has powers above the work which they have for her. You know, David, I have a great ideal of business life, and it has been growing upon me very much lately. I think a firm and all its assistants should work together harmoniously—each for each other—as well as for himself. Does it not only seem right, David, that each man in a concern, down to the porter, should be so respected for his share in it, that he should be drawn up from feeling that his sole interest therein is how much wages he can get for how little work?"

"Certainly, that is most desirable," said David, "that is the teaching of the Gospel itself—the abolition of mere eye service, the working as 'unto God and not unto man.'"

"But how is it to be done?" Fergus went on. "While we are dealing with 'human nature,' we

must appeal to ordinary human instincts, not to extraordinary spiritual aspirations. To give an instance: I happened to hint to Miss Millicent, that I should like her to do her very best, because so much would depend upon the beauty and originality of the first designs issued by a new house. And under that stimulant, doubtless, she really has excelled herself! That is what I mean. I think every one should have an actuality set before him, beyond his mere cash receipt."

"But every man has that already," said David. "Because it is his duty to God and man to do his best."

Fergus gave an impatient gesture.

"Granted," he answered; "but may not duty be taught by making it interest as well? If a man cannot climb a hill by his unaided strength, is it a sin to give him a stick to help him up? That is what I purpose to do. To make the interest of all whom I employ identical with my own, so that my workers will not be getting their ordinary wages the week before I am bankrupt, and getting no more than their ordinary wages when I become a millionaire. To give each an interest in our prosperity and adversity proportionate to his position therein, and to recognize other duties between us than the hard, coarse tie of so much work done so much money paid."

"It is a grand idea," said David. "It is something like Robert Owen's theories. And yet they did not work well."

"I have read his works," Fergus answered; "and I think I can account for his failures. He carried them outside the beaten track, and put them in practice in ways that can only be exceptional. My scheme would be to keep them in the beaten track, and apply them to necessary conditions of life. Not to found communities, sure to attract the dreaming and unsettled. But to start a practical business, in no outward respect to differ from its neighbors on either hand."

"It struck me," said David, "that Mr. Owen had tried to get Christianity without Christ."

"Well," said Fergus, unheeding this remark, "to this dream I devote my life. Not to money-making though if its fulfilment brings money, well and good. I think I know how to use it. Do you know, David, it is far harder to be kept from this dream of mine for want of a little money, than it would be if it was purely an ambition for myself!"

"I can believe it, Fergus," said David, quite tenderly, with his hand on his friend's shoulder. We can often sympathize with feelings presented to us by another, though they would never have entered our own hearts, whether because above or below them. David himself would have trusted God to find capital for His own work; nay, would have doubted his own call to it, till God gave a leading by clearing the way. Certainly, any undue longing of his own, David would have checked as the sign of a self-seeking, at variance with God's will. But in Fergus, it looked like nothing but the ardent zeal of impatient benevolence.

"There will be a way found for you, Fergus," he said, gently, with a reverend reticence.

"Yes, I don't doubt it; as fast as one is disappointed in one chance, another rises, if one keeps one's eyes open," said Fergus. He had almost thought that David himself, in the dismemberment of his home, might have a little money at his own disposal. But it seemed not so. For Fergus felt sure David would have volunteered it if he had. "Why should he not?" Fergus would have argued.

"It would be sure to be a good investment, and, besides, people should risk something for friendship."

So Fergus went home, to think out new schemes. And David went to bed. And that night prayer with him meant thanksgiving for God's goodness to himself and petition for help for "his dear friend struggling with difficulties."

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW FIRM.

THE next day, the dead surgeon's next kinsman came to Blenheim House.

He sat closeted in the surgery with David for more than two hours, while Phoebe went about her kitchen, dumbly agitated, hoping that nothing was happening to "worrit" her darling further.

This country cousin, a Maxwell, only comes into this history at this point. But his character colors it, as any character may color whole histories that it touches but once.

He was a just man, who sought to give everybody full measure, and then a little over, in case there was any mistake in the pressing down. He kept a mill and a great corn-chandler's shop, and most of the poor people in his native town dealt with him, because he served them more liberally than anybody else. But he never gave any alms.

He had not seen Mr. Maxwell more than once or twice, and had as little regard as respect for him. He was not a rich man, though well-to-do, and most of his property was of that business-like kind which would be sure to suffer in transmission to his family of five daughters. It was a pleasant prospect to contemplate funded property worth already nearly three hundred a year, and which could be set wholly aside to accumulate for his girls. It was none the less pleasant for being a great surprise, for though he was fully aware of the unhappy circumstances of Mr. Maxwell's household, he had always concluded that there would be a will to bestow the rights which the law withheld. Had there been any such will, he would not have looked too closely into it, nor raised any point that the lawyers could pass over. But as there was none, as his uncle had not thought fit to take the trouble of protecting those whom he might have felt their kindred were likely to regard as natural enemies, this kinsman felt quite ready to have his rights, and determined to be sure that he had them all. He would himself see the certificate of the surgeon's tardy marriage, and being forced to accept it, did so with a grunt, and felt as if Mrs

Maxwell had wronged himself, and the woman that had gone before her, and that woman's child. Very likely his note to David had been kinder for that feeling. We are the friends of those who have a common enemy.

"Your father must have known that he had put that woman in a position to benefit by his property," he said, "and therefore it becomes doubly shameful that he made no provision for you."

"It does not signify," David answered, quietly; "I am now in no worse position than many lawfully-born children whose parents have no money to leave them."

"No, I know you are not," said the other, "but it seems so hard that you should be outside the law, and she within it, though she has no more moral right. More moral right! A thousand times less! I must speak plainly to you, young man. There is no help for it. And you must set the pain at the door of those who do the deeds, not at theirs who have to name them afterward. You must know yourself that it was very bitter for all our people when your mother went astray with the surgeon. But there was a different feeling about her and this other woman. She was a poor young thing, five years younger than he was. And her friends, though they were poor, were honest people, and were just as angry and pained as we were, and were ready to move Heaven and earth to get her to leave such a man and such a way of life. And then she soon died—dwindled away, as we heard. And at the very last she got a man to take her in his cart twenty miles across country to some of her own people. We heard that she could not speak when she got there—but I dare say you know all the story well."

"No, I do not," David answered, sadly. "I have never heard a word about my mother."

"Is it really so? Well, we heard about her in the different ways that people do hear. That was all we heard; but her going back, and dying as it were on the very threshold of decent folk that she knew would have nought to do with her unless she was repentant, made us have gentler thoughts of her, don't you see—the blame dropped in two, as it were, and half of it turned to pity. But this other woman was of quite another sort. She was older than the surgeon to begin with—three years older. And she knew all about his family and the property he had. And she went into her bad ways, in a business fashion, with her eyes wide open. And they visited her, and came back to our town, taking airs about the fine place their sister lived in! I suppose you've seen them here, sir?"

"Yes," David said, not adding that he had never seen much of them, having always been hustled off into the kitchen whenever they came, during his childhood; and having voluntarily betaken himself to the surgery on such occasions in later times.

"I can assure you all this was exceedingly bitter to our family," the kinsman went on. "I know that your father's own mother, and his sister, too—my poor dead mother—urged on the ceremony of mar-

riage. The surgeon's way of life gave them great grief and anxiety, and they felt it was no use hoping for any improvement while he continued living in a course of direct sin. But they never contemplated such an issue as the present. We always supposed that a man in your father's circumstances would be sure to make a very explicit will. It seems awfully unjust, that by a mere legal superiority, that woman gets her full rights, while you have nothing!"

"I have a right to nothing," said David; "therefore, I am not the loser by her gain."

The miller shook his head. All his speech was but the preamble to a thought that had been in his mind all the way up to London. It had kept him awake two or three nights, and had made him deny his wife when she had suggested the purchase of two or three mild luxuries as a fitting mark of their accession to property. It was a thought which he had not welcomed. He had only not thrust it away or silenced it. He was a man who had never denied himself to landlord or tax gatherer, however inconvenient their visits might be, and so he had learned to confront any idea that presented itself as a duty. If it was a duty, he would meet it and do its behests, not gently and kindly and cheerfully, as we drop our Sabbath offerings in the Holy House, but fully and painfully, as we pay a bill, even when we think it overcharged. This thought at last framed itself reluctantly into words.

"I must do something for you myself, David Maxwell," he said.

And then he went on, more briskly, putting out his ideas just as they lay in his mind, with that strange lack of connection common to people not given to utter thought, especially thought made half of feeling: "I've said so to myself ever since I found that though I can take your share, I can't touch that woman's. I'm sure you'll be a credit to us to what you might have been, my lad. You've got your Grandmother Maxwell's face, and she was as much a saint as any woman can be. I don't know who your father took after, but not after her. You're the most of grandson she has left behind her, for mine are all girls. And I'm not a rich man. I only rub along. But as we never expected any of this money at all, we can do without it for another year, and give you over the three hundred pounds. It will give you a fair start. I'd only five hundred when I began life myself, for though my mother had share and share alike with your father, my father got through nearly all of it. It's a kind of way in the world. Some people can't spend money fast enough, and others find it terribly hard to get. I've often worried over my poor girls. But that's all right now; and they won't be poorer for giving you a help."

"It is so very good of you," David answered, warmly. "But, ought I to take it? Let me think."

"Of course you ought to take it," said the miller, and having stontly made the offer, began to feel lurking wishes that David would resolutely put it aside.

David would have done so directly, but that it seemed to him that this might be a Godsend, given by his hand to Fergus Laurie. Once this idea flashed into his mind, practical arguments came trooping up to support it. He had certainly not been chargeable to his father for years—never since he first took the teacher's place in the Hackney Academy. And of late, since he had been in the surgery, he had positively saved his father much expense, and consequently increased, so far, his property. Then, again, it had certainly been his father's bonnden duty to give him some such start in life as this gift would render possible. As for taking it, David was clear-minded enough to perceive that he would have to stand indebted to somebody, and to whom more fairly than to this blood relation, who was at least a greater gainer by the poor, disreputable dead surgeon than anybody else could be? Then, again, David reflected that, if he prospered in life, he could amply repay this gift in many ways, without even seeming to turn restive under the burden of gratitude. And if he did not prosper, this did not defraud any of what was really his own—a comfort that could scarcely attach to help from any other quarter.

"I will take it, sir," David said at last, looking straight in the miller's troubled, watching face. "And I cannot thank you enough in words."

"It's all right," said the miller; "of course, I know you thank me. And I suppose, from what I hear, you'll be made into a doctor."

"I think not," David answered. "Something has come to light which will go much against me in that character. I will show you what it is." And he went to his own room, brought down the *Hackney Mercury*, and put it into the miller's hands.

The miller read it, and would have liked to put his thoughts into some bitter words, but refrained, and only asked, pointing to the paragraph: "Is it true?"

"Yes," David answered. "I myself could bring forward proofs, though I never knew what they proved till I read that."

"Was it infatuation for the study that led the surgeon into such mean dastardliness—surely he could have afforded to prosecute it in far different ways?" groaned the miller.

"He never prosecuted it at all," David answered, sadly. "At least, never since my time. He always said he meant to do so, but did not. I think he must have done this for that purpose at first, and then went on, as a kind of habit."

"That a habit," said the miller, "and for no purpose! Habit indeed! Rather madness!"

David made no answer. He had not lived where he had for six-and-twenty years without learning that wickedness is either an idiocy or a lunacy of soul.

"I shall go into some business where my knowledge of chemistry will be useful," said David, forcing a cheery tone of voice, as people do when they step out of a charnel-house into the sunshine.

"Well, I hope you'll get on. Anyhow, I believe you'll be no discredit to our name, as you well might have been, all things considered."

The miller stayed in Blenheim House for some days, winding up affairs; but this conversation, with its result, was the only point where he touches our story. Most readers will not regret that he stayed in it such a short time, but will be almost as glad to get rid of him as of Mrs. Maxwell. And yet this single recorded action is a good one. But his is a character which never gets its share of the toleration and charity which goes about the world, begging to be allowed to enfold all shades of profligates and prodigals. There is patience for weakness, but no patience for hardness. Folks make excuses for the man who slips into the slough of his worst nature, but cannot endure him who struggles out of it so hardly that he cannot sit gracefully on its edge! In the world's eyes, it is better to have no line of duty at all, than to have one with no beauty curves about it! There is no joyous welcome about an iron stove, though it may give out twice the heat of the dancing wood-fire. But it is better to have virtues hidden within one's fleshly temperament, than virtues which will drop off with it, as will much that passes as good feeling and generosity. There are some people who have cause to thank God for nothing so much as "that He is greater than their heart, and knoweth all things."

David's first proceeding was to consult Fergus. He told him all the history, adding that Fergus could have the whole use of the three hundred pounds, at least until such time as he required a portion of it. Or he might not need any, if he got a situation, and Fergus stood for any security that might be required.

"Why shouldn't you join me?" Fergus asked, abruptly. "Your knowledge of chemistry is just what is wanted in our trade. Put your money and your skill along with my business faculty and connection. You will always have an eye on your capital, and a full share of whatever prosperity comes to us. I will guarantee you something of a salary if you like; but I can't be particularly tempting in that way, at first, David. You might get more of a certainty elsewhere, but scarcely such a prospect! If you come, you must regard your time as well as your money, as an investment, safe indeed, but a little slow at first!"

"I would do it instantly; I should only be too glad to do anything to serve you; I know it would be serving myself, too," David answered, eagerly; "only I should like to be sure of enough to keep Phoebe, or I have no right to hinder her getting another place. If it was only myself, there would be no risk—I would pull through, at a pinch, on thirty pounds for a year. But I couldn't with Phoebe, though she's as cheap a person as there can be. If she knew there was any difficulty, she'd want to go out working for herself, and waiting on me besides."

"I don't see why she shouldn't," said Fergus, "she's always been used to that sort of thing!"

"If she must, of course she must," David replied; "but I will not make any arrangements that will bring on the necessity. I know you wouldn't if it were you, Fergus."

"Ah, well, perhaps not. Anyhow, you are right. You say you could pull through at a pinch on thirty pounds. Surely, Phoebe could do the same," Fergus answered, half carelessly.

"Of course she could. But that would make sixty," said David.

"Well, I should hope you don't think you are likely to get less than that the first year you work with me?" Fergus observed, almost angrily. "Double that, three times that, I should trust and believe."

"Then I shall be only too glad to accept your offer," said David. "The barest living secured, especially for Phoebe, and I can cheerfully trust all the rest."

"I hope you will," Fergus answered gravely. "For if we are to work well together, you will have to trust me a good deal, David. Business tactics are peculiar, and I understand them, and you do not, and you may often fancy that I am doing queer things. I should not like to work with anybody who did not feel the greatest confidence in me."

"I don't think I've ever given you reason to fear I should be mistrustful and suspicious. You must trust me to trust you, Fergus," said David; and so the compact was sealed.

After that Fergus worked with a will. He secured suitable trade premises—parting at once with a large slice of David's capital to pay rent in advance. Many departments of work which old, long-established firms did at home, he was compelled to arrange for with other houses, from the utter impossibility of procuring heavy, expensive plant. About all this he was very candid with David, explaining that it must seriously reduce their profits, but was better than incurring large burden of debt, which candor and caution led David to the erroneous conclusion that all that was there was paid for—a mistake he easily fell into from his ignorance of the prices of machinery and office furniture. This candor on Fergus's part prevented David feeling any delicacy in making a few inquiries, and with a sense of his ignorance, and a simple-minded desire to remove it, he asked two or three questions as to prices, etc. To these he always received the fullest and most satisfactory answers, but given in a tone and manner that led his sensitive kindness to fear that Fergus writhed under the idea that his honest wish for information was only disguised criticism and doubt. So David said to himself that he was quite sure Fergus was willing to tell him everything, but that it would be kindlier to let pass any accidental omission of information, even at inconvenience to his own future usefulness. David had not a legal mind, and did not in the least understand that the most voluminous affidavit may crumble beneath a monosyllable of cross-examination. He innocently thought that perhaps it was as natural for Fergus to be a little reserved on some points as for himself to

keep secret that he had been to a lawyer, and made a will, bequeathing to Jemima, Sarah, Emma, Kate and Anne Maxwell, daughters of John Maxwell, miller, of Yarmouth, any property that he, David, might leave, not exceeding four hundred pounds in value; anything exceeding that sum to go to Phoebe Winter.

Robina Laurie paid a great many visits during those weeks of preparation. She called on Mrs. George Harvey. She called on Mrs. Webber. She connected herself with the Dorcas society, and called at the vicarage. She called over and over again on Mrs. Harvey and Millicent. Fergus instigated all these calls, but he found she obeyed him more readily, and he commended her for it. Robina Laurie was a woman whose courage and sociability lay in her garments, and Fergus had given her ten pounds of David's money to thoroughly replenish her wardrobe, which, with Robina, meant to purchase two dresses, a cloak and a bonnet with a feather. Robina knew nothing about her brother's affairs, except the fact—which ought to have had a significance even to her—that he had certainly no means of his own. Other people knew that he was poor, but nobody except his mother and sister—not even David—knew that he had nothing, in the literal meaning of the word. But Robina felt that she was gaining the highest aim of her life when she was buying her finery, and this eagerness made it easy for her to persuade herself that of course his superior talents could command plenty of cash on every side, and that she need ask no question whence came the particular check to decorate herself. She was very condescendingly affable to David Maxwell, remarking to Milly that her brother's ability to receive him into business at this particular juncture "had happened like a good providence for him."

All preliminaries were adjusted at last, and one fine Monday morning a smart errand boy opened the shutters of a newly-painted house, and disclosed a blind which announced to the world the new firm of "Fergus O. Laurie & Company."

(To be continued.)

LET every one test his own strength and fleetness in the race of life; and though it is well to remember, and calculate on, the possibility of failure, and profit by the experience of others, one is apt to get disheartened, or use his strength in meeting imaginary dangers, if he is continually reminded that he "must not be too sanguine; for it is quite likely he will not succeed, when other people, possessed of far greater ability and more abundant resources, have been known to fail."

Good definitions are rare, as all who consult Webster's Unabridged well know. The editor of this ponderous volume ought to be grateful to the little boy who, when asked by his sister what capital punishment was, replied that it was being locked up in the cupboard with the jam and other nice things.

IN A HURRY.

BY MISS MARY E. COMSTOCK.

HURRY is the bane of American households. Home-makers fail in their vocation because this element of hurry so pervades their lives. Little children and the boys and girls springing into manhood and womanhood do not dare to unburden themselves freely to the fathers and mothers that are always in a hurry. The ruffled spirit which the pressure of haste gives cannot afford that sympathy and cheer wherein young lives can blossom healthfully. The atmosphere of home should have among its prime components rest and leisure. Duties thoroughly performed in due season give these.

The mother is the natural home-maker. From her, love and sympathy and helpfulness should radiate. Instead of a true home-maker, however, the mother is too often simply the worried, impatient housekeeper. Happy the household having such a presiding genius if it have a baby in it. Baby then becomes the centre; receiving from and giving to hungry hearts very life elixir. Bestowing smiles as boons and sincerest sympathy from wells of feeling undefiled, baby makes the "home!" Sometimes some attached family servant furnishes far more of the real home element than does pater or mater familias. Personal wishes are consulted. A helping hand and loving heart are always at this person's bestowal, to give benison. Sometimes it is a helpless invalid around whom all circle; simple hospitality of heart making the home atmosphere.

The mother who lets the moth and rust of perpetual hurry corrode the finest part of her woman's nature, taking away the brightness of her shining, abdicates her royalty, and too often reaps legitimate reward of seeing her family estranged from her, giving their confidence elsewhere, leaving her social nature to shrivel amid domestic cares. Her daughters are very likely to grow up like herself.

Estelle Riverton was a charming girl. So strangers universally said. Beautiful, possessing easy grace of manner, the overflow of buoyant health and youth finding expression in apparent gay good will, to all she was most attractive. She also possessed powers of mind of no common order. It seemed strange that she had not more heart friends. When her engagement to the revered professor was announced every one rather commiserated than congratulated him upon winning the beautiful young girl to be his wife. The mystery of this frame of mind could have been explained on rational principles.

Estelle Riverton had been in a hurry all her life. She was always behind time in all her arrangements and preparations. The cause may not seem adequate to the result. But there was neither rest nor security in her orbit. In the worry and makeshifts and disappointments of which she had always been the centre, her friends had grown to lose sight of her loveliness. In a hurry for an article she should have procured long before, she was constantly obliged to

levy upon a friend "in such desperate haste, you know." When in too much of a hurry to write and ask a remittance from papa she was always sure you would be glad to oblige her. Friends lost time in waiting for her to fulfil her appointments. They lost time in puzzling over the illegible letters written "in such a hurry to catch the mail." Confusion and disappointment seemed to exhale from her very presence, though to a stranger meeting her for the first time this was not apparent.

Estelle's engagement lasted two years while she waited for the professor to come home from his foreign appointment. Friends laid the flattering unction to their souls that she would be all "ready" on her wedding-day. When the guests were come and the appointed time for the ceremony had arrived, one of the bridesmaids had to sit down and hem the bride's veil, while another with quick wit, which was needed, cleverly improvised a substitute for an article that had been mislaid "in the confusion, you know." Estelle had wished to have the clergyman read the marriage service from the identical Prayer Book that had been used at her mother's marriage. Estelle had made a point of this. There was a prodigious great hurry to find that Prayer Book at the last minute. It refused to be found. Estelle was married without its aid. She "had to keep every one waiting at the last," she said, she "had been in such a hurry to get her trunks packed in season." Even her ruby lips and sweet voice did not give the excuse a pleasant sound to her friends on her wedding-day! Every one had done so much for her, too, and she had just hurried and hindered. What a bright, orderly, peaceful home she will be apt to make for the honored professor. Poor Estelle! Poor professor!

This frightful phantom of hurry needs to be exorcised from our homes by the magic spells of system and moderation. The head of the house is apt to give a restricted, unsympathetic tone to the entire household in his hurry to regain financial footing lost in doing as his neighbors do. The mother spends time and strength in miserable makeshifts to imitate those who have more means. Let us be independent and simple and genuine. Let us bethink ourselves, like the poor jaded beast in the highway, to at length turn aside, from the blindly hurrying chariot that seems to be pursuing us, into the green, wayside places. Let us take time to live rationally, if to do so we have to wear simple calico; walk instead of ride; depend on the circulating libraries for our reading; use the cheapest stationery, and put plain hems for trimming on the children's clothes. Let us *take time to walk*; time to read; time to communicate by letter with absent friends; time to get acquainted with the children and enter through sympathy into their lives. Let us take time to love each other and to show that we do.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

No. VI.

WOMEN nearly always sharpen the bread-knife on the stove or the stove-pipe. The best way I ever found is to sharpen on an old barrel-stave or piece of a box in which lime has been mixed, and then put on the smooth edge by finishing on a bit of pine.

The wooden door-step, into which sand and dirt has worked, makes a good place to sharpen a knife.

One of the best housewives in Kentucky always uses lime-water in mixing up her bread. She says it is wholesome. If I set yeast at night, and it is likely to have a sour taste, I often use lime-water in wetting up.

Jumbles are nice for tea these summer evenings if made after Granny Greenstreet's recipe. Take a half pound of butter, three-fourths of a pound of flour, and a half pound of white sugar, powdered, putting by a little of the sugar to roll them in. Beat two eggs well and add a little nutmeg. Make this into a soft dough. Do not roll on the paste-board, but break off bits the size of a walnut, roll them in the fine sugar, make into rings, and lay them on tins to bake an inch or two apart, as they will rise and spread. Bake in a moderate oven.

For fear your dried fruit may become wormy, put it in your long pans and heat as hot as you can in the oven, without scorching. While it is hot pack it away in strong new paper sacks, and hang in a dry place.

At this season of the year the most careful housekeeper is troubled with cockroaches. The nasty things! who could eat the crust of his bread if he knew a frisky roach had darted across it, or bear to touch a cranberry tart if he knew the pestiferous insect had jabbed his bill down into it, and tested its merits first?

We can make a feed for them that will rid us of their presence.

Take equal parts of Indian meal and red lead, and make them into a thick batter with molasses, and set it in your cupboards and under them. Or, mix a teaspoonful of powdered arsenic with the same of mashed potatoes, and crumble it up for them; or, give them phosphorus mixed in a paste. Be careful about it, and burn or bury anything in which you have mixed poison—don't throw it out doors.

Two of the members in Deacon Potts's family like brown bread. I wish we all liked it, for I know it must be wholesome, although I cannot like the taste of it. Something about it reminds me of the smell of the old barn, when I used to climb and creep

about hunting eggs—the smell of mouldy boards, and rails, and decaying straw, and damp corners where the sun never shone.

For those who like brown bread without yeast, we give our recipe.

Of unbolted corn-meal and unbolted rye-meal, take three pints of the former and two of the latter, sift through a coarse sieve separately. Upon the corn-meal pour half a pint of molasses, and scald it thoroughly, cool with sour milk, or buttermilk, and add the rye-meal, salt to taste; in a little water dissolve soda enough to neutralize the acid of the buttermilk. Have it soft or it will be dry when baked. Bake in a deep pan three hours. Or, if for old people with poor teeth, put it in a pudding-pan with a tight cover and boil four hours, pouring in boiling water as it wastes, and keeping it at the boiling point all the time. If mixed up with yeast powders it must be baked immediately.

I called at Sister Bodkin's the last time I was in Pottsville. The girls wanted I should get her jacket pattern. While I was there one of the student girls, Rosetta Butler, came to ask the doctor what would cure her sore mouth. Sister Bodkin said, never mind what the doctor would say, but use the same that is good for babies' sore mouths. "Take a fresh egg," said she, "and empty the contents from the small end, leaving the shell as whole as possible, then put in a spoonful or two of strained honey, and a few green or dried leaves of sage, set the shell in the warm ashes, and let it cook till the strength of the sage is extracted, then add a very little burnt alum. Apply with a soft swab of old ravelled linen. If the sore inclines to be cankerous sore mouth, wet the end of your finger, dip it in powdered sulphur and touch the sore with it. This will prevent canker from eating any deeper.

The inner bark of common sumach soaked in cold water, and sweetened with loaf sugar is recommended as good for sore mouth.

Strange what queer things will happen! How true is that passage of Scripture, "we know not what a day may bring forth."

Little did I think when I was writing last week, that when I resumed my pen again, I would write from an invalid's easy-chair. It is a long story, but I will make it brief.

Father had been talking all this spring about going down into the neighborhood of Goose Creek Church to buy some Chester white pigs. I think there is nothing better for a tired woman than to get away from home occasionally, and see how other folks live, so I fixed up and went with him. I wore a gingham dress, large black bombazine apron, my

summer calash, made of gray lawn, and a pair of soft woollen gloves. I carried my reticule and my Bay State shawl. There has been something like the tetter on my hands for a good while, and while I am doctoring them they have to be kept warm. I carried some sweet cakes along in my reticule.

Father wore his Leghorn hat, newly renovated, and let his camlet cloak lie back unfastened on his shoulders.

We stopped at Brother Loomis's, the Chester pigman. They fed Humbug, and gave us our dinners, real hospitable Baptist fashion. The state of religion in that neighborhood is fair to average.

Elder Nutt preaches to them one-third of his time. The elder is a widower, about forty-five years of age, and boards at Brother Hartman's. Brother Loomis said if the elder were a married man, they could afford to hire him for half his time, because then they could pay him a part of his salary in meal, pork, potatoes, hay and oats, and such like. As it is, they have to pay him in money.

"You're a lone woman, Miss Potts," said Brother Loomis; "maybe you and the elder could agree on the one p'int—mattermony? Who knows?"

"Better marry a preacher than a deacon," said his wife, and she laughed as though she had spoken a very witty thing.

I smiled.

Father traded for three little white fat pigs. We put them in a stout sack, and laid it in the back part of the buggy. The poor things squealed nearly all the time.

We were riding over a causeway—I think it is called—a low, swampy place, with logs and rails laid close together, to make a good road, when an old sow, hearing the squealing of the pigs, suddenly jumped out of a clump of bushes at the roadside and scared Humbug, and she started and ran off.

Father pulled at the lines with all his might, but she only ran the harder. The jolting was intolerable; the buggy leaped "like a wounded hart or roe," as the poet says; the little Chesters squealed their hardest and shrillest, and the sow, with maternal instinct, followed closely after.

A man, riding on a snow-white steed, was coming down a lane into the road, and seeing the peril, he spurred his charger and hurried on to render us his assistance. He soon reached us, and tried to head Humbug, so as to bring her to a halt.

For at least half a mile it was nip and tuck between the horses. Now, Humbug never would let any other beast pass her on a run; she was too plucky for that.

Oh, such a ride! Whenever I think of it I grow faint, and want to smell the camphor. I can see it all! Elder Nutt, actuated by the milk of humanity, riding as never man rode before; Humbug, with her ears laid back, her mane—what was left of it—and her tail sailing like banners of glory; and dear father leaning back and pulling on the lines with all the strength of his infirm years. His Leghorn hat was chucked down on the back of his head; his

mouth was open; his three teeth and his tongue visible; his eyes sticking out, and his camlet cloak streaming from the back of the vehicle. Sometimes I was on the seat, and again I was down in the bottom of the buggy, jolting along with the sack of dear little Chester whites. Some of the time they were in my lap, and again, I would be sitting on them. The sow still followed, squealing along after us.

The elder's horse did not gain an inch on the infuriated Humbug.

We tried to tell him that it only angered our beast, but the jolting prevented us from saying a word that came out whole. Even a one-syllable word would break into fragments that could not be put together.

I remember nothing after the buggy ran off the side of the causeway, and I was thrown out. The seat fell across my ankle, and the sprain was so painful that I fainted.

We were near to Brother Hartman's when it happened. The elder took me up in his strong arms and carried me into the house on his bosom.

He had read medicine when he was a young man, before he was ordained to preach the Gospel, and he examined my ankle to see if any of the bones were broken. He expressed great concern, and showed a deep interest in my welfare. I was taken home in the evening in a carriage. Granny and the girls were thankful that the injury was not of a serious character. Father escaped without being hurt at all, but two of the dear little Chester whites were dead when the sack was first untied.

Elder Nutt called over the next morning to see how I felt. I was propped up in the arm-chair, and sat and conversed a good while with him.

He reminds me of King David. He is a holy man; he is not very well educated, but his heart is full of the fervor of a religion that knows not the limits of education. He is not what would be called a handsome man, neither is he homely. He has a heavy beard, and a very high forehead; indeed, I may say, it extends to the back of his neck—it retreats shockingly, but then, what it lacks, is made up in quantity.

Brother Nutt had been unfortunate in the first year of his ministry. One dark night, while riding home from a country school-house, where he had been preaching the Gospel, his horse went too close to a fence, and a jagged end of a stake struck the elder in one eye and tore open the under lid.

It must have been a horrible gash! Even now it looks like an open red mouth. That is all I see about my benefactor that is objectionable. I call him my benefactor—my preserver; I feel as if he had saved my life, gathering me up in his arms and bearing me out of a scene of danger. It was a beautifully-romantic episode to happen in the quiet life of the serene Sister Potts, of the village of Pottsville.

A few days after the accident Sister Hartman came over to see me, and Brother Nutt sent me a bouquet of peonies by her. It was very large—

large enough to cover the flaring top of a gallon crock. I may be fastidious about bouquets; I like almost half the bouquet to be green leaves; this one, culled and arranged by his careful fingers, had not a leaf of green in it. It was beautifully and artistically arranged, however.

I used to be troubled about making icing for cakes long ago, when the girls were small and had picnics with their little friends. I do wish I had known this then.

Take of the best white sugar one pound, and pour over it just enough cold water to dissolve the lumps; then take the whites of three eggs and beat them a little, but not to a stiff froth; add these to the sugar and water, put it in a deep bowl, place the bowl in a vessel of boiling water and beat the mixture. It will become thin and clear at first, and afterward begin to thicken. When it becomes quite thick, remove it from the fire, and continue beating it until cold, then spread it on with a knife. It is perfectly white, glistens beautifully, and is so hard and smooth, when dry, that you can write very well upon it with a pencil.

Cousin Barbara Stump took tea with us last night. Bab is such a practical woman that I like to come under the influence of her magnetism. She is raising four calves this spring. She gives them skimmed milk to drink instead of new milk fresh from the cow. Father told her he didn't believe in dish-water calves, but she laughed and said if ours were fed on new milk she would like to compare them with her dish-water calves and see which were the prettiest.

She warms the milk and makes a little well-cooked corn-meal gruel, and puts into it. Sometimes she makes it of flour. Every evening each calf gets a raw egg, well beaten up in warm water, and put into the milk. Barbara has the knack of doing everything well that she undertakes.

She says she never makes bread and milk poultice, but makes it of hot mashed potatoes instead. It is a clean kind of a poultice, easily warmed, and there is no disagreeable leak to it as there is to one made of bread and milk.

For her plants she uses a good pinch of bone flour in the water with which she wets them.

Let me see—what else did she tell me. Oh! she makes a delicious preserve of green grapes, and she always puts away a half gallon of green grape juice for her mince pies in the winter.

All the old bones that will readily break up finely she breaks for her hens, they eat them voraciously.

She don't sell her butter at the stores in Potteville, to be gobbled up by everybody, or tumbled into an old barrel with all sorts of greasy, lardy, streaked stuff, but sends it to the state of New Jersey, receiving forty cents a pound for it, with a hearty call for more.

There is nothing better for a sprain than the good

old British oil. After a great deal of trouble we have obtained the correct recipe.

Take half a pint of linseed oil, half a pint of turpentine, half a pint of oil of amber—of mineral tar and oil of juniper each one gill. Shake well together, and keep corked tightly.

When our St. Cecelia, the school ma'am was here the last time, she was carrying home with her a volume of poems that she had loaned to a careless neighbor. There were two spots of grease on the beautiful new book; they annoyed her exceedingly, but Brother Jenkins happened to call while she was here, and he said it was the easiest thing in the world to take grease out of paper, that he'd seen his wife do it frequently. She brushed the spots over lightly with spirits of turpentine, waited till it was dry, and then wet the place with alcohol, and the page was clean as before.

I do believe I can tell you, girls, on paper, how it is done. I shall be so happy if I can make you understand; a pretty new way of wearing hair. It is the prettiest style I ever saw, and the beauty is, in its being an honest way, with no unsightly stuffing, or foundation that is cunningly kept out of sight. It is the best for long, coarse hair, that is bright underneath.

First divide the hair into four equal parts. Commence by lifting up one of the slips behind, holding it out straight, and combing it smooth, and wide, and flat, perpendicularly. Now begin up next the head, to lift some of the hair over, across, in a way to lap some of it quite around a portion of it that you hold out straight in your hand. Then wind it in a close twist from the head down to the end of the hair. When twisted, tuck it down between the girl's shoulders and the chair back, so it may not unwind. After all four are twisted, tie a narrow black ribbon or band around the head, under the hair; let it come far down behind and be put back well on the head in front. Now take up one of the twists of hair about as low down at the back of the neck as where the hair comes. Make it puff up as loosely as possible, stick a pin in at the top of it, under, out of sight, and fasten it into the ribbon at the top of the head. If the lower end of the puff don't stay in place, straight down the back of the head, fasten it to the ribbon. Now carry the twist round the head, following the band, tuck the end in and proceed the same way with the others. The twisted hair carried round the head makes it seem like a coronal.

I know I have told this awkwardly, and maybe it will be hard to understand. I'm not gifted in such ways and tricks, and don't know just the words to use.

You will like this style if you can work from the plan I have endeavored to sketch. After the hair is put up, take some narrow blue, or pink, or bright green ribbon, make a small bow like we call a double-bow-knot, make a loop stitch on the under side, run a hairpin through it, and stick two of

these little bows on one side of your head, one a little back of your left temple, and the other a little above, and back of your ear.

Now I call that pretty—especially if your face is round, or not too thin. This is a light, airy way of wearing hair, and it can't slip down and at any time it will not look odd or unfashionable.

This is the way Lily wears her hair. For a thin face I like the way Ida used to wear hers, long and light and as soft as silk. She combed it all back smoothly, put in a long comb and pushed it back until the ends came behind her ears, the whole comb at the back of her head. Then she divided the hair in two parts and crossed it at the back of her head and wound it loosely around the circle that the comb made.

The prettiest part of a girl's face, save perhaps the curve of cheek and chin, is the temple where the blue tracery of veins show so delicately, and where the silken hair fades away into a hint of paly gold.

I like to see the temples bared, and the hair smoothed off them by a damp brush.

Little-bows of bright ribbon show off this style of dressing hair to advantage, they seem so like gay summer butterflies just alighted.

I can think of nothing better to recommend to your special consideration and attention, than family, or neighborhood, or select party picnics, during this month. They are the most enjoyable occasions I know of.

Don't forget them, industrious boys and girls; June is a delightful month from which to select two or three long days to be spent among wild hills and rocky steeps and cool ravines. The October days are finest in which to visit historical spots and lakes, and to take long rides among hills and valleys, and in new places.

Go prepared—take your iron tea-kettle, with all the conveniences needed, from a hatchet down to matches and kindlings. Make hot coffee and tea, have cream and sugar, and a good loaf of bread, a bowl of hard, yellow butter covered with cool leaves, cake, jam or jelly, pickles, roast chicken, tarts and turnovers.

You'll soon learn what is needed, and what troublesome thing to leave out, and not to carry too great a variety.

Take a garden-trowel to lift plants and mosses. Wear good shoes, and dresses that will bear patching and washing, and go determined to have a good time, and you will be surprised at the fun you will have and the elastic spirits you will bring home with you.

We Pottses have had all kinds of adventures, except breaking our necks or getting hurt. We have hung our tea-kettle in inaccessible places, and our camping fire has sent up a graceful curl of smoke in the wild wood where never a foot trod except the red man's. We have dined in the cool shadow of a wall of rocks perpendicular two hundred feet high, with the rippling river lying at our feet. We have looped

back the dewy vines and spread our table-cloth on mosses more exquisitely beautiful than any carpet wrought by man's cunning and ingenuity.

In these palaces of awful grandeur we have heard the voice of the man of God go up in words of gratitude and thanks when before only the songs of the birds had broken the solitude.

Two years ago, after we had spent a very pleasant day among the rocks and cascades at Hemlock Falls, and were just getting ready to put our moss-laden baskets in the big wagon, our span of young horses broke loose and ran away, tipped over and broke the wagon and left it lying among the trees.

It was the maddest sight I ever saw. It was late in the afternoon, and we eleven girls were left alone in that wild place six miles from home. Just then, as if to add to our discomfort, a dreary, drizzling rain began to fall and the whole sky grew leaden and gloomy.

Bub always laughs at runaways, and fires, and fights, and drunk men, and everything he ought not to. He doubled over and ha-ha'd. I shook him and said: "Young man, wisdom is good on all occasions; think of eleven poor, lone, lorn, miserable critters, far from home and all under your care and protection; some of them invalids, some nervous, some don't know how to walk a mile, some are subject to fits of the blues—this is no time for merriment." Would you believe it! he only laughed the harder.

He said: "Oh, Annie and Julia did kick up their heels so joyfully, and they made the straps and splinters fly so gloriously that if they had dashed down the precipice I could not have helped laughing! Just keep cool, girls;" and he kept on laughing, till really we began to feel the magnetism of his untimely laugh, and joined him.

After he started off to look for the colts we conferred together and concluded, if he did find them, we couldn't ride home, and then we started homeward on foot.

We wore quilts, and army blankets, and comforts, and water-proofs, and towels, and fixed ourselves up just as ugly and funny and comfortable as we pleased.

We were all excited and a little reckless and didn't care how grotesque we appeared.

We walked on through the mud and rain, laughing and telling stories and joking each other, for nearly two miles.

We stopped at the house of a man who had caught one of our horses, and who proposed lending Bub his new wagon and all necessary harness.

We accepted the offer and all tumbled into the big wagon, while the lively colts were full of fire, prancing and starting at every motion the girls made. It was a jolly ride home. The rain increased, but our spirits rose with it. When we reached home every girl was as wet as she could be, but not one of us took cold or was sick from the exposure. Even dear little brown eyed Lottie L., a confirmed invalid, was invigorated by the day's adventure.

I do most cordially commend family and neigh-

borhood and select picnics to the attention of farmer's families.

Not that starchy kind, where you go in couples and wear all your flimsy finery, and have no enjoyment at all. If you have no pretty places to go to, ride off then a dozen miles to the pine woods, or some kind of waterfalls, or even to a large sugar grove or piece of open woods. Farmers' families do not take recreation enough, they work too hard, and after awhile work becomes a drudgery, and they grow unhappy and feel as if their lives were cheats and failures; as if this world held nothing good or beautiful in store for them.

I know the truth of the poet's words:

"When the heart has been fretted by worldly stings,
It is well to the rich wild woods to go."

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

IN a tasteful little book called "Bits of Talk about Home Matters," written by H. H., and printed by Roberts Brothers of Boston, we find two or three excellent articles under the general head of "The Inhumanities of Parents." The first of these treats of "Corporal Punishment," and is most excellently written. We wish every parent would read the whole series. We have not room to quote much from the volume in question, but give a few paragraphs:

"If it were possible in any way to get a statistical summing-up and a tangible presentation of the amount of physical pain inflicted by parents on children under twelve years of age, the most callous-hearted would be surprised and shocked. If it were possible to add to this estimate an accurate and scientific demonstration of the extent to which such pain, by weakening the nervous system and exhausting its capacity to resist disease, diminishes children's chances for life, the world would stand aghast.

"Too little has been said upon this point. The opponents of corporal punishment usually approach the subject either from the sentimental or the moral standpoint. The argument on either of these grounds can be made strong enough, one would suppose, to paralyze every hand lifted to strike a child. But the question of the direct and lasting physical effect of blows—even of one blow on the delicate tissues of a child's body, on the frail and trembling nerves, on the sensitive organization which is trying, under a thousand unfavorable conditions, to adjust itself to the hard work of both living and growing—has yet to be properly considered.

"Every one knows the sudden sense of insupportable pain sometimes producing even dizziness and nausea, which follows the accidental hitting of the ankle or elbow against a hard substance. It does not need that the blow be very hard to bring involuntary tears to adult eyes. But what is such pain as this, in comparison with the pain of a dozen or more quick, tingling blows from a heavy hand on flesh which is, which must be as much more sensi-

tive than ours, as are the souls which dwell in it purer than ours. Add to this physical pain the overwhelming terror which only utter helplessness can feel, and which is the most recognizable quality in the cry of a very young child under whipping; add the instinctive sense of disgrace, of outrage, which often keeps the older child stubborn and still throughout—and you have an amount and an intensity of suffering from which even tried nerves might shrink. Again, who does not know—at least, what woman does not know—that violent weeping, for even a very short time, is quite enough to cause a feeling of languor and depression, of nervous exhaustion for a whole day? Yet it does not seem to occur to mothers that little children must feel this, in proportion to the length of time and violence of their crying, far more than grown people. Who has not often seen a poor child receive, within an hour or two of the first whipping, a second one, for some small ebullition of nervous irritability, which was simply inevitable from its spent and worn condition?

"It is safe to say that in families where whipping is regularly recognized as a punishment, few children under ten years of age, and of average behavior, have less than one whipping a week. Sometimes they have more, sometimes the whipping is very severe. Thus you have in one short year sixty or seventy occasions on which, for a greater or less time, say from one to three hours, the child's nervous system is subjected to a tremendous strain from the effect of terror and physical pain combined with long crying. Will any physician tell us that this fact is not an element in that child's physical condition at the end of that year? Will any physician dare to say that there may not be, in that child's life, crises when the issue of life and death will be so equally balanced that the tenth part of the nervous force lost in such fits of crying, and in the endurance of such pain, could turn the scale?

"Nature's retributions, like her rewards, are cumulative. Because her sentences against evil works are not executed speedily, therefore the hearts of the sons of men are fully set in them to do evil. But the sentence always is executed, sooner or later, and that inexorably. Your son, oh, unthinking mother, may fall by the way in the full prime of his manhood, for lack of that strength which his infancy spent in enduring your hasty and severe punishments."

HOME SUNSHINE.—Many a child goes astray, not because there is want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to see it; if it displeases, they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh, the fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.

UP AND DOWN MOUNT WASHINGTON.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

MORE than one person to whom I have tried to relate it, has urged me to write the history of that wonderful day and night. But I always found myself shrinking from the performance. It is true, the picture had already been "composed," as an artist would say, for me. But where was I to find words which should hold that depth of divine azure, that splendor of color, those soaring heights and black-throated depths, the clear, wide grayness of air and cloud, and all those tender, delicate touches of wavering shadows and bright greens of leaves and grasses and silver mountain-streams which fill and crowd the great canvas in my memory.

There are, however, scenes and events in one's life which have their own rights; they have so enlarged and enriched our souls, that henceforward we are their debtors so far as we have any gift of word or song or brush. That day and night up and down Mount Washington is my creditor, as few others in my life have been. So I sit down now to discharge the debt as best I may.

It was in the delicious days of early September that I went, with a party of friends, through the gateway of the White Mountains, and stopped at the Crawford House. I had no ambition to ascend the Monarch of the Hills. It was bliss enough to roam down the green, wide throat of the Notch, to watch the cascades toss their silver draperies over the stones, to dream through the hours and drink the golden ether of the mountains, and wonder if we could really be sweeping through space with that same old world that we had left, in the grind and struggle and the fool's-chase of pomp and vanities far below.

In the soft twilights it was pleasant to gather on the piazzas of the Crawford House, and watch for the horses as they poured riderless out of the small bridle paths in the woods opposite, and rushed to their stables, it being the habit of the tourists to dismount among the trees a short distance from the hotel.

The sight used to impress me strangely. The tired, patient beasts, with their drooping heads, had been far up in those strange, mysterious latitudes, where no flower ever blossomed, and no bird's song broke the eternal stillness. It was almost as strange and fascinating to me as though they had made a journey to the mountains of the moon, or the rings of Saturn.

Distance, of course, lends enchantment to the view, and now, that the face of Mount Washington has been wrinkled with a railroad, and you can sit in a car comfortably as in your own drawing-room, and slip softly from horizon to horizon, from one latitude of vegetation to another, much of the fascination and mystery of the ascent has disappeared; but, six or seven years ago it was a work of hours and toil, and

required some nerve to mount a mule, and wind slowly over miles of ascending bridle-paths, over Adams and Jefferson, and all the stately ante-rooms of the hills, until you entered at last into the great, solitary grandeur of the presence-chamber among the clouds.

I have a hankering after those horses—I longed to get near them, pull their ears and stroke their noses, and they were more attractive to me, thinking where they had been and what they had seen, than the most splendid equine specimens could have been, though truth compels me to confess that some of these veterans forcibly suggested, in shape and gait, that immortal animal on which Petruchio rode when he went to his stormy bridal with Kate.

One morning I made a visit to the stables with the proprietor of the Crawford, and, on a sudden impulse, proposed to him that I should mount one of the animals, when they were led up to the piazza before starting on the ascent.

"It would be the very next thing to going up Mount Washington."

Of course, all this was very absurd; but, if it had not been for that ridiculous fancy of mine, I should have missed one of the great experiences of my life. Of course, too, the proprietor blandly assented, with a little lurking smile, at the unaccountableness of feminine tangents—and there the matter rested.

It might never have occurred to anybody again, only, one morning, after a severe rain, which had delayed the ascent for some hours, the horses were led up under our windows, and I could not forego the temptation thus set before me. I went out, mounted the animal, who stood meek and quiet as any bronze horse in one of our parks, with George Washington or General Grant astride him, and tried to imagine I was tranquilly making the ascent of Mount Washington.

Meanwhile, I little suspected the conspiracy going on inside, of which I was the subject. The serenity with which I sat my quadruped, first suggested to my friends the feasibility of my making the ascent, which, for various reasons, had hitherto been deemed impracticable. It was all settled before I dismounted and joined my friends, where I was at once assailed and transfixed with astonishment on being assured that I was to ascend Mount Washington on the instant.

As soon as I found voice, I protested, argued, entreated. I pleaded my recent illness and my equestrian inexperience. Nothing would avail. It seemed that everybody's heart had been turned to stone, while I had been enjoying my fancies in unsuspecting tranquility outside.

One of the ladies of our party offered to accompany me. She had the quiet nerve and resource which would make her mistress of the situation; and, re-

gardless of my expostulations, they set about hunting up the relics of an old Mount Washington suit, which had done duty on so many occasions, that it was just ready to drop into the dishonored grave of the rag-bag!

But time did not allow us to be fastidious. I was unconditionally seized and invested in this decaying motley, the main point being to get me on the back of some animal, whose meek head and tangled mane should be duly pointed for Mount Washington.

Meanwhile I was being rapidly reduced to a state of absolute submission by successive layers of shawls, sacques, and skirts of all conceivable shapes, styles and shades, which were being piled upon me. I was buried in a mausoleum of dry goods, all in an advanced stage of decay. It was evident that a tribute had been levied on all the feminine apparel, which had been ignobly doomed to the closets and corners of the Crawford from time immemorial. It was hunted up, and dragged out and piled upon us, while my prayers and protestations grew fainter under the parti-colored mountain, until at last, with tender adieux and all kinds of good wishes for our adventure, which, under the circumstances seemed to have a very fine edge of irony. I was led out unresisting, and mounted on Lady Bell, a horse, which I was informed, had been especially detailed for my service.

"But I shall smother under this mass of wrappings. Do remove some of them," I piped, pathetic and helpless.

"Oh, you will need them all and more before you reach the summit," shouted a chorus of voices; and I subsided into the grim calm of desperation.

I found myself the victim of still further machinations, and began to suspect that each of my friends had been suddenly transformed by evil genii into another Machiavelli, when I discovered myself actually at the head of our small party, as we rode out from the Crawford, into the small bridle-path which commences the ascent. This had all been arranged between our party and the guide, a small, dark, wiry Canadian Frenchman, with a square, coarse, Celtic physiognomy.

I remember turning for a last lingering look, and seeing the gay crowd of people on the piazzas, in their bright dresses, who had assembled to witness our exit. How I envied them as they stood there in their happy indolence in the pleasant morning sunshine! Would I ever see them again I wondered, and I suspected a little of what the sailors of Columbus must have felt when they drew up anchor in the small Spanish harbor, and bore away with their commander in the bright autumn sunshine for the shores of the new world. In a moment, however, the woods shut all that gay crowd from view, and we, too, had started for a new world among the clouds, while I honestly confess I had strong doubts whether I should ever return to the one I was leaving behind me.

We struck the corduroy road in a few moments. This ascends gradually for a mile or two, through successive strata of vegetation. We were obliged to

move with considerable caution, as the logs of which the road was built were slippery with the recent rains. The air grew chillier, the white birches and pines dwindled more and more as we advanced into higher latitudes. Our guide trotted on foot, before or behind us, now tightening a girth or arranging a saddle, familiar, of course, with every rod of a path which he traversed daily through the summer, and feeling an infinite contempt for our ignorance and inexperience which he soon evinced by short, snappish answers to our questions. But he was autocrat here, and we were obliged to submit to his snubbing.

It must have been past noon when we rode out at last from the damp, dreary, dwindling birches and cedars, which have a singularly withered and dismal effect, with the moss clinging to their peeling bark, as they approach the last latitudes of their growth, and their life closes in scant, ghostly, silent desolation. Here we rested for awhile, lunched without dismounting, and I had an instinct that the "tug of war" had commenced for us, when I saw the care with which our guide was examining the animals, and the various precautionary measures he was taking before we should set out again.

At last we were ready. The great stormy winds boomed through the mighty mountain passes; the clouds spread out their gray, gloomy sails overhead as we started again, with six or seven miles of ascent before us.

"Lady Bell," I soon discovered, shared the contempt of the guide for the inexperience of her rider, and took matters into her own management, with a quiet pertinacity which would have done honor to a human biped.

It was a rule that the animals should not be fed from the time they were led out from their stables until they returned to them, so my horse supplemented her breakfast by sticking her obstinate old head into every tuft of grass, every scant twig and bunch of leaves which fringed the steep mountain-paths. In vain I shouted and pulled at my bridle. She nibbled on with sublime unconcern, her long neck stretched forward, while I hung quaking on the edge of great cliffs, where a single false step would have plunged me far below, among the tops of the forest-trees. In vain I tugged frantically at the bridle, and shouted alternately to the horse and the guide. The latter was often in the rear, or far ahead, and the creature was always submissive to his voice or presence, but invariably resumed her old practices on his disappearance.

Despite the spasms of terror which she caused me, I, however, hold Lady Bell in grateful remembrance, for it was her back and her legs which transported me up Mount Washington; and I remember when the perils thickened, she did not fail me. When we reached the steepest points she would draw her feet together, and jump carefully over the stones while I held on her neck or bridle in quaking bewilderment, and the guide roared "Lean back! "Bend forward!" and I was certain to do precisely the opposite of

what he ordered; and at last his disgust culminated in an angry, "Don't you know which is 'back' and which is 'forward'."

"Oh, yes, perfectly," I rejoined, with saintly mildness. "When I am in the world below, but not on these heights."

An explanation which probably did not elevate me in his estimation.

We kept on and on, higher and higher. If I could picture to you the soaring heights, the dreadful glooms, the mystery, the grandeur, the beauty! Every now and then one of the small party—we numbered five in all, and three of us had never exchanged a word until that day—would shout: "Look at this view!" "Don't lose that!" And I would throw one shuddering glance over the distance, over the yawning abysses, over the hills with soft, gray tissues of mist clinging to their sides, over wide black belts of wildernesses, over pleasant villages that clustered with church spires and farm-houses among the green valleys, and with a gasp returned to my horse again, who, no longer beguiled by stolen morsels scattered along that mountain highway, now bent her whole energies to the task before her.

The winds blew. It seemed to me they had marshalled all their legions, and clamored like packs of wild beasts through the wide passes which we had no business to enter.

Confronted with that wild, powerful, solemn nature, I had a feeling that we were intruders. We had entered unbidden into the presence of the king, and his wrath was terrible. Others have since told me they experienced the same feeling on entering into these majestic solitudes.

The hours, too, seemed interminable. We would ride for long periods, and on inquiring of our guide I would learn we had only advanced half a mile. We passed hill after hill, and still they rose and swelled before us. And still the winds tore and belled among the passes. Did the day reign in silent, eternal gloom among these mountains? Could it be that very morning I had turned my back on that gay, fluttering crowd in the piazza of the Crawford?

The cold—a chill, indescribable cold—grew and grew, penetrating through the successive strata of my wrappings as we advanced higher, until it reached and seared to chill the very marrow. Then I confessed the wisdom which had engulfed me in that ocean of old woollens, and began to long for another blanket; indeed, the guide at last suggested that I should invest myself in a shawl which had been placed on Lady Bell to meet a last contingency. I demurred several times, but finally benumbed limbs and chilling marrow triumphed, and I allowed the man to wrap the folds about me.

The next problem was how to keep that shawl on. Having but two hands, these found ample occupation in keeping myself on and guiding Lady Bell. Pins were not attainable. Every few minutes some fresh blast of wind would seize and drag my shawl off, and the guide would come to the rescue. On one of these occasions he coolly removed the shawl

and disappeared. I philosophically accepted the situation, wondering how long it would take to freeze solid. This was a slower and more disagreeable process than I had anticipated, and I accordingly shouted to some of the party, who at last succeeded in bringing the guide once more to my help—the difficulty being to make him hear when not close at hand, sound not being easily conveyed at those elevations.

"How could you take away my shawl?" I panted, reproachfully, as the man presented himself at my horse's head.

"Cos I thought you said you wanted me to," was the reply, in a tone which left no doubt of the speaker's sincerity.

Grown wiser by experience, I managed this time the problem of shawl and bridle, and kept my seat while we toiled on over the sharp stones and the dismal heights, through the angry cannonade of the winds.

It ended at last. It seemed ages since I left the green, smiling world below; and it was almost sunset when we reached the enclosure at which travelers dismount, and I dropped from my horse's back, after six hours' ride, totally incapable of standing on the stones.

The crowning silence and desolation were now around us. The Tip-Top House, just hidden from sight, was only a few rods distant. We started for this as soon as renewed circulation permitted.

What curious pictures we must have presented as we toiled over the stones, the winds having their own way with our garments, which certainly had not improved in their long scrambling over rocks and through briars. Once or twice I gave up in mortal despair, and calmly made up my mind, in sheer exhaustion of nerve and muscle, to perish; but some one of my companions was sure to come to my service at the last moment, and finally the Tip-Top House came in sight, and the goal of our wanderings was reached.

But it was with no "to triumph," we entered the long, low parlor of that home among the clouds. Breathless, dishevelled, exhausted, we staggered inside and dropped into our chairs around the great black stove, which, like some good genius, soon began to infuse its delicious warmth through our chilled limbs.

So the darkness gathered, and the winds clamored, and there we sat, among the clouds, and the world lay far below, with its great noisy, hurrying life, its gladness and griefs, which we seemed to have left behind forever. Indeed, when I recall the feelings of that time, I always find myself wondering whether they did not resemble those of spirits who have slipped off this mortal coil and find themselves in the great unknown.

With something, it seems to me, of the yearning, pathetic wonder of that hour, might the newly dead look back on the world they had left behind them, on the hot strifes, the petty ambitions, the rivalries and vanities.

Would we ever go down there again and take up the old burdens? How strange it all seemed! Scenes and faces came up out of that old world we had left behind us in the morning—could it be only the morning?—as they might have come if we had been suddenly transported to some dreary crater of the moon, and set there to dream for ages.

We walked up and down the long, low room; we looked out with a shudder into the blackness through which roared the throats of those awful winds.

We did not know then, as we learned afterward, from those who were eagerly watching Mount Washington that night, that the clouds only swathed the summit, that, if we could have gripped our way down a short distance, and then looked up, we should have seen the stars shining with their own serene beauty out of the azure.

We looked over the columns of the hotel register, and what a keen delight it was to come upon dear familiar names of those who had preceded us here only a day or two. It took away so much of that feeling of remoteness and solitude, which we experienced as we sat around the stove that night—five in all—the rest of the tourists had vanished long before our arrival.

Late in the evening, however, we were reinforced by a party of three who made the ascent by the carriage-road, and who, bustling in out of the stormy darkness, seemed to re-establish our communications with the world.

Like ourselves, they entered panting, breathless, exhausted with their drive, and under these circumstances all ordinary ceremonies of introduction were coolly tabooed. We soon fell to comparing experiences and catastrophes, as though we had known each other all our lives.

Everything which happened that evening was so novel, and is so fresh and vivid in my memory that I am constantly tempted to crowd my canvas with new groupings and scenes.

But bed-time came at last, and we went up-stairs to our small berths which were about the size of a Sound steamer's state rooms; and as I mounted the narrow flight I thought of the thousands of feet, which, during the summer, had gone over those stairs, gay, young, twinkling feet, and slower tread of old ones, all pilgrims at the shrine of this awful Mountain Monarch.

There was not much sleep for us that night. The wrathful winds kept up their roar, and it seemed as though I could hear the spirits who inhabited these solitudes clamoring for vengeance on our heads, and I lay there quaking, lest the house should come tumbling about our ears.

Mount Washington does not take you with the tender, mother-heart of nature to its bosom. Its solitudes are stern, silent, remorseless as Fate. No sunlight, it seems to me, can ever brighten the awful gloom and stillness in which, like Plutarch, he holds his court. It falls on that bare, stony forehead, but it does not warm or soften; and I had, all the time,

the feeling of a culprit who had invoked the king's wrath, by invading his privacy.

I had just fallen asleep when a most unearthly sound awoke me. "It is the horn," said my friend, "which awakes travellers to see the sunrise on Mount Washington," and she was out of her bunk in an instant.

I lay still for awhile debating whether a nap would not pay better than any possible effects of sky, sun and mountain. Then I remembered that this sunrise was something which I had been anticipating for years. It was very likely that here was the solitary chance which my life would afford for such a scene. I should feel ignoble for the rest of my days if I let cold, or wind, or darkness, or the dreadful fatigue conquer me.

I sprang from my berth at that thought, rushed on my wrappings, and joined the party at the door of the Tip-Top House.

Here the wind met us in great swooping battalions. One of the gentlemen undertook to convey me to a favorable point for this view; but the wind drove us back; and I was obliged to take shelter at the side of the house, seizing hold of the stones with which the lower story is built, and thus braced against the winds, I awaited the sunrise.

That was the grand crisis, the glory, the poem of my journey up Mount Washington. Before that splendor, that transfiguration, everything else grows dim. How shall I describe it?

On the Glen-side, in that vast chasm, rolled and heaved a glittering ocean of cloud, white with the shining whiteness of sea-caps after a storm. Armies of silver banners, plumes of mighty legions, how they swelled and tossed in that awful abyss.

And beyond was the vast landscape of rolling hills, and black wildernesses, and green valleys, and white clusters of villages.

And in the east, the sun was coming up in all that rosy splendor of clouds. I drew my breath and waited in a hush of suspense. The glory grew wilder and brighter. I thought of Semele when she awaited the coming of Jove, and clutching the stones I watched breathlessly the great miracle of dazzling color and motion.

In a moment it came, the golden sun sweeping in its slow pomp above those eastern hills, and standing there in the rosy magnificence of those morning clouds.

If I could only paint it for you as I saw it then, but no glory of words, no splendors of color could do that. And it was only a sunrise. Just such as had been going on since the dawn of Creation.

But this could not last forever. The breakfast-bell inexorably summoned us to sublunary things, and we made our way to the long, low, dining-room, and comforted our souls and bodies over coffee and breakfast. We were among the clouds; it is true, but this phase of the journey forcibly reminded me of boarding-school, and the groping down in the gray, cold dawns to the early breakfasts. Afterward listening to the talk among themselves of the drivers

and hostlers, grim old veterans scarred and weather-beaten by many a battle with wind and frost, I discovered that we had been exceptionally fortunate in this morning view. There had hardly been such a sunrise, such a clear, perfect atmosphere that summer.

They waxed enthusiastic as they mounted their glasses and identified remote places. They could see Portland and the steamers riding at anchor there. Think of that, from the top of Mount Washington!

But the clouds gathered in a little while, the winds kept up their bellowing, and with infinite difficulty we managed to grope among the stones for trophies of gray moss and locks of blanched grass, to sit amid the silence and desolation and have our pictures taken; and, at last, on returning to the house, the party who had joined us the evening before, and given so much fresh life and color to the time, concluded to return by the carriage-road. Our trio of tourists joined them, and after all kinds of cordial farewells and good-wishes, my friend and I found ourselves alone at the hotel awaiting the return of our guide, who had descended the night before, and was to come up with the horses during the day.

It was dreary enough awaiting his advent. The hotel-keeper prophesied snow; and, as we were in September, it was liable to descend at any moment, and hold us prisoners for a day or two on the top of Mount Washington.

The remote possibility was too terrible even to contemplate. We were nervously walking up and down its deserted room and counting the hours before our guide would present himself, and wondering whether they would ever end, when there was a stir at the door, and looking up, we saw the broad, dark Celtic face standing at the threshold. Never has a face of man looked so beautiful to me! I sprang toward this one with outstretched hands and a cry of joy, that brought a look of amazement into his stolid visage.

"Have you really come?" I cried. "Oh, I am so glad to see you!"

The effusiveness of my manner must have surprised him the more; it was in such marked contrast with our parting the night before, when I felt that I had various good grounds of offence against him—such as surly and inadequate replies to my questions, inattentions at critical moments—which might have ended in catastrophes, a very evident contempt for my ignorance of horse-flesh, and my terrors of mountain precipices. I had, accordingly, parted from the man with as much freezing dignity as I could command under difficulties of benumbed limbs and beating winds. My beaming manner at our meeting must have been quite unaccountable to him. I never inquired, but suspect he set this down also to one of the caprices of the sex.

In a little while we were remounted, and commenced our descent. Contrary to the experience of most riders, I found it much easier, and suffered much less with fright, than on the ascent. Perhaps his was partially owing to the fact that I had gone

through almost every stage of terror, and my nerves were less susceptible than on the preceding day.

Then, too, Lady Bell had been supplanted by General Scott—the dear, old, patient, plodding white veteran, who was the oldest quadruped, and a little the wisest in the Crawford stables.

My heart warms when I think of him! How carefully he carried me along the sheer edge of the beetling precipices; with what unerring instincts he always chose the safest paths; with what marvellous sagacity he would avoid every dangerous place, and how I loved the dear, old creature, when I found him tentatively planting one foot on some slippery point before trusting himself and his burden on it. He would walk or trot, as I desired; he never, like Lady Bell, sought any stolen pastures, and no tempting morsel of grass fluttering seductively in his way allured that old white nose of his from its duty.

It is true, however, that he had not the prospect of so long a fast before him as his pertinacious predecessor.

How unspeakably delightful it seemed when we entered the soft warmth of the lower latitudes, and the air was filled once more with the quivering of leaves, the wavering of shadows, the sound of water, the humming of bees and the singing of birds. It was like coming from death into life, and I thought, with a shudder, of the dumb solitudes that lay in their eternal strength and gloom far up and behind me.

It was still early in the afternoon when we drew rein at the Crawford House. We had been gone hardly more than twenty-eight hours; and yet, what had we not lived in that time! Lived to come back, too! I had scarcely expected to do that when we set out.

After the warm welcomes came the wonderful experiences to tell. The old world had been going on just the same in our absence, and now we had come back to take our part in it.

I parted from old General Scott with a real pang, which I have no grounds to suspect was the case with the guide, when we separated. I have never seen the General since that time; and yet how often I have wished I was on the honest old creature's back, with the soft winds and the green country solitudes all about us.

In my subsequent visits among the mountains, I have always inquired eagerly about him, always hearing that he was doing his work faithfully and bravely—transporting timid mortals from the world's din and hurry into the vast solitudes and pleasures of Mount Washington, and back again!

Dear old faithful quadruped! How many human bipeds there are in the world not doing their work half so faithfully as you!

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, would remove the cause.

AT LAST.

FROM a charming story by Miss Alcott, published in the *Independent*, entitled "The Romance of a Summer Day," we take the following episode, which is as touching as it is beautiful:

After tea, as Rose wanted to wait till moonrise, Uncle Ben went in to chat with the invalid, while Milly insisted on wiping the cups for the old lady; and Rose sat on the doorstep, listening to their chat, and watching twilight steal softly up the valley. Presently her attention was fixed by something the old lady said in answer to Milly's praise of the quaint kitchen.

"Yes, dear, I've lived here all my days. Was born in that bedroom; and don't ask no better than to die there when my time comes."

"Most people are not fortunate enough to keep their old home when they marry. It must be very dear to you, having spent both your maiden and married life here," said Milly, interested in her hostess.

"Wal, you see my maiden life lasted sixty year, and my married life ain't but just begun," answered the old lady, with a laugh as gay as a girl's.

Seeing curiosity in the quick glance Rose involuntarily gave her, the chatty old soul went on as if gossip was dear to her heart, and her late-coming happiness still so new that she loved to tell it.

"I s'pose that sounds sing'lar to you young things; but, you see, though me and Enos was engaged at twenty or so, we warn't married till two year ago. Things was dreadful contrary, and we kep' a waitin' and a waitin', till, I declare for't, I really did think I should die an old maid." And she laughed again, as if her escape was the best joke in the world.

"And you waited forty years?" cried Rose, with her great eyes full of wonder.

"Yes, dear. I had other chances; but somehow they didn't none of them suit, and the more unfortunate Enos was the more I kinder held on to him. He was one of them that's allers tryin' new things, and didn't never seem to make a fortin out of any on 'em. He kept a tryin' because he had nothin', and wouldn't marry till he was wall off. My mother was dead, and left a family to be took care on. I was the oldest gal, and so I nat'rally kept house for father till he died, and the children grew up, and married off. So I warn't idle all them years, and got on first rate, allers hopin' Enos's luck would turn. But it didn't (them cups goes in the right-hand corner, dear); and so I waited and waited, and hoped and hoped."

"Oh! how could you?" sighed Rose, from the soft gleam of the doorway.

"Pears to me strength is give us most wonderful to bear trials, if we take 'em meek. I used to think I couldn't bear it no way when I was left here alone, while Enos was in California; and I didn't know for seven year whether he was dead or alive. His folks gave him up; but I never did, and kept on hopin' and prayin' for him till he come back."

"How happy you were then!" cried Rose, as if she could sympathize heartily with that joy.

"No, I warn't, dear. That was the hardest part on't; for Enos was married to a poor, shiftless thing, that was a burden to him for ten year."

"That was hard;" and Rose gave a groan, as if a new trouble had suddenly come upon her.

"I done my best for 'em, in their ups and downs, till they went West. Then I settled down to end my days here alone. My folks was all dead or fur away, and it was uncommon lonesome. But I kinder clung to the old place, and had it borne in upon me strong that Enos would turn up agin in time. I wanted him to find me here, ready to give him a helpin' hand whenever and however he come."

"And he did at last?" asked Rose, with a sympathetic quiver in her voice that went to the old woman's heart.

"Yes, my deary; he did come at last," she said, in a voice full of a satisfaction that was almost solemn in its intensity. "Rather mor'n two years ago he knocked at that door, a poor, broken-down old man, without wife, or child, or money, or home—nothin' in the wide world but me. He didn't think I'd take him in, he was so mis'able. But, Lord love him, what else had I been a waitin' for them forty year? It warn't the Enos that I loved fust; but that didn't matter one mite. And when he sat sobbin' in that chair, and sayin' he had no friend but me, why I just answered back: 'My home is your'n, Enos; and I give it just as hearty as I did when you fust supposed, under the laylock bushes in the back garden'. Rest here, my poor dear, and let Becky take care on you till she dies.'"

"So he stayed?" said Milly, with tears in her voice, for Rose's head was down on her knees, so eloquent had been the pathos of that old voice telling its little tale of faithful love.

"Certain. And we was married; so no one need make no talk. Folks said it was a dreadful poor match, and took on about my doin' on't; for I'm wol off, and Enos hadn't a cent. But we was satisfied, and I ain't never repented of that day's work; for he took to his bed soon after, and won't quit it, the doctor says, till he's took to his grave."

"You dear soul, I must kiss you for that lovely deed of yours, and thank you from my heart for this lesson in fidelity." And, obeying an irresistible impulse, Rose threw her arms round the old lady's neck, kissing the wrinkled cheek with real reverence and tenderness.

"Bakes alive! Wal, I never did see such a soft-hearted little cretex. Why, child, what I done warn't nothin' but a pleasure. We women are such queer things, we don't care how long we wait, ef we only see our way at last."

As she spoke, the old woman hugged the blooming girl with a motherly warmth, most sweet and comfortable to see; yet the longing look, the lingering touch, betrayed how much the tender old heart would have loved to pillow there a child of its own.

WOMEN AND THEIR CLOTHES VARIOUSLY CONSIDERED.

WE do not know the author of the following article which we find in the *New York Metropolitan*. It is very good, in its way:

The charms of "blue blood," as enthusiastically discussed by silly idlers, are very like the gushes of admiration which pour forth from empty headed people who pretend to admire all the old paintings of the still older galleries in Europe. I confess that I have found it impossible to adore an ancient picture representing a distorted woman standing on the tips of her toes, merely because it was named after a saint by its perpetrator. Neither can I fall upon my knees metaphorically or otherwise, before men or women who happen to be nobody in particular, but who are constantly endeavoring to raise the ghosts of respectable ancestors in order to strengthen their social positions.

Not long ago I met an attenuated woman with a sharp face, small chin, receding forehead, pale-blue watery eyes, thin flaxen hair, and long white characterless hands, who owned nothing on earth except an ancestry—and a husband who had married her for her position.

When he asked for her helpless little bony fingers he had money and energy, but he did not possess sufficient patience to wait until he could earn a position for himself. As everybody is wanting in something, he lacked that something, and married this woman with an ancestry. In the first place she impressed him with the belief that she was stepping down from an exalted height, and that it would take a lifetime of self-sacrifice on his part to compensate her. She began at once to adorn her position in the most splendid manner in order to enforce upon her blue-blooded friends the idea that she had sold herself at a high figure; and the result was that her liege lord began after a few years to look as blue as she did. He could not keep up with her demands upon his gratitude, and he soon began to discover the uselessness of the thing that was eating his life out. Having spent some time in arriving at my initiatory idea, I now hasten to say that it is this sort of female on one side of the pathway of life, and the newly rich, coarse and vulgar one on the other side, who frown upon usefulness in woman's career.

It is said that a clever detective can tell any man's occupation by observing him as he walks the street. Being myself a professional "observationalist," I find that I can recognize the idlers; among women in all the various classes of life. It is an easy matter to distinguish the gorgeously dressed, red-faced, overplump creature who finds it impossible to work because of indulgence in the luxuries of the table, from the blue-blooded female who thinks it her inherent right to loaf the world through. In fact any one can discern the latter by unmistakable signs of physical inferiority, and generally by a shabby gentility which

emphasizes the shabbiness while it fails to enhance the gentility.

Either of these two classes would consider a gentlewoman disgraced who became in any manner serviceable to herself or family. When such women are not miserly they are almost certain eventually to come to poverty. If this misfortune befalls the family, the she-portions turn their pointed noses toward Heaven the moment there is any suggestion made to them regarding the usefulness of feminine digits. Indeed, they appear to imagine that hands are intended as mere ornamental appendages, and to entirely overlook the fact that they are ingenious constructions for mechanical purposes.

These kinds of people prefer to wear antiquated finery rather than to adopt any of the modern ideas regarding the reconstruction of old garments. I once met a blue-blooded creature who bitterly lamented her lack of means to purchase a new gown, while she exulted in the possession of closets full of sumptuous but old-fashioned apparel.

"Why don't you remake the handsome costumes," I said.

"I have no money to pay the costumer," she replied, in a manner which expressed as distinctly as words, "If you are generous enough to offer me the money, I am willing to honor you by accepting it."

I did not tender any currency, but like many other generous people, I gave her advice. I told her how she could do it for herself, and you should have seen her lofty airs, though the blue-blood did not mount to her forehead, because it was too weak to get up there. She informed me that she was not the kind of lady who would be likely to know about such plebeian resources, since her life had not been spent in performing menial services either for herself or any one else.

"Certainly God did not make such a mistake as to intend you only for an ornament to His earth," my saucy tongue blurted out almost involuntarily. "If you choose to represent blue-blood in strabby attire, I have not the least objection; I told you where you could find suggestions, which coupled with a little industry would make you somewhat resemble a lady instead of a burlesque on one of Mrs. Jarley's wax-works." To my surprise a color not altogether blue came to her face, as I turned my back upon the hopeless idiot.

This is one of the women who furnish material for cynical men to write anenting epigrams upon our sex.

The other sort, the vulgar, ostentatious specimens of ignorance, also afford such critics amusement, but thank Heaven! between these two varieties walk the grandly good, the useful, the gracious women who are tender and true in their households, loyal to their friends and to their convictions, and whom all men honor.

The millennium of woman will be when she is able and willing to do anything which her duties or her necessities demand, with as unswerving a fidelity to her conscience and regard for the rights of others, as should be her faith in God or her love for her children.

There are women professing peculiar forms of religion and certain views on the subject of morality, who dress themselves in fixed and formal costumes, and thus focus a portion of public attention upon their sentiments as expressed by individual fashions. Some of these women make oppressive, and perhaps aggressive efforts to be conspicuous, but they are not the class I wish to speak of at present, though their varieties are almost limitless. There are persons who never for one moment forget the fashion of their apparel, nor cease to provide in a mental way for ornamental novelties, and for the effectiveness of their future gowns and things. The young unmarried woman of this species also considers the means of captivating and securing admirers, while thoughts of ribbons and draperies wander through all her dreams, and possibly through all her prayers. She may be recognized upon the street and in public places by the alertness of her looks, and the comprehensive sweep of her vision over prettily-costumed ladies. If she has a rival, there is a glare of innocent rage in her eyes if that rival happens to be possessed of a fresh and becoming costume. This young woman is ingenuitous, and not above the uses of her needle. She becomes an originator of charming costumes, and in that capacity is not only an artist, but a benefactor, for "blessed is she who makes for us visions of beauty."

The older woman, whose realm is clothes, does not possess so acceptable a reason as the one just described, for her frantic efforts to lead in personal display. It is pride, envy and petty ambition which force this style of woman to overdress herself, and to spend her best mental energies in evoking ideal costumes, and her time in constructing real ones. Of course, such women are intensely stupid, while, as a general thing, they are exceedingly pretty to look at. I meet several of this species constantly. As a general rule, a specimen of this kind floats about in the sea of society, an unmelting thing externally, but with a heart of fire, longing, perhaps, for a youth that is dead, and for the admiration that is given to that unsatisfying, but subtle something known to the world as style. She knows that she gets but a surface drift of admiration; but to her it is better than nothing.

If we only possessed supernatural perceptions, doubtless we should discern beautiful new garments trailing their gorgeousness through the feminine hearts of mazy kneeling congregations. Costumes that they cannot possess rankle in the white bosoms of such women, and produce more sorrow than does the conviction that they are beautiful sinners.

A lady, who used to lead in New York fashions many years ago, when there was but one style for bonnets in an entire season, confessed to me that the

ideal bonnet of her future always appeared to her mental view when she was quietly sitting in church.

Poor thing! She don't have many pleasant visions now of any future in this life. She is the woman who grows old only to grow silly. To her there is nothing left but age. She gets grim-visaged and disagreeable, and she it is who has given to us such a reputation for wickedness when we are wrinkled. Never is there an especially malicious piece of mischief performed on a person or a community, but it is attributed to some "old woman." It is the traditional and conventional thing, and it is the empty-headed vain woman who has won this bit of reputation for us. The loss of customary social triumphs is inevitable, when a woman has wasted her brain in being either idle or extravagant during the best years of her life. To depend upon personal decorations and to hold admiration by the silken cable of a long-drawn smile, is all very well in early life, but there must come a time when it will require a reputation for having been useful, for culture, for well-spent moneys and for womanly deeds; when the dignity of labor carefully performed leaves a grandeur upon the face which is better than beauty, and warmer than a name for that which was once beautiful, but is gone forever. There are antique, painted, useless, bedizened grandmothers, who promenade our streets with little toppy steps, which they vainly think deceive observers into the belief that they are still young; they look so restless and discontented that one ought not to wonder at the reputation of the legendary "old woman."

The old lady who is all wrinkles, and yet all smiles, is she whose hands have been busy, whose heart has been warm, whose conscience has not been deadened, who has considered personal adornment a pleasurable duty, and not a pursuit or a sole profession; whose hands were not too fine for usefulness, and whose husband was not compelled to be the bearer of all burdens of bread-winning; her face is like the fulfilment of a precious promise, as she floats into the unseen, through days that are filled with a satisfactory atmosphere of calm. Her blood had not been too blue for healthy uses, nor yet so fiercely red as to render her viciously idle or absurdly arrogant; and so, while here, she walks on the very edges of Heaven, a saint who has won her right to the love of her children, and to the respect and admiration of all who enjoy the light of her presence.

PRIZE, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation, or animate enterprise. It is therefore not only necessary that wickedness, even when it is not safe to censure it, be denied applause, but that goodness be commended only in proportion to its degree; and that the garlands due to the great benefactors of mankind, be not suffered to fade upon the brow of him who can boast only of petty services and easy virtues.

RELIGIOUS READING

LEAD ME TO THEE!

*Andante Legato.**mf*

1. Beau-ti - ful man - sions, Home of the blest, Land where the faith - ful Ev - er shall rest; There,

there is my trea - sure, There shall I be - Lord, I am wea - ry, Lead me to Thee!

Sa - viour, be near me, Guide me and cheer me, Je - sus, my Sa - viour, O lead me to Thee!

2. Here, in the desert,
Cheerless I roam,
Laden with sorrow,
Far from my home;
Dense clouds on my pathway
Darkly I see—
Lord, I am weary,
Lead me to Thee!
Saviour, etc.

3. Thou wilt not leave me
Comfortless here;
Why should I doubt Thee?
What do I fear?
A light in the darkness
Breaking I see,
Yet I am weary,
Lead me to Thee!
Saviour, etc.

4. Saviour, I love Thee!
Dwell in my heart;
Never, oh, never
From me depart.
Bright hope, like a rainbow,
Shining I see,
Yet I am weary,
Lead me to Thee!
Saviour, etc.

"THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT."

A CHILD first knows its mother as the supplier of its needs. When it is hungry or cold or in pain, it turns to her, and she gives it food, warmth, comfort. That is the way the child comes to love its mother. As for her, her delight is in supplying the child's necessities. That is her great joy. The tie that binds them together is the babe's need of its mother, and her supplying that need.

So, all through life, our loves and friendships get their highest consecration through the occasions that want and sorrow bring. Love in the sunshine is sweet, but it takes the storm to show all that it really is. We never know the worth of a friendship till it has borne that test. The hand that grasped ours when we were sinking, the breast that pillowed our head when we were in sorrow, these are love's interpreters.

It is just so that God interprets himself to us—through our needs. And the way we are to understand him is just as the baby understands its mother—as the resource in every want or trouble. When we are perplexed, when

we are disappointed, when hope seems gone out, it is just then that we are to feel that there is in God all that we want.

The happiness of God lies just in this, in supplying the need of his creatures. Is it sweet to a mother to give the baby the comfort it cries for? Does it make a father happy to give his children what pleases them? Is it joy to a wife to fill and satisfy all the wants of her husband's nature? How much more, then, shall our Heavenly Father take delight in meeting us just where we need help the most!

To shut away any hunger of the heart from God, to feel that anything is too great to ask him, is to wrong ourselves. It is to doubt his love. We cannot prescribe the exact way in which he will help us. Why should we? Can the baby tell its mother what to do for it, or the pupil instruct his teacher, or the sick man direct his physician how to treat him? If we could directly control God's acts by our prayers, we should lose all the benefit of his wisdom. But this is certain; the soul cannot utter a cry that he does not hear; that his heart does not respond to it swifter than a mother's that all the

power and wisdom of the Infinite One are not employed to answer it.

We think that we love our friends, that we have the disposition to help them; and so in a little measure we do. But what is our love compared to God's? What is our helpfulness compared to his? As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his thoughts higher than our thoughts, so are his compassion and tenderness beyond ours!

The powerlessness of human love is the saddest thing in life. We would sometimes gladly die if we could save others from harm, and it seems as if we could not do a thing for them. We agonize in prayer for those who are sinning, and they seem to keep straight on in the evil way. We see our friends broken down by heavy burdens; or, when they are gone from earth, we find out what darkness encompassed them; and we feel as if we could give up anything or suffer anything if so they might be set free. And yet, so far as our consciousness extends, we can do almost nothing.

Now, as the Lord's love is greater than ours, so his power is greater. What we only long to do, that he can do and will do. There is no yearning in our hearts, no swift impulse of affection, that is not a reflection or an infinitely deeper affection in God. And with him there is no weakness, no disappointment, no failure. Throughout eternity, with all the resources of omnipotence, he is working out his sovereign will. And that will is love. It is mother's love, and more than that. It is father's

love, and more than that. What friend feels for friend? What wife feels for husband, whatever is generous and tender and sweet in the whole range of human experience, is a hint of what God feels for all his creatures.

In many a heart have echoed sadly the words,

—“But what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry!”

But that tells only a part of it. Above us, infants in the night that we are, bends a heart that hears our cry, that catches the feeling which cannot shape itself into a cry—hears, and answers with outswelling love, and will one day so answer that sorrow shall be lost in joy, and sighing be forgotten in unspeakable fulness of satisfaction.

There is no want that is not to be brought to God with perfect confidence. There is no man beset with discouragements, no mourner out of whose life the sunlight seems gone, no person crushed by his own incapacity to live rightly, or by another's persistence in sin, no one whose trouble seems especially hopeless, but they should bring each his own burden and rest it on One who loves and saves without limit. It is just the things that are to take to him. Ours is the God of all comfort, the God who “is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.” When we have neither strength nor hope in ourselves, then it is that we are simply to rest upon his breast, and know that all is well.—*Ch. Union.*

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

“DON'T SCOLD ME.”

“DON'T, Tommy—don't do that. You know it makes mother's head ache.”

“Does it make your head ache, mother?” asked the child, curiously, and with a pitying tone in his voice, as he came creeping up to his mother's side, and looking at her as if in doubt whether he would be repulsed or not.

“Sometimes it does, my son,” replied Mrs. Lyon, kindly; “and it is always unpleasant. Won't you try to play without making so much noise?”

“Yes, mother, I'll try,” answered the little fellow, cheerfully. “But I forget sometimes.”

He looked earnestly at his mother, as if something more was in his thoughts.

“Well, dear, what else?” said she, encouragingly.

“When I forget, you'll tell me, won't you?”

“Yes, love.”

“And then I'll stop. But don't scold me, mother, for then I can't stop.”

Mrs. Lyon's heart was touched. She caught her breath, and bent her head down, to conceal its expression, until it rested on the silken hair of the child.

“Be a good boy, Tommy, and mother will never scold you any more,” she murmured gently in his ears.

His arms stole upward, and as they were twined closely about her neck, he pressed his lips tightly against her cheek,—thus sealing his part of the contract with a kiss.

How sweet to a mother's taste were these first fruits of self-control! In this effort to govern herself, what a power had she acquired.

Only first fruits were these. In all her after days did that mother strive with herself, ere she entered into a contest with the inherited evils of her children; and just so

far as she was able to overcome evil in herself, was she able to overcome evil in them. Often, very often, did she fall back into the old states; and often, very often was self-resistance only a slight effort; but the feeble influence for good that flowed from her words or actions whenever this was so, warned her of error, and prompted a more vigorous self-control. Need it be said, that she had an abundant reward?

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

CONSIDER it your religious duty to take out-door exercises without fail each day. Sweeping and trotting around the house will not take its place; the exhilaration of the open air and change of scene are absolutely necessary. Oh, I know all about Lucy's gown that is not finished, and Tommy's jacket, and even his coat—his buttonless coat thrown into your lap, as if to add the last ounce to the camel's back; still, I say, up and out. Is it not more important that your children, in their tender years, should not be left motherless, and that they should not be born to that feeble constitution of body which will blight every blessing? Let buttons and strings go. You will take hold of them with more vigor and patience when you return, bright and refreshed; and if every stitch is not finished at such a moment—and it is discouraging not to be able to sympathize in your best effort—still remember that “she who hath done what she could” is entitled to no mean praise. Your husband is undoubtedly the best of men, though there are malicious people who might answer that that was not saying much for him. Still, he would never, to the end of time, dream of what you are doing of. So accept my advice, and take the matter in hand yourself.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

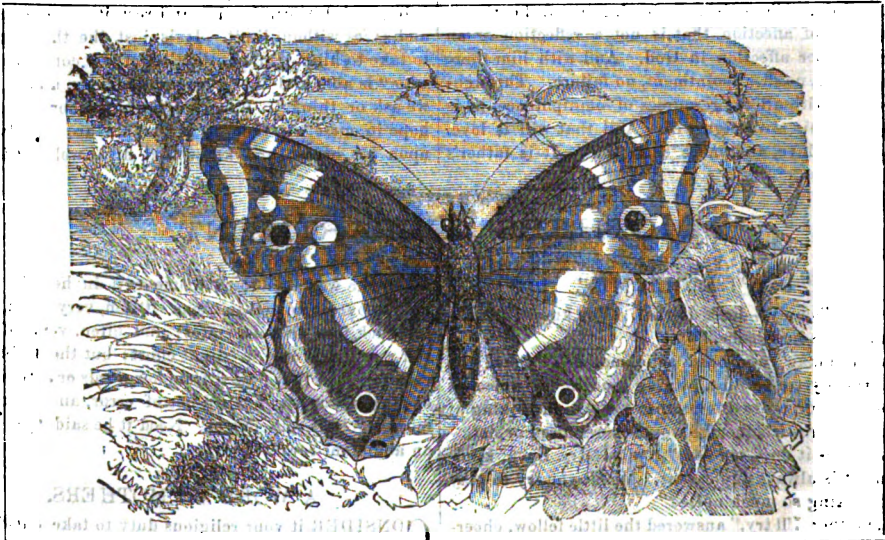
THE LIFE OF A BUTTERFLY.

WHERE do the butterflies come from? On a hot day in summer one cannot cross a field without seeing them flutter up everywhere out of the grass. Where were they all a month ago? When the weather became warm were they made at once beautiful bright little creatures with four tiny wings that are never still for a minute together? Or if they were not made butterflies at once, how were they made? We know that every tree, every flower, and even every blade of grass, grew up from a seed; we know, too, that birds come out of those speckled eggs that mischievous boys are so fond of looking for in the woods. But where do the butterflies come from? Here we are back again where we began.

Well, butterflies, those little things that fly about like birds, like birds, too, come out of eggs; but the very smallest bird's egg you have ever seen is fifty times as

great change, too, that I do not think you would recognize him after it. His nibbling at the leaves has ended, and indeed he has destroyed quite enough of them. As far as any one can see, he is dead; he is only a little shapeless lump hanging to the plant. More unlike a butterfly still, you say. Yes, indeed, but if the caterpillar did not bring himself to this, the *chrysalis* state, he would never get a chance of having wings and flying.

But he is not to be so very long, unless he has had the misfortune to take to the *chrysalis* state in the autumn, for if that is the case he will not be released until next spring. Let us suppose that it is in the great heat of summer; then, after about a week, the little prisoner breaks through the *chrysalis* and creeps out into the sunlight. He has come to his last state, and is very soon to be perfect. He is no caterpillar now, but the smallest butterfly you could imagine; and as he feels the air for



large as the egg of a butterfly. Yet, when they are seen through a good magnifying glass or microscope, they look much prettier than birds' eggs, for they are of many different shapes; some ribbed, others covered with a sort of raised pattern, and others again that seem to be all wicker-work.

The butterfly lays her eggs on the leaf of some plant, which she knows her little ones will be able to eat. Then she leaves them, and flies away. If the weather is warm, the eggs have been on the leaf but a few days, when the insect comes out. But not a butterfly—oh! no—a slender worm, so small that one can scarcely see him. He is not to be small always. That is clear when he begins to nibble at the leaf; for he has such a surprising appetite, that he grows and grows daily, until at last he is a great caterpillar, stretching out, and twisting and turning, and drawing himself along.

This surely is not like a butterfly! Wait awhile; you will not see him this way always. For he is a wonderful fellow, this caterpillar, and he is not content with crawling about and eating. He wants a change, and such a

the first time on his little wings, they begin to grow larger and larger, and the rich colors appear, until at last, after an hour or more, he is a full-grown butterfly. Then he gives those painted wings a shake or two; and seeing some other butterflies passing by, he flies up, and whirls away through the air as gay and as beautiful as any of them. Off they go together to suck honey out of the flowers, and to beware all their lives long of those little folks who run about the fields hat in hand making war on the poor winged creatures.

The silkworms which your brothers make pets of never become butterflies, only a quiet kind of moth, supposed to have been brought, "once on a time," from China, where the people found out how to make silk from its threads long before any one else thought of such a thing. The Chinese say that their empress, Si-hing-chi, was the first who collected these insects, feeding them with her own hands; and that it was to her that their nation owe the discovery of the beautiful material which is made from the soft yellow stuff in which this particular caterpillar envelopes itself.

PLAYING GRANDMA.

BY AUNT SUE.

"CHATTERBOX!" "Flyaway!"
 Anything you please to say;
 Happy as a bird am I,
 Singing gaily in the sky,
 And I'd fly away if he
 Only lent his wings to me.

"Grandma's sleeping, and I'll run
 Up and have a little fun—
 Get her parasol and cap,
 While she takes her little nap.

Folds her parasol away;

"Dearly, 'twasn't meant for play,"
 Saying with a gentle grace,
 And love's sweetness on her face.

I COULDN'T.

"MOTHER," said a little boy, "Willie played truant
 to-day, and wished me to go, but I couldn't."

"Couldn't, my son! Why not?"

"Because," he said, winding an arm about her neck, "I
 thought it would make you so sorry. That's why I couldn't."
 It would be a world of happy mothers if all boys and
 girls were as careful not to make their mothers sorry.

Oh, how sorry it makes a mother's heart when a way-



Scold me! Not a bit afraid.
 Grandma scold her little maid!
 Grandma loves her far too well.
 If you'd like to, you can tell.
 Hush! she's coming. Wait and see
 What a merry time there'll be!"

"Little mischief!" grandma cries.
 "Dearly, you will hurt your eyes!"
 And she smiles a pleasant smile,
 Taking off her cap the while
 From the little jaunty head,
 With the wavy hair o'erspread;
 And her glasses from the eyes,
 Where such tender beauty lies;

ward boy goes into paths of sin! How it grieves her
 soul to note in his breath the scent of the deadly cup; to
 see the loose card drop from his pocket; to feel that evil
 companions are fast drawing him away from "mother,
 home and Heaven." Ah! how many hearts there are
 which can take up the sad lament:

"We see them go out each night
 Through a blinding mist of tears,
 And we cannot sleep, but life and weep
 In a torturing maze of fears.
 Oh! the dread rum-shop luring,
 Calling our dear boys in;
 The souls that were white as morning light
 It blackens with vice and sin."

Boys, if you love your mothers, shun the first glass.
 Close heart and ear and eye to the tempter, however
 lovely the garb it may wear.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

KIND THOUGHTS.

LET us cherish a memory for pleasant things,
 And let all the others go;
 It is never by giving "tit for tat"
 That we touch the heart of a foe.
 It is not by dwelling on fancied wrongs.
 That we feel their sting grow less;
 And malice once entering the heart is sure
 To crush out all tenderness.

Forgive, forget, though the wrong be great,
 And your heart be stricken sore;
 For thinking of trouble makes it worse,
 And its pain is all the more.
 Do kindly things to your neighbors, e'en
 Though they do not so to you;
 Though they be wrong, unjust, unkind,
 Keep your own heart ever true.
 The heart is a garden; our thoughts the flowers
 That spring into fruitful life;
 Have care that in sowing there fall no seed
 From the weed of cruel strife.
 Oh! loving words are not hard to say,
 If the heart be loving too;
 And the kinder the thoughts you give to others,
 The kinder their thoughts of you.

REST.

BY LIZZIE E. WEIST.

ONE one! why so sad and weary,
 Longing, seeking after rest?
 Turning this way, then another,
 Why not seek that which is best?
 Why from day to day thus wand'ring
 With a sorrow-burdened soul,
 While there's One who heals the wounded,
 And the broken heart makes whole?
 Why thus seeking after pleasures,
 Which but cause your soul to mourn,
 Finding that in every blossom
 Dwells a sharp and piercing thorn?
 There is rest beyond the river—
 There is rest on this side, too;
 There is rest for all the weary—
 Lone one, there is rest for you!
 Turn from every fleeting pleasure—
 Seek that only which is best;
 Hear the gracious invitation,
 "Come and I will give you rest!"
 Come ye weary, heavy laden—
 Hark! and hear the whispers sweet;
 Cast on Him your every burden,
 Kneeling at the Saviour's feet.
 He will give you rest unmeasured—
 Satisfy your aching heart—
 If you turn away from evil,
 And from sin and self depart.
 Joy untold you'll find in Jesus,
 Peace which as a river flows,
 Oh! so deep I cannot tell you,
 Only he who feels it knows.

And this rest is all abiding,
 While you keep your Saviour's hand,
 For you need not ever leave Him,
 He will give you grace to stand.
 Only trust Him, lone one, trust Him!
 And your heart shall be at rest;
 All through life you'll find true riches,
 And in death you shall be blest.

Eastern Express.

MARY.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLINGHAM.

SWEETEST name that ever crowned a woman,
 Mingling with it the divine and human—
 Name with light enhaloed since it won a
 Sanctifying grace from the Madonna!

All we know of love's ecstatic sweetness,
 All we deem of womanhood's completeness,
 Pities, hopes, and helpful tendernesses,
 To my heart that simple name expresses.

And to me 'tis linked with inward beauty,
 Faith in Right and loyalty to Duty,
 Gracious household ways and faithful loving,
 That rebuke our waywardness and roving.

So, for these, I shrine the name of Mary
 In my heart as in a sanctuary—
 Shrine it there with every pure emotion
 Born of love, of sorrow, or devotion.

Dear for these—but infinitely dearer
 For a memory sweeter, sadder, nearer—
 All my days with tender twilight shading,
 Yet with brightness all my soul pervading.

One to whom that holy name was given
 Smiles upon me from her home in Heaven;
 In my hours of quiet and of dreaming,
 Smiles upon me with an angel seeming.

Oh, the treasures of which death bereft us!
 Oh, the precious memories God has left us!
 Oh, the sorrow in our hearts that dwelleth!
 Oh, the joyful faith that there upwalleth!
 Through our sobs shall break forth glad thanksgiving
 That all life seems holier for her living—
 And the grave itself the shining portal
 Through which passed she to the life immortal.

Home seems hallowed, since her evanescence,
 By the sacred memory of her presence,
 Shedding evermore the light of beauty
 O'er the dark and rugged paths of duty.

For her life was like a glad evangel
 With its bright revelations of the angel;
 And her death, with solemnizing sweetness,
 Gave that life its beautiful completeness.

Thanks to God! His tender benediction
 Calms the tumult of our great affliction,
 And our eyes, albeit in tearful blindness,
 Read the record of His loving kindness—
 Pierce, at length, through all the tangled tissues
 Of our doubts, to life's sublimer issues,
 Till we learn how all things blend benignly
 In His plan whose work is wrought divinely.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

WHICH IS THE WISER?

I HAVE two friends whose names are, or might be, Smith and Brown. Their habits of life and the results these habits produce are worthy of being recorded; they may serve as mirrors in which some other folks may see themselves as others see them. They are both somewhat over thirty years of age, are both married and have several children, and are comfortably well off for this world's goods. Smith is a good, sensible fellow, of more than average culture, whose opinion or advice on most matters I would as soon ask as I would that of any man I know. His wife is a right clever, good-natured, hard-working woman—somewhat given to the fripperies of fashion, but always conscientiously doing, as she believes, everything she can to promote the well-being of her husband and family. Neither Smith, who has been a great reader, nor his wife, who has not, had ever paid the least attention to hygienic matters. They both “came up” in families where the largest liberty to do as they pleased was given to the children, and they have continued the same course with their own, trusting in Providence, as they said, to carry them safely through. They have had five children, two of them are already in their graves, and some one of the others, or one of the parents, is needing the doctor's care continually—their door being one of the regular stands at which his patients go to look for his gig. No one who knows their habits of life needs to have studied the great problem—*how to secure good health*—any great length of time, not to know that there are good reasons, which ought to be patent to these parents, why sickness and death and the long train of anxieties and heart-rendings which they bring with them have invaded their house.

Let us see, then, if we can find a sufficient cause. These parents are fond of what they call good-living. In the selection of food for their table, the gratification of the appetite is the only point consulted, and their table is always bountifully supplied with the richest and most appetizing food—if such rubbish may be called food. Their children are allowed to come to the table at which their parents eat as soon as they can sit up alone in a chair, are always asked what they would like to eat, and their every wish in this particular is gratified. I dined there one day when two of the children were at the table—one three and the other five years old, perhaps—and I saw that they ate heartily of roast pork with plenty of gravy, and finished with mince pie, and this at six o'clock in the afternoon! At another time I saw the mother come in, a few minutes before dinner, with a paper of candies, eating of them herself, and dealing them out liberally to her children!

These instances only serve to show the ordinary habits of eating in the family, and are in no wise unusual for them. Another matter. In the winter these children are kept housed almost the whole time—sometimes not going out of the house from one week's end to another, for fear the poor little things would take cold; and of course they had colds nearly the whole time. The natural consequences of such management of children, as any one who has paid any attention to the study of health knows very well, is certain sickness and probable early death. A death, which is the result of the ignorance or indifference of the

parents to hygienic laws, is but very little short of homicide; and the time will come, we predict, when it will be generally so regarded. In a family where such habits of living prevail, it is no wonder the doctor reaps a rich harvest; no wonder the husband's yearly balance-sheet makes so poor a showing; no wonder that the father and mother suffer from care and anxiety—their hearts lacerated with grief; and no wonder that they are always bewailing their misfortunes, and that they experience so much of that side of life which they call *dark*. It is a wonder, however, that any clergyman can be found so profoundly ignorant as to slander his Maker by exclaiming, as one did in the course of his remarks at the funeral of one of these children, “God has called this little one away.” I asked to “speak in meeting,” and tell the reverend gentleman that God had done no such thing; that it was not His will that any child should die thus early, and that it was only in consequence of disobeying His laws that death had come to the poor little creature before him. This child who had, as I had already learned, been ailing for several days, had been allowed to come to the table at dinner late in the day and eat heartily of lobster-salad and drink freely of milk, because she asked for these things, and her mother's only thought was to gratify the child's every wish. The consequence was, as might be expected, that about midnight the child had a violent attack of *cholera morbus*, and within twenty-four hours was a corpse! In what sense could it be said, then, pray, that “God called the poor little thing away?” It was a cheap platitude for the clergyman to utter, and perhaps a solace to the wounded hearts of its parents; but it was a slander on Divine Wisdom, nevertheless.

Brown and his wife and Smith and his wife were married about the same time. Brown, intellectually, was far below Smith. His reading had been confined more to the practical side of life, and somehow it happened that, while yet a youth, the importance of the subject of health had attracted his attention, and he studied it thoroughly, and had so far indoctrinated his wife before her marriage with the subject, that they were already fully agreed that good health for themselves and offspring, if they should have any, was to be the foundation-stone of their domestic happiness. They provided themselves with the best books on the Management of Infancy, on Hygiene and on Physiology; studied them and profited by what they learned. They found out how best to care for their offspring before birth, and how to treat them after. They knew what was the proper food for them, and this they provided and saw that it was good and properly cooked. The children understood that their parents knew what was the proper food to give them to eat, as well as the proper quantity, and they also knew that they were certain to be helped to it at the proper time, and they were never asked what they would like to eat. They came to the table with their parents, ate what was given them and always seemed contented and happy. These children were encouraged also to take robust exercise out of doors, always when the weather was fair, and very often when it was not; cold and wet had little fear for them. When the weather was bad they dressed warmer, I have often seen them of a cold winter's day come into the house, after a brisk play out of doors, with complexions which,

beauty and healthful appearance, would attract the attention of the most indifferent observer, and I very rarely heard of their having colds.

Well, Brown's children are all alive and well to-day; all hearty and robust. Aside from the bills which have been rendered to him for obstetrical services, ten dollars will pay all his family's doctor's bills for thirteen years. The saving in money, however, is trifling compared with the exemption from the anxiety and grief which the Smiths suffer.

There is not a reader of this journal, probably, who cannot put his finger upon a dozen families within the range of his acquaintance who are living like Smith's, but I very much fear he will not know one like Brown's. These sketches are from life, however, and their truthfulness will be readily recognized by the parties themselves

and their friends. The moral to be drawn is manifest and need not be put in words.

Now, young man—you, I mean, whose name I saw mentioned in the papers this morning, as about to marry the wealthy Miss —, of Thirty-fourth Street, whose *trousseau* was said to have been ordered from Paris at a cost of ten thousand dollars—let me whisper in your ear, that ten dollars judiciously invested in good books which will teach you and your wife how to live, so as to enjoy good health yourselves, and to secure the same for your children, will yield you and your little wife infinitely more happiness—provided you are willing to profit by the teaching—than any amount of money spent on the wedding *trousseau*. Hold up before you, then, these two pictures of Smith and Brown and decide for yourself. WHICH IS THE WISER?—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

AMMONIA.

NO housekeeper should be without a bottle of ammonia; for, besides its medicinal value, it is invaluable for household purposes. It is nearly as useful as soap, and its cheapness brings it within reach of all.

For cleansing paint, it is very useful. Put a teaspoonful of ammonia to a quart of warm soapsuds, dip in a flannel cloth, and wipe off the dust and fly-specks, grime and smoke, and see for yourselves how much labor it will save. No scrubbing will be needful. It will cleanse and brighten silver wonderfully; to a pint of hot suds mix a teaspoonful of the spirits, dip in your silver spoons, forks, etc., rub with a brush, and then polish on chamois skin. For washing mirrors and windows, it is also very desirable; put a few drops of ammonia upon a piece of newspaper, and you will readily take off every spot or finger-mark on the glass. It will take out grease-spots from any fabric; put on the ammonia nearly clear, lay blotting-paper over the place, and press a hot flat-iron on it for a few moments. A few drops in water will clean laces and whiten them as well; also muslins.

Then it is a most refreshing agent at the toilet-table; a few drops in a basin of water will make a better bath than pure water, and if the skin is oily, it will remove all glossiness, and also disagreeable odors. Added to a foot-bath, it entirely absorbs all noxious smell, so often arising from the feet in warm weather, and nothing is better for cleansing the hair from dandruff and dust. For cleaning hair and nail-brushes it is equally good. Put a teaspoonful of ammonia into one pint of warm or cold water, and shake the brushes through the water; when the bristles look white, rinse them in cold water, and put in the sunshine or in a warm place to dry. The dirtiest brushes will come out of this bath white and clean.

For medicinal purposes ammonia is almost unrivalled. For the headache it is a desirable stimulant, and frequent inhaling of its pungent odors will often entirely remove catarrhal cold. There is no better remedy for heartburn and dyspepsia, and the aromatic spirit of ammonia is especially prepared for these troubles. Ten drops of it in a wineglass of water are often a great relief. The spirits of ammonia can be taken in the same way; but is not as palatable.

In addition to all these uses, the effects of ammonia on vegetation are beneficial. If you desire your roses, ger-

aniums, fuchsias, etc., to become more flourishing, you can try it upon them, by adding five or six drops of it to every pint of water that you give them; but don't repeat the dose oftener than once in every five or six days, lest you stimulate them too highly. Rain-water is impregnated with ammonia, and thus it refreshes and vivifies vegetable life. So, be sure and keep a large bottle of it in the house, and have a glass stopper for it, as it is very evanescent, and also injurious to corks, eating them away.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT CUSTARD-PIE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us as follows: "Pipsey's letters are always read with much interest. I was so glad when I found she was going to write for the magazine again.

"I was much amused when reading the November number, where she speaks about putting a piece of custard-pie in her pocket. I thought if she could put custard-pie in her pocket, it must have been like the one I have heard my mother tell about.

"When I was quite a small child mother was very sick, and the cares of the household fell on my older sister. The daughter of some friend of mother's came to stay a few days with my sister, when her parents were to come after her. Of course some extra cooking and baking must be done for the occasion. This girl was quite officious, and would insist on helping, which rather disgusted sister, who felt that just then her room was preferable to her company. When sister began to make a custard-pie, that girl said, 'Oh, let me make that pie. I can just as well as not. I always do it at home.' Well, make the pie she would, and make it she did.

"The consequence was that when they were setting the table, sister brought out the custard-pie, and found it had a very hard, thin look. Sister remarked that she was sorry the pie was so thin and dry, whereupon the girl said, 'Oh, never mind; ma knows you are poor.' It rather provoked sister at the time; but since she has had many a hearty laugh over it.

"So I thought if Pipsey has the recipe for the custard-pie that she carries in her pocket, I would like to have her put it in the magazine, so that we might try it, for I think it would remind us of the days when we 'were poor.'

"M. E. B."

A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Words spoken in anger are sure to bring regret.

The secret of happiness—stop thinking about yourself.

An hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon.

He that would enjoy the fruit must not gather the flower.

Evil men speak as they wish, rather than what they know.

Riches got by deceit cheat no man so much as the getter.

A FASHIONATE man scourgeth himself with his own scorpions.

HOWEVER little we may have to do, let us do that little well.

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

NEVER open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter also.

Do sur the half of what you can and you will be surprised at the result.

THE world is a workshop, and none but the wise know how to use the tools.

Act uprightly and fearlessly, as you would defy the devil and all his works.

A GOOD heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone do.

ALWAYS do as the sun does—look at the bright side of everything; it is just as cheap and three times as good for digestion.

Good is slow; it climbs. Evil is swift; it descends: why should we marvel that it makes great progress in a short time.

TEXTUALISM is not a mere matter of expediency, but a scientific fact, based on chemistry, physiology and Christian morality.

THE human heart is like a feather bed—it must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns to prevent its becoming hard.

Good and bad qualities are to be found in every one's composition; but searching for the latter, among your neighbors, is a business that pays poorly.

CUNNING leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add that to cunning, and it is knavery.

Kind looks, and smiles so loving,
And duties promptly done;
Oh, these will make the home nest
As cheerful as the sun!

YOUTH and age have too little sympathy with each other. If the young would remember that they may be old, and the old remember that they have been young, the world would be happier.

OVER our hearts and into our lives
Shadows will sometimes fall;
But the sunshine never is wholly dead,
And heaven is shadowless overhead;
And God is over all.

THE warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.

COLD water we hail thee; thou gift-free as air;
No beverage of mortals can with thee compare;
Who drinks of thee only will find with delight
Fresh vigor by day and contentment by night.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

MR. CAREFUL having been told by his physician that he must take gentle exercise, replied, that he had for some time back practised cutting his toe nails twice a week.

So necessary is fun to the mind, that a late philosopher says if you should build schools without playgrounds, nobody would get beyond short division in a life time.

"How do you keep out of quarrels?" asked one friend of another. "Oh, easily enough," was replied. "If a man gets angry with me, I let him have all the quarrel to himself."

THE other day a certain tailor sent his bill to a magazine editor. He was startled a few hours afterward by its being returned with a note appended saying, "Your manuscript is respectfully declined."

AN Irishman being in a church where the collection apparatus resembled election boxes, on its being handed to him, whispered in the carrier's ear that he was not naturalized and could not vote.

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not," responded a gallant philosopher; "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

"SAM," said one little urchin to another, "Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a thrashing every day, and says I merit two!"

A GENTLEMAN of Boston, who takes a business view of most things, when recently asked respecting a person of quite a poetic temperament, replied—"Oh, he is one of those men who have soarings after the infinite and divings after the unfathomable, but who never pay cash."

A LITTLE girl returning from church, where a strange minister had officiated, said: "Mother, I wish Mr. W— hadn't preached to-day; he ain't a good preacher, like Mr. B—." "Why not?" asked her mother. "Because he talked so loud. I couldn't go to sleep. Mr. B— lets me sleep all the time."

A WELL-KNOWN doctor, somewhat of a wit, worked so zealously at his profession that at length he fell ill himself. Absolute rest was ordered. "Well, old fellow," said a friend to him one day, "you that were once so active, how do you pass the time now?" "In my library, in the middle of my books," was the reply. "Still concerned in all that relates to medicine, I suppose?" "Yes," answered the physician, smiling, "but now I only kill time."

A COUSIN is told of Mr. Swain, the former proprietor of the *Philadelphia Daily Ledger*. By his course on some public question, on which different persons had different opinions, Mr. Swain offended a number of readers, one of whom met him on Chestnut Street and thus accosted him: "Mr. Swain, I've stopped the *Ledger*." "What is that you say, sir?" "I've stopped the *Ledger*," was the stern reply. "Is it possible?" said Mr. Swain. "My dear sir, what do you mean? Come with me to my office." And, taking the man with him, he entered the office at Third and Chestnut Streets. There they found the clerks busy at their desks; then they ascended to the editorial rooms and composing rooms, where they found everything was going on as usual; finally they descended to the press rooms, where the engines were at work. "I thought you told me that you had stopped the *Ledger*," said Mr. Swain. "So I have," said the offended subscriber. "Well, I don't see the stoppage. The *Ledger* seems to be going on." "Oh, I mean to say—that is, that I—ah—had stopped taking it." "Is that all?" exclaimed Mr. Swain. "Why, my dear sir, you don't know how you alarmed me."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Bits of Talk about Home Matters. By H. H., author of "Verses," and "Bits of Travel." Boston: Roberts Brothers. We have often thought that amid the general demand for "rights," somebody ought to espouse the cause of children's rights, and speak for them as they are not allowed to speak for themselves. The author of this book has done it, and done it exceedingly well. Her opening essays on "Corporeal Punishment," "Needless," "Denials," "Rudeness," "Breaking the Will," and several others on like subjects, should be read and pondered over by every parent without exception. They place the relations of parents and children in a new, but as we believe a correct light. It is a beautiful book, and should have the widest circulation.

Hints to Young Painters, and the Process of Portrait Painting. As Practised by the late Thomas Sully. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. This little volume was prepared by Sully, one of the most famous of American portrait painters, more than twenty years ago when he was still in the vigor of manhood and practice of his profession. Aside from gratifying curiosity as to the mode and means employed by so distinguished a painter in obtaining satisfactory results on canvas, it is really of practical use in imparting information regarding pigments, vehicles, varnishes, etc. The book is not intended for beginners strictly, but for those who have already made sufficient progress in their art to be in need of and to understand his directions. The famous "Sully palette" is given in colors. Also a scale of measurements used in portrait painting.

Galama; or, The Beggars. (The Founders of the Dutch Republic.) By J. B. De Liefde. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. This is the second volume of a Library of Choice Fiction, to be issued by these publishers. It is a romantic story of love and adventure. Though, perhaps, not strictly speaking, a historical novel, the author is indebted to fact for some of the most effective portions of his plot. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Washburn & Co.'s Amateur Cultivator's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden. for 1873. Boston: Washburn & Co. This is an exceedingly full and handsomely illustrated catalogue of flower and garden seeds, with brief directions for their growth. The catalogue will be found of great use to both the practical and the amateur gardener. Price, 25 cents.

Descriptive Catalogue of Garden, Flower and Field Seeds and Grains. 1873. New York: R. H. Allen & Co. Messrs Allen & Co. have an extensive warehouse of agricultural implements, seeds of every description, roots, plants, and small fruits. This catalogue will tell the gardener just what he wants, what quantities required, how to use, and what price he must pay. Aside from its original intent as a catalogue it will be found valuable as a book of reference.

They Rise. Suggestive Inquiries Concerning the Resurrection of the Dead, as taught in the New Testament. By Rev. D. A. Dryden. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden, 1872.

Light on the Last Things. By Rev. W. B. Hayden. J. B. Lippincott & Co.: Philadelphia, 1872. The first named work opens with an able discussion of the doctrine of the intermediate state. The Hades of the New Testament is taken to signify "the place of the dead in general, next after they leave this world." It is the place where men are judged, and from which they pass either to Heaven or hell. The author holds that the resurrection takes place immediately after death, and that it consists in the separation of the soul, the real man, from the natural body, and in its rising and living on in the spiritual world. He rejects entirely the idea of a physical resurrection. That a work inculcating these advanced views should be written by a Methodist minister—a member of the California Conference, be introduced to

the reader by one of the ablest men in that body, viz: Rev. M. C. Briggs, and be published by a Methodist Publishing House, may be regarded as one of the many signs that a more liberal spirit is pervading the theology of the day.

"Light on the Last Things" is a new and tastefully executed edition of one of Mr. Hayden's most valuable works. It is an able and interesting discussion of questions relating to death, the resurrection, the judgment, the economy of the spiritual world, the second coming of the Lord, and the indestructibility of the earth. We are taught here that the spiritual world "is not located in any physically remote region of the universe. It is near by and close around us. Internally, and as to our minds or spirits we are in constant association with it, and our spiritual associations are according to our affinities." The judgment is regarded as a process now going on in Hades; the second coming of the Lord is not visible and personal, but spiritual, and is now taking place; the earth is to abide forever as a seminary of the human race.

Both these works are thoughtful productions, and will amply repay a perusal.

Rose Thorpe's Ambition. By Mrs. M. O. Rockwell, author of "Tom Miller; or, After Many Days." Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co. Mrs. Rockwell has brought her close observation, fine culture, and skill in reading character to her work in the production of this fine story of American life. "Rose Thorpe" is a pure and healthy book, and no one can read it without feeling the inspiration of high and noble purposes. As a contribution to Sunday-school literature, it is far above the mass of weak and trashy stuff with which the library shelves are crowded.

What Women Should Know. A Woman's Book about Women. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. The animus of this book is pure. The author is a woman of great earnestness of character, directness of purpose, and plainness of speech, and has written for her sex with the simple and direct end of benefiting them. We know her well, and know, that in the production of this book she was moved to write from a high sense of duty to her sister-wives and mothers.

The *Philadelphia Bulletin*, in a notice of the volume, says: "This is a work containing plain, homely truths on delicate subjects, it is true, but nevertheless so important that every one affected by them should know them. There is no charlatanism about Mrs. Duffey's writings. She gives plain, practical advice, such as an experienced woman should give her less experienced sister, and the fact that it is printed in a book instead of being given by word of mouth, does not lessen its value. Every young wife should have the book and study it."

And *The True Woman*, published at Baltimore, gives this testimony: "This book is all that its title purports. It is full of information valuable to all women, though especially important to wives and mothers; a hand-book for them, whose instructions, if well followed, will greatly influence their well being, and have an important and beneficial bearing on both present and future generations. The mechanical execution of the book is excellent."

"What a Woman Should Know" is a subscription book, and sells for \$2.00.

Siam, The Land of the White Elephant, as it Was and Is. Compiled and arranged by George B. Bacon. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. An interesting book describing a country about which we have hitherto had little accurate information. It is like the opening of a new world to read of a race of people with manners and customs, arts and sciences, histories and traditions differing so entirely from our own. The volume is profusely illustrated. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

IN Dr. Tyng's letter to Gov. Dix, asking for the commutation of Foster's sentence, it is urged as a mitigating circumstance that the murderer was drunk. Taking this as a text, *Scribner's Monthly* offers, in a late number, some strong and telling comments on the question as to who is responsible for the drunkenness that makes ruffianism and murder so rife. We give an extract from the article:

"There is no reasonable doubt that every murderer now confined in the Tombs committed his crime under the direct or indirect influence of alcoholic drinks. Either under the immediate spur of the maddening poison, or through the brutality engendered by its habitual use, the murderous impulse was born. It is reasonably doubtful whether one of these criminals would have become a criminal if whisky had been beyond his reach. Does any one doubt this? Let him go to the cells and inquire. If the answer he gets is different from what we suggest, then the cases he finds will be strangely exceptional.

"Now, who is to blame for establishing and maintaining all the conditions of danger to human life through murder? Why, the very community that complains of the danger, and calls for the execution of the murderers. So long as rum is sold at every street corner, with the license of the popular vote, men will drink themselves into brutality, and a percentage of those thus debasing themselves will commit murder. The sun is not more certain to rise in the morning than this event is to take place under these conditions. Fatal appetites are bred under this license. Diseased stomachs and brains are produced under it by the thousand. Wills are broken down, and become useless for all purposes of self-restraint. And all this is done, let it be remembered, with the consent of the community, for a certain price in money, which the community appropriates as a revenue. Then, when this license produces its legitimate results—results that always attend such license, and could have been distinctly foreseen in the light of experience—the community lifts its hands in holy horror, and clamors for the blood of the murderer in order to secure its own safety. It never thinks of drying up the fountain. It is easier to hang a man than shut up a grog-shop. It is easier to dry up a life than a revenue. It is easier to choke a prisoner than a politician.

"And, now, what will the community do about it? Nothing. The wine-bibbers among our first families will sip at the delicious beverage among themselves, feed it to their young men, and nurse them into murderers and debauchees, and vote for the license of a traffic on which they depend for their choicest luxuries. Goodish men will partake of it for their stomach's sake and for their often infirmities. The Frenchman will destroy his bottle of Bordeaux every day; the German will guzzle the lager that will swell him into a tight-skinned, disgusting barrel; and the whiskey-drinker, under the license that all these men claim for themselves, will poison himself, body and soul, and descend into a grave that kindly covers his shame, or into crime and pauperism that endanger the property and life of the city, or sap its prosperity. In the meantime the ruffian or the murderer, acting under the influence of his maddening draughts, will maim and kill, and the very men who helped him to the conditions sure to develop the devil in him will clamor for his life."

THE FIRST SEWING-MACHINE.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following account of the first sewing-machine invented and constructed in this country. The "ingenious mechanic" was, we believe, Elias Howe, afterward so famous. The account, she tells us, is out from a newspaper printed about twenty-five years ago. It is certainly wonderful to think what a revolution has been accomplished by the aid of this machine, improved and perfected, since that day. The article is headed "Tailoring Machine," and it is an extract from the Boston correspondent of the *Worcester Spy*:

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"I have been examining a new machine for sewing, which has recently been invented and constructed by an ingenious mechanic of Cambridge. So far as I am informed on the subject, this is the first attempt to construct a machine of the kind, and it appears to me to be an eminently successful one. The machine is very correct, and does not occupy a space of more than about six inches each way. It runs with so much ease that I should suppose one person might easily operate twenty or thirty of them, and the work is done in a most thorough and perfect manner. Both sides of a seam look alike, appearing to be beautifully stitched, and the seam is closer and more uniform than when sewed by the hand. It will sew straight or curved seams with equal facility, and so rapidly, that it takes but two minutes to sew the whole length of the outside seam of a pair of men's pantaloons. It sets four hundred stitches a minute. The thread is less worn by this process than by hand-sewing, and, consequently, retains more of its strength. The simplicity of this machine, and the accuracy, rapidity, and perfection of its operation, will place it in the same rank with the card-machine, the straw-braider, the pin-machine, and the coach-lace loom, machines which never fail to command the admiration of every intelligent beholder."

AT THE SEASIDE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

(See Engraving.)

ALL through the listless summer days
I sit upon the bordering land;
With earnest, fascinated gaze
I watch the white waves wash the sand.

I see them come, I see them go;
They come with steady, stealthy creep,
As if with sure, resistless flow
To bury all beneath their sweep.

But at my feet the waves are stayed;
Ah, stealthy, mighty, treacherous sea,
The greater Power who all hath made
Hath set a limit e'en to thee!

The phantom ships with spreading wings,
Flit past betwixt the sea and sky,
They seem like living, conscious things,
With a mysterious destiny.

Ah, surging sea with restless roll,
There's a responsive chord in me;
As beat thy waves, so beats my soul
In longings for infinity.

Of phantom thoughts with spreading wings
Flit o'er the surface of my mind;
They come, they go, like conscious things,
And leave a lasting wake behind.

Oh, restless, tossing, troubled sea!
Oh, troubled, struggling, human soul!
How mighty, yet how weak ye be!
How chafe ye, how ye spurn control!

The waves leap up against the sky,
To fall in baffled anger back;
My spirit strives, with piteous cry,
To gain a higher, nobler track.

Oh, sighing soul! oh, surging deep!
Look up! Take heart of faith! For even
Above our heads the white clouds sweep!
So shall ascend the soul to Heaven!

THE BOOK-BUYER.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to a very valuable little periodical, now in its sixth year, which is issued monthly by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., and Scribner, Welford & Armstrong, of New

York, at the extremely low price of *twenty-five cents* per annum. To those who are in any way interested in public libraries, or are anxious to keep their own collections of books up to the times, it is almost a necessity, for it is the only periodical in America that gives a list of the most recent English publications, which in any degree approaches completeness. To those whose desire is merely to keep themselves posted in the general literature of the day, Mr. Welford's letters from London, one of which is published in each number, will be found full of useful and curious information.

PROFITABLE GARDENING.

REV. E. P. ROE, author of "Barriers Burned Away," who has made gardening for recreation and profit as great a success as story-writing, has embodied his experience in a volume, about to be published by Dodd & Mead. The author received \$2,000 in one season from the sale of fruit and vegetables raised in his garden of two and a quarter acres, and in addition an abundant home supply, besides the health and recreation secured in its culture. His book is entitled "Play and Profit in My Garden."

PERFORMANCE OF "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP."

IT will be seen by an advertisement in the Magazine, that Charles H. Morton, Esq., who dramatized "Three Years in a Man-Trap," and brought it out in this city last winter, when it drew crowded houses every night for six weeks, has organized a company, and is now playing it in the various inland towns and cities of this and other States. The influence of the play in this city was very marked, and it cannot fail to do good service in the Temperance cause whenever performed.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"L. L." wishes our advice as to which of the following professions he would find the best and easiest to enter, "law, medicine, reporter, clerk, or bookkeeper of any kind." Which would be best for "L. L." personally, he alone can decide, while none of them are easy. Unless he feels a special calling toward some one of them, he had better let them all alone. But, before deciding in the matter, he should prepare himself by a thorough course of study and reading. Begin with the common branches, and pay especial attention to spelling. Education is never out of place in any condition of life, and it is the first stepping-stone to a "profession."

LULU.—Calico dresses are made very much as they have been for a number of years past—that is to say, the easiest, plainest way. The skirt is made of four lengths of the cloth, one used straight for the back, one gored on each side for the front, and the other two cut gored down the centre, making each two gored side-breadths. Waist made plain or full. Sleeves gathered into a band, or left slightly flowing. Broad or narrow ruffles can be introduced to suit the taste of the wearer, and her skill in fringing. If the calico is a light summer one, it can be made and trimmed more elaborately, as with an overskirt, for instance. Ladies who would be fashionable, comb the hair straight up to the top of the head, and there fasten it in a knot, around which false braids are coiled. Others wear their hair as they please, and no one thinks the worse of them.

A **SUBSCRIBER** writes: "The copies of the HOME, together with 'Christian Graces,' came in due time. The picture is elegant as regards the 'new departure.' I had not thought it possible to so much improve the Magazine."

ANTI-LICENSE.—There can be no question as to where the responsibility rests. The man who commits murder when he is drunk, as well as the man who sells him the liquor that makes him drunk, and the legislators that grant the drunkard-making license, are all responsible. But the chief responsibility lies with the legislators that give the drunkard-making licenses. They are guilty, as accessories before the fact, of every crime and murder that find their inspiration in the dram-shops they create.

AMIE.—Don't try it. You can hardly escape a life of wretchedness, if you do so.

A. T.——We cannot undertake to "read carefully and criticize" your MS. volume, and then find you a publisher. Editors have no time to give to work like this.

ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.

BUTTERICK'S BULLETIN OF FASHIONS for June will be found in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE. It is a very attractive, and marked by good taste in all the illustrations of ladies' and misses' garments. It will be seen that the number of yards required for each dress is given, as well as the sizes and prices of patterns. The styles are all new, and drawn from actual garments, not copied from French or German fashion-plates, representing a style three or six months old. With these patterns any woman of good taste can be her own dressmaker, if she will.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.—To ladies and others interested in the Boys' and Children's Department, we would respectfully say that those departments of our vast concern have been filled to overflowing with an entirely fresh supply of suits and garments for the little folk. Such a beautiful collection of choice spring wear for children was never arranged on the counters of any establishment in America. We have a large force of salesmen in these departments, who have made it their study for years to suit and fit the "Rising Generation," and who will take great pleasure in displaying the various new designs and novel ideas gotten up especially for the season, and found in no other establishment. **WAMMAKER & BROWN**, Oak Hall Buildings, occupying the entire block on Sixth Street, from Market to Minor Street, Philadelphia.

THERE ARE MANY TESTS OF FAITH The Wheeler & Wilson Company has expended not less than \$200,000, through a series of years, in producing a superior leather and heavy manufacturing machine. They could not foster a crude conception, nor come before the public with a doubtful experiment. They had a reputation at stake, was by faithful public service and involving a vast expenditure of money. They could not jeopardize a business of five hundred or six hundred machines a day, and so they wrought slowly but faithfully, rejecting this crudity and that partial success. They were not exploring an unknown field; but knew what had been done, and that to succeed they must do that something much better. The result of this labor, and expense, and genius is the now known "Wheeler & Wilson New No. 6 Sewing Machine, for leather work and heavy tailoring, carriage trimming, etc.," which is acknowledged by those experienced in the business to be the best Machine for the purpose ever placed on the market.

"THE PHILADELPHIA LAWN MOWER." is the most complete, easily handled, easily managed, and efficient implement for use on the lawn ever brought to our notice. There are five sizes for hand, from the beautiful little ten-inch machine, suitable for a lad or young miss, to the twenty-inch machine, designed for one and two men. We choose for our own use a medium size or sixteen-inch machine, and it is a jewel. With this, the cutting of our lawn grass becomes a pleasing and healthful recreation, and never before did we so fully appreciate the real beauty of a grass-plot kept as it should be—the grass short, and yet not too short, and as even as a floor all over—and all at so little outlay of money, time and labor.

We feel that we are doing such of our readers as have a grass-plot or lawn to keep in order a good service by bringing to their notice this perfection of Hand Mowers, and would say to them, go to the makers, Messrs. Graham, Emelen & Passmore, 631 Market Street, and select a size to suit you.

MOTHERS! LOOK!!—Boughton's Improved Nursery, Gate and Window-Bar is just the thing you want to prevent children falling out of windows, getting out of doors while open, and climbing up and falling down stairs, being cheap, efficient and durable, as well as neat in appearance; will fit any door, window or stairway, and is needed in every house where there are children. Send for descriptive circular, for this; also, for one of Adjustable Mosquito and Fly-Screens, a very useful and cheap article, as we well know, having had them in use last year. For sale by J. W. Boughton, Sole Proprietor and Manufacturer, 1200 Chestnut Street.

SOMETHING NEW AND USEFUL.—Mr. Charles Brintsnhoffer, located at No. 535 Market Street, this city, is the inventor, patentee and manufacturer of an indispensable article for travellers, as well as a very essential article to all, called the Portable Shoe Brush, which can be carried in the satchel, trunk, or even pocket, taking up a very small space, indeed. (See cut in advertisement). This firm also manufacture the celebrated Leather-Backed Horse Brush, being the very best brush in use. At this house can be found a full assortment of all kinds of Brushes, Brooms, etc., etc. Fair dealing, and none but first-class articles recommend the above firm to our readers.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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A STORY OF A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

HOW is it we are taught to believe that, theoretically speaking, the husband is an oak, and the wife a weak vine clinging to the lordly tree, and looking to it for support and strength, when in actual life we find the case so often reversed? In truth, is not the reverse the rule rather than the exception? Men are physically stronger than women; nevertheless they succumb to pain and suffering much the more readily. In times, too, of trial and trouble, it is the woman who oftenest stands firm and steadfast and sustains the shrinking faith and droop-

ing courage of her husband. Too many a woman finds her husband at such times a broken reed, and in her strength alone must they both stand, or else they fall together. In the hour of temptation, as well, the man who can gain moral strength from his wife, is the more certain to pass through the fire unscathed, than he who has no such wondrous help.

John Marius was a man of average intelligence, average moral principles and with quite the average business talents. He was a fair sample of the average gentleman, gentlemanly in manners, appearance

and treeding. Contrary to the rule laid down for guidance in such matters, he had not selected for a wife a woman so far beneath him in mental attributes, that she should be continually impelled to do him reverence. He may have read Tupper (though I doubt if he read any poetry unless it were that of Bret Harte and John Hayea,) but he certainly did not heed the advice which, in regard to the selection of a wife, says:

"Hath she wisdom? It is well;
But be sure that thou excel."

John Marius looked up to his wife. He knew that she excelled him in many ways, and he had not only the generosity but the good sense to acknowledge it. He took a certain pride in acknowledging it. Though people sometimes, out of honor to their prejudices, made a show of laughing at him behind his back, they really, after all, liked and respected him the better for it.

If there is a man in the world who deserves and who receives more contempt than another, it is the one who is notoriously henpecked, yet who continually makes his boast abroad that "he is master in his own house."

When the world first learned that John Marius was going to marry Elizabeth Arkwright, it said that the love was all on his side, while on hers the match was entirely a mercenary one. The world found out its mistake, however, before the wedding-day was reached, and then it didn't know what to say. She married him in spite of prophesy, when his fortune was at its lowest ebb, and then went to work in her own way—a somewhat peculiar way; but, then, Elizabeth Arkwright never did anything exactly after the pattern of ordinary women—to help him build his fortune up.

She was an artist of no mean ability, "considering she was a woman;" so she stayed at home and painted, while he was busy in his counting-room. By the sale of her pictures, when they had at last adjusted themselves into their new places, and reduced their expenses to the minimum, she managed to supply the household needs, and thus leave his business untrammelled by any calls upon it for domestic purposes.

You who have a slight opinion of feminine artistic abilities, sneer at this and set my story down as fiction at once. But I am telling the truth. It is not every woman who daubs a little with paints and brushes that can count her annual earnings by hundreds of dollars, but Elizabeth Marius did. She did not paint two or three wonderful pictures which, upon being exhibited, attracted the attention of some benevolent connoisseur, who bought them at fabulous prices, and regarded them forever after as the gems of his studio; such things only happen in novels. Mrs. Marius worked early and late, and painted not few but many pictures, which she sold for what they would bring—trifling, insignificant sums, regarded from the romantic or heroic point of view, but amounting in the aggregate to more than she could have earned by the needle, or in any other feminine

employment, and sufficient to keep the pot boiling. Let me tell you a secret. She painted for auction sales. And there is a hint, and a pregnant one, for those ambitious women (and men, too, only men regard the painting of auction pictures as derogatory to their dignity, and only engage in it *sub rosa*), who would succeed in painting, but see no ladder by which to ascend to the higher realms of art; women who cannot afford to spare years of apprenticeship in their chosen profession without some pecuniary return.

Then there was another secret. Mrs. Marius always did her best without regard to the pay she was to receive. She was recompensed in two ways—three ways, I might say. Her pictures, consequently, always sold readily, being always worth to the purchaser all or more than she asked for them. She was constantly improving, which was, after all, of the greater importance to her. Thirdly, which I came near overlooking, her pictures finally attracted the attention of artists and connoisseurs, who discovered a painstaking and truthfulness about them so frequently wanting in feminine art productions; a lack of pettiness, of narrowness of breadth and scope, of superficiality, of a conventionality of an exceedingly inferior type, of a—what shall I call it, which are usually the characteristics of the same productions. She was aided and encouraged by artists as well as dealers, and that was of more worth than all to her.

In reducing domestic expenses, she found it necessary to transfer their abode from the city to the country. By this means their outgo was materially lessened directly and indirectly. There was no such need of large and expensive wardrobes; there were not so many temptations for disposing of money, innocently perhaps, but still unnecessarily. I say she transferred their abode advisedly. It was she who instigated most of their important moves. But whatever she did was done with such wisdom and tact, that if her husband did not really believe himself prime mover, as he sometimes did, he bowed graciously and gracefully to her decisions.

After a certain event, art was somewhat neglected. Despite her strong-mindedness, perhaps I should say because of it, Elizabeth had peculiar ideas about motherly duties. Her friend and neighbor, Mrs. Draper, had a nurse to relieve her of the care of her infants, so that she might unmolestedly devote a large amount of her time to society, to philanthropy and to the church. Mrs. Draper's babies did not always thrive, it is true. But Mrs. Draper, as soon as she became convinced that a nurse-girl neglected the little ones intrusted to her care, promptly discharged her and engaged another. When her infants died, as some two or three of them did, she laid their deaths to a chastising Providence rather than to the cordials and carminatives which she concurred with the nurses in thinking indispensable to the comfort and well-being of such fretful babes.

Mrs. Marius constituted herself head-nurse to her own baby, and took personally all the care of her

which was consistent with her own health and as a necessary sequence with that of the babe. Her nearest neighbor and dearest friend, Mrs. Cameron, gave her some good advice in this particular. Mrs. Cameron was not a great deal older, but had had more experience in domestic matters, having been longer married.

"Do not shut yourself up," said the latter lady. "It is your duty more than ever to keep your health perfect, and you can only do so by means of plenty of fresh air, and occasional change of scene and occupation. Make up your mind to leave that wonderful child occasionally for a few hours, and you will come back with added strength and vigor and nervous force to impart to her."

Elizabeth took advice—something wonderful for her—and consequently did not look like a young mother at all: pale and worn and weak and nervous. She lost none of her roses, and baby Lizzie thrived wonderfully.

John—that is, Mr. Marius—was consoled with by some of his friends because the baby hadn't been a boy. But he himself felt no dissatisfaction. He had before his marriage maintained a kind of placid, negative contempt for women, considering them as very good in their place, but naturally inferior to men, you know; just the opinion that most unmarried men of average abilities and average morals have of the sex. But that wonderful woman Elizabeth had latterly so elevated the whole sex in his estimation, that he was more than content, and worshipped baby Lizzie as an infant goddess. She was not only his child, but she was Elizabeth's child, too, and she could not fail to be something remarkable. How he looked with commiserating pity on the pride of all other young fathers who had not Elizabeth or her match to boast of in the mothers of their infants. Of course it was natural that they should possess fatherly affection; but he was always in fear they might perceive the difference between their infants and his own, and thus become envious and dissatisfied. No doubt women often feel this way, but men, I think, seldom.

With regard to Elizabeth, I think perhaps John was more than half right; but, as to the baby—well, I judge all young babies are, more or less, equally uninteresting—except, perhaps, my own.

This is a long retrospect. I fear my introduction will lead you to expect too much from my story, while it is only intended as an illustration of the few sage remarks I made at the commencement.

Business—I really know little about business, being a woman, and may consequently make a bungle of my narrative in this particular—business was dull. Money was scarce. John Marius was not making money as fast as he felt he ought, with a young princess in the family—and such a princess! Times became worse. Financial ruin was again threatened. He had suffered it once, and felt as though he could not endure the blow a second time. He struggled hard, but instead of making headway, he felt that he was really losing ground. He put out new ener-

gies. He was worried and perplexed in business hours, and he carried his perplexities home with him in sober face and disturbed manner, though he made no complaint to his wife. He wanted her to live above business cares. She sought his confidence, but he answered her evasively, so she could only know that something was going wrong, without being able to discover in what manner. Oh, the characteristic wisdom of the "wiser" sex who think they save their wives trouble and care by such a course! As though anything could be worse than apprehension and uncertainty!

She would not have hesitated—this strong-minded heroine of mine—to make a raid upon his counting-room, overhaul his books and accounts, and find by personal examination the exact condition of things, if she had so minded. And she would have done it, too, in such a manner as would not have given her husband one chance for blame, but would have left him more stricken with admiration of her than ever; only she was not so minded. She was by no means perfect; and she took offence at her husband's want of confidence. If the confidence was not spontaneous, she would have none of it. So she held her peace, and worried more than ever in private, while that stolid John, like any other ostrich, thought because he kept the face of his trouble concealed, that it was entirely invisible, notwithstanding its body loomed up black and forbidding, and was casting its shadow over their hearthstone. Men are curious creatures. They would be well worth studying if one had the time. Elizabeth seemed to have the time just then, and studied one man in particular closely and correctly, though he never perceived it.

For some time she found the symptoms very plain, and the diagnosis exceedingly simple. He was a man harassed in business. But after awhile there came a complexity of symptoms which puzzled her. He became feverish and excited in his manner; then again, as the reaction came on, despondent. He was away from home oftener and longer than usual. He had frequent business appointments. Sometimes he stayed in town over night. At other times men came at unusual hours to see him at his residence—all of which Elizabeth did not like the looks of at all. Why did he not tell her all about it? Sometimes she thought he was tempted to do so, but when she tried to open the way, his courage failed. The woman was worried nearly out of her life, and knew not how to help herself. So was the man, for that matter; but not knowing whether he could help himself or not, she did not know whether to pity him.

There came a diversion. Baby fell sick. The wife was almost glad that the mother was called upon to suffer, for father and mother could sympathize, and they seemed brought together again. Even "business," which had held John in such tight bonds, was forced to relax its hold temporarily.

The little princess had a serious time of it, and then began slowly to mend. During the danger John shared the care, the anxiety and the vigils with Elizabeth. But when the doctor spoke and

looked more hopefully, manlike he rushed off, never thinking of the long days of weariness still in store for his wife, which must become all the more tedious because her mind was no longer propped up by the strain and excitement of fear.

John began to come and go again with nervous haste and anxiety, as if making up for lost time. Again came unexpected and ill-timed visits, all the more trying, because in an attempted show of the hospitality, which she did not feel, Elizabeth was frequently obliged to absent herself from her sick babe.

At last, one night Mrs. Marins beat down the barriers of her pride, and ventured to question her husband.

"John," said she, "what is all this about?"

He did not answer immediately, and she wondered if he had heard her question. As she was mentally debating whether she should repeat it, he replied with a tone of ill-feigned indifference, "All what, Elizabeth?"

"Why, this coming and going; this worry and excitement—this extra 'business' that interferes with your hours of leisure, and the remembrance of which disturbs your rest?"

"Why, nothing, Lizzie. At least, nothing of any moment. Business has its ups and downs, of course, and you women should never bother about them because you cannot understand them."

"Understand?" She felt it an insult to her womanhood to be told she could not understand. As though she did not know her mind to be clearer and keener—capable of grasping greater things and of comprehending subtler ones than John's, man though he was. John knew it, too, but his masculine instincts were still so strong that, practically, it was yet hard to associate the ideas of femininity and wisdom.

There was silence between them after that.

That evening there came the usual delegation—not unexpected, probably, as John seemed ill at ease before their coming—two gentlemen, with ready tongues and suave manners, dressed in the finest of broadcloth, the snowiest of linen, the glossiest of hats, and with just a suspicion of flashiness in their diamond pins and heavy gold chains and seals. Elizabeth studied their faces and manners as she had never done before. She scanned their expressions, she weighed their tones of voice, she even took note of their gestures; and then, calling in her womanly intuitions, decided she did not like them.

She went back sadly to her chamber, and the crib of her sick babe, feeling, as she left her husband with the strangers, as though he were a helpless fly which they had already entangled in their web, and which they were fast binding in its meshes.

She sat and brooded long. If she was only certain that there really was danger, and what that danger was, she would know how to act. But her suspicions might be all unfounded, and any action on her part might not only be ill-advised, but really unjust, or, still worse, ridiculous.

At last, summing up her thoughts in one sentence, she said unconsciously, aloud, "A wife has a right to know of her husband's affairs."

Casting one glance at the sleeping babe, she went out of the room, leaving the door ajar behind her that she might hear any sound within the chamber. Stealthily descending the stairs, she came to the closed door beyond which her husband and his guests were in conference. She stood a moment in thought. Should she go in? No; for if she did, she would only be received as she had been several times before, when accidentally she had broken in upon their conversation. There would be a sudden hush, followed presently by some irrelevant remark addressed to herself. The strangers would be courteous—almost too courteous to her, but her husband would show signs of impatience. As she thought of this, she mentally exclaimed, "If everything was as it should be, there would be no need of concealment from me."

While she still stood hesitating whether to enter or turn back to her chamber, her husband's voice distinguished itself above the murmur that had met her ears, pronouncing the words "my wife." In what connection he was using those words she could not hear. Bending her head in a tremor of excitement, she listened intently for the reply. She heard it clear and distinct:

"There is no necessity, as I have told you from the first, for her to know anything about it, except in a general way. Women do not and cannot understand affairs like this; and no man should ever feel under obligations to enter into particulars with them."

Oh, that suave, soft, hated voice, counselling a husband to separate his interests from those of his wife!

Still she listened, and again she was rewarded. Her husband responded: "I believe you are right. But then my wife is so peculiar in some ways. She is perhaps what you would call squeamish—"

"Yes, most women are. That is their nature, for which we must make allowances, while at the same time we must not permit ourselves to be governed by them. It would never do in the business world."

Elizabeth was pale with indignation. Acting on the impulse of the moment, she opened the door and walked into their midst. For an instant the trio of questioning faces bewildered her, though at the same instant she was impressed with the necessity for caution and discretion in action and speech. Her ready woman's wit came to her aid, and she turned to her husband with the exclamation, "John, I am afraid our babe is in danger!"

Her pale face and gasping articulation seemed to add their testimony to her words. With a hurried apology her husband followed her out of the room. He sprang past her up the staircase, and was, in a moment, by the bedside of the still quietly sleeping babe, uttering a faltering "Poor little princess!"

But hardly had the exclamation died on his tongue, when he turned bewildered to his wife.

"Why, Elizabeth, what is the matter with the child? She is sleeping quietly enough!"

"It is true, John; at least, I fear it is true. She is in danger, and you alone can save her. Tell me, John," she exclaimed, eagerly, clasping his arm in nervous excitement, "what this mystery is that you dare not trust to me? You cannot, you shall not put me off! I will know! I have a right to know, if my baby's father is about to dishonor himself!"

"Dishonor! Don't be ridiculous, Lizzie!" said John, uneasily. "I cannot tell you just now; but if you insist upon knowing about it, I will explain to you when my visitors are gone," and he made an effort as if to disengage himself from her clasp. But she clung the closer.

"No, John, I will know now, before either you or I cross the threshold of this chamber. Here, over the bed of our sick child, you shall tell me;" and out of her eyes there shone a strength of will and purpose, the existence of which John had only suspected, never known before. He was cowed. Man though he was, as the weaker he acknowledged the stronger. He made no reply; so she questioned him.

"What are those men persuading you to do?"

"To take shares in a joint-stock company."

"How much do they propose you shall invest—not enough to cripple your business, I hope?"

He hesitated a moment, and then replied: "If I must tell you, I may as well make a clean breast of it. They want me to dispose of my present business and invest the proceeds in buying up a Mexican claim to land in California. They tell me it is sure to be a grand success, and I will get my money back five hundred per cent."

"To invest all your means? That is, you are to furnish the funds for the entire company?"

"Well, not quite that. Biddle has given his name, and will furnish nearly as much as I. You know that these companies can't be started without money. But there is money in them, too."

"How is that?"

"Why, when the company is fairly afloat, and the stock is pushed into the market, it is sure to go up, and then is the time to sell and realize your profits. What was comparatively a trifling investment may yield a fortune in return."

"Where is the land which this company owns, or contemplates owning?"

"Some of the best grazing and fruit-growing land in California, within forty miles of San Francisco."

"You know this to be true?"

"I am told so," he replied, somewhat uneasily. "Of course I haven't been able to go out there and look into the matter myself. But I have the word of reliable men. This land," he added, "has been already brought into a high state of cultivation by squatters who have no legal title to it whatever, and who of course will be obliged to leave it when we establish our claim."

"And your company proposes to rob these men, that you can put money in your own pockets?"

"Why no, I don't think that is just the light in which to put it."

"How can you put it in any other light?" said Elizabeth, relentlessly.

"Anyhow, that part of the business will not come on my conscience. My intention is to take advantage of the first rise in the market, without being implicated in the probable litigation or possible failure."

"John!"

Elizabeth had said that word once before in her life with a very different emphasis, and he remembered the occasion very well.

"So," she added, in a tone of bitterness, after a moment's silence, "you propose to make your fortune out of a scheme which, if it succeeds, must ruin the prospects of many bona fide settlers of California—men who have expended their labor and their means in making homes for themselves and their families; or, if it fails, drags down to equal ruin the dupes whom you inveigle into taking your stock off your hands. Two beautiful horns to a dilemma! It looks amazingly like swindling whichever way you take it!"

"You use too hard a word, Elizabeth. It is only speculation."

"Then, John, as you value my love or my respect, never turn speculator! Though we become so poor that we labor with our hands for our daily bread, let us eat the bread of honesty with clear consciences."

John sank into a chair, and bowed his head upon the table. At last he spoke.

"I do not know what to do, Elizabeth. I have all but pledged my word—I have quite pledged my honor—to go on with this matter. I do not see any way to withdraw."

"Do you really wish to withdraw?"

"I do, Elizabeth, since I have found how you feel about it. In fact, they did not present it in just the light you have to me, but I believe you are right."

"Then go down and dismiss those men, and give yourself till to-morrow to think about it."

"But I was to give them a final answer to-night. I suppose in ten minutes more the whole thing would have been settled if you had not interrupted."

"Then give them your final answer like a man," said his wife, with a little tinge of contempt in her voice—a contempt which was perhaps somewhat cruel, but she could not help it.

He half rose, then sank back into his seat, and again folded his arms on the table and bowed his head upon them. "I cannot!" he faltered.

There was a deeper flash of contempt and scorn in the wife's eyes, which happily the husband did not see, and she passed resolutely out of the room, while her husband remained brooding in his seat, only half conscious of her absence.

With an irresistible impulse she descended to the parlor, where the gentlemen were impatiently awaiting their host's return. Once within the room, she schooled her voice and manner, and said with what calmness she could command: "Gentlemen, I am

sorry my husband cannot see you again to-night. But anxiety for our child prevents him from giving any further thought to the matter you were discussing. As there seems to be no immediate prospect of improvement, he is sorry to say that he will have to indefinitely postpone the consideration of the subject. I hope this postponement will not seriously interfere with your plans; but as women are not capable of understanding business affairs, of course I cannot know."

She would have been more or less than a woman if she had withheld this parting shot. Instead of that she was a very woman, strong-mindedness and all.

The gentlemen took their leave with bland words of condolence and regret, which were changed to sneers and imprecations against their hostess when they were fairly beyond her doors.

Marius heard the noise of their departure, and aroused to a full sense of the situation, he sprang to his feet as if to go down, but did not execute his purpose.

"It is no worse, perhaps, that way than any other. On the whole, I believe it is better, for I could never face them again. I wonder how she gets me out of the fix?"

"What a reputation I shall get for being hen-pecked," he added after awhile, with a half smile. "I don't mind it. I would rather be ruled by Elizabeth" (how he dwelt on her name) "than be the veriest lord over a woman of the ordinary pattern. She's something of a tyrant, but her tyranny is always on the right side."

Elizabeth had her soliloquy, too, after seeing the strangers depart. It began:

"John is a weak fool!" But she had had her way, and could afford to be forgiving; so it ended with the thought: "Perhaps if he were stronger in character, when he was once set in a wrong course it would not be so easy to turn him from it."

She kissed her husband silently as she entered the chamber. He took it as a kiss of affection. She meant it as a kiss of forgiveness, and of apology for having even momentarily wished him otherwise than he was.

Bending over the little crib of the still sleeping child, she remarked significantly: "I am glad to see little princess is better."

A few months afterward, John silently laid a newspaper before his wife, folded so as to give prominence to a certain article. The article was headed: "A Great Swindling Enterprise." It detailed the operations of the company in which John had so nearly embarked his means, and told the result to have been financial ruin to all concerned except two or three men who had been foremost in organizing the company, and these men were John's business visitors.

"I thanked God to-day, if I never did before," said John, generously, "that I have a strong-minded woman for a wife."

"And I will thank God now, if I never did before,

that if He has not given me a husband always capable of ruling, He has at least given me one who is not afraid of sometimes being ruled for his own good."

And she gave him a kiss which that stupid John again took for one of affection, but which was really not this time bestowing but asking forgiveness.

OUR HOME.

BY L. S. H.

"**E**YE hath not seen" those "mansions,"
Our Father's house above;
"EAR hath not heard" those harmonies
Of peace, and joy, and love.

In those bright halls of glory
No lengthening shadow falls;
'Tis ever, ever morning
Within those Jasper walls.

The soul, that straying pilgrim,
Puts on her robes of joy,
And bathes her drooping pinions
In bliss without alloy.

For He, the Prince and Saviour,
Did this dear home prepare,
That all His faithful children
Might dwell forever there.

Forever and forever!
What rapture in the word!
Forever in His presence—
"Forever with the Lord!"

ONWARD.

BY AUBER FORESTIER.

DESPAIR is written on thy brow;
Ah, lonely woman, mourn not now!
The dead are better off than we,
They rest from sorrow peacefully;
Therefore thy treasure,
For thine own pleasure,
Cease to wish back.

Hold up thy head, be wise and brave,
Life hath its duties, stern and grave;
Within the void of thy dull soul,
Time will, ere long, new scenes unroll,
Amid which striving,
Conflicts surviving,
Thou wilt grow strong.

Gaze on the accumulated woe
Shrouding poor mortal here below,
And thine own sorrow will seem small
Compared with what on others fall.
Whilst thou art moaning,
Sad earth is groaning
'Neath thousand wrongs.

One whom thou lov'st hath found relief
From bitter care and stinging grief;
Rouse then to action; why sit idly there
Indulging in thy selfish, weak despair?
Brave deeds achieving,
Lost hours retrieving,
Thou'lt reach the goal.



HUGH MILLER'S FIRST DAY IN THE QUARRY.

THE name of Hugh Miller is well-known. He devoted himself early to a life of hard labor as a quarryman and a mason, and by the steady exercise of the powers which God had given him, rose to a position of much usefulness and honor. His story has been often told, to show what can be done

by the wise use of common means. He has himself, in one of his books, "The Old Red Sandstone," described the feelings with which he began work, and the happiness he found in it.

"It is twenty years," he says, "since I set out a little before sunrise to make my first acquaintance with a life of labor and restraint, and I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but

a slim, loose-jointed boy at the time—fond of dreaming when broad awake; and, woful change! I was now going to work in a quarry. Bating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods—a reader of curious books, when I could get them—a gleaner of old traditional stories; and now I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil.

"The quarry in which I wrought lay on the southern shore of a noble inland bay, or frith rather, with a little clear stream on the one side, and a thick fir-wood on the other. It had been opened in the Old Red Sandstone of the district, and was overtopped by a huge bank of diluvial clay, which rose over it in some places to the height of nearly thirty feet, and which at this time was rent and shivered, wherever it presented an open front to the weather, by a recent frost. A heap of loose fragments, which had fallen from above, blocked up the face of the quarry, and my first employment was to clear them away.

"The friction of the shovel soon blistered my hands, but the pain was by no means very severe, and I wrought hard and willingly, that I might see how the huge strata below, which presented so firm and unbroken a frontage, were to be torn up and removed. Picks and wedges and levers were applied by my brother-workmen; and simple and rude as I had been accustomed to regard these implements, I found I had much to learn in the way of using them. They all proved inefficient, however, and the workmen had to bore into one of the inferior strata, and employ gunpowder.

"The process was new to me, and I deemed it a highly amusing one; it had the merit, too, of being attended with some such degree of danger as a boat-ing or rock excursion, and had thus an interest independent of its novelty. We had a few capital shots—the fragments flew in every direction; and an immense mass of the diluvium came toppling down, bearing with it two dead birds, that in a recent storm had crept into one of the deeper fissures, to die in the shelter. I felt a new interest in examining them. The one was a pretty cock goldfinch, with its hood of vermillion, and its wings inlaid with the gold, to which it owes its name, as unsoiled and smooth as if it had been preserved for a museum. The other, a somewhat rarer bird, of the woodpecker tribe, was variegated with light-blue and a grayish-yellow. I was engaged in admiring the poor little things, more disposed to be sentimental, perhaps, than if I had been ten years older, and thinking of the contrast between the warmth and jollity of their green summer haunts, and the cold and darkness of their last retreat, when I heard our employer bidding the workmen lay by their tools. I looked up and saw the sun sinking behind the thick fir-wood be-

side us, and the long, dark shadows of the trees stretching downward toward the shore.

"This was no very formidable beginning of the course of life I had so much dreaded. To be sure, my hands were a little sore, and I felt nearly as much fatigued as if I had been climbing among the rocks; but I had wrought and been useful, and had yet enjoyed the day fully as much as usual. It was no small matter, too, that the evening, converted by a rare transmutation into the delicious 'blink of rest,' was all my own. I was as light of heart next morning as any of my brother-workmen. All the workmen rested at midday, and I went to enjoy my half-hour alone on a mossy knoll in the neighboring wood, which commands through the trees a wide prospect of the bay and the opposite shore."

After describing the scene, he says: "I returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a very cheap one, and that the busiest employments may afford leisure enough to enjoy it."

Various wonders soon disclosed themselves in the rocks; marks of furrows, as of an ebbing tide, fretted in the solid stone, fossil shells, and fish, and leaves of plants. Almost every day opened new discoveries to his curious eye, and awakened deeper interest. And thus began that course of observation and study which made him famous as a geologist, and enabled him to render valuable help in the progress of science.

His first year of labor came to a close, and he found that "the amount of his happiness had not been less than in the last of his boyhood. The additional experience of twenty years," he adds, "has not shown me that there is any necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness."

"My advice," said Hugh Miller, recalling these facts, "to young workingmen desirous of bettering their circumstances, and adding to the amount of their enjoyment, is a very simple one. Do not seek happiness in what is misnamed pleasure; seek it rather in what is termed study. Keep your consciences clear, your curiosity free, and embrace every opportunity of cultivating your minds. Learn to make a right use of your eyes; the commonest things are worth looking at—even stones and weeds, and the most familiar animals. Read good books, not forgetting the Bible of all; there is more true philosophy in the Bible than in every work of every skeptic that ever wrote; and we should be all miserable creatures without it, and none more miserable than you."

He that is noble-minded has the same concern for his own fortune, that every wise man ought to have, and the same regard for his friend that every good man really has; his easy, graceful manner of obliging, carries as many charms as the obligation itself; his favors are not extorted from him by importunity, are not the late rewards of long attendance and expectation; but flow from a free hand and open heart.

THERE are questions so indiscreet that they deserve neither truth nor falsehood in reply.

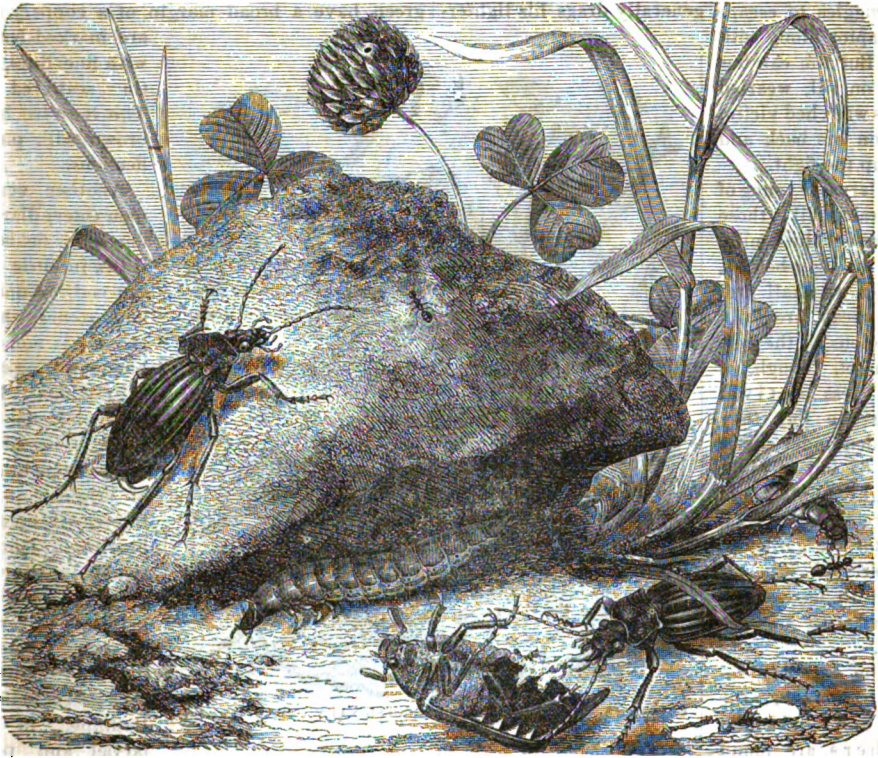
OUR INSECT FRIENDS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

WE of the country have little difficulty in finding out our insect enemies. Their name is legion, and their goings-forth are to destruction. They attack us from all sides, with a vigor and pertinacity that not rarely almost drive us to despair of being able in the end to withstand their assault. Not unlikely, we might finally be forced to withdraw vanquished from the field, were it not that nature sends to our aid a host of insect friends, whose ever-restless activity, alertness and keen zest for their appointed work, are of infinite service in

As some slight incentive to, and assistance in forming the acquaintance of these "insect friends," we have gathered together a few entomological notes, which, it is hoped, may prove not only instructive, but at the same time entertaining. For many facts in regard to native species we are indebted to the report of the Entomological Society of Ontario, for 1872, prepared by the Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, president of the society, and editor of the *Canadian Entomologist*.

Powerfully armed, both for offence and defence, and endowed with a strength only equalled by their ferocity, the carabids, or carnivorous ground beetles,



GOLDEN CARABUS AND LARVÆ.

keeping down the numbers of our foes. Indeed, if we all of us knew that we had such auxiliaries, thoroughly understood them, recognised them and protected them, we would, it is fair to presume, be saved much labor, much vexation, much loss, no little profanity and vast quantities of those villainously-smelling compounds, now deemed indispensable in waging war against the insect despoilers of our fields, orchards and gardens. Unfortunately, however, in our ignorance, in our blind exasperation, we doom to destruction friends and foes alike; and so long as we do this, the contest we wage will continue to be a doubtful one, successes in one portion of the field being counterbalanced by defeats in another.

the lions of the insect tribes, as they have been termed, deserve especial mention among those insects directly beneficial to the agriculturist. Under this name are included a large number of different genera and species, closely resembling each other, however, in their habits and general appearance. They are of incalculable service to the farmer and fruit-grower. A sort of rural police, guarding our fields by night and day, they ask no reward but the bodies of the depredators they catch. Our trees, our fruits, our vegetables, they never disturb. Unfortunately, they are such handsome fellows that our children destroy them for their brilliant wing-cases, ignorant that they are killing some of our best

friends. In France they are protected by law, and many people keep them in their gardens.

Of the *Carabi*, from which the general name of the group is derived, the golden carabus, an European species, presents a fair type. It is of a brilliant golden green, with beautifully carved wing-covers. In France it is called "the gardener," and treated with a great deal of consideration. It ranges the fields, and even the public roads, destroying a vast number of caterpillars, slugs and other insects injurious to vegetation. It will even attack the cockchafer, one of the largest and most destructive of European beetles. It is a very common sight in the spring to see a carabus catch a chafer, cut him open and devour him. When first seized, the chafer, in his struggles to escape, generally drags his lighter-built captor along with him. But the carabus hangs on till, wearied out, his wretched victim turns on his back and gives up the fight.

The larvae or young of the carabus, like those of the rest of the family, and of the tiger-beetles, of which we shall presently speak, are fully as ferocious as the perfect insect, though, of course, less active. During the day they lie hidden under stones and clods, but at night are mighty hunters, and do a great deal of good work for the gardener. The serrated carabus, found with us, is black bordered with brilliant purple.

Of the carabidæ family, however, the largest and handsomest members are found among the calosomas, or caterpillar hunters. As a type of the species, we give an illustration of the *Calosoma sycophanta*, of Europe. The beetle, itself, is represented in the act of climbing a tree, toward a nest of processionary caterpillars. In the middle of the nest will be noticed a grub some six or seven times larger than the rest of the inmates. This is the larvæ of the calosoma. Réaumur asserts that he never opened a processionary caterpillar's nest in which he did not find one or more of these grubs. Though the beetle—in color a lovely blue-green—is so handsome as to have received the name of calosoma—beautiful-bodied—its larvæ is a black, unsightly creature. It is a deadly foe to all caterpillars, and seems to pursue the processionaries with especial fury. As one of them will devour several large caterpillars in a day, it is easy to imagine what

havoc they create. The caterpillars have no means of escape or defence. They can neither abandon their nest nor expel the intruder. All that they can do is to go out and eat, and come back and be eaten.

A common species with us is the *Calosoma scrutator*—"The beautiful-bodied searcher." This magnificent beetle is very destructive to that greatest of orchard pests, the canker-worm. It is of the same general shape as the calosoma figured in our engraving. Its hues, however, are much more brilliant and varied. The head and breast are dark purplish black, the latter with a greenish coppery margin. Beneath it is of a deep, shining green, with coppery markings. The wing-covers, of a bright, lustrous green, have a broad margin of a coppery red, and

are marked lengthwise with fine lines, and little scattered points. The legs are blackish-brown with purple reflections.

Another very common caterpillar-hunter, found in fields, where it lies in little holes in the sod, or under logs and stones where the ground is moist, is the hot or glowing calosoma (*C. Calidum*). Its general color is shining black, relieved on the wing-covers by six rows of bright copper hued impressed spots, thus bearing a fanciful resemblance to a vessel of glowing coals with a perforated cover. Hence its specific name. "It devours caterpillars with great avidity," says Bethune, "in both its larval and perfect



CALOSOMA SYCOPHANTA AND PROCESSIONARY CATERPILLARS.

states, and is a capital hand at reducing the numbers of those horrid pests, the cut-worms. We usually transport a number of these big beetles into our garden every spring to keep down these cutters off of our young cabbage plants."

Next to the *Carabidæ* the elegantly-formed and brilliantly-tinted *Cicindela*, or tiger beetles, seem to be most serviceable to the agriculturist, and deserve marked mention among our insect friends. As a type of the family, we introduce to the reader the *Cicindela campestris*, or field cicindela, of Europe. Its scientific name—*Cicindela*, literally "glow-worm"—is due to the wonderful and sparkling brilliancy of its metallic tints. The common name of tiger-beetle was given to it on account of its eminently predaceous habits. It is a marvellously agile creature, loving the sunlight and warm sandy banks.

Flying about with restless energy and incredible activity, its movements dazzle the eye. The prevailing tint is a beautiful sea-green, with coppery hues on the head and edges of the wing-covers, which, in the sun, look like gleams of fire.

The larvæ of the tiger beetle present peculiarities of structure and habits which are not to be found elsewhere. Both larvæ and perfect insects are met with in the same spots. The full-grown beetles possess in themselves all the advantages incident to a predaceous animal. Powerfully armed, they apprehend no resistance from the insects doomed to be their prey. Closely mailed, they fear no wounds. Gifted with a wonderful agility, they easily escape from an enemy too powerful to be resisted. In their larval condition, the cicindelæ have all the voracity of their parents. With a thin skin, easily lacerated,

in a chimney, with its head and mandibles closing the entrance to its hole, it awaits with inflexible patience until an ant or some other small insect passes over it. At the very first touch the larvæ precipitates itself to the bottom of the tunnel, whilst the ground gives way under the feet of the ant, which, sliding downward, is seized and devoured. Having finished its repast, the larvæ again ascends to its post, to play over again his part of a living trap. When about to become a nymph, the insect closes the opening of its tunnel, and there awaits tranquilly the great change in its life.

More than a hundred different species of tiger-beetles are known to inhabit North America. Their general habits and appearance, as well as those of their larvæ, may be gathered from the description already given of their European representative. The



TIGER BEETLES (*Cicindela campestris*) AND LARVÆ.

and a long, heavy body on short legs, rendering rapid flight impossible, these imperfect creatures nevertheless find no difficulty in obtaining food without exposing themselves to serious peril. Their claws are short, broad and spiny, thus enabling them to dig readily into the earth. With these, and its hard, shovel-like head, the insect excavates a perpendicular tunnel, which, turning at a certain depth, finally forms a horizontal gallery. The hole thus formed is a foot or more deep. On the eighth segment of the insect's body, which is there swelled out to an unusual size, are two fleshy protuberances, provided with hooks curving toward the head. Ascending to the upper part of its tunnel, the larvæ, by a contracting movement, props the swollen part of its body against the wall, and there fixes itself firmly with the help of its hooks. Squatted like a sweep

common cicindela of this country is a little more than half an inch in length, about half as broad, of a dull-purplish color above, and a bright brassy-green beneath. Each wing-cover is marked by three irregular transverse whitish lines. It is frequently met with during summer on sunny roads and sandy banks. Another common species is the hairy-necked tiger-beetle, which, though smaller than the preceding, bears a strong general resemblance to it. Its neck, however, is covered, as is indicated by the name, with whitish hairs.

The purple tiger-beetle, so called from its bright metallic purple hue, is nearly the same size as the common cicindela, and is often found with it. It is one of the first to appear in the spring. Another beautiful species, sometimes found in open gardens, but more usually in partially shaded places, where

it selects some projecting stone or log as a post of observation, is the six spotted tiger-beetle. It is of brilliant metallic green, with six tiny white spots on its wing covers.

Though their food consists mainly of insects, like themselves, inhabiting the water, and feeding upon water-plants of no great value, the water beetle, to which we next call attention, nevertheless merits to some little extent at least, the honor of being ranked among our insect friends.

breaks, the dysticus has, by its activity, and voracious habits, gained for itself the title of "the shark of the insect world."

The full-grown beetle and the wingless larvæ alike feed upon animal food, incessantly pursuing other water insects, small shell-fish, tadpoles, and young fish. Even frogs have fallen a prey to the perfect beetle. This is to be understood of the European species. Packard, our American authority, claims no more for our native species than that the



GREAT EUROPEAN DIVING-BEETLE (*Dytiscus marginalis*) AND LARVÆ.

The water-beetles are divided into two principal families—the "diving beetle" (*Dytiscidae*), and the "whirligigs" (*Gyrinidae*).

As a type of the diving-beetles, we may instance the great diving-beetle (*Dytiscus marginalis*) of Europe. It, with its larvæ, is very correctly figured in our engraving, a study of which will enable any one to recognize our native species, of which at least two are common in all our ponds. Living in stagnant marshes, ditches, and the still parts of rivers and

larvæ, with their scissor-like jaws, "snip off the tails of young tadpoles," and are "even known to attack young fishes, sucking their blood."

These insects make very amusing pets for the aquarium, where they frequently live for two or three years. They can be tamed so as to come readily to be fed with small earth-worms, house-flies, bits of raw meat, and the like. Care must be taken to cover the top of the aquarium with gauze, to prevent the perfect insect from flying away.

When full-grown, the great diving-beetle is of a deep greenish-brown above, with the under parts of a rather bright rust color. Each ring or segment of the abdomen is bordered with black, and the wing-covers are edged with yellow. Its egg shaped body, with sharp sides, permits it to cut through the water very easily, the hind legs serving as oars. Its wings are large, and it flies readily from one pond to

another. little air-chamber, sufficient to last the beetle for some time.

The female lay their eggs in the water. From these are presently hatched the larvæ, ill-favored, hairy creatures, ravenous feeders, and growing rapidly. Their color is yellowish-gray, varied with brown. The head is large, rounded, with six eyes on each side, and furnished with sharp, sickle-shaped



THE BROWN WATER-LOVER (*Hydrophilus piceus*), LARVÆ AND PUPA.

another. It has to come to the surface of the water to breathe. The breathing-holes are on the back of the abdomen, under the wing covers, and so protected that no water can enter them. When the insect wants fresh air, it rises to the surface, lifts up its wing covers, and then, lowering them suddenly, a quantity of air is gathered under them, as if in a

jaws, fitted for both cutting and sucking. Two leaf-like appendages, used as oars, form a sort of tail. Near these are the breathing holes of the insect, which, when it wishes to inhale fresh air, hangs with its head downward and its tail on the top of the water. When about to enter the pupa state, the larvæ leave the water, and form cells in the mud or sand,

where they fold themselves up like babes in swaddling clothes. In two or three weeks, if in summer, but not till the next spring, if in autumn, the pupa skin is thrown off, and the perfect insect emerges from the cell. By reference to the engraving, a pupa, folded up in its cell, will be seen in the lower left-hand corner, while on the right hand are two larvæ, one in the act of devouring another water insect. In the middle foreground is a perfect insect swimming, while above it is another taking its flight to some new feeding-place. Few persons have not noticed, especially on the surface of still and stagnant waters, flocks of little black beetles whirling and circling about with great rapidity in every direction. These are the whirligig beetles. When occupied in their insect dance, their motions, says Westwood, are so quick that the eye is perplexed in

which it is generally observed, to see objects above it in the air, and below it in the water.

Besides the diving-beetles and whirligigs, there is yet another great family of beetles, termed "water-lovers" (*Hydrophilidae*). The members of this family live either in the water or on the damp margins and shores of streams and ponds. In the perfect state they feed upon decaying vegetable matter, but are carnivorous as larvæ. Many of these "water-lovers" are found with us. Some species attain a very large size, while others are quite small.

The brown water-lover (*Hydrophilus piceus*), represented in our illustration, is a common European species, met with in fresh waters. Though larger than most of our native water-lovers, it is similar to them in its general appearance and habits. It usually attains an inch in length, and is found on the leaves



GLOW-WORMS (*Lampyris noctiluca*)—WINGED MALES AND WINGLESS FEMALES.

following them, and dazzled by the brilliancy of their wing-cases, which glitter like bits of polished silver. When disturbed, they dive beneath the surface, carrying with them, attached to the hinder portion of their bodies, a little bubble of air, which shines like a globule of quicksilver. Sometimes they may be taken flying, their large wings enabling them to change their abode without difficulty, when compelled to do so by the drying up of their native pool. Their food consists for the most part of small dead insects. When touched, they discharge from the pores of the body a milky fluid, of a very disagreeable odor. Unlike those of most insects, their eyes consist of two distinct pairs, one on the upper and the other on the lower surface of the head, thus enabling the insect, in the peculiar situation in

of aquatic plants. In seizing it, care must be taken, as its breast is provided with a strong point, which pierces the skin. It draws in air by thrusting its feelers out of the water, and placing them against its body, the bubbles of air, caught in a sort of furrow, slip under the body and fasten upon the hairs in such a manner that the insect seems to be clad in pearls. It is thus the air reaches the breathing-holes. The female is sometimes seen clinging to aquatic plants, head downward, spinning her cocoon. This cocoon is terminated by a long pedicle, and in it she places her eggs, by means of two bristles at the extremity of the abdomen. Having dragged the cocoon after her for some time, she finally leaves it to itself in a still place. A fortnight later, there emerge from it little brown larvæ, which display

great activity, climbing the stems of the water-plants. These live on plants, and on small molluscs, whose shells they break by pressing them against their backs. When attacked, they emit a black liquid, which clouds the water, and enables them to escape. At the end of two months the larvæ forsakes the water, and burrowing into the ground, enters the pupal stage of its existence, becoming a perfect insect a month later. By this time summer has ended, and our water-lover presently goes to sleep for the winter at the bottom of his native pond.

The carnivorous habits of the larvæ of the *Lampyridæ*, or fire-flies, entitle them to a place among our insect friends—snails, earth-worms, and even the larvæ of the plum curculio, and of certain wood-boring insects, are devoured by the young of some one or another member of the family.

In tropical countries, the fire-flies belong to two very different families of beetles—the *Elateridæ* and the *Lampyridæ*. Luminous examples of the former are rare with us, though we have myriads of the latter.

Of our native fire-flies, it seems unnecessary to give any description. Few of our readers, we imagine, have not watched their fitful flashings in the early summer nights. Both sexes of our fire-flies are winged, and both appear to be equally luminous. Their European representatives have the females destitute of wings. These latter are long, flat, soft wormlike creatures, exhibiting a pale steady glow of light, whence the trivial name of glow-worm. The winged males give but a faint light. In the *Luciola*, of Italy, however, the two sexes are winged, and equally brilliant. The larvæ of the glow-worm feed on small snails, hiding in the shell after they have devoured its owner.

The light of the glow-worm, as well as that of our fire-flies, is probably produced by the slow combustion of a peculiar secretion. It has been stated, says Figuiet, that it is evolved quickly when the insect contracts its muscles, either spontaneously or under the influence of artificial excitement. Chemical experiments have been made to ascertain the nature or composition of the peculiar secretion by which this strange effect is produced; but, as yet, it has only been discovered that the luminous action is more powerful in oxygen, and ceases in gases incapable of supporting combustion.

THE peculiarities of great men are like a suit of clothes, which hang not well on any but the man who was measured for them, not to say that the misfortune of imitators often lies in this: that, in copying the lisp, the bur, the shrug, the broad accent, the ungainly and ungraceful attitude, they forget that their idol is not great by these, but in spite of them.

THERE are words which are worth as much as the best actions, for they contain the germ of them all.

THE ARGONAUTA.

BY C.

THIS interesting and elegant shell is generally known by the name of *Nautilus*, but some authors have suggested the propriety of calling it the *Argonauta*. This was known and described with considerable accuracy by Aristotle, Pliny and other early writers on natural history, and that this name should be preserved, for the reason, that it was given with a classical allusion to the celebrated expedition of Jason in the ship *Argo*, to recover the golden fleece; in which all those who accompanied him were called *Argonauts*, and to whom the art of navigation is poetically described as having been pointed out, in the skilful management exhibited by the instinctive little sailor, inhabiting the *Argonauta*, while steering its frail bark through ocean's trackless paths. What peculiar organization enables it to rise to the surface, or sink into the depths of the ocean, cannot yet be satisfactorily explained, and Jason did not wish that knowledge, but the art of sailing.

"For thus to man the voice of Nature spake,
Go, from the creature thy instruction take,
Learn from the little *Nautilus* to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale."—Pope.

When the *Nautilus* has reached the surface of the water, it gradually assumes its sailing position, extending three appendages, which serve as so many oars, while in the centre of these, two spoon-shaped membranes are elevated, acting as sails, to catch the passing breeze; and thus this pretty boat is propelled and guided on its way through the azure main. On the approach of any sudden danger, or of tempestuous weather, the little mariner lowers its sails, and draws in its oars, retires into the hull of its vessel, again sinking to the bottom of the ocean, undimmed by the perils of the deep, a circumstance elegantly alluded to by Byron, when describing the dangerous vicissitudes of a sailor's life:

"The tender *Nautilus*, who steers his prow,
The sea-born sailor of this shell canoe;
The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea,
Seems far less fragile, and, alas! more free!
He, when the lightning-wing'd tornadoes sweep
The surf, is safe, his post is in the deep,
And triumphs o'er the armadas of mankind,
Which shake the world, yet crumble in the wind."

This interesting little animal has perhaps furnished more matter of dispute, a greater diversity of opinion, and, in some instances, more ill-will among naturalists, than any other subject in the whole range of animated nature; and during a period of more than two thousand years, the question was not decided whether the animal invariably found in the *Argonauta* is the architect of that shell, or merely a pirate. The shell is divided into several cavities, by partitions.

DUNELLEN, NEW JERSEY.

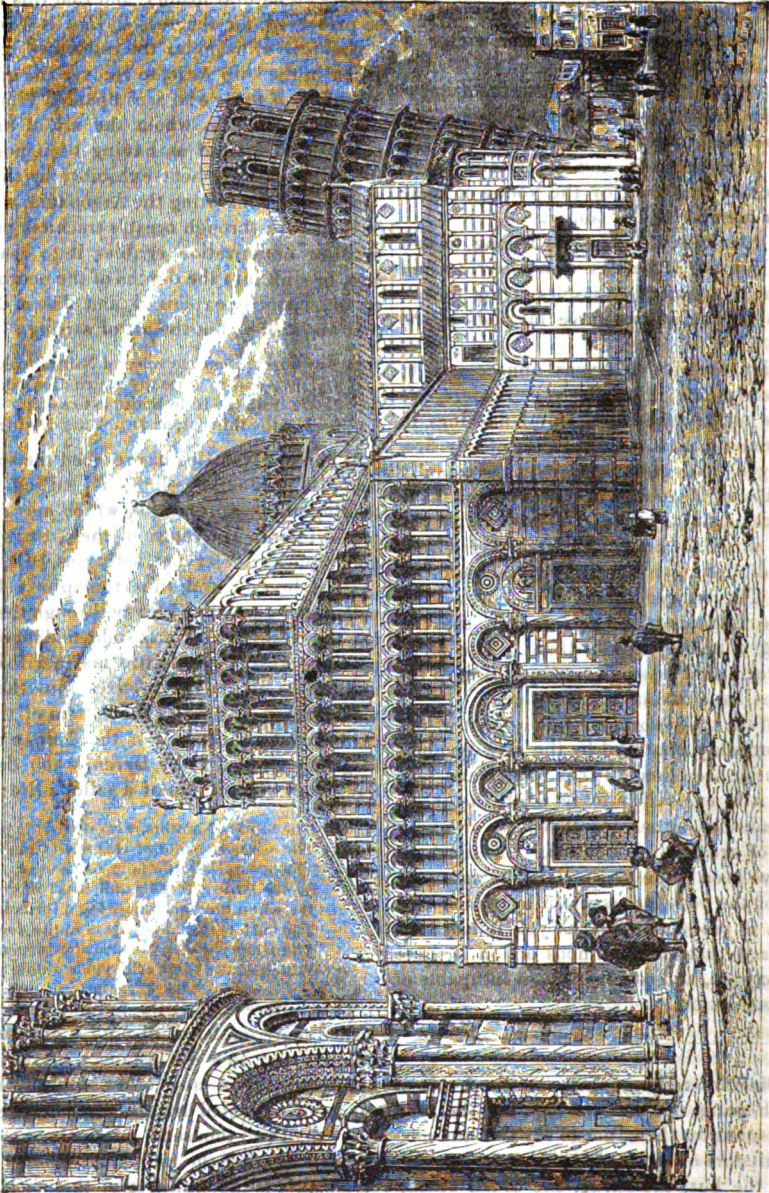
THE past should be as a granary from which we are to take seeds to plant for new harvests.

THE THREE GREAT MONUMENTS OF PISA.

PISA has three remarkable buildings; they are all grouped together as if on exhibition, and moreover they are most favorably situated. Upon a grassy plateau on the north-western angle of

Cathedral front, he might have included within the limits of his picture the whole of the Baptistery, instead of giving but a portion.

Although the most venerable and in some respects the most beautiful of the cities of Northern Italy, Pisa is a dull, uninteresting place. Neither its popu-



the city boundary are to be found these three remarkable and superb examples of the earliest style of ecclesiastical structure; the Duomo or Cathedral, the Baptistery and the far famed Leaning Tower. So contiguous are these structures one to another that had our artist sacrificed his excellent aspect of the

relation of fifty thousand nor its eighty or ninety churches incite it to the least activity.

But for these three remarkable monuments a sense of dulness would overtake the tourist. To see them is to be repaid for all the shortcomings of the city. They satisfy the most exacting sense, and few notable

monuments so fill the measure of expectation as the Leaning Tower, which, until the eye is accustomed to the anomaly, always startles the beholder.

The first of these buildings was erected at a very early date in celebration of the victory won by the Pisans, who, assisted by the Normans, drove the Saracens out of Sicily, the issue being a naval engagement in the harbor of Palermo, which took place in the year 1063. Five years afterward the work of building this splendid edifice commenced, its final completion dating 1118.

The Duomo is built in the form of a Latin cross, with a nave, four aisles, transept and choir; its dimensions are large, the nave being three hundred and ten feet, the transept two hundred and thirty-seven feet long, the western front of the building measuring one hundred and sixteen feet across. To the summit of the dome it is one hundred and twelve feet, and this part of the structure is supported by no less than eighty-eight columns. From the roof of the nave is suspended by a long cord a massive bronze lamp, which the guides point out as the lamp whose swinging arrested the attention of the distinguished native of the city, Galileo, and suggested to him the theory of the pendulum. Further observations and experiments made upon the adjoining Leaning Tower developed the principles of gravitation, afterward given to the world by this great philosopher, the announcement of which brought upon him the persecution of the church.

In style, the Cathedral, although called by the Italians *Gotico-Moresco*, is not Byzantine, as is frequently supposed from the amount of color diffused on its exterior; color was, at that early period, often used as a substitute for sculptured decoration and colored marbles, or encaustic tiles and frescoes were freely used. The Duomo is much more beautiful externally than internally. Fastidious criticism has censured the introduction of such a meaningless abundance of columns and arches especially in the five orders of the façade, but the lightness, delicacy and beauty of their effect is indisputable, relieved by the bands of color on the walls behind them.

It is embellished with twelve altars ascribed to the hand of Michael Angelo, but this is mere conjecture. The roof of the nave and the building otherwise was seriously injured by fire in the sixteenth century, which also destroyed the famed brazen doors, one only being saved, which remains in the southern transept; judging from this one they must have been of the rudest and most primitive workmanship. Their places have been nobly substituted by the work of Giovanni di Bologna and others, and the bronze doors of these Italian artists are marvels of design and skilful execution; they were placed there in 1602.

Close by the Cathedral is its beautiful neighbor, the Baptistery, a magnificent building both externally and internally. It is a curious structure, completely circular, exactly one hundred feet in diameter, and towering to an altitude of one hundred and seventy-nine feet, surmounted by a compound

dome of exquisite proportion, capped by a curious but appropriate statue of St. John. This Baptistery, also called the church of St. John, is attributed to one Diotisalvi, in the year 1162; it encloses an octagonal font of large proportions, and it also contains a celebrated work of that prince of carvers, Nicola Pisano, an exquisitely designed pulpit, a work of great interest and beauty, being universally considered a masterpiece.

Passing from the Baptistery and traversing the smooth platform upon which the Duomo stands, we approach the famous Leaning Tower, built as the attendant campanile or belfry of the Cathedral. It is the work of a celebrated and ingenious German architect, Wilhelm of Innsbruck, as early as 1150. It is built of the purest white marble in two concentric, thin, circular walls, between which winds the staircase; it rises in eight stories of very beautiful proportions, and is one hundred and eighty feet high.

Looking from its upper gallery extensive views of lovely landscapes stretch out before the eyes. A plumb-line dropped from the edge of its summit falls fifteen feet from the base; the perspective assists the delusion that the structure is on the point of falling. An evident change of design is observable above the third story, at which point the tower is fifty-two feet in diameter, whereas the succeeding stories diminish until the eighth is but forty feet; this was not added till the middle of the fourteenth century. This offers the strongest argument in support of the theory that a subsidence in the foundations took place after the completion of the third story, and the accident was converted into a graceful conceit by so building the tower that it would preserve its stability. The excessive inclination of the tower is no paradox, for it stands in obedience to the law of physics, by which any body of matter will maintain that position so long as a perpendicular line drawn through its centre of gravity shall fall within its base.

Other campaniles in Italy lean, especially a famous one in Bologna, but the true story of the Leaning Tower of Pisa has yet to be discovered.

Recent investigation opposes the supposition that its original design was to be an inclining structure, for all that portion of the Duomo contiguous to it has settled in every direction, showing how treacherous has been the foundation. Also, as before said, no peculiarity of its proportions is observable until above the third story, when, unlike other campaniles, the upper structure is much lighter and smaller, and the masonry is built in a spiral manner, as if to accommodate the weight on the side opposite to its inclination.

The world probably owes to its existence the discovery of the relation of the movement of the earth to the sun, afterward elaborated by Newton, for there is no doubt that the strange appearance of this tower impressed Galileo with those reflections which led to such grand deductions.

Still another remarkable curiosity stands within a few yards of the walls of the Duomo, the famous

Campo Santo or burial-ground, the earth for which was transported by the Crusaders from the Holy Land, and of which for ages miraculous virtues were attributed to the saintly soil. It is but a small walled-in cemetery, but it is full of interest, and around its walls have been ranged a perfect museum of antiquities, Egyptian sarcophagi, tombs, frescoes, monuments and other antiquities. Within its walls the school of Giotto studied.

DO YOUR WORK WELL.

"ARE you going to let that pass?" said one workman to another, a shade of surprise in his voice.

"Why not?" was the answer. "It will never be seen."

"Would you buy the article, if you knew just how it was made?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it might give out in a year, instead of lasting five years."

"And are you going to let the job pass, when you know that whoever buys it will be cheated?" said the fellow-workman.

"Oh, you're more nice than wise," returned the other, with a toss of his head. "You draw things too fine."

"Suppose Mr. Gray, down at the store, were to sell you stuff for pants that he knew would drop to pieces in less than six months! Wouldn't you call him a swindler?"

"Perhaps I would."

"Is there really any difference in the cases? Whoever buys this article that you are making, will be cheated out of his money. You'll not deny that. As much cheated as you would be if Gray sold you rotten cloth."

The journeyman shrugged his shoulders and arched his eyebrows.

"We must draw things fine," resumed the other, "if we would be fair and honest. Morality has no special bearing, but applies to all men's dealings with their fellow-men. To wrong another for gain to ourselves, is dishonest. Is not that so?"

"Yes, I suppose it is."

"You slight this job, that you may get it done in a shorter time than would be possible if you made it strong in every part. Thus, in order to get a dollar or two more than honest work will give, you let an article leave your hands that will prove a cheat to any man who buys it. I tell you, it isn't right! We must do as we would be done by in our work, as in everything else. There are not two codes of honesty—one for shopkeepers and one for workmen. Whoever wrongs his neighbor out of his money, cheats him."

The other journeyman turned away from his monitor, looked half offended and bent over his workbench. At first, he went on finishing his job;

but after awhile, his fellow-workman saw him take out a defective piece of wood, and then remove another which had not been properly squared and jointed. Observing him still, he saw him detach a piece which had simply been driven into place, and which gave no real strength, and after selecting another, three or four inches longer, set it by mortice and tenon firmly into the article he was making.

All this was done at an expenditure of time not exceeding an hour and a half.

"There," said he, in a tone of satisfaction, speaking to his fellow-workman. "If that doesn't last forever, it will be no fault of mine."

"A good, honest job," remarked the other.

"As ever was made."

"And you feel better about it than you would have done had it left your hands to cheat the purchaser out of his money?"

"Yes, I do." The answer came frankly.

"How much more time has it cost you to do this work well?" was asked.

"Oh, not over an hour or two."

"And the thing is worth ten dollars more to the buyer. In other words, is a well-made article, as it should be, and will cheat nobody. Now you have done as you would be done by; have kept your conscience clear; have acted as a Christian man should."

"Oh, as to that, I don't profess to be a Christian," said the other. "I'm no hypocrite."

"A Christian profession is one thing, and a Christian life another," answered the fellow-workman. "All professors are not Christians. Religion is a thing of daily life, and unless it comes down into a man's work and business, isn't worth a copper. No amount of church-going, or praying, or singing, will save a man, if he isn't honest in his dealings. He must do as he would be done by—must begin just as you have begun, by refusing to wrong his neighbor, though tempted to do so that he may get an advantage for himself.

"A new kind of religion that," remarked the journeyman.

"As old as Christianity," said the other, "and the only kind that will save men. 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.' He who said this, knew all about it. And I am very sure that if we begin to be just to our neighbor, to try in all things to do as we would be done by, our feet will have entered the way that leads heavenward—and though we may be a long way from that happy country, if we keep walking on we shall surely get there in the end."

IRREGULAR desires, and unreasonable undertakings, must expect to meet with disappointments. There is a proper time for all things, and nothing succeeds well but what is done in season. For there is no forcing Nature against her bias, or inverting the methods of Providence.

THE KING AND THE FRIAR.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"I AM afraid of death; but there are things worse than death; and if I die, I die."

Those were Luther's words. In them, it seems to me, you have the key-note of the man's whole life; for, when one can say such words, as he said them, not boastfully nor heedlessly, but with a calm, steadfast resolve to live them, he has said the whole. Nothing in life can very much disturb or appall the man who feels what Luther said; he may still fear death, but he can look that in the face and fear doing "a wrong thing" more.

Nobody has learned how to live bravely and honestly until he has reached that height. It is a serene one, whatever clouds and storms may gather below.

Luther's speeches had not shaken the world at this time. I am not sure but these are the first really great words of his—and he said many in the course of his life—which history records.

Indeed, there was in the world hardly a more insignificant individual than the young Friar of Erfurt when he made that speech. He was simply the son of the poor miner of Eisleben. Going about the streets in his cowl and brown frock, only noticeable among his lazy, good-natured companions for a grim life-and-death earnestness in all he said and did, which seemed to the jolly, easy-going monks quite unnecessary, to say the least, and which doubtless afforded them a good deal of amusement, and served as a favorite whetstone for their wits, when these were a little fuddled with beer and wassail.

Yet the germs of the Reformation, so far as Luther had to do with it, were in that speech of his, the circumstances giving the words their moral majesty. The plague had entered Erfurt; the rosy-faced, gossiping friars took to their heels; there was a general swarming of the fear-stricken inhabitants; they rushed to the country, to the hills—anywhere out of the infected region. Somebody urged Luther to take flight with the rest. Then the real nature of the silent, rugged young monk shone out all the brighter, for the death-cloud which had darkened around Erfurt; and he spoke those immortal words, and—stayed.

I love to dwell on them, finding so much of the true quality of the man there. He never seems grander to me than he did when he made that answer to those who urged him to flee from danger, though he was afterward the principal figure in some of the grandest historic dramas of which the world has been the stage, and he has had the centuries for his audience.

Whenever I see the tall, commanding figure, with the broad, rugged, large-boned, German face, I seem to hear still, ringing like a clarion from peak to peak of the ages, that answer of the young Friar of Erfurt: "I am afraid of death; but there are things worse than death; and if I die, I die."

Never were human words more tried in the fire. Luther had to live them; not only when the plague was at Erfurt, but all his life from the moment when he stepped forth from his professor's chair at Wittenberg, and, without any intention on his part, became the foremost man of his age—that age so crowded with illustrious names and figures of sovereigns and warriors, and he—"a beggarly monk, the son of the Saxon peasant at Eisleben!"

Every human life has, I suppose, pivotal days or moments—days that try our quality, when doing, or failing to do something we are better or worse thereafter. They are not, perhaps, the days which would strike the imagination most vividly, or those which a biographer would be likely to dwell on. Yet they are times over which the very angels may bend with breathless intentness, knowing they will not leave us as they found us.

In the life of Luther there are two days which stand out, great landmarks in his history. They are like mountains which lift themselves up from the plains of the years. We can never think of him without thinking of these two days, several years apart; the first, quiet and unruffled as any commonplace day, and yet, with an underlying significance, which gives it an almost awful solemnity to those who turn back and look at it; the other, full of splendid dramatic power, with its crowned sovereign and princes, and starred warriors and mailed knights, and the tall, solitary figure of that brown-frocked monk in the midst—the newly-crowned young Emperor of Germany, not so much the object of all men's gaze.

You know what these two days were—one was when Luther nailed his "Propositions" to the door of the parish church at Wittenberg; the other, when he stood before the Diet of the Empire, in the town-hall at Worms, and in the presence of the monarch and his ministers, refused to retract. Yet, I cannot help thinking both these days had been impossible without that other, long ago, when the people were flying from the plague-stricken town, and the young monk made his quiet answer, while they were urging him to leave.

If that had been the end, history would never have taken any notice of it; yet all that followed in the life of the great Reformer was in that speech.

And now let us go back a moment to one of these days—not the most vivid and picturesque; not the one which strikes most powerfully the historic imagination, yet the last grew naturally enough out of the first.

It is morning, the thirty-first of October, fifteen hundred and seventeen. One likes to turn back a moment and see what kind of world it is in which the sun has risen on this day, lying away back in the

crowded centuries more than three hundred and fifty years ago.

What are they doing and thinking in this young century which is hardly out of its childhood yet, but which has some instinct at its heart of great things to come, and whose eyes look off with a new light and hope to the future—that future so full of seething and storm, and pulling down and breaking up of all creeds and traditions and forms of thought?

There it stands, the young century, with the first rays of the new dawn upon its forehead. Behind it lie the old centuries in their crypts. Feudalism and chivalry have had their day. A new world is coming. Yet the old order of things in church and state and human affairs seems to stand solid and massive still. There is no hint of change or shaking to the great ones of the earth—kings and princes and their counsellors. Yet in this peaceful October morning the tempest is gathering which is to shake the world.

It is now almost seventy years since Constantinople fell before the legions of Mahomet. Every school-boy knows how that event opened Greek letters to Southern Europe, and that the Middle Ages were over on the day that the Crescent mounted where the Cross had shone so long over the ancient city.

Great names there were on the thrones of Europe this last sunrise of October fifteen hundred and seventeen.

Only the year before the greatest of them all had been stricken from the list, for the crafty, ambitious, greedy Ferdinand had gone to his Spanish tomb.

A quarter of a century before, Columbus had given the monarch a new world, and for his reward been brought home in chains, and sent at last, broken-hearted, by coldness, suspicion and neglect, to his grave.

Ferdinand's young grandson, Charles the Fifth, whose years just measured the century's, had carried his German tastes and habits to his Spanish throne—the cold, silent, brooding boy, educated by William Croy in the Low Countries. Nobody suspected yet the strong, masterful nature, the passionate ambitions, which the hard lines and the heavy Burgundian jaw covered; the Spanish craftiness and cruelty and superstition at bottom, too. Yet that crowned boy was soon to be Emperor of Germany, Sovereign of the Low Countries, of Naples and the Indies.

His life-long rival, the handsome, chivalric, splendid Francis the First, had ascended the French throne less than three years before. He was Charles's senior by half a dozen years.

The magnificent young monarch was now at the height of his splendor and glory. A little later there were to be the dreadful reverses—the battle-field of Pavia and the gloomy prison-walls of Madrid.

Across the straits of Dover was another young king, too, about midway in his twenties—Henry the Eighth—in the flush of his pride and power discussing the classics with Erasmus, or philosophy with Thomas More, or affairs of state with his favorite and privy counsellor, Wolsey, whom his courtiers loved privately to sneer at as "that son of a butcher;"

bluff, and hearty, and debonnaire, fond of all rough English sports and ways, "loving the green woods, the hounds and the huntsman's horn;" but under all the blithe, hearty ways, the hard, dominant, merciless Tudor nature that time was to bring to light.

His young daughter, Mary, was a baby in her cradle, with her sad-faced, Spanish mother bending tenderly over it. To think of that little baby face at Greenwich and the crackling of the Smithfield fires thirty years later, and the same peaceful English skies over both!

Far away at Rome, this October day, the "Rome of Michael Angelo, of Raphael, of Perugino," Leo the Tenth wears the tiara. True son of the Medici, he inherits all their best qualities, their love of art, their exquisite tastes, their graces of manner, their charms of conversation. The great artists and scholars of the world form his court. Michael Angelo has just furnished the Pope with the design of St. Peter's. Leo is contriving ways and means to achieve that masterpiece of art.

This is the story of the great ones of the world on that morning we are looking at—of October thirty-first, fifteen hundred and seventeen.

For on that very morning the German monk, in his cowl and brown frock, goes up through the pleasant fields and wood-paths to the old parish church at Wittenberg. Look at the tall, broad-chested figure, at the resolute, grandly-moulded face. It is one of the foremost figures in the grouping of the first half of the fifteenth century. Standing in its own simple majesty among sovereigns, and warriors, and statesmen, that rugged, brown-froked monk, greater than them all.

A quiet gladness looks out of the brave, kindly eyes this morning. The man has made up his mind, done his duty, and left the rest to God. It never once enters his mind that he is going to do a grand deed, he only knows that he has, in the folds of his friar's gown, "ninety-five Propositions," every one wrought out of the travail of his soul, and condensing the perplexities, the struggles, the agonies of years.

Such words always hold some marrow in them. At any rate, Luther has made up his mind to try whether they will not strike home to the German heart and conscience. And he is going to nail his Propositions up to the door of the parish church at Wittenberg. He has decided they will find a larger audience there than he can reach by any other means.

Look at the man as he moves with his rapid, characteristic gait through the pleasant German landscape. Though it was three centuries and a half ago, it is the very world where you and I are living to-day. There was a soft October sunniness on the great distant hills of Saxony, and there were tender rustles of wind in the birches and oaks by the roadside, and low, happy voices of running brooks, and murmurous hums of insects, and sometimes the delicious richness of a robin's song breaking out suddenly from a thicket.

Then the brown-frocked monk would halt and listen, and a great gladness would come up into his face. We all know how fond he was of music; how passionately he loved all the beauty and variety of nature as she showed herself to him in the heart of that pleasant world of Saxony where he had lived all his life.

Nothing, we may be certain, escaped the monk's bright, observant eyes in that morning's walk to the church of Wittemberg—a walk whose echoes will reach far beyond our own time. He must have seen the soft gold of the daisies shining among the high pastures, and the crimson glow of the clover in the fields—those great broad, sea-like fields of Saxony—and marked how the light frosts had been at work on the rich grasses of the low meadows.

Sometimes, too, a cloud darkens over the face, sensitive as a woman's for all its rugged Teutonic moulding. He thinks of what is going on this fair October day in the pleasant Prussian towns, wherever Tetzel comes with his gilded chariot and his Papal Bull on the velvet cushion, and the processions of monks before him and the nuns behind, and the waving of banners along the streets, and the pealing of bells, and the slow German nature working itself up into a mad riot of holiday, and the cheap pardons scattered broadcast at the decorated altar. "God's pardons" they call them. What a fiery scorn flashes from those deep-set orbs, such as must have blazed out of the old prophets' eyes when they hurled their derision at the false gods of the people.

Luther's gaze seems actually to see the face of the devil leering and grinning amid all the glare and noise. You know he believed in a living personal devil, with all that strong, simple, impassioned soul of his.

So, Pope Leo has found a way at last to build St. Peter's.

The monk reaches the parish church at last. How peacefully the old building lies sleeping in the autumn sunshine!

He takes out his papers and seizes his hammer. It seems as though the world must stand still, holding its breath to listen, for it is one of its great historic moments; but there is no stir in the stillness, only the happy hum of brown insects in the grass, the whisper of winds, the throb of a butterfly's wing along the bright, golden air.

Stroke! stroke! stroke! goes the monk's hammer. You may be sure the stalwart arm struck the blows straight home. Luther was always so thoroughly in earnest in what he did—life being something very solemn and real to him.

You almost seem to hear the sound of that hammer reverberating down the ages. They are to shake thrones and kingdoms; to fill the generations with deadly strife and mighty wars; they are to kindle lurid lights of the stake all over the land; and, at last, after all the struggling and misery, they are to ring in the new day of God's light and peace and liberty.

So, the work is done. I fancy Luther standing still and surveying his "Propositions" on the ancient church-door, at Wittemberg. There must have been a quiet exultation in his eyes, yet I do not suppose that it once entered his mind that he had done a brave or noble deed.

The people, as they went by to business, to market, to pleasure, would pause and read curiously what was posted on the church-door.

If there was any truth or right—God's eternal right at bottom, he could trust the German heart and conscience to find it out.

So, the monk went his way quietly, steadfastly, as he had come.

He did not know that those strokes of his had rung in the hour of the Reformation. Yet he must have known that he had done a fearless, perhaps a dangerous thing, for the Propositions were aimed at Tetzel's Pardons. And behind that gilded car of his was the mightiest power of the earth.

Yet, I am certain that, consciously or unconsciously, there must have been that morning in Luther's soul the same feeling with which, long ago, he had answered when the plague was at Erfurt: "I am afraid of death; but there are things worse than death; and if I die, I die."

That other great day of Luther's life lies more than four years farther up in the century. It forms one of the world's grand historic dramas. It is familiar to every school-boy. It furnishes to writers and artists one of the most magnificent subjects of all time; yet, with all its splendor of movement and color, it ought always to be set against that other quiet day, with the gray haze haunting the soft German landscape, and the tall, rugged figure of the old monk going up through the autumn to the parish church. Only four years, and this day at Worms has blossomed out of that one at Wittemberg! This sudden fruition could not have been in any other age; but, in the moral, as in the physical world, when the soil is ripe, God's sun and dews do their work rapidly.

So, in these four years Luther's name had been sounded all over Europe. It had been heard in the secret councils of the cardinals and in the ante-chambers of palaces; and, what was better than this, it had become a sound of hope and courage to the toiling artisans in the swarming cities and the lonely peasants among the mountains; and now in this old German town of Worms, the eighteenth of April, fifteen hundred and twenty-one, the name of the miner's son is on every lip; men speak it with bated breath and in every key-note of human passions—in hate and fear, in doubt and perplexity, in defiance and tenderness.

And the old German city holds to-day the greatest assemblage of the world. The Diet of the Empire has convened in the ancient town-hall, at the summons of the newly-elected sovereign, and for the first time and the last, Charles the Fifth and the Friar of Erfurt stand face to face!

What a moment it is, when the monk is led up to

the dais, through all the splendor of that vast crowd of starred warriors and mighty princes and gorgeously-arrayed cardinals, to the presence of the monarch of Spain, of Germany, of the Netherlands, the Low Countries and the Indies.

Such a young man as he was—that newly-elected emperor of Germany, his age just corresponding with the centuries, and he held Luther's life in his hand at that moment, and each man knew it as he looked at the other!

There he stands—the friar in his frock, with his calm, rugged, fearless face, and Charles gazes at him with those cold, calm eyes of his, and the heavy, resolute, Austrian mouth, on whose words rests the fate of nations.

Judging from his later conduct, Charles's secret impulse at that moment must have been to send Luther to the scaffold or the stake. Had he been in his own Spain or among his native Low Countries, he could hardly have hesitated, but he had just been elected emperor of the Germans, and in the safe-conduct which he had granted Luther, the national honor was involved, and the emperor shrank from outraging, on his accession, that old, Teutonic sense of honesty and good faith, which was ingrained in the German character.

Luther knew perfectly well—perhaps better than any one else did, that he was taking his life in his hand, on that day when he entered the German Diet, and stood in the presence of the greatest monarch of the world.

All through that strange, wonderful journey from Wittenberg to Worms, secret and open warnings had beset the monk that his life would certainly be the price of his temerity, that no good faith would be observed with a heretic; and the Council of Constance and the fate of John Huss had been solemnly held up before him, and Luther had answered in the old, steadfast tones of his youth at Erfurt: "If the emperor calls, it is God's call—I must go. If I am too weak to go in good health, I shall have myself carried thither sick. They will not have my blood, after which they thirst, unless it is God's will. Two things I cannot do—shrink from the call nor retract my opinions."

So here he was to-day, at the foot of the throne itself; the greatest Paladin of the Reformation met face to face with its greatest enemy; and in that high presence Luther stood calm and tranquil and told his story and avowed his faith, seeing all the time a greater Sovereign and a grander court, before which Charles the Fifth, and all the princes and pomp of that hour faded and dwindled into dimness and insignificance.

Then came the great moment in which all that vast assemblage held its breath as one man, and listened for Luther's reply when he was called on to retract his heresies. Oh, Friar of Erfurt—oh, teacher of Wittenberg, will your strong heart fail you now! for life or death, in all human probability, hangs upon your answer—he swift clang of the scaffold, or the slow, sharper agony of the stake.

The monk stands quite still—the soft, spring sunshine falls through the tall, high windows on the splendid canopy, on the steel-clad warriors and the crowned princes, and they hear the clear, solemn tones of the monk as he answers: "I will retract nothing unless convicted by the very passages of the Word of God which I have read."

Then, after a moment's pause, looking up with dauntless eyes into the face of that vast assemblage, up, too, into the face of the young monarch on whose word hung his life, he spoke those immortal words that will live as long as the old German tongue: "Here I take my stand; I cannot do otherwise; so help me God. Amen."

The sublime courage of the man struck a responsive chord in that vast crowd; even the cold, stern soul of the half-Burgundian, half-Spanish emperor was impressed by it, and bigot, tyrant, miser and glutton though he was, Charles the Fifth was never a coward. He knew a brave man, too. The heretic's courage extorted something like praise even from the sovereign of the Netherlands. In the face of that speech he could not sentence Luther to death, and the monk was allowed to go out unharmed from the presence of the sovereign; and the princes of the empire, the warriors and the priests watched the tall, rugged figure as it went tranquilly down through their midst.

We all know how it ended. A mighty storm of passions shook the assemblage. Spaniards and Italians were clamorous for the blood of the heretic. But the great German party stood firm. Even those who hated the man and believed his opinions deadly insisted that his safe-conduct must be respected, but Luther barely escaped with his life, the emperor placing him under the ban of the empire, and pronouncing his condemnation in the severest terms; and the Reformer was only saved by that long, friendly imprisonment at the Wartburg, where the good elector hid the monk securely from his foes.

Thirty-five years later when the great monarch, weary and worn with power and pomp, laid down his crown and sceptre, and, an old man, when others have only reached the prime of their vigor, buried himself in the lonely monastery of Yuste, Charles lamented, among the sins and follies of his youth, the great one of permitting Luther to go from his sight that day at Worms before he had passed sentence of death upon him.

From his Austrian father, much more from his Spanish mother, Charles had inherited his hardness and bigotry. As he grew older, as defeats and disappointments darkened about the marvellous prosperity of his youth, the native gloom of his temperament, the taint of insanity in his blood became more apparent in his conduct.

No doubt that lonely life at Yuste added a fresh tinge of gloom to the emperor's reminiscences and meditations.

Certain it is, that, not content with the dreadful record of his own persecutions and cruelties, he resolved to atone for a single instance of lenity in his

youth by his intolerance to the followers of the man whose life he had spared.

Luther was beyond his power. Beloved and honored, the great Paladin of the Reformation had gone in peace to his grave. He was beyond the reach of Charles the Fifth; but the codicil of the monarch's will, in which he enjoined his son, Philip the Second, to follow up without mercy or favor every heretic in his dominions, shows a spirit of inhumanity and bigotry at which one can only shudder.

And the seed fell into ripe soil. The monarch went to his long rest in the dark chambers of the Escorial, and with axe and fagot Philip did his best to carry out his father's mandate; but it was too late; the hour had been struck long ago, when the monk fastened his "thesis" on the old church door at Wittenberg; and the real victory had been won when he went out from the monarch's presence, from the princes and warriors, and all the pride and pomp in the old town-hall of Worms.

MAKING A HOME IN EARLY TIMES.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY M. L. OSBOURNE.

DEAR, happy childhood! Are there any pictures more lovely than those scenes that we look back upon and see in our memory as gilded with the rising sun? How they contrast with the care-burdens of after years. They are our beautiful flowers through which is formed the golden fruit of life, and that must brave the storm as well as drink in the sunshine before it is perfected.

One of those pictures is before me now. Wisconsin was then a territory, and father was working a hired farm not far from the shores of Lake Michigan—working diligently, and spending for nothing except the bare necessities of life, that he might the sooner procure the means to go out and get a farm of his own; mother at her loom—though "looking well to the ways of her household"—was doing all in her power to help; while we, their children, danced in eager expectation of the good time coming. Every change brought to us new excitement, and the prospect of soon taking a long journey in a covered wagon was very cozy. Of course the older ones shared the toil of our parents, and possibly a shade of their care; but youth wears care lightly, and it is well that it is so, their very light-heartedness makes them cheery companions of those who are burdened for their sakes.

Two years of hard work on the hired farm, two years *dick, clack*, of the old loom, and they had made and saved enough to start; but with the grain to be drawn off to market, and many other things to do, we could not go before the winter set in.

When we left the farm, we had to move into an old deserted log cabin, so open and shaky that we could scarcely keep from freezing in very cold weather; it was wanting, too, in that luxury of cabin furniture—the old fireplace—and we had to cook and keep warm by the last days of a poor old stove that we got from a neighbor.

Sometime in January the last load of grain was marketed, and we were ready to move; father and my oldest brother had gone with the first load, and would shortly return for the family. Amos—who was then fourteen—was left to see to things at home.

One night while they were gone, the wind whirled

into the north, and besides being cold enough in the morning to freeze us, it was blowing straight into the stove-pipe, which stuck out through the side of the house.

Amos tried to build a fire, but it only filled the house with smoke; mother got up to help him, but it was of no use, the wind was too strong, the draught went the wrong way, and the smoke would come out at the bottom.

"We'll take the pipe out of that," said mother, "and put it straight up; it isn't long enough to reach the roof, but there are places enough for the smoke to get out; if it sets the old thing afire, we sha'n't be much worse off, for we shall freeze here if we can't get a fire started."

They put up the pipe as mother said, and found that it operated better than they had expected; the fire burned excellently, and the smoke went out at the top where it pleased, but it did not set the house on fire.

The rest of us stayed in bed until the job was completed; then mother hung bed-quilts around the wall to keep out the wind, and then we were quite comfortable.

In a few days father and Herbert returned. There was a friend, an old neighbor of former times, living out nearly a hundred miles farther west; he had lately moved his family into a good new house, and the old one, though small, was snug and comfortable, and he gladly allowed us to occupy it until spring. This would give father a better chance to look around the country and select his farm.

It was not many days before the big "covered wagon" stood at the door; the bedding and other things were packed around to shelter us from the cold; a large kettle was set in front nearly filled with hot coals, so that we could warm our feet and hands when they got cold; two yoke of oxen were put before the wagon, and we were loaded in. Father drove the team and the boys drove the two cows. So we started, with all our household goods, our cattle and our dog, and all our family, *save one*—ah, Beasie!

Wasn't it too bad? Somebody else had found out the treasure that mother had in her "grown-up"

daughter, and all at once discovered how very lonely was his own bachelor home with nobody to speak to but his old cat, and—well, the promise to love, cherish and protect was given, and Bessie went with her loving heart to brighten *his* home, and share his joys and sorrows, before we started westward to find ours.

We could not "camp out" according to the general fashion of the times, the weather was too cold for that, but we travelled with but little more expense. Mother had prepared plenty of food for the journey, and at the log-cabin hotels where we stayed over night got permission to use the kitchen fire and table, and made coffee and set us a warm supper and breakfast. It was like moving and keeping house at the same time. In that way comfort and economy were both considered; but I have often wondered where we could find such accommodating hostesses now.

Father would fill up the kettle with fresh coals in the morning, and through the day would occasionally get a chance to renew them at some farm-house along the road; everything was done that could be to keep us comfortable; and I have heard my mother say, years after, that she never travelled with so much comfort as at that time.

The roads were excellent all of the way, and on the evening of the fourth day we came to our journey's end. Father pointed out the house to us as we came in sight of his friend's place; we almost shouted we were so glad, for we were getting tired of travelling, and were quite as well pleased to stop as we were to start.

The family were looking for us, and gave us a warm welcome, and in a few days we were settled in the snug little cabin that was to be our home for the rest of the winter. Now we were nearly through moving. Our journey in the spring would be a short one. Now we could sit by the fire—for that cabin had a fireplace—and enjoy the comforts of home. That was a very small place to live in, but no home of my parents was ever small enough to shut out love and peace, nor ever large enough to admit family jars; so, kind reader, come in and rest with us by the blazing fire—it was a little wearisome.

IRISH LADIES.

HAPPENING to be in Queenstown, Ireland, one evening in July last, I was invited to attend a grand ball. I had been doing some of the interior districts of Ireland, and was so tired that at first I was rather inclined to excuse myself. But before deciding, I asked a question or two: "Is it a big thing?"

"Never saw anything so grand in town?"

"What class of women?"

"The first class; the very best from Queenstown, Cork—in fact, the most beautiful women in the world."

I knew how the common women of Ireland looked. I had seen hundreds of them about Killarney selling "mountain dew and goat's milk," and in fact for

some time had seen almost nothing else. But I had seen the common class only—the servants, peddlers and peasants. I had not seen the aristocracy. I made up my mind to go. I thanked the gentleman, and began at once on my hair and clothes.

The number of ladies was about one hundred and fifty. Their dress was like that of American ladies on similar occasions, only a trifle more so—sleeves a little shorter, corsage a little lower. The ladies were remarkably self-possessed, quiet and graceful, and I think on the whole averaged prettier than I have ever seen for the number on such an occasion.

Some of our naval officers were present in their stunning uniforms, and were honored with marked attention and the sweetest smiles.

I have written all this rigmarole in order to say something about the physical development of those Irish ladies.

The Irish girls we have seen in America have full chests, large, fine arms, and are altogether plump and vital. When an American lady has shown me her arms—candle-dips, No. 8—and has asked, "How can I get such arms as Bridget's?" and I have said, "Work—work as she does, and you will have her arms," the lady has generally said, "Oh, that is not work, that comes from climate. I tell you if I had been brought up in Bridget's climate, I should have had her fine bust, but this terrible, dry American air takes all the juices out of us."

My curiosity was on tip-toe to see how Irish ladies, brought up in this moist, even climate, but without work, would look.

I have said there were one hundred and fifty ladies present. They were certainly very pretty and very prettily dressed, but now, taking the witness-stand, I testify that I have never in America seen one hundred and fifty young women together with arms so small and chests so flat and thin.

They belonged to the idle class, and all the world over women of the idle class have spindle arms and thin chests, unless they become merely fat, which, with their weak muscles, is a sad embarrassment.

Elegance, education, rank, aspiration, ambition, prayer—these will not produce a strong, full, muscular body. They are not the appointed means. *Exercise, exercise! work, work!* this produces strong muscles, full chests and physical beauty. *Work* is the appointed means.—*Dio Lewis in To-Day.*

A CELEBRATED beer painter in Brooklyn made a contract with a German to paint his house. When the bargain was closed, the German wanted the painter to take a glass of Rhine wine. "No," said the painter; "I am a Son of Temperance, and never drink any kind of intoxicating drinks." "I am right glad I gave you the contract," said the German, "for these temperance men always do their work well, and they behave like gentlemen."

GOVERN your thoughts when alone, and your tongue when in company.

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.

CHAPTER X.

EUREKA!

FERGUS LAURIE was already established as a domestic friend at Mrs. Harvey's hearth. He seemed everybody's visitor as much as Milly's, and yet he would have been nobody's visitor but for her, for he was no special favorite with any one else there. But all the Harveys had a genuine tolerant respect for each other, and for each other's tastes and wishes, and once they found there was a substantial friendship between Fergus and Milly, they refrained from little criticisms, and opened their eyes fully to all that was really likeable in Mr. Laurie. And they each found something. Even Miss Brook and Mrs. Webber were obliged to own that he was remarkably industrious, energetic and quick. George could fully appreciate his enlargement of mind and aim. Christian acknowledged his wonderful will force, saying that "it was half the material for the finest character." And yet her feeling toward him was curiously touched with a pity, which she never seemed to bestow on him whom most of the others called "poor David Maxwell." Milly was not affronted when she noticed this—there was a mysterious dash of pity in her own admiration—as indeed there is in most feminine admiration, where the hero is mentally summed up as so much courage, so much fortitude, so much wisdom, and such a broken leg! Only Milly felt that Christian's pity was not a component part of any admiration, but stood quite alone.

It can easily be understood that the new firm had a hard battle to fight. Not with anything but its own circumstances. Fergus's old masters were quite kindly disposed, and actually bestowed two or three signal favors on the early days of "Laurie and Co." David was delighted, hailing these, not only as practical benefits, but as proofs that Fergus's ideal of mutual help and honor was already not unknown in business matters. But Fergus was not so pleased as might have been expected. He acknowledged these favors with cool reserve, putting down David's eager gratitude with a quiet remark that he knew what these people were, and what their kindness was worth. When one of these kindnesses was shown, when the firm was sticking in a transitory difficulty, he hinted it was done because the old firm considered it no rival at all, but a mere helpless protégé, who might be safely petted and patronized, but that they would soon see differently! When another was bestowed just after a brilliant little success, Fergus said triumphantly that everybody was the friend of those who could befriend themselves. His friend's cynicism a little disappointed David. But Fergus declared that it was not because he thought evil of

human nature, he only knew it—that was all—and he liked it too, though he despised it, and it could be made very useful in its own way.

Still, as months and months passed on, the new business did not make way. It scarcely paid its current expenses, setting some of them—David's remuneration for instance—very low indeed.

David worked hard among his chemicals, striving after certain results which were the desiderata of the trade. Nobody knew much about that, because he was always at it, and never had to make it his excuse for declining or curtailing visits, because he never paid any, except to George and Christian, and somehow he had fallen into the habit of spending Sunday afternoon and evening with them, and accompanying them to church. That began when Christian's baby came, and George for awhile was without a companion. But everybody heard a great deal of the midnight oil which Fergus consumed over his ledgers and correspondence, because after he had spent an evening hour or two chatting with Mrs. Harvey and Milly, he would tell them that he had oceans of work to get through before he could go to bed. And as Milly combed out her tresses in her secret chamber, she would think of him bending over his dreary ciphers, and would smile with a happy womanly pride to think that he had doubtless felt he could go back to his toil refreshed after a little talk with—her! She could quite understand it, and she wondered how Miss Brooks could not do the same, but was so unfeeling as to say—

"He'd better work while there's daylight, and save his candles."

Still in spite of the immense amount of work that was really put into the young business, it did not prosper. Debts which should be paid immediately began to be delayed. David grew frightened, Fergus smiled serenely.

"It is always so," he said, "a great deal must be sunk out of sight before anything appears."

"But if there is not much to sink!" David suggested, and got no answer, except a dark cloud on his friend's face.

On a certain morning, Fergus averted paying a debt of six pounds—a small affair, truly, but due to a man who was somewhat pressing, and even menacing. The account was not rightly due, according to its terms of credit, till a week later, and Fergus curtly declined paying it till that date, saying that unless things were kept in their regular order, his books would get hopelessly confused. David acknowledged that the principle was right enough, but knew in this particular instance that it was the cash-box rather than the ledger which would be inconvenienced. In the afternoon, Fergus sent this very

creditor an urgent order for another article from his workshop.

"We have done without this implement till this time," David said; "don't you think we might do without it a little longer, and pay his bill before we increase it?"

"No," said Fergus, shortly. "He will trust us the more, the better customers we make ourselves, because he will not want to offend us. And we are no cheats. We mean to pay everything."

"Of course, we mean so. But can we do it?" David asked, rather timidly. The cash in the affair being chiefly his own, he felt as if any shame that there was not more of it was his too!

"I should rather think so," Fergus answered, dryly. "You can scarcely have made this scheme worth less than it was when you came into it! It was worth your sinking your money in it then. It will surely be worth other people sinking more money in it now. I knew from the first that we could not really succeed without more capital. But it is easier to borrow for a tangible affair, with a local habitation and a name, than for a mere airy castle, as this was when I came to you. Why, at the very worst, we can but arrange to give our creditors an interest in our business corresponding to their claims! But we shall have a fine sale next week."

David said nothing more, but returned quietly to his chemicals. He spent twelve hours a day in his laboratory, and he wondered what else he could possibly do to help or spare the cash-box, whose "Debtor" and "Creditor" compartments were now alike empty. He remembered that he had an old school-mate, who had succeeded to his father's business of law-stationer. So next day David nibbled his luncheon sandwiches as he walked from Bow to Chancery Lane, and there presented himself to his old acquaintance, and asked if he had any copying to give out. Law copying was very plentiful in those un-lithographic days, and the friend had some—yes, as much as David liked. David could not take more than he could do in six hours a day, he had no more time to spare. The experienced friend computed that sixty folios was a good allotment for that time, and entrusted him with an enormous abstract which would occupy him six hours for six days. As David left him, the good-natured tradesman privately reflected—

"Maxwell can't be doing much good for himself to want this kind of work, at his age, and with his capabilities. Surely he must be either shiftless or thrifless."

But David himself went back to Bow, rejoicing that he should be able to keep his own and Phœbe's immediate necessities supplied without himself becoming a troublesome creditor to his own needy firm. He must just work eighteen hours for a little while; it would not be for long, he thought, cheerily. He had an humble-minded confidence in Fergus's talents, which was at least its own reward, since it gave him a bright belief in his sanguine prophecies. And be-

sides, David had a private hope of his own, which he never mentioned to Fergus, lest delay or possible failure in its consummation should give more pain than the prospect could give pleasure. This was something which had been David's chemical aim and ambition even before he had left the Blenheim House surgery; in fact, ever since Fergus had accidentally enlightened him as to the extravagant cost at which a certain very imperfect result in color was obtained. David felt quite certain that a much better effect was to be had at a much lower rate, and had been diligently experimenting for this purpose. Over and over again he seemed almost to have solved the problem, and over and over again something—a very small something it seemed to him—had baffled him. David's utter humility gave him courage and patience. He thought that "accident" had put him on the right track, and that if only other people had happened to get there, they would have smoothed away all difficulties and got straight to the end directly; but that his "stupidity" must be content to take double the time and trouble that any one else would require to use. "If one is rather dunder-headed, the least one can do is to try the more," was his only reflection. At the same time, he had the prudence to remember that it was impossible to keep temper and judgment for such work for more than twelve hours a day, and that the mind would be all the clearer if free from fears of debt and disgrace. His copying might tire him a little; but not so much as the wonder where next week's housekeeping was to come from.

Phœbe looked glum when he spread out his pen ink and paper.

"I should think you needn't be such a slave in that 'boratory, sir, it isn't worth enough without other work," she said.

"If you were in the laboratory all day, Phœbe," David answered, playfully, "you would be like me, very glad of a change of occupation. This washes my mind. Minds want washing as well as bodies, I can tell you, and if they don't get it, one's thoughts are as dim as writing on a smeared slate."

Phœbe grunted. "I can't be up to you, sir," she said; "but yet I know you are gammoning me somehow. If it ain't beneath the likes o' you to do this here, it ain't beneath the likes o' me to get a half day's washing or charring, an' I'm sure I've more time to spare. And besides, sir, you'll excuse me a-speaking; for I know I've no right, being your servant, anyways; but you'll not be able to go on without your natural rest."

"I'm always in bed for nearly six hours," said David, "and don't you know the old saying, 'Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool?'"

"Ah, well," Phœbe retorted, "there's no knowing how many hours he slept that said that; or if not, I'll go bail he lived to grow wiser. I don't hold with slug-a-beds. Down at ten and up at six has always been my way whenever I could; but down at twelve and up at six won't do for any folks that ain't

made o' bell-ropes and wash-leather; an' you ain't, Mr. David. You're not that strong. You've got a go in you, sir. You're like them animals that win races and drop dead at the end. You'll not be able to keep on at this rate."

"I don't wish it, Phœbe," said David, seriously. "I hope and believe everything will soon be quite different." And then he added in her own pithy style, "If you put your shoulder to the wheel when the cart is in a rut, the cart will carry you to your journey's end."

And so he had the last word.

But at last, one day, when things were looking very dark, so dark that Fergus Laurie sat glumly over his ledgers, and said that nothing prospered in this world but iniquity and money grubbing, David ventured to whisper that he thought they must really take heart and struggle on a little longer, for he fancied he was on the eve of a great discovery. But Fergus was altogether out of sorts. In fact, his private cash-book was actually claiming more money than his trade creditor column could supply. For of late his sensitive pride had been conscious that people were beginning to wonder how he was getting on, and he had even felt it like an insult when some of his friendlier customers had been particularly prompt in their payments. And he had tried to cast off the suspicion of struggle and poverty by directing Robins to be liberal in her housekeeping, and giving her leave to go again to the draper's, not with money in her hand, but to "open an account." There was still no considerate hesitancy on Robins's part. "He must know best about his own affairs," she decided within herself. "She had nothing to do but to obey. That was her place"—a dictum whose force she never felt when it had reference to her geniality or hospitality, or in fact to anything, except spending money on herself! This sense of private involvement superadded to outraged pride, acted on Fergus Laurie absolutely like a nervous disorder, when the patient will not attempt any ordinary method of cure, but will place faith in any preposterous quackery. It would have been really easier for him to imagine that relief might come to them wildly—from an unexpected legacy, or even the discovery of a treasure buried in the counting-house, than to hope for it in the success of David's persevering experiments.

"I think I shall have it to-night," David said, eagerly, "for I am sure I should have had it last night, but for a slip in the last combination."

"Ah, that's the way it'll always be," Fergus answered, bitterly. "It's the way it always has been since the old alchemists sought for gold."

"This will be as good as gold when we have it," said David, choosing to take up the words without their despairing meaning.

"Ah, if it was to be done, others would have done it long before," Fergus returned, shaking his head. "What do you say—get the effect twice as beautiful at one-third the cost? You need not think that it has not been often tried before by better chemists

than you, with far finer laboratories. It is a discovery which would be a fortune. But I don't suppose it is to be made, or it would have been made already. It is just a sheer waste of ingredients, David, and we need every penny that we have—and a great many more—to even keep up the merest show of going on."

"Well, I'm just going to try to-night. And to show you how sure I feel, I shall ask you to wait here an hour or two. I believe you will hear some good news the sooner. Will you grudge waiting?"

"I should, if I hadn't plenty of work to employ me. As it is, I may as well write my letters here as at home."

This was all the answer David got. Fergus's want of faith in his success would have shaken his courage had it not been founded in the deepest humility.

"It is no wonder that he can't expect me to do such a thing as this where others have failed. Well, it will save him from disappointment if I do fail after all. And if so, I must do a little more copying, and put aside something toward the chemicals I have wasted."

Such was the content and quiet spirit which David carried to his labor. But there was something to be done before he set to work. Perhaps it was this something which the other experimenters had omitted.

He kneeled down and prayed. "O Father, I am all ignorance, but Thou art knowledge. Teach me, Father; I am seeking my daily bread, and if this is the way wherein I am to find it, help me. For Christ's sake. Amen."

He rose up. His spirit had been to God, and had spoken to Him. Do those who say that prayer is nothing, say also that it is nothing to speak even with a wise and good man? Many a man goes to bed, and his boon of pence is denied him if it be not good for him; but such counsel and encouragement is given him, that he goes out strong to earn for himself, and perhaps comes back to thank his benefactor, saying, "When you refused the paltry gift, you made my fortune; for you gave me a share of your free spirit instead." Oh, while friend speaks with friend, while ignorance takes counsel of wisdom, and sorrow of sympathy, let no man say that it is no good to speak with God! If the Lord Himself cannot hear and respond, it were best for us all to walk silent through a heartless universe.

An hour passed. Fergus sat scribbling his letters, absolutely forgetful why he was waiting there. Another hour passed; and then a quick step rattled half way down the laboratory stairs, and David's voice cried eagerly: "It is done, Fergus. We have succeeded!"

In less than a minute the two young men stood together bending over the perfected discovery, comparing the soft, lovely new tint with the old, dim, thickish hue which had hitherto been the nearest approach to it.

"What a difference!" said Fergus; "and do you mean to say this will also be cheaper?"

"For every shilling which that old horror cost, this loveliness will cost but fourpence," David answered, triumphantly. "God has given us a fortune in this secret, Fergus."

Half an hour later the two were pacing down the dark road, arm-in-arm, speaking in whispers like those of men who have a mutual knowledge of a hidden treasure.

"Plenty of work for Miss Harvey now!" said David, as they came in sight of the lamp-lit window of the Harvey's cottage. "This new discovery will come before the world first in her designs. Eh, how lovely it would have made some of those that have been carried out on the old principle!"

"Millicent Harvey has fancied we have not been very successful lately, I think," Fergus observed. "I believe her family mistrust us."

"Well, it is only likely they should be anxious," said David; "for, you see, we withdrew her from regular work for your old firm—got her to leave a certainty for a hope!"

"A fine certainty, truly!" Fergus answered. "They will see now that it was well worth her while."

"I know the old firm did not appreciate her," David went on, "or they would not have restricted her to the most ordinary class of designs, as you say they did. Didn't I always say so? But what did Mr. Smith think when he found she was capable of those illustrations to the Leech Gatherer?"

"He never knew she did them," said Fergus. "He offered only five guineas in the first instance, and I afterward got it raised to ten. But I should never have done that if I had not kept the artist a mystery. Why, most likely, if old Smith had known she was somebody who was drawing more than a hundred a year from the firm, he would have thought she ought to let him have those pictures for nothing, or next to it, as a kind of bonus."

"When will Miss Harvey have occasion to come over to our place again?" David asked.

"Not for a week," said Fergus.

"Then might it not be kind, considering all circumstances, if we just dropped her a hint that we have had a great success, something far better than a gift of a thousand pounds?" asked David.

"Well—yes," said Fergus. "It seems only right. And it might be wise in many ways. But it is rather awkward for us two fellows to go rushing in there at this hour. I dare say they are at supper."

"You can go—not stay a minute—and I'll wait for you," said David, releasing Fergus's arm.

Fergus did truly stay only a moment. For Milly herself opened the door, and he just spoke to her there, under the clematis.

"Miss Harvey, I just called to tell you that we have made a great hit. We are certain to prosper now. Nobody knows yet but you. You have a right to know. I shall never forget your confidence; and, now, good-night, Miss Millicent."

And Millicent turned back into the house and sang this thanksgiving in her heart:

"God, I thank Thee that Thou dost reward the diligent and the energetic; that Thou puttest the power to bless into hands that will bless. Prosper my friend still, let him find that the cup of success Thou givest him is not only full, but runneth over. And, oh, I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou makes this strong, silent heart of his, which cannot confide everywhere, to find pleasure in confiding in me. Make me worthy of it, O God."

Ah, well is it for us that God is a loving Father, who takes our very prayers and thanksgivings rather for what we mean them to be than for what they are, just as parents smile on the trailing weeds that their ignorant little ones bring them for flowers!

Then Fergus rejoined David, and the two young men went on together to the cross-roads, where they parted.

"Our fortune's made," Fergus Laurie announced to his mother and Robina. "We've hit on a discovery that I would not sell for five thousand pounds. You see what a good thing it is to have the faculty of selecting fit instruments. I chose David, and told him what it would be a fine thing to discover, and he has discovered it."

"Couldn't you discover it yourself, without bringing any one else in it?" asked Mrs. Laurie, who wanted her share to be exactly all, and everybody else's nothing."

"It was not in my line," said Fergus, curtly.

"But David could never have discovered it, if you had not told him of the want, Fergus," said Robina, "could he, now?"

"No," Fergus replied, more conciliantly. "And now we must think what it will be right to do, under circumstances that are altering as ours are. We must take a larger house, and live in altogether different style. We shall have to keep two female servants, at least."

"I hope you'll mind what you are doing, Fergus," said his mother. "You might just make us comfortable in a small way, and let me always have a fire in my bedroom."

"Oh, he knows what he is about," observed Robina. "And other people know he does, too. Those Harveys would have had nothing to do with him, unless they were sure he would prosper."

"There isn't a truer-hearted woman in the world than Millicent Harvey," said Fergus, speaking stoutly from the depth of his better nature.

"When did you see her last?" asked his sister, harpily.

"I—I just called in at their house to-night," answered poor Fergus.

"Oh, yes, I see it all," said Robina, "I may have all the work of getting up your fine house, and then be turned out to make room for certain other people."

"Well, at any rate, you will have had a better living in the meantime than you could have got for yourself," replied Fergus, coolly.

"Oh, yes, I know that it is only by toleration that an inferior creature like me is allowed to occupy a

place in the same world with Miss Millicent," sneered Robina.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said her brother, thinking to himself that he must keep up his dignity, and yet conciliate her at the same time. It would be so awkward to quarrel just now. "I answer you according to your folly, but you are talking what you do not understand. What reason have you to think that Millicent Harvey or any other woman has any influence on me? As for your working in my interests, and then being turned off,—you are my sister, and you can surely trust my honor to give you provision befitting my position, and the duties you may fulfil toward me."

"I am sure I love you too well to be bitter about anything that would be good for you, Fergus," said Robina, with melting reproach.

"As soon as my income is at all settled," Fergus went on, "I will fix you a handsome salary as my housekeeper, and another sum for household expenses, and then if ever we want to part it would be with perfect satisfaction, and no sense of injury on either side."

"I'd rather trust you entirely, brother," said Robina. "I would rather just ask you for whatever was needed for the house, and just let you give me what you choose for myself. I can't bear anything to make us seem independent strangers, Fergus."

"Well, so be it then," said he, "I own I like living and working together in perfect confidence rather than on strict business footings."

And so their squabble ended, and Fergus went to bed, and pondered over the prices of drawing-room suites, while Robina and Mrs. Laurie lay awake half the night, discussing dresses, the old lady saying that she did not wish to go into any extravagance, but she thought she might have a new satin dress, and could not make up her mind whether its color should be sage-green or maroon, while Robina stated that she should not care for much better dresses than she had already, only she should like them always fresh, and at least as much spent on their making and trimming as on their material.

When David reached home, he found that the unconscious Phoebe had set up his candles as usual, and arranged his writing-table. He felt weary and excited, and little inclined for his self-imposed task of copying, but he put the disinclination aside with the reflection.

"What I've done so long already, I can surely do a little longer. Besides, I should like to finish the work I have undertaken. And there are plenty of claims coming in upon us, and nobody is the worse off for a little ready money! If I don't need it myself, I can give it away."

It was long past midnight ere he permitted himself to lay down his pen; and then in his evening prayer rose the meek thanksgiving:

"I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth, that some things which Thou hidest from the wise and prudent Thou revealest unto babes, choosing the foolish things of the world to confound the

wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, that no flesh should glory in Thy presence. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

CHAPTER XI.

TWO HOMES AND ONE HERO.

IT was presently clear to everybody that a great change had come to the young firm of "Laurie & Co." Samples of the beautiful new tint, fully displayed in one of Milly Harvey's most tasteful designs, were circulated among the trade, and orders came streaming in—only too fast to be executed. A neighboring firm, old established and wealthy, actually made advances which might have easily been converted into overtures of partnership; and David was inclined to listen, and to think it would be wise to accept. But Fergus Laurie would not hear of it, declaring that they could now get the use of plenty of money on terms that would not hamper their freedom of action. And Fergus seemed right; for he was certainly able to obtain large loans on comparatively small interest.

David was quite ready to understand that as far as the perfect adjustment of money matters was concerned, sudden success had been almost as perilous as failure. Fergus was the head of the firm, with all its privileges and responsibilities. Definite adjustment of finances was found to be simply impossible. And so, in the meantime, it was merely arranged that Fergus was to take what was required for all the varying expenses necessarily falling on the head of the firm, while David was to be guaranteed a minimum allowance, with such additions as the profits of each year would permit.

David had no difficulty in settling into a proper style of life, because that seemed to him the proper one, which gave him and those connected with him the most genuine comfort with the least toil and expense, and was so safe within even his moderate minimum, that every addition would be left a wide, free margin for those true luxuries of life—the pleasures and duties not absolutely demanded by our circumstances.

He took a tiny house within a few paces of George Harvey's abode. Its miniature chambers were easily furnished by the cumbrous old articles which he had rescued from the sale at Blenheim House. Even Christian's large organ of veneration could scarcely understand how he held the wrecks of his so wretched past as precious salvage. Christian was his great stronghold in the days of his furnishing. David would come to her for advice, and then she and George would return with him to his cottage, and consult and plan "on the spot." She chose his parlor carpet and his bed-room curtains; she took counsel with Phoebe as to the best "range" to be put up in the kitchen; she knew of wonderful dainty ways which made beauty economical, and economy beautiful. Hatty Webber bade her send the sheeting and house linen round to her house, saying, that the

Webbers' own "white sewing" was done up for years to come, and that the little stepdaughter Ellen needed something to learn needlework upon.

The two sisters-in-law had one day been making some helpful call upon the busy, important Phoebe, and while they were there David happened to come in, and took them out to the little back grass-plot, to consider whether there should be a tiny flower-bed in the centre, or only along the sides. David himself inclined to the former, and so did Christian and Hatty, too, "only" the latter remarked "there was something in Millicent's idea, that it was a pity to have flowers where one could not gather them after a shower without crossing wet grass."

"Ah, so it is," said David; "we won't have one. And as for brightening my window view, I can easily put a flower-box on my sill instead."

Christian withheld her eyes from a glance, and so forgot to repress a sigh.

Phoebe watched the three from her kitchen window, and when the two visitors had gone, she herself went out to take "a look round."

David came back from the gate with a beaming face.

"They are the sort of friends to have, Phoebe," he said. "How different it makes things!"

"You're right there, Mr. David," the old servant replied, "only I could not help being a bit vexed that they're but outside the place after all. I'd have liked it well if it was the young lady that'll be missis someday that was givin' an eye and a word about her home that is to be."

David's bright face grew a little grave—not sad. "You are the most of mistress that this house is likely to have, Phoebe," he said.

"Ay, I suppose you'll be always movin' from one house to another, each finer than the last, Mr. David."

"I don't think that's my way, Phoebe," said David; and then he turned, and walked into the parlor.

Everybody supposed that Fergus Laurie would also select another dwelling in the same lane. There were vacant some much larger houses than either George Harvey's or David Maxwell's old-fashioned, Georgian houses, with a sort of ready-made order in their prim internal arrangements, and with one room, at least, quite fit for the reception of a limited number of guests. People who supposed that Fergus Laurie's original "nothing" meant, at least, only "not much," and whose imagination set Mrs. Laurie's pension at more than double what it really was, concluded that the Lauries, being ambitious people, might possibly venture to take one of these residences, not as a family luxury, but as a business propriety.

Judge of the universal astonishment when it oozed out that Fergus had taken the lease of a substantial old family mansion standing in its own grounds, the wall of which came up to the vicarage-palings!

"I don't suppose it is true," said Mrs. Webber,

as she reported the rumor during a visit to her mother.

"Yes it is," Millicent observed, raising her head from her drawing, with a slight flush on her face. "At least, he told me he thought of taking that house."

She did not look up as she spoke, or she would have seen that her sister and Miss Brook involuntarily glanced at each other.

"Well, great fortunes are raised by such hits as he has made," said Hatty, "but that house will be a great responsibility."

"He'd better walk before the flies," remarked Miss Brook. "That house will take a fortune to furnish."

"He won't furnish completely at once," said Millicent. "But there is so much more satisfaction in having a home where one can hope to settle permanently than one from which one is sure to wish to remove."

"He'd need to keep twenty fires burning in that great mansion, or else he'll have a doctor's bill as part of his regular family expenses," Miss Brook went on practically.

"One's house is the thing that most directly gives one status, and all the expenses belonging to a good house are small compared with any other kind of expense," Milly pleaded. "Look at the Lewsons with their carriages and horses; and look at the Benhams with their shooting-box. And Fergus Laurie is really in as good a position as they are."

"Only that the one family is in the second and the other in the third generation of successful business people," observed Mrs. Harvey. "I remember old Mr. Lewson myself, and his hair was white before he thought of leaving the little house by the warehouse, where the managers live now. And he himself never kept more of an establishment than two female servants, a middle-aged woman and a girl. That is the way the wealth accumulated through which his descendants enjoy their luxuries."

"Well, I think he would have done wiser to spend it himself in a more liberal way of life," Milly argued. "If the present Lewsons were not able to drive everything before them by their sheer force of £ s. d., maybe they would be more sensible women and more gentlemanly men. When a sensible man gets money in his hands, he had better spend it wisely and rightly than let it accumulate for he knows not who."

"You're right so far, Milly," her mother answered. "A wise liberality would keep down many an unwieldy fortune, and do in a natural way what charities do in an unnatural one."

Miss Brook grunted. "It's very well to say 'Don't hoard money' when you have it in your hands, but you might safely add, 'Don't spend it before it is there,'" she said.

"I am sure that Fergus Laurie wishes for position and influence only to do good," said Milly, disregarding the old lady. "And we, who owe so much to him, should be the last to criticize him unfavor-

ably. See how much more he gives for my work than the old firm did."

"But then your work is so much better than it used to be," Hatty interpolated.

"And he gives me better than money, too," Milly went on, enthusiastically. "The interest he takes in my work always quite inspirits me. It is so different to being left to plod on without a word, as I used to be. If you knew how he has made my daily work a daily pleasure, I think those who love me would only wish him God speed and all prosperity, instead of carping at him."

"I am sure we all wish him well most sincerely, Millicent," said her mother, soothingly. "You see, Miss Brook and I are elderly women, and, perhaps, don't know it quite well enough, and are a little dumbfounded to see such young people coming forward and taking the lead in life. I'm sure, when I'm reading George's books, I often keep thinking they are written by some of the wise old professors and poets, whose works I used to read in my young days. It is hard to realize they are by my own boy, whom I taught to read. But those old writers were other people's boys, in their time. If my dear mother could come back to earth, I believe she would think I was a great deal too young to be wearing caps, and I don't believe she would have any particular confidence in my housekeeping! It's the way with old people, Milly. They don't feel old in themselves, dear; and that makes them think that everybody younger must be babies. I am sure I wish Mr. Laurie well, and so do we all."

Milly allowed herself to be pacified. She felt her friends' doubts very keenly, for this ample reason, that they had sprung up in her own mind, the moment Fergus had confided his intention, and though his arguments had cut them clear down, their roots remained, and gave an uneasy shooting in her mind, which she did not understand herself.

The great house was taken, and a few of its many rooms made habitable. The Lauries brought no old furniture with them. Even Mrs. Laurie's own bed-chamber was all spick and span new. The moment the old lady saw her mahogany wardrobe and marble-topped washstand, she parted without a sigh from her spindle-legged chairs and shaky tables, and from all the past associated with them. Of the three Lauries, it was actually Fergus himself who found it hardest to make himself quite at home in apartments, whose fashion and freshness made them look like an upholsterer's show-room. He would really have liked to keep some of the old things. But his mother and sister declared positively that the old parlor-chairs would never do for rooms that were to be dining and drawing-rooms, and that they would be out of harmony with the necessary new bed-room replenishing. So they went. The same plea availed to sacrifice everything. There was an old cradle in which had slept, in life and death, a little baby boy Laurie, for whom Fergus had felt the strange passionate tenderness which wilful reserved children often pour out on helpless infants. Even in his self-

contained intellectual manhood, Fergus would pause to smile upon and pat a child who had a look of little Jamie. It was a peculiarity of his nature that it would have been torture to him to acknowledge this clinging remembrance. The nearest words he could find, was to say coldly to his mother, pointing to the cot, "I suppose you would like to keep that?"

"What use is it?" she asked. "If you ever have children, you'll want to give them a better bed than that."

"It won't fetch anything. People would almost want you to pay them for taking it away, mother," said Fergus.

"Well, then, let it be chopped up for firewood. Anything better than lumber standing about useless and gathering dirt."

And so the first fire round which the Lauries sat in their new home at Acre Hall was built of the old cradle!

They were a family who never possessed many of those relics on which Fergus could secretly lay hold and stow away. What he could he did. They had an old framed print, and a black profile of somebody. These he thrust into his own portmanteau and carried off himself; the first he put up over his bed-room mantel; the second he hid in his private drawers, under his gloves and handkerchiefs. They had very few books, except what Fergus had bought himself, and these few were nothing very attractive, being controversial theology, old dictionaries, and antiquated ready-reckoners. But those also he conveyed to his own room, and arranged on a bracket that he caused to be put up there.

This room of his was the smallest and barest in the house. It did not even command the lawn with its two or three fine old trees, but looked out on a strip of yard, bounded so narrowly that one standing at the window could almost touch the wall. When Fergus showed David through his new abode, this was the last room to which he led him. And when David saw the coarse druggel, the cane-chairs, and the poor, blue-checked bed, he reproached himself bitterly for sundry fears as to his friend's luxurious and extravagant tastes, which had been rising during the earlier part of his survey.

"You see what my own tastes are," Fergus remarked, as if reading David's thoughts. "I do not care for anything more than this. If I were an independent man, this is how I should live. All the rest is forced upon me by my position. It is nothing more than my stock in trade—one of the weapons with which I must carry on our warfare."

"Well, prosperity is certainly a trial as well as adversity," David answered. "It seems really hard if one must thus invest one's first success, when one would rather use it in providing solidly for the future."

"It is," said Fergus. "My peculiar post in the firm, as its ostensible head, compels me, for the benefit of everybody, to take the lion's share of the profits this year; yet, I dare say, by Christmas your own balance at the bank will be larger than my private one."

David did not for an instant dream that, though Fergus told the truth when he said he had bought his lease, he did not tell the whole truth, namely, that he had paid for it with money raised by a mortgage upon it. David only knew that there was a great deal of business come into their firm. His place was in the laboratory, not the counting-house, and he knew too little of the practical part of the trade to be able to make any approximate estimate of the actual profit. In fact, David had not received a commercial education, and his simple faith in others exceeded his shrewdness. The accident which had put him in business connection with Fergus Laurie had so brightened and settled his life, that he never thought of stopping to gauge his exact rights. He often wondered what would have become of him if Fergus had not taken him into the firm, but he never thought what might have become of the firm, if he had not made his discovery!

There was also a sunny glamour bewitching his simplicity. He had not the least doubt that Acre Hall would one day be Millicent Harvey's home. Poor fellow, the only love-dream that his new prosperity brought him was, that he might very likely make more money than would pay his self-imposed debt to his cousins, and provide for Phœbe, and then he would leave it as a legacy to the children of Fergus and Milly, perhaps to some bright-eyed Milly, the picture of her mother, who, maybe, out of old family friendship, would adopt him as "Uncle David." There are many such shadowy relationships in the airy castles of loving, lonely hearts like David Maxwell's. But such a dream of the future was certainly not calculated to make him very exact in his present monetary transactions with Fergus.

Millicent Harvey had set up a certain figure in her own ideal temple of supreme energy, patience and self-sacrifice. It was a sufficiently grand and pure temple, the pity was that like the great heathen temples of antiquity and orientalism, the wrong name was on the altar! Perhaps, by some instinct similar to Christian's about love affairs, Millicent was aware of the neighborhood of a hero, and only made a mistake by looking for him in the library of Acre Lodge, rather than in the tiny parlor of David's cottage! Half the mistakes in life come in just at that point.

"Oh, giving the heart's love is often a "crooked place," and so is "getting on in life." And though God has promised that "He will go before us, and make our crooked places straight," He has not promised that we shall lose nothing in our stumble, nor that his guidance will avail if we do not follow.

"Milly has my mother's face," said Mrs. Harvey to Miss Brook one day; "but she is like her father, too. She has her will and keeps to it."

"Aye, she has so," responded Miss Brook. "May God bend her himself; for He upholds with one hand while He strikes with the other. If anything else breaks those strong wills, it breaks the soul's back with it."

The mother sighed.

CHAPTER XII.

RIISING AND FALLING.

AND then time passed by, and months grew into years. More than one of the Harveys secretly wondered when Fergus Laurie meant to take Millicent out of her own family, and make her the mistress of Acre Hall. They had reason for their wonder. For there was many a merry-making at the Hall, and never one to which she was not invited. She was at the dinner-party of the city magnates; she was at the lawn tea, when the subalterns of the establishment were entertained together; she and Fergus appeared on that pleasant, friendly footing which does not fear to discuss differences, or to barter witticisms. Apart, Fergus delighted to stand by her utterances on subjects which she might be fairly supposed to know better than he, and made it his highest praise of others to trace a likeness in them to "Miss Millicent."

"Laurie & Co." had certainly made their way in the world. Their name stood among the highest of their trade. And in social style and expenditure, Fergus, with his sudden ascent from "nothing," managed to hold his own with the best. People shook their heads at first, and thought "he was pulling the reins too hard," but as the reins did not seem to break, most of the heads left off shaking, and their owners concluded that the aspiring young merchant was right after all, and was justified by his success. And then he was naturally expected to head every subscription list, and to organize every local movement or gayety, and to exercise every species of hospitality. The man who goes into the way of temptation need not be surprised to find temptation there!

Fergus presently began to realize that he was standing on a mine. He had not over-estimated his success, but he had under-estimated its cost. The early profits, which should have been husbanded to meet the further demands for capital, were swallowed to satisfy his private creditors. Nor were the latter profits so much larger as had been expected, because, in spite of the immense increase of business, the firm still continued too short of cash to buy in the cheapest markets, or to work in the thriftiest way.

Then, one fatal day, Fergus found that he was the possessor of a fortune as bewitching and beguiling as a pot of fairy gold. It was credit.

He felt quite happy on the first evening after he had satisfied a creditor by a "bill." He found Milly taking tea with Robina at Acre Hall. And afterward, when they chanced to be alone together for a few minutes before the candles were lit, and the soft early moonlight came stealing down through the elm-tree, and Milly said gently, "How lovely!" he was very near saying to her, that all beauty, and all success, would be nothing to him without her. He had been much harassed of late, and she looked so kind and good and sensible that he thought it would be a comfort to tell her about it, and what a rest it was to be out of it for awhile. Only he somehow felt that Milly would be sure to say, however sym-

pathisingly, that it was a pity he had taken so much expense upon himself, and would it not be better to refresh. And he felt he could not do that, and therefore he must not tell Milly of his troubles. He must keep that to himself, even if he told her that he loved her. He would like to share his sorrows, but not with any one who would be so prompt to remove them by unpleasant ways. Besides, it would be kinder to Molly not to tell her. Why should one's "wife" (Fergus's heart leaped as he thought the word) be tormented with one's business anxieties?

And while he sat in silent cogitation Robina returned with a servant and the candles, and began talking about a poor tradesman in the neighborhood, whose wife had given a large order at the draper's the day before he committed suicide through severe pecuniary distress.

"What a shock it must have given her!" Robina remarked. "People are beginning to blame her; but it is not likely that she knew anything about her husband's affairs. Sensible men do not talk to women about business."

"And show their sense by such a dreadful result as this!" exclaimed Milly. "I cannot understand a husband and wife standing on such a footing toward each other! If it is not the wife's fault, if she had been always attentive and sympathetic and obedient, I can scarcely see how she can forgive the sin her husband has committed against her."

"But it would often trouble a wife unnecessarily," Robina observed. "There are so many business bothers which eventually settle down without affecting private life in the least."

"I should like to be in all my husband's 'bothers,'" said Milly. "I almost think if he didn't tell me, I should still be able to find them out. Oh, how dreadful it would be to be a wife, quite unconscious of things that many other people must know; quite innocently thinking she has a right to money to which they know she has none! Better and happier to live on bread and water, and wear one's old clothes year after year."

"Everybody's not such a Spartan as you," Robina said, and so ended a conversation, not without its result, as nothing is in this world. For Fergus felt thankful that he had not "spoken" as yet, and resolved that he would not do it, until he was fairly clear of business difficulties, saying to himself that Milly was a noble woman, but rash and unbusinesslike, and apt to cut down where trimming would do. So that he must be content to wait for her, till he had settled his foundations too strongly to be overthrown by any of her brave, self-sacrificing impulses.

Poor Fergus! May we not pity him as we would a man who tried to build a pyramid from its apex? Is not a moral twist as deplorable as a mental aberration?

And time passed by, and bills were met by bills, and though a few city men smiled cynically at the name of Laurie & Co., still local society, and society at large, found it quite easy to believe that Fergus Laurie's success had grown into wealth.

He had not repaid a loan of a few hundreds which Mr. Webber had advanced to him in the early days of the firm. Why need he? He gave good interest. He always spoke as if he gave such a very good interest that it must be really a help to such a man as Mr. Webber, in comparatively so small a way of business. Nobody ever thought of asking what security Mr. Webber had, or if any. In fact, Mr. Webber would never have made so rash a loan to anybody but a struggling young man who he thought had talents and wanted help. And Mr. Webber would have asked for the return of his money, but for one of those influences, which have more weight with all of us than we know. Hatty had been rather vexed at his lending it, had prophesied hard things, and, cruellest of all, had finally comforted herself by the thought that its loss would not absolutely ruin them. Her husband had been glad when, with this conclusion, she let the matter drop, and he felt reluctant to bring it forward again. Whenever he thought of asking for it, he always fancied it might be a particularly inconvenient time, and as long as the interest came in regularly, surely Hatty must be convinced it was quite safe! These were poor arguments, and this was a weak course of action; but if you or I, dear reader, cannot recall similar conduct of our own, it is probably only because we do not "know ourselves."

Bills! bills! There was plenty of success still. Fergus was working in a system which made success more disastrous than failure is to other men, but he still looked for new successes, to retrieve the irretrievable.

There was one who often looked very grave in those years. That was David Maxwell. David had once imagined that he was to be some sort of partner but it was without any soreness that he discovered he was to be but a paid official. He turned his mistake into a blessing.

"A regular salary is the best income for anybody who is not very businesslike," he decided. "And though mine is too narrow to save much, I shall always be able to save all my bonuses."

For he always kept in mind those five unknown girls in Yarmouth, none of whom either died or married!

David still knew little or nothing of the finances of Laurie & Co. But he felt something was wrong. Year after year his bonuses were either infinitesimal or nothing. Year after year Fergus's private "necessary expenditure" increased. David would not have heeded the fact if he could have discovered a justifiable reason for it.

But it was something changed in Fergus himself which pained his old friend so sadly. David began to question what had been his former thoughts about his friend's spiritual state. He concluded that he would never have declared that Fergus was a decided Christian, but that he had seemed one of those "not far from the kingdom of Heaven." Now, a looser tone was creeping in. The Lauries were growing very slack in their church attendance, and Fergus

was falling into that tone of thought which decides that because the "form" is not the "spirit," therefore the spirit is never in the form! Quite unaccountably to David, he had made some very unaccountable friends—worldly, light-living men, "who feared not God, neither regarded man," and though Fergus did not run immediately to their excess of riot, he tolerated and excused it in a way which made a strange discord with those former days, when he sat regularly in the old pew, and attended Mr. Devon's Bible-class, and talked over the sermon with David in their twilight walks.

Perhaps this declension was not spiritually so great as it appeared to David. When Fergus had been a poor clerk, living in a needy household, an outward form of religion had been a social distinction, indeed in one way, almost the only one then at his command. Apparently devout and regular habits had won him the confidence of his old masters, the friendship of the Harveys, the notice of the vicarage. Alas, alas, godliness is so profitable even for this world, that its mere simulation is worth something!

Do not let it be understood that Fergus had been a voluntary and cold-blooded hypocrite in those former days. No. He had only been self-willed and ambitious, ready without question to take the nearest path to a desired end. When he had been in a class of life to which only religion can bring much refinement of mind and habit, he had been attracted to religion. When he could get something of these without it, its charms were gone. He could visit plenty of well-appointed houses now, and talk to plenty of intellectual people, and so he could afford to drop the vicarage, and did so, with a graceless pointedness, which had its true origin in a little pang of remorse.

For he satisfied himself that he was "obliged" to do it. The vicar had looked very gravely upon some of the visitors he had met at Acre Hall, and the vicar had afterward preached a sermon, which Fergus took—rightly or wrongly—as preached at himself. These visitors were the very men who awakened the doubts even of the charitable David Maxwell. Now, they were holding "bills" of Fergus's, and were being very "accommodating," and he said to himself that he "must not" offend them. The vicar ought to stick to him in spite of his backslidings, and if he did not, then so much the worse for the vicar's care of souls! He quite forgot that he would not allow the vicar to keep to him, unless he also kept a smiling silence which would have made him partaker in his sins.

Fergus Laurie developed "tastes," and so did Robina. Acre Hall was soon not only handsomely, but singularly furnished, so that everybody remarked it and remembered it. Robina's dress was a model for a duchess. To be sure she talked too much about it, especially about its quality and its style. She could never wear any but the best of everything—the best was the most economical.

"Yes, that is quite true," Hatty Webber said one

day, rather bluntly. "Only some people cannot afford it, and some people do not make their first-class things look or wear so well as other people's poorer ones."

Millicent always preferred to keep Robina and Hatty apart. It did not require much *finesse* to do so. Milly herself did not always like Robina. She could be very kind sometimes, and Milly's own liking gave her a kindly tolerance for Robina's fatuous and radically selfish adulation of her brother. But Robina, with all her aversion to women's taking interest in business, could make very uncomfortable remarks about Milly's designs, and often vaguely suggested that, of course, she would always like to stand her friend, and take her part with her brother, who was naturally much dazzled by the many designs now pressed upon him by artists of acknowledged standing. Milly could not help chafing a little at the certainty which Robina felt that her brother had benefited the whole world—except perhaps Robina's self—but had never received a single benefit from anybody. Besides, Robina's small selfishness came out stronger and stronger. She fancied herself sickly, and with the lack of self-restraint indicative of poor breeding, turned her guests into amateur nurses, and carried her own valetudinarian whineies athwart all others' comfort. Robina was always too ill to make engagements to visit any but grand, gay people. And it was she, with her nerves, and her "mucous membrane," who first broke off regular church attendance. How Milly noticed this, and laid it to all Fergus's after shortcomings in this particular!

Out of all the Harveys it was only Milly who ever went and came familiarly in Acre Hall. Hatty Webber and Miss Brook were never there at all. Mrs. Harvey called once or twice, and George and Christian went when they were formally invited. Fergus spoke very freely to Millicent about David Maxwell's family misfortunes, with tolerably broad suggestions of the shield and shelter that David had found in his friendship. But in all David's friendship with George and Christian, he was never so candid about other folks' business, or about his own where it mixed with other folks'. They never knew of the little capital he had brought to Fergus, and though they could not help knowing that his had been, as it were, the hand that made the prosperous discovery, even they did not know how little any other head had been concerned therein.

When Milly returned from her visits to Acre Hall, she never said much about its splendid furnishing or entertainment. One does not speak about things which one wishes to veil, even from one's own soul. She found plenty of excuses for the dozens of wine in the cellar, and the Turkey carpets, and the reckless expenditure on fly-hire; still she tried to forget them, to put them far into the background. What she did tell was of Fergus's liberal payments, and of his active interest in his work-people—the little *filles* he gave them, and the way in which he sent them to the seaside or elsewhere when they

were sick. She liked to tell with what deference he treated his aged porter, and how kindly he took the old man's blunt speeches, submitting his own position to the authority of years and honesty. She called that true humility, and waved it above the stern hauteur of Fergus's general character, like a lady's glove over a fierce knight's casque.

"There's many can submit to their inferiors that won't to their superiors," was Miss Brook's grim comment. "He'd have turned round on Mr. Devon if he had spoken out to him. It's a kind of humility that pride is made of. It's like some women who obey their children instead of their husbands."

Once, Richard Webber accompanied his step-aunt Millicent on a call at Acre Hall. He came home to tea with her at Mrs. Harvey's and was overflowing with accounts of the luxurious grandeur of the place—the great mirrors, the stained glass, the rare flowers, the singular and individual taste that governed it all.

"Laurie's mark is figuratively on everything," he said. "Yes, and rather literally, too, for he has the most curious antique modelled dining-room chairs, with his own initials F. O. L. stamped in gold on each of their backs."

"That'll spoil their price when they are to be sold again," snarled Miss Brook. "He ought to have thought of that, seeing he's had experience of the sale of all his mother's furniture. Seems to me it's a pity that he hasn't another O in his monogram!"

"But, do you know he really has?" said young Webber. "I've never noticed before what it made the monogram, but I've heard Aunt Milly say that he was christened 'Oesian' after 'Fergus Ogilvie,' only he thought it bombastic in sound, and that it made an absurd number of initials."

"Ah, it's like him to cut and trim everything to bring it to his own will," Miss Brook answered. "Can't even let his godfathers and godmothers have their own way. No reverence for anybody's notions but his own. If my parents had called me Karen-happuch Mesopotamia, I'd have stuck to it."

"I do not think Mr. Laurie likes newness and change in his very heart," said Milly, who had just returned from taking off her walking gear. "The other day he found Robina and I sitting together in a room with all the blinds down, and he asked if we preferred darkness, and Robina said, 'No, but it was to keep the carpet from fading in the sunshine.' And he went and pulled up all the blinds, and said he should be glad to see the honest signs of time and use, instead of the unmeaning freshness of a furniture warehouse."

The incident was scarcely in logical sequence with the conversation in which Milly interjected it. But it was full of meaning to her. It was such touches as these which kept her womanly interest and pity fresh and green in all the glare and heat of Fergus's apparently triumphant prosperity. It revealed to her a nature which these did not satisfy, which sat at the feast of fat things, longing for some homely "water and pulse" that was not on the board.

It remains an open question whether Milly would

have married Fergus, had he asked her in those days. She certainly would not have married any one else. All of her heart which was open to her own knowledge was filled by him. But Milly was one of those old-fashioned women who keep some chambers of the heart which another hand must open before they themselves will enter.

Had he asked her to be his wife—had he even broadly shown her that he had hopes beyond those of a near and dear friend, very likely Milly would have paused and owned to herself that even some of the fairest points in his character might be but treacherous peat mosses, unfit to bear the heavy tread of daily life and companionship.

It was not a happy state to be in. The wall between love and friendship is not a fit standpoint for any one. On either side are happiness and content, but betwixt, neither.

David Maxwell could not understand what it meant. Fergus and Milly were still friends. Milly's praise was still on Fergus's lips. Milly still confided in Fergus. How was it that so much did not grow into a little more?

Once upon a time, David might have ventured to suggest his thoughts to Fergus. But not now. As those wild, reckless, ungodly men had grown into familiarity, David had grown out.

And David almost asked himself, "Would it do Fergus good to marry Milly? Or would it do Milly harm to marry Fergus?"

And he thanked God that it was not in his hands, but thought that Milly was too good for anything to harm her.

Only he saw she was growing to look older than her years, and was generally grave and often weary.

(To be continued.)

A CURIOUS RELIC.—A child, while playing near Drogheda, Ireland, found a curious piece of metal, which she gave to an old woman, who took it to a dealer in old iron and got a shilling for it. The dealer in his turn sold it for two pounds ten shillings, and it has finally been purchased for the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin for three hundred pounds. It proved to be the celebrated "Tara brooch," one of the most remarkable pieces of goldsmith's work known to exist. It is formed of white bronze—this probably saved it from the melting-pot, to which countless treasures of gold and silver have been consigned—the surface overlaid with gold filigree-work of surprising intricacy and marvellous delicacy of execution. Such is its excellence that one of the most accomplished living goldsmiths declared that he could not find a workman, with every apparent advantage of modern knowledge and appliance, competent to make such another.

REPUTATION, honor and preferment are gained, retained and maintained by humility, discretion and sincerity, with which, till a man be accommodated and accomplished, he is not esteemed as a worthy member in a commonwealth.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

EFFECT OF LIQUOR-DRINKING, AND "VESTED RIGHT" OF LIQUOR-SELLERS.

THE last number of the *Half-Yearly Abstract of the Medical Sciences*, published in this city, contains an excellent article from a French physician, "On the Dangers to which the Abuse of Alcoholic Drink may give rise." The writer, Dr. Jules Bergeron, goes over the whole ground in an able and exhaustive manner. He makes twenty-six different points, some of which are subdivided. It is not necessary to go over the whole of his arguments, but I will try to give the substance of them briefly.

He makes the statement that, even admitting that the use of alcoholic drinks may have a certain utility, still, "however moderate it may be, it is not without danger, for it is not necessary to arrive at the abuse of fermented drinks in order to find that under the influence of the alcohol which all contain, the brain undergoes a certain degree of excitation, which gives to the mind more vivacity and a disposition to regard things on their best side. It is not surprising that an individual, when once he has felt this sensation, should seek to renew it. But here is precisely the peril; for, this slight cerebral excitation, however harmless it may be in itself, is, after all, but the first degree of drunkenness, and when this has been exceeded, the individual, carried along an insensible declivity, passes speedily from occasional excess to habits of drunkenness, to fall rapidly into all the physical and moral miseries which are engendered by habitual indulgence, and there he is lost."

The writer sums up the evil effects which even the moderate use of alcohol, in any of its forms, produces upon stomach, brain, liver, lungs, heart and kidneys, demonstrating undeniably that it results in diseases, and complications of diseases of these organs.

He gives, in the following manner, the diagnosis of drunkenness: "Alcohol, when brought into contact with the central structure by the small blood-vessels, excites the functions of the brain, and this excitation, the degree of which bears a relation to the proportion of alcohol absorbed, manifests itself in passing through all the stages of drunkenness, at first by a joyous condition, which is nearly always one of good temper, to which soon succeeds incipient babbling, with a morbid tendency to move in the same circle of ideas; the gait, which at first was very alert, and the pace of which seemed to defy all fatigue, then becomes less steady, the state of gayety is then followed by a certain degree of irritability, which almost always accompanies an irresistible disturbance of the head. From this moment the aspect of the scene is completely changed; there is not only excitation, but a perversion of ideas, a veritable delirium more or less quarrelsome, more or less violent, which sometimes verges on incoherent verbiage, and a condition of extreme agitation, and at others degenerates into a crisis of blind fury, in which the

individual becomes capable of any crime, the horrible eventualities of which he usually avoids, because, exhausted by the very excess of the excitation to which he is a prey, he falls into a state of prostration and becomes an inert mass—a man dead drunk."

Not only, the writer says, does the use of alcoholic drinks engender many maladies, "but, before it has produced all these material disorders and disturbances of health, it has already had the effect of rendering the consumers of these drinks more accessible to the action of causes which give rise to casual affections, of aggravating these affections, and of compromising in a most serious manner the cicatrization of wounds, and the successful results of operations which may have been performed on drinkers."

"Epidemic diseases," he goes on to say, "such as variola, typhoid fever, dysentery, and cholera, rage by preference amongst drunkards. * * * In drunkards all acute maladies have a remarkable tendency to become complicated by delirium, which is always agitated, often very furious, and which, by its violence, places the patient in danger of death, and in all cases renders recovery more difficult, and convalescence more prolonged."

"Inveterate alcoholic poisoning has consequences which are still more formidable—a small wound, without danger in a sober and healthy man, often in a drinker becomes the starting point of terrible symptoms which art is powerless to remove. * * The antecedent bad state of the principal organs, as the liver, kidneys and lungs, is still more aggravated, and favors the development of internal complications. The reparation of the mischief caused by the wound requires pure blood and the regular concurrence of all the nutritive functions; with altered blood, and a profound disturbance of the functions, cicatrization is rendered difficult or impossible. * * The sores take on a bad appearance, they become painful and inflamed, and are covered by putrified debris or pus of a bad kind. Phlegmon, erysipelas and gangrene may manifest themselves, and the already altered blood takes up terrible poisons, which soon complete the work of destruction."

"Finally, not only does the drinker ruin his health, but he also compromises in advance that of his descendants. In many scrofulous and phthisical patients the malady which affects them has for its original cause alcoholic excesses on the part of the parents."

Though this physician seems hardly prepared to recommend total abstinence, the most zealous advocate of that doctrine could not wish for stronger arguments than those here made use of; for, bear in mind, all these dreadful evils result not from excessive drunkenness alone, but from moderate drinking also, which moderate drinking he admits is almost

sure to "pass speedily," "along an insensible delivry" to immoderate drinking. He admits that "the immense majority of cases of acute or chronic alcoholism is due to the unhappy custom which at the present day has so many followers in all classes, and which consists in using, either in the morning or before the evening meal, wine, or pure alcoholic drinks, as *eau-de-vie* or liquors. It is to this pernicious custom, and to its rapid progress during the past twenty years, that one must attribute, in part, the physical and moral debasement from the sad effects of which France so seriously suffers.

In the same number of this *Half-Yearly Abstract* there is another article from the *Lancet*—"a contribution to the morbid anatomy of alcoholism, founded upon a comparison of post-mortem appearances between persons trading in liquor and persons occupied independently of it." This paper is by Dr. Dickenson, an English physician of high repute, and the grounds he takes in his general conclusions for the facts before him are identical with those of the French physician whom we have quoted at such length.

These are promising signs of the times, but still more promising is the attitude taken by the great organ of conservatism in every form—the *London Times*. That paper discusses the question of "vested rights" in the following able and radical manner:

"Publicans' Profits represent mis-spent money. This is the great fact to be recognized on both sides. What proportion of these gains might survive under regulations preventing anything like excess we need not inquire. Enough, we may be quite sure, would perish to produce all the depreciation now predicted. The liquor trade would cease to be the only trade flourishing in the most impoverished district; gin-shops would no longer be the only good houses in the most squalid of streets. The amount of money spent in drink when no more drink was bought than

was good for the buyer, would not, it may safely be assumed, keep one publican out of three. The publicans desire to keep all their trade, instead of a third of it, from which it follows that two shillings out of every three of their customers' money must be thrown away for their sake. Do they really believe that such claims can be permanently sustained? They have everything against them except the vicious propensities of nature. The efforts of every teacher and preacher are directed toward keeping people away from the public-house. The fixed purpose of every minister of the gospel, every active philanthropist, and every workingman's friend, is to reduce the profits of the liquor traffic, to depreciate the property invested in it, and, generally, to produce the identical consequences predicted from Mr. Bruce's bill. The views entertained are not expressed in these words, but that is their true purport.

There is a standing conspiracy of all the friends of popular progress against the prodigious and productive investments now declared to be in peril. The advocates of the permissive act are only the advanced class of the main body, intolerant and occasionally irrational, as most zealots are, but still on a course recognized as substantially right. This is the fact overlooked by the trade. If pauperism is to be diminished, thrift encouraged, and crime depressed, half the profits of the liquor traffic, to say the least, must go. The prospect cannot be agreeable to those engaged in the business, but there is no use in blinking it. To put the case in half a dozen words, the profits in which the liquor-sellers now claim a vested interest are realized to a vast extent at the cost of popular degradation, vice and misery; and the question is simply whether the legislature of a country is not justified in placing, with due consideration, the welfare of a people above the gains of a trade."

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPESSWAY POTTS.

No. VII.

I FIND this recipe for washing-fluid in a very reliable journal. I have never tried it, but know the ingredients to be good for the purpose recommended.

Five pounds of sal-soda, one pound of borax, half a pound of unslaked lime, four ounces of salts of tartar, and three ounces of liquid ammonia. Dissolve the soda and borax in one gallon of boiling water, to which is added, when cooled, the ammonia and salts of tartar. Put the lime into a kettle, pour over it one gallon of boiling water, boil three minutes and let it settle thoroughly, then pour off the clear liquid. Mix both gallons which have been prepared, and add to them eight gallons of pure, soft water. Keep well-corked. When the clothes are soaked, the night previous to washing-day, use six spoonfuls of this mixture to a tub filled with

clothes. To make a soap of this compound, take three quarts of the mixture, alice with it nine pounds of yellow bar soap, turn it into nine gallons of boiling water, to which add six pounds of sal-soda. Boil it for ten minutes, and when cool you will have a soft soap that will soften any water, cleanse all clothes, wash calicoes and flannels without disturbing their color or shrinking, and which is unequalled for scrubbing floors and woodenware. Its cost is slight—its value great. In using these recipes these clothes do not require as much boiling as is usually given. Time and labor are both saved. I would suggest if the liquid be used, that only a two-gallon jugful be made at one time, or, better make the soap entire.

We had a kind of a little Baptist party night before last at Brother Jenkins's. His strawberries

are very fine this year—they have more than they will need for jelly, jam and canning, and I guess that is one reason he invited all the old members of the church to come in and spend the evening.

Sister Jenkins had set a long table in their dining-room—a bloom with flowers and sparkling with glass-ware—the windows were taken out and her hanging-baskets hung in them, and everything was just as pretty as it could be. We had cake and fruits and tea, but the strawberries crowned all. Sister Jenkins excels in making strawberry short-cake.

When we sat down to supper I took my seat beside father. I had to poke a little fun at him, and I said: "maybe the deacon'll need some friendly body to pound him a-tween the shoulders."

That set Mis' Dougherty to laughing—she that was Philinda Sneeks—and she kept it up until time to ask the blessing, and as soon as Brother Jenkins was through, she commenced again. Philinda always was an inveterate giggler. Now I don't mind a good, hearty, ringing, musical ha, ha! but these little, weak, dribbling cac-cac-cac's are positively painful and suggestive of hysteria.

Brother Mitchell, the Methodist minister, has a laugh full of mesmerism and music—the most contagious laugh I ever heard. When he was here the other day his laugh rang out like a bugle song among the mountain tops—we heard it sway to the kitchen. I looked around and saw father shaking all over as he sat reading the Baptist Banner. I said, "What's the matter, papa?" fearing some ungodly son of Adam had said something wicked in the paper.

"Do hear Brother Mitchell laugh!" said he. "I have to laugh every time he does; I can't help it; it catches right hold of me and tickles me so; it does him so much good to laugh."

After tea was over we had a word of exhortation from Brother Jenkins, and then we separated and went home. While father was hitching up Humbug, I took Sister Jenkins to one side and asked her how she made such delicious strawberry short-cake. I frequently meet with women who say: "I've often heard of such cake, but I never made any." Bless your hearts, you ought to know! You should treat your family to it often in the short season of strawberries. I give Sister Jenkins's recipe to such women with pleasure.

Into three pints of flour, mix well two heaping teaspoonfuls of pure cream of tartar, half a tea-cup of butter, a little salt, and one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a pint of sweet milk or water. Mix quickly and thoroughly, roll to an inch in thickness, and put it into round pie pans, in an oven hot enough to begin to bake it immediately. Or, if you can afford it, leave out the cream of tartar, and use sour cream instead of milk. Be very careful and use only saleratus enough to correct the acidity of the cream. Take a quart of strawberries, sprinkle them well with fine white sugar, mash them and let them stand two or three hours before using them. Split the short-cake twice, butter well, and spread the berries

over, adding more sugar. Then place it together again, press down and cover with a white towel. Cut as you would a pie. If your berries are very fine and ripe, you need not mash them. Some people pour sweetened cream over.

For strawberry dumpling: make crust as for short-cake, roll half an inch thick, put about a gill of berries in each dumpling, boil, bake or steam half an hour.

For strawberry jam: for every pound of fruit take three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Mash the berries in a preserving kettle, and have the sugar thoroughly mixed with them. Boil from twenty minutes to half an hour, stirring constantly.

For jelly: take strawberries when fully ripe, strain, and to each pint of juice add a pound of the best refined sugar. Boil steadily, skimming when necessary, for ten or fifteen minutes, or until it will jelly, which may be known by dropping some in a little cold water; if done, it will fall to the bottom in a mass.

I never set jellies away until they have stood three or four days close to the up-stairs windows, in the air and sunshine. Last summer, while finishing our jellies, I was troubled by ants getting among the bowls and glasses. I didn't know what to do to prevent it, but after thinking right hard for a few minutes I hit on a plan that circumvented them.

The jellies stood on a low table; we lifted it and placed the legs in four old saucers, which I filled full of water. Such a nonplussed set of ants I never saw; they ran to the right and the left, they reared up on their hind legs, they made faces, and if ants ever do swear they did most vehemently. Many years ago the ants got into our milk-room, and I managed to keep them out of the cream-jar by placing it in a pan of water. This is only a last resort, however.

To make strawberry preserves: select the nicest berries, weigh them and spread on platters. For each pound of fruit allow a pound of powdered white sugar. Sprinkle half this amount over the berries, and let them stand several hours in a cool place to harden and form liquor. Put them in a porcelain-lined kettle, and by degrees strew on the rest of the sugar. Boil them slowly fifteen minutes, skimming thoroughly; then take them from the syrup and spread again on platters to cool and harden into shape. Then put them into wide-mouthed glass jars, pour the syrup on hot and seal up.

The girls have just finished making a beautiful rug. Now everybody can't plan a pretty rug. A lady whose eye is skilled in harmonizing colors, showed them how to do it, and make the different shades contrast beautifully. She put a coarse piece of coffee-sack in a frame like a little quilt, and drew the strips through with a rug-hook. For fear you cannot make the colors harmonize, I will tell you how Helen did. She commenced at the edge and worked a round or two in black, then two rounds of dark purple—a stripe out of an old balmoral skirt—then two rounds of wine-colored merino, very pretty

beside the purple, then two rounds of bright scarlet, then one row of green, then one of plaid—green and brown—then two rows of gray, then one of bright blue, then all the rest of it, the entire centre, in plain gray. It is very pretty. If any woman who reads this don't understand how this substantial kind of rugs are made, let her ask some one in town, who will be glad to show her. A rug-hook costs only fifteen cents. Leave the centre of the rug plain; don't be tempted to work anything in it, if you do it will look coarse and overdone, and will be in bad taste.

Lily comes and peeps over my shoulder and says: "I have often wondered, Pipesey, what was the reason you didn't talk more about boys. I never saw a woman who loved boys as devoutly as you do, and yet you never talk special boy-talk."

I reply: "Oh, I talk to the mothers and sisters, and reach the little dears that way."

Yes, I do love little boys, and like to hear them talk and plan and tell good stories. I would hide behind a stone fence, and sit and chatter with the cold an hour, to hear two little fellows on the other side discussing dogs and pigs and horses. Would you believe it? I've done this dozens of times—hidden myself to hear enthusiastic little lads talk when they thought no one was near, and I never yet heard the little dears use a very bad word. Sometimes they would say: "Ding it all!" or, "Drat it!" but nothing worse.

Yes, I did hear one little nugget say, when the nut he was trying to crack got away from him: "Oh, that's a devil of a nut!" but I'll warrant his father would have said the same thing—maybe worse. I think it is funny to steal up where children are sitting and drop a pebble down among them and hear their "wonderment and guesses" and see them stare up at the clouds with big eyes full of astonishment. I remember when I was a little girl and my brother sat on the other side of the wood-pile alone, singing and fixing his top, that I stole up, with no evil intentions, and dropped a big chip over. It fell on his head and his cry brought my mother, armed and equipped, ready to fight the baby's battles.

A few years ago I very much enjoyed the visit of my sister who came from her far-away prairie home with her three-years-old boy-baby. The child had never seen big trees, or fruit trees bearing abundantly, or hills, or rocks, and his amazement was a luxury to us. They came on the night express and ate their supper out on the porch that opens into the orchard. The ripe fruit fell to the ground every minute. Every apple that would drop, Otto would catch his breath and straighten up and make eyes and mouth like three O's.

His ecstasy was without bounds when we took him into the heart of the old oak woods. His sweet, hale, olive-tinted face was glorified. It was better to me than any poem. One little incident happened while he was here that I shall laugh over as long as I live.

We two sisters visited our mother's grave, and our tears fell upon the long, soft grass that swept across it. From that grave we went to others. We kindly remembered the last resting-place of the good old gentleman who used to let us ride home from school in his glittering carriage—and that of our school-mate who was drowned—and our teacher's—and old Betty Watkins's—and the traveller's, whom no one knew—and the grave where the roses bloomed so very beautifully in the long-ago summers. Otto couldn't understand what such a great "city of the dead" meant—he was awe-struck and followed along behind us.

We had passed an old, sunken grave, we knew not whose, and not hearing Otto's step, we looked back just in time to see him slip with one foot down into the grave.

Without a thought of irreverence my sister said: "Oh, Otto! run! old Mr. McCracken'll catch you by the leg!" The child leaped like a flash and ran, looking back over his shoulder to see if he were pursued. His little, dumpy legs were not more than a foot long, but he made good time, twisting his head back every moment, and then looking forward, as if to measure the distance that lay between danger and safety. It was as lively a race as he'll ever run. I never saw a more ridiculous sight, and we didn't dare to let him see us laugh. I just tumbled down on the grass and pulled my bonnet over my face and pretended I was resting.

I never had a real laugh and a real cry come so closely together.

I told the deacon, when we came home, and he said it went to prove that we were both very human; he said some other things, too, that were not very flattering, but then we wa'n't afeard o' the deacon.

I presume he felt it obligatory upon himself to administer a word of rebuke, as how he was a deacon and in authority.

I think I have hit on a labor-saving plan that will find favor with housekeepers. I'll tell you; see what you think of it. You know if we women are in a hurry it takes some time to get the ingredients together to make a pan of biscuit. Well, try my new plan, make the patent flour and have it all ready.

To six pounds of good wheat flour, mix five teaspoonfuls of good, dry, pulverized soda, then seven teaspoonfuls of pure cream of tartar and five of salt. Spread a thick newspaper on the table and sift this two or three times through the sieve, put it away in a new paper sack, and you have risen cakes on hand, to which add water and butter and your biscuits are ready for the oven.

It is well to prepare a dozen or fifteen pounds of flour at one time with proportionate quantities of the ingredients.

At this season of the year, lemon-pies are in demand. There are many ways of making them, but

none simpler or better than this: Allow one lemon for two pies, grate as much of the rind as you like, mash the pulp up fine, taking care not to get any of the seeds in. Take one cup of sugar broken with the yolks of four eggs, one and a half cups of milk and two teaspoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in the milk. Bake with one crust. Beat the whites of the four eggs with pulverized white sugar, for puffing, spread over the pie, return to the oven and brown lightly.

I think something handy for Sunday dinner is so much better than to cook a hot meal when you come home from church tired. We think the queen pudding is very nice for Sunday dinner; it is the kind Mrs. Kinzey used to make for Bub when he boarded there. He was always telling us what a handsome woman she was; just as likely as not her greatest charm lay in being such an excellent cook. I found out how she made her queenly pudding, and this is the way:

One pint of broken crackers or bread crumbs to one quart of rich milk, one cup of sugar, the yolks of four eggs beaten, the grated rind of a lemon and a lump of butter the size of a walnut. Bake until done, not overdone. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a teacupful of sugar in which has been stirred the juice of a lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly or any sweetmeats you like. Pour the whites of the eggs over this and replace in the oven and bake, lightly. To be eaten with cold cream.

I saw a pretty thing in the window of a sick room lately; it was the invalid's good cheer, and was easily made. Take pine cones and set them in sand, or soil, or moss, whichever you choose. While they are yet open and dry, scatter in as much earth as the scales will hold, then sprinkle in fine grass seed, and then sprinkle water lightly over the whole. The cones should be kept in a warm place, and not watered much, say once a day. In less than a week the seeds will sprout, and soon the graceful spears will jet out in every direction. If you wish, you can then take the cones out of the soil and hang them inverted in a window, a cluster of them. Or, put a wet sponge in a glass bowl, and sow over it flax, grass or mustard seed, or all four of them mixed. It will soon be covered with a thick growth of tender green, and if carefully watered every day the mustard will in time blossom beautifully. These are pretty adornments for an invalid's chamber or for a grandmother's cosy room.

When ready to put away preserves or jam, if a sheet of tough, fibrous paper be taken and brushed over on both sides with the white of an egg, as it dries it will shrink and tighten, and be quite impervious to the air, provided the preserves are kept, as they always should be, in a dry place, not against a wall. Preserves often ferment, grow mouldy or candied. These arise from three causes—insufficient

boiling, being kept in a damp place and from too quick or too long boiling. When they ferment, the syrup should be poured from them, scalded and turned back on them while hot. In making a syrup for fruit which makes little or no juice, one gill of water to each pound of sugar is enough.

It may not be well known that the white of eggs well beaten up, so as to destroy their structure, forms the gloss of the book-binder with which he gives the shiny appearance to the newly-bound books.

If any one desires to renovate the appearance of some of their old library books, they can rub off the dirt and fly-marks with a slightly damp cloth, and then rub the covers over with a small piece of rag dipped in gloss, and they will be surprised and pleased with the improvement in their appearance. The use of white of egg in clarifying is well known. A small quantity mixed with any turbid or thick solution coagulates when it is heated, and entangling all the small particles that cause the turbidity, leave the liquid bright and clean as it boils up to the surface, in the form of scum.

We had a man mowing our door-yard yesterday. I watched him pretty closely, for fear he would snip off my rose-bushes. I put my shawl on and sat on the grass, and pretended I was keeping him company. He is a man of good sense, and he said a great many sensible things. I remarked that mowing must be his trade, he did it so well, and made such nice work.

"Heh!" he sniffed; "I'm jack of all trades and master of none. I can do most anything that I take hold of;" and he leaned over and shaved the grass neatly from about a snarl of rose-bushes, a beautiful tangle that I couldn't prune for very tenderness of heart.

"Oh, thank you!" I said; "you did that as kindly as a mother would dress her babe. Any other man would have said: 'Here's a dead branch, Miss Potts;' or, 'Yon is a useless shoot;' or, 'That bush yander is a sufferin' for the knife.' It's my bush, you see, and I want it to grow as wild, and ranting, and riotous, and just as extravagantly as it pleases. I don't care if it leaps up as high as the top of the house," said I, a good deal excited.

"Well, I calculate that it would be the better of a little trimmin', but, as you say, it's well enough to let natur' have her own way, just to see what all she can do when she takes a notion. If I was a reg'lar gardener, I s'pose I would have attacked that bush whether or no. I often wish father had apprenticed me to that trade—poor man, he's been dead an' gone this many a long year; he was a good father, and I don't find it in my heart to bring up a word o' blame agin him;" and here he leaned on the handle of the scythe in a comfortable sort of a way. "But, Miss Potts, I think it's every man's duty to give his boys trades. When father died he left a farm of one hundred and sixty acres; there was mother, and we three grown boys, and the two little girls, and Johnny,

and grandmother. Well, we couldn't all have the farm, and we couldn't any more than make a good living, and pay the preacher and the taxes, and school the children, and meet an occasional doctor's bill; and so Jack and I talked it over one night, and though it did seem a little hard, we resolved, 'fore God an' ourselves, that we'd give up all right and claim to the old farm to Tom, our oldest brother, if he'd care for mother and the children, and do the part of a dutiful son and brother. It did seem kind o' hard, strikin' out to do for ourselves, two green boys who'd always been cared for. Jack'd always wanted more larnin', he never was satisfied, and so he went away to school to shift for himself as he best could. Well, he worried along somehow, until now he is qualified to teach—he teaches in the winter and goes to school in the summer. I'd taken a shine to Milly Brown—she was a modest little hard-workin' creatur—and so we concluded to marry and help each other along. We never regretted it; and though I don't own a foot o' land, and have no trade, we have always managed so that we never had to endure much privation. Be sure I've had to wear patch upon patch, an' Milly's had to turn her dresses bottom end up, an' t'other side out; we've got along grandly.

"But Miss Potts, it's just as much as I can do to stand up an' feel myself a man among men. I ain't an independent man; I've no trade. To-day I mow your yard, to-morrow I help Farmer Hutchins move his smoke-house, the next day I plow corn for Jack Williams, maybe the next I'll make a chimney in Ephraim's kitchen, or elevate grain in Taylor's warehouse, or haul coal for Caster, or make a pavement on Milk Street, or weed somebody's garden. That's no way o' doin', hackin' round for Tom, Dick, an' Harry, sometimes getting paid, and sometimes only paid in worthless promises. Why, very often I work half a day for a man and he'll say, 'I'll do you a good turn sometime, Wilkon;' or, 'it's a mighty nice thing to be as handy a man as you are, George.'

"No, Miss Potts, I'm not a free man—I am a bond-man, I wear shackles, an' here I've a family comin' on, promisin' boys and girls, an' I'm afraid I'll not be able to do my whole duty by 'em. God helpin' me I mean to give every boy o' mine a good trade, anyhow; maybe my girls, too. When Bowser broke up and had to sell his farm and move to town, I just spoke right up before I thought. I said, 'Bowser,' said I, 'now you can't do a better thing than to apprentice Ned and Timothy to trades. You don't want to live in town and have two big idle boys trifling away their time. Don't do as my father did, don't let 'em ever feel as though you had not done all a father's duty. You can have Ned learn the timber's trade, and let Tim be a mason, or a plasterer, or a cooper,' an' what does neighbor Bowser do but up and git mad, an' tell me to mind my own business, an' that he was capable of lookin' after his own family.

"Well, to-day those Bowser boys are like me, going

jobbing 'round wherever they can get a hand's turn to do. I think it is a blasted shame for a man to bring poor children into this world and not do a father's duty by them, just leave them to shift for themselves, crippled, shackled, hobbled, wings clipped and not feeling that they belong to the class of men who are free and brave and bold, and who can stand up and look the world in the face and feel themselves no man's inferior.

"That was a nice thing, sensible, too, that Esquire Hamilton did last week. His youngest son, Ralph, don't like to go to school—is dull about learning—it is drudgery to him, and so, with his own consent, his father bound him to the blacksmith's trade. My! what a growth that boy'll get! He is pretty hearty now, but what muscle will be developed, and what a ruddy face, and strong arm, and how happy he'll be.

"Oh, I think it's a God's blessing for a man to have a trade, even if he don't fall back upon it to make a living! So—so—well—I'll try and do my duty by my boys;" and my neighbor drew his sleeve across his moist face and went on with his mowing.

My heart ached for the poor man, and I shut my teeth a little viciously in memory of the indifferent old father in his grave on the hillside. In my heart I sanctioned every word I had heard, and I thought what a pity it is that young men so rush into the over-crowded professional ranks, preferring to be a fourth-rate lawyer, an ungodly minister, or an illiterate quack-doctor, to that of a first-rate blacksmith, wagon-maker or bricklayer.

I'd rather see a young man know how to make a good basket, than a poor plagiarized plea at the bar; rather see him toil, horney-handed in a sweaty check shirt than to sneak 'round public places in a seedy black, trying to eke out a miserable, sham existence by pettifoggery dirty cases and manufacturing falsehoods, and then esteeming himself better than the honest toiler, just because he has the little tag of Esq. dangling to his name.

I like neighbor Susie's plan about her children's clothes in the summer time. Her little girls don't wear shirts at all when the weather is warm, and their drawers are unusually large and loose and short. Instead of chemise, Susie makes loose sacque waists, not lined, gathered on to a band that leaves the shoulders free, and a row of buttons round the bottom on to which she fastens the drawers. There is no child's garment so handsome, and that holds heat like the little clinging chemise or shirt. Let them be dispensed with in very hot weather. Make the little waists with short sleeves trimmed prettily, the length to come below the belt several inches. A skirt if necessary can be buttoned on the same as drawers. I am vexed sometimes when I see little girls sweltering in the hot weather with chemise and drawers and skirts and high-necked, long-sleeved dresses, and perhaps an apron outside of that, and their abundant hair long and warm about their necks.

If you are tired, and the weather is warm, and it seems a trouble to get supper, and you did have a hearty dinner, why, I'll tell you what to fix. Put six or eight butter-crackers in a deep dish, and pour over them boiling water enough to quite cover them.

They will be swollen to three or four times their size. When cooled off a little, dish them out, grate loaf-sugar over them, and nutmeg or lemon, and dip on enough sweet cream to make a nice sauce. This is good enough for anybody's tea.

OUR CLUB.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

V.

SUSCEPTIBILITIES.

IT may be that the Club observations had been unusually dull and uninteresting on this particular evening. We were not, it is probable, the party best qualified to judge as to that, being, in the weakness and vanity of our human nature, inclined to the supposition that our remarks were always highly-entertaining and instructive. But, certain of us were unable, in any other than this unsatisfactory way, to explain why it was, at the most vital and thrilling point in our discussion of some abstract question—no matter what, just now—that little Effie Seymour and the young divinity student, whom we have previously introduced, arose abruptly, and turning their backs indifferently on us and our conclusions, slipped stealthily out at the door, and went sauntering slowly down the walk, in the misty April moonlight, under the dim-shining April stars.

Such of us as were lovers—and who of us were not?—might have comprehended that all the wisdom of the universe concentrated in our reasonings would not have weighed against one stolen breath of that starry solitude, eloquent with soft, tremulous sighs, and murmured tendernesses; and possibly because we were equal to the comprehension of such marvellous mysteries in human nature, our sense was the more subtle and keen to detect a something spurious and insincere when it existed, as we instinctively felt it did in this particular instance.

Dr. Osgood, who had one of his recurring spasms of visiting us every evening, expressed, in fact, the sentiment of nearly the whole company, when cutting short the Professor, I think, in the middle of his profound argument, he broke forth in his sharp, abrupt way, "This thing has been going on long enough, and it ought to be checked by some means without delay. One can't sit still and see an honest, unsophisticated fellow like young Morton so egregiously fooled and victimized by sly, subtle feminine arts, in which he is all inexperienced."

Templeton flashed with momentary anger. Effie was his special favorite, and any implied censure of her could not fail to touch him sorely.

"Doctor," said he, with some warmth, "we had a talk not long ago on the dangerous qualities and evil propensities of tongues. I regret much that you were not present. But, the conclusion at which we unanimously arrived, if I remember rightly, was, that it is profitable for each of us to mind our own business."

"A decision, I assure you, which I heartily endorse, and have no disposition to reverse," returned the Doctor, blandly. "Now, my business, as you may easily conceive, is to strike at an evil wherever I find it; to trace it back to its hidden occult sources; to eradicate it by aiming directly at its causes, which are often far enough removed, seemingly, from their visible effects."

"Have a care that you do not exceed your domain, and in your zeal to exterminate errors, lay your destroying knife at the roots of things purely innocent," said Templeton, warningly.

"Thanks for your caution, my dear host," bowed the Doctor, politely; "but allow me the question, is it a purely innocent thing to reduce a man to a state of simple idiocy?"

"Let me in turn propound another question," responded Templeton. "Is it a sin in a woman to be beautiful, attractive, unconsciously sweet—in a word, *womanly*; and is she to blame, if, following the instincts of his highest nature, a man falls hopelessly in love with her?"

"Well, perhaps not," admitted the Doctor; "but I do not see that it is 'purely innocent' in her to add to her beauty, sweetness and attraction by seeming to respond to the inordinate affection she has unconsciously inspired."

"It is a difficult and delicate matter to decide sometimes, whether the response is altogether 'seeming,'" Templeton suggested.

"Our young theologian evidently finds it so," returned Dr. Osgood, drily.

Templeton moved uneasily again.

"I can't sit silent," he said, "and hear Effie Seymour charged with wilful trifling in affairs of the heart. The child is as unschooled in art, and as unconscious of the fascinating spell she exerts, as the shyest bird of the air. That soft, timid, depending, half-confiding, half-appealing way of hers—natural as the breath she draws—has an irresistible charm for a man of tender sensibilities, and carries him straightway captive; and what in her yielding, responsive manner may appear to him, and to lookers on, an encouragement, if not a return of his passion, is really, if rightly understood, the simple expression of a grateful, affectionate, sympathetic nature, that shrinks sensitively from the thought of giving pain. This may be weakness, but it is not surely intentional wickedness."

"Truly, a complicated and deplorable state of

affairs," said the Doctor, sarcastically. "For such an infirmity of character as your charming *protégée* exhibits is there not a possible remedy which would tend to avert these unfortunate consequences? What," he added, turning to Jeannette, "would be a sensible woman's suggestion in the case?"

"Am I expected to answer in that capacity?" Jean asked with simplicity.

"If not, it is useless to seek farther," was the gallant rejoinder. "For our sentimental young friend who has gone out mooning with her latest adoring swain, so soon, like his predecessors, to pall upon her sense, what, in your opinion, my dear lady, would be the wisest and safest prescription?"

"Something useful to do and think about," replied Jeannette with satisfactory promptness.

The Doctor nodded approvingly.

Templeton smiled a little disdainfully.

"That is like Jeannette," he said. "Work is her grand panacea alike for all the ills and all the errors of humanity."

"And a wonderful remedial agent it most truly is," declared the Doctor.

"One that requires judgment in application, however," Templeton observed, sagely. "A butterfly cannot be made to perform the duties of a bee."

"The more's the pity," lamented Dr. Osgood. "I could have some admiration for the giddy, gaudy creature if it were good for anything in the world but to flap its lazy, languid wings in the sun, or if the first cloud that breaks on its summer-day existence did not leave it such a poor, miserable, dragged, pitiful, perishing atom of gay, painted dust."

"None the less, perhaps, does it serve its ends because it fails of your admiration, and elicits but your contempt," returned Templeton. "Beauty and frailty have their mission as well as wisdom and force. No one knows better than yourself, Doctor, that we are not all of the same fibre. Some of us are fitted by nature and liking for the rough, hard work of the world, others are born to sit at ease in the sun, to be loved and petted, and humored and sheltered from all the rude storms of life, to bear no burdens of care or responsibility, to have nothing exacted or expected of them but to be beautiful and lovable and altogether charming, like our dainty little Effie. You might as well think of converting a humming-bird into a staid, barn-yard fowl as to propose putting the work-a-day harness of coarser mortals on this delicate, nervous, sensitive creature. Why, subjected to the tedious discipline which in your philosophy is the corrective of all evils, how long do you suppose she could endure?"

"Longer, a great deal longer, my dear air, than she can under the strain and fever and agitation of the false, vain, frivolous life she is leading now," asserted the Doctor, very confidently. "There is nothing that so soon wears out and breaks down such an organization as you define as the continued and unnatural excitement of the emotions and feelings with no underlying motive of use or outreaching impulse of love and benevolence. In my long and

varied experience as a physician, I have found my most trying and difficult class of patients constantly recruited from the ranks of these same selfish, indolent, irresponsible, tenderly protected creatures whom you think so charming and womanly, though I assure you as nervous, irritable, complaining, desponding, hypochondriacal invalids they are anything but winning, and one comes to care for them at last more from a sense of duty than from any special affection. On the other hand, I am very seldom summoned to the case of one who has a really earnest purpose in life, and an occupation that calls into play the restless activities and energies of body and brain, which, if not directed toward something useful and noble, will most certainly be frittered on low, trifling, demoralizing ends. So far from work, honest, hearty, wholesome work wearing out or breaking down the most delicate constitution, it is, if wisely adapted to one's powers, and systematically performed, wholly beneficent in its effects, physical, mental and moral, giving tone and energy, and steadfastness and weight to character, imparting zest to simple, healthful pleasures and preserving rather than wasting the vital forces of life."

"But, Dr. Osgood, we do not want a child like Effie to have weight and steadfastness of character," said Templeton, smiling. "It would be the most unnatural thing in the world, and not at all admirable. In fact, there is nothing more mournful in the young than too much gravity and sedateness. Life must have its season of pleasure, and we cannot be too careful about laying prematurely the heavy responsibilities of later years on the shoulders of gay, careless, happy-hearted youth. Do you realize what it is that you think to do? Would you deprive a woman of that bright, brief, witching reign of beauty and power in which she queens it so royally over all who approach to pay homage to her sovereign state? And what is it, after all, that appears to you so desperately wicked in those really innocent little coquetries, as natural to a maiden as to laugh when she is glad and to sigh when she is sad? Why, it looks a good deal like reproaching and reproving the Master and Maker for the imperfection of His gift when we seek to repress the impulses and affections essential to its power and loveliness and grace, and, in the folly of our self-conceit, to engraft qualities utterly foreign to its character. A woman, especially a young, beautiful, dependent woman (and really not more such an one than an older, plainer and professedly independent woman, except that she is more open and transparent in her desires,) covets what is her right, the unqualified admiration of the other sex, loves to be praised, to be flattered, if you will—loves, in fact, to be loved, and if she sometimes feigns—half or quite unconsciously it may be—to feel more interest than she would dare to take oath upon in her craving for the meed of appreciation and the tribute of worship which are necessary to her happiness, and I had almost said to her existence, we must not be too harsh and scathing in our judgment. It is but nature."

"Do not be too absolutely certain, Friend Templeton, that it is nature," said Jeannette. "It may be the result simply of a very absurd system of education. A woman from her cradle is schooled in an atmosphere of sentiment; and if she is not born, she is speedily trained into the belief that all her relations, and associations with the other sex, must be of a sentimental character. She does not get beyond the tutelage of the nursery before she begins to put on airs, and to practise little arts with her boy play-fellow that she does not with his sister. It is the same, only more so, when she progresses to the school-room, if, indeed, she is so fortunate as to have boys for classmates, though even in that case the ridiculous distinctions made by custom are such as tend to separate her interest as far as possible from theirs in intellectual matters, only the more strongly to concentrate it in the sphere of feeling, yielding, as a result, numberless juvenile flirtations and incipient love passages highly exasperating to perplexed pedagogy that does not see that the dividing line which it strives to draw between the sexes, precipitates the very catastrophe it is designed to avert.

"And thus through all the successive stages of her development she is forced to feel that the only point at which her destiny intersects and blends with that of man is under the passing reign of passion, hence that alert self-consciousness in his society, that adroit and unsuspected aiming at effect, that uneasy ambition to make conquests; and hence, also, too frequently, perhaps her unhappy choice in marriage, for having frittered away on one and another the fresh, pure affections of her virgin heart, she has no longer the clear, penetrant intuitive sense that should recognize the true lover when he comes, and thinking with a sigh that it is all a game of chance, when the necessity for election arrives she recklessly casts lots and draws, or she drifts with the tide until some obstruction she has not force enough to push aside, cuts short her aimless course. Do you call all this 'nature?' I call it nonsensical if not wicked interference with nature.

"If a woman were trained to active and responsible duties, and to habits of self-dependence; if she were brought constantly into association and sympathy with men in intellectual and business pursuits; if she were perfectly free to compete with them in all the trades, professions and industries without the haunting dread that she may be thought unwomanly; if she could meet them as an equal everywhere, with the acknowledged right that she may in the domain of the social affections; if, in fact, she were not so much instructed as to her proper sphere, but were left at entire liberty to find her sphere anywhere in the wide universe of individual power and effort, she would be less diseased with that sickly sentimentality which for any true apprehension and appreciation of the real article is falsely called love, and she would not see in every man, high and low, that approaches her a prospective adorer, a possible suitor, and a certain target for the exercise of that little round of fascinations with which we have grown so familiar

that we wonder at the weakness, blindness and credulity of the victims who are slain by them."

"Because you know nothing of the bliss of being so victimized, Jeannette," returned Templeton, good-humoredly. "I dare say we should have a model womanhood on your plan, but I am not sure I should admire it any more than I admire this imperfect womanhood which you sketch. If that were possible I may as well prepare to go down upon my knees in perpetual adoration, for I assure you my spirit is prostrated in worship before the shrine of womanly divinity even in the degenerate state which you describe, and if it is to be clothed with additional grace, my devotion can know no limits. But, Jean, my excellent friend, you must not overlook the fact which is very clearly manifested on the face of human life, that the affections are woman's peculiar province, and that her greatest strength is there."

"I do not mean to overlook any fact which is patent to the blind," Jeannette replied, "though I have seen men with tenderer sensibilities than some women, and women with stronger intellects than some men, and I do not know just where to draw the separating line. In either case I think it wise to cultivate the deficient qualities, so if the worst come to the worst, and neither should have the other at hand to depend upon, they may not make utter shipwreck and failure of life. It is not always convenient nor exactly in order for a man when he has need of a heart to rush out in search of it among the shoals of dry goods that have no special individuality for him, and a woman, when she has use for a head, feels a good deal more self-respect in finding it upon her own shoulders than she would to seek it upon her neighbor's. There is no sense in making arbitrary distinctions of sex. Nature has made all that are necessary, and will take care that we remember them if we will dare to trust her."

"Dr. Holmes, you know, says a woman never forgets her sex, and that she would rather talk with a man than an angel any day," suggested some one.

"The Doctor knows, I dare say, or he thinks he does, which amounts to the same thing in this world," Jeannette responded.

"It is no less than I have been regretting that a woman thinks more of herself and of the impression she is making, than of the triumph of truth in the gravest issues of life. It is beyond question, too, that she would rather talk with a man than an angel, I am sure that I would, provided he gives me his best, and doesn't imagine he must talk down to my comprehension in order to please me. A sensible man has a thousand wise, helpful things to say, which sweep me out to a broader range of thought, and carry me up to a higher point of vision."

"Templeton," abruptly broke in Dr. Osgood, who had been curiously watching through the open door a tableau on which the hall light was shining, "I have to announce to you the twentieth engagement of your niece. Our intoxicated young student, of the Divine Mysteries, is bidding her good-night at the door, and is kissing rapturously the hand, on

the fore-finger of which he has just slipped the visible token of betrothal. Do you suppose the mark of Gleason's ring is gone from it yet? By my faith, the girl is not off with the old love before she is on with the new."

"Hush!" warned Templeton, in a whisper, as though afraid a breath of the Doctor's harsh criticism might reach the sensitive ears of his favorite.

Possibly there did, for she came in presently with an embarrassed and highly-conscious air, and with the freshly consecrated hand hidden in her dress, only to gather up some articles she had left in her previous stealthy exit, and hastily turn to retire.

Templeton stayed her.

"Effie," he said, with unwonted sternness, "show us your hand."

She hesitated, blushed guiltily, then defiantly put

forth the dainty offending member on which glittered the handsome seal-ring, doubtless a souvenir, that the student had worn somewhat conspicuously on his little finger since he had been among us.

Confused, the lovely culprit glanced timidly about, seeking an interpretation of the ominous silence that followed her action, and finding no sympathy, but only surprise, pain, disapproval and contempt in the circle of usually friendly faces, she burst into a copious flood of ever-ready tears.

"I—I never meant it! It was all a—a—mistake! I felt so sorry for him. And, oh, I'm the most miserable girl alive!" she sobbed, and fled precipitately from the room.

"Jeannette," said Templeton, with slow thoughtfulness, "you may see what can be done."

INSUBORDINATION;

OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW CHARACTER INTRODUCED.

"HERE, Jim, run to Mrs. Earnest's with these 'uppers,' and tell her I want 'em closed and bound as soon as possible," said Mr. Hardamer, handing a bundle to his smallest boy, who took it, and ran off at full speed.

"Mr. Hardamer wants these—" began little Jim, as he was always called in the shop, on entering Mrs. Earnest's room; but he stopped short on perceiving her daughter Anne, seated in a chair, weeping violently.

"What's the matter, Miss Anne?" he asked, after a moment's pause, going up to her side. Anne had always been kind to him, and he liked her very much.

For a few moments the weeping girl made no answer to the inquiry of her little friend.

"Oh, Miss Anne, what is the matter?" again asked the boy, his own eyes filling with tears. "Where is your mother?"

"She is dead!" murmured the girl, sobbing violently.

"Oh, no, Miss Anne!" But his eye turned involuntarily toward the bed, and saw the pale, death-stricken face of Mrs. Earnest. Bursting into tears, he leaned his head against the chair on which Anne was sitting, and wept with her. He, too, had lost a friend in Mrs. Earnest. For, since the death of his mother, she was the only one he had met who seemed to care for him with anything like a maternal regard.

Mrs. Earnest had long been in feeble health, and had been wasting away for years in a slow decline. But death came more suddenly than had been expected. Her husband, a physician, who had not succeeded in obtaining a very large practice, had been dead for many years. In dying, he had left his intelligent and interesting wife, with one daughter about six years old. The little that he had been

able to accumulate did not last the widow long, and Mrs. Earnest was soon thrown upon her own resources for a support for herself and child. By careful economy and constant industry, she had contrived to keep her head above water, and, at the same time, to send her child to school until she was eleven or twelve years of age. About this time she began to feel seriously the inroads of a concealed but fatal disease, and it became necessary to tax Anne's young strength and patience in daily toil with her needle.

The little girl, who had a deep affection for her mother, and had often been led to notice the weariness and evident pain with which she toiled on from day to day, gladly entered upon the task allotted her, and, though often fatigued and restless from long application, she never complained.

Year after year passed, and, from one kind of work to another, they had changed, until at last they confined themselves to closing and binding shoes, as requiring less of wearisome application than ordinary sewing. At this they managed to support themselves comfortably, for their wants were few.

"I must go, Miss Anne," said the boy, lifting his head from the chair against which he had leaned it. "Mr. Hardamer'll beat me if I stay long."

"Poor child!" ejaculated Anne, forgetting for the moment her own sad condition. "I'm afraid you have a hard time of it, Jimmy."

"Oh, no, Miss Anne, not very. Only, I'm beat so, sometimes. But I must run back. I'll come again to-night."

"Do come, I shall want to see you," and as the pale, sorrow-stricken face of the child disappeared, her own thoughts went back again to the keen affliction she had been called to endure. But a few minutes before the boy came in, her mother had heaved her last sigh, and she was now friendless and alone with the dead.

On the evening after the funeral, Anne found herself alone in the room where for years she had been used to see the dear face and hear the kind words of her mother. And she was not only alone, but friendless. There were none to whom she could look for protection, and no place to which she could go and call it her home. While busy with sad thoughts and painful forebodings, the boy who had brought the work the day before came in. He was but a small boy, and she was in the early bloom of womanhood, but his face was to her a welcome one.

"Good evening, Miss Anne," he said, entering without ceremony.

"How do you do, Jimmy? I'm glad to see you, for I feel very lonesome."

"I thought you would be lonesome, and so I came," replied the little fellow, in simplicity of heart.

"You're a very good boy, Jimmy, to remember me now I'm in trouble."

"I can never forget you, Miss Anne, for when everybody beat me, or made fun of me, you were always good to me, and just like my sister that's been dead, oh, so long!" And the boy stood before her with the tears streaming down his cheeks, in remembrance of those who, while living, loved him and cared for him.

"You had a sister, then, Jimmy?" said Anne, forgetful of her own affliction, in sympathy for the sorrow of the child.

"Oh, yes! And she was so good to me! But she was sick a long time, and when mother died there was no one to take care of her. I was a little, little boy, and couldn't do nothing. And so the people put us into a cart and sent us out to the poor-house. There they took sister and put her in a room full of sick people, and wouldn't let me stay with her. I cried and cried to stay with her, and then they beat me so hard with a stick; and the man said he'd kill me if I didn't hush. I was afraid to cry loud after that, but I used to lay awake most all night long, sometimes, a thinking of sister, and crying all to myself. 'Mayn't I see sister? Oh, please let me see sister!' I said to the man, after I'd been there eight or nine days. He looked at me cross for awhile, and then he said, a little easy, and didn't look so cross, that if I'd be a good boy, and not cry any more, for the tears were running down my cheeks all I could do to help it, that I should see her the next day. All that night I slept but little, thinking about seeing sister; and I tried not to cry, but I cried all the while.

"Next morning I was up so early—it was hardly daylight, and I waited and waited for the man to come and take me to see sister. But hour after hour passed away, after breakfast, until dinner-time came; and I hadn't seen her yet. Two or three times the man came into the room, but I was afraid to say anything to him, for fear he'd be angry. But I looked him in the face as wistfully as I could, though he didn't take no notice of me. It was most night when he came in again, and he walked about the room as unconcerned as if nobody's heart was a'most break-

ing, like mine was. Every minute I expected him to call me to go and see sister; but he didn't seem to remember his promise. When he turned to go out, I thought I couldn't stand it any longer, and so I went right up to him, and putting up my hands, as if I was going to say my prayers, said: 'Oh, sir, do let me see my sister!' He turned around so cross on me for a moment, and then looking toward the woman who took care of our room, said: 'Here, take this brat in to see his sister.'

"The woman looked at me as if she didn't care whether she did or not—then she caught hold of my arm and said—'Come along, and be quick, too!' She almost dragged me through the passages, and up-stairs to the sick-room where sister was. But I didn't mind that. All I cared about was seeing sister; and in a moment or two I was by her side. Oh, how much paler and thinner she was! And her big, bright eyes looked into my face so strangely. But she was so glad to see me; and took me in her arms and held me tight to her bosom, and kissed my face all over. And then the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she shut her eyes, and was still for a good many minutes, but her lips moved all the while. 'Come, that'll do!' said the woman, 'I've no time to be fooling here,' and she took hold of me to pull me away. Sister, she looked so anxiously in the woman's face, but it didn't do no good, for her heart was cold and hard. 'Let him come again, won't you?' said sister, in a low voice. 'I don't know that I will, you make such a fuss over him,' said the woman, and lifting me down from the bed, she dragged me away.

"I didn't do nothing but cry all that night, and all the next day, too, and the man said, if I didn't hush, he'd half kill me, and said I shouldn't see my sister any more, if that was the way I acted. I stopped crying all at once; that is, outside, but I seemed to be crying inside all the while. In about two weeks more I got so impatient to see sister, that I made bold to ask the man again. 'What's that?' said the woman, who heard me. 'Jim wants to see his sister again,' said the man. 'He's a fool!' said the woman, 'his sister's been dead these ten days.'

"I didn't cry nor say nothing, Miss Anne; but I can't tell you how I felt. I wanted to die, too. Oh, it would have seemed so good, if I could have died. I stayed there a good while, when Mr. Hardamer came out one day, and said he wanted a boy; and then they bound me to him. He and Mrs. Hardamer scold me, and beat me so much, that I sometimes wish I was dead, and then I should be with mother and sister."

The poor little fellow now covered his face with his hands, and sobbed violently, while the tears trickled fast through his fingers. For some time, Anne's affliction was all absorbed in her sympathy for her little friend; but this gradually subsided, and she felt keenly her desolate condition.

"What are you going to do, Miss Anne?" said the boy to her, after his own feelings had revived a little from their great depression.

"Indeed, Jimmy, I don't know what I shall do."

"I heard Gertrude say this morning, that they wanted somebody to come there and sew. I wish you'd come; I know they'd like you."

"I will think about it, Jimmy," she replied.

"But, maybe, Miss Anne, they'll get somebody else if you don't speak quick. Won't you come to-morrow, and see about it?"

"I don't know, indeed, Jimmy; I can tell best after I have thought about it."

"Oh, I wish you would come!" said the little boy, as he thought more seriously of the matter. "I would be so happy."

The earnest desire expressed by her humble friend, and the sympathy she felt for him, influenced the decision of Anne in a good degree. On the next day she called on Mrs. Hardamer, and an arrangement was soon entered into for her to come and sew for a dollar and a half a week.

This happened about the time of Genevieve's abandonment by her husband. The circumstances of her marriage and desertion were noised about among that particular class of individuals who are interested in such matters; and, as it was very well known that the girls held their heads a little too high, it afforded a subject for no little ill-natured gossip. Some few pitied, while others secretly rejoiced at the bad fortune of Genevieve. As soon as her parents ascertained that Anderson had fairly gone off, they took her home, but evinced little sympathy for her condition. Mrs. Hardamer, Geneva and Gertrude, were too deeply mortified to regard her feelings. All hope of an elevation of the family by her marriage was cut off. She was irrevocably tied to a worthless fellow, from whom they had only to expect disgrace and annoyance. Any scarcity of gallants, was sure to be charged, by the girls, upon Genevieve.

"It's all owing to your miserable connection with that fellow," said Geneva to her, one evening, after having sat up for company, all furbelowed off, in vain. "No man that thinks anything of himself is going to marry either Gertrude or me, now you've brought such disgrace upon the family."

"I wish the puppy'd been in the North Pole, before he came about here," added Gertrude. "I always knew he was an impostor."

"Yes, and Genevieve might have known it, too," resumed Geneva, "if she hadn't been so mad for a husband. But, I reckon she's got enough of it, and, I can't say that I'm much sorry either, if it wasn't for the disgrace of the family."

Genevieve made no reply to these cruel remarks; but they entered her heart. She was too deeply afflicted to feel resentment, and she knew it would be of no use to complain. Anne was present when the remarks were made, and she at once retired to her chamber. There she was soon followed by Genevieve, who had been assigned a portion of Anne's bed. She was not considered worthy to occupy the same room with her two grown-up sisters; and she, by no means, regretted the banishment.

Anne was seated at a small table, reading, when

Genevieve came in; and, as the latter at once sat down by the window, and leaned her head upon her arms, she read on. In a few minutes she was conscious that Genevieve was weeping bitterly. Closing the volume, which was none other than the Holy Word, she drew near to Genevieve, and, with a tender concern, which could not be misunderstood, took her hand and said: "When all our friends forsake us, there is One who still looks kindly upon us and loves us."

Genevieve made no answer, but the tears fell faster, and she sobbed more convulsively.

"It is only through affliction, Mrs. Anderson," continued Anne, "that we can know ourselves. And this knowledge, if we make the right use of it, is worth all we suffer. In all our sorrows, there is One who stands very near, and permits the sorrows to come upon us. But, although the floods prevail, he will not let them overwhelm us. Our Heavenly Father loves us with a deeper and a wiser love than our earthly parents possibly can, and surely he will let nothing harm us, if we will look up to him in childlike confidence and submission."

Genevieve grew calmer, and seemed to listen with deep attention. Anne continued: "All affliction is for our good. When we fall into these deep waters, we should not despair, but look into our own hearts, and see if we cannot find some evils there which we could not have seen without the affliction. And, most certainly, my dear madam, we shall not look in vain."

"Oh, I am very miserable!" exclaimed Genevieve, and she clasped her hands together, and again burst into tears. This time she laid her head upon Anne's shoulder. For a few minutes the latter made no attempt to check the current of her feelings; but, as Genevieve grew more composed, she said: "There can no more be pain of mind, without mental disease, than there can be pain of body without a bodily disease. The pain is simply a call for some remedy. If there were no pain, externally or internally, in either case, the individual might die suddenly, naturally or spiritually, without having been conscious of the existence of any disease. This pain that we feel, is, then, a merciful provision, and we ought always to consider seriously, what it means, and profit by the lessons. You say you feel miserable; if all were right within, you could not feel miserable."

"But who could feel happy, Anne, under all the circumstances that surround me. Forsaken by my husband, and treated unkindly in my father's house."

And again she gave way to a flood of tears.

"That is to be expected, Mrs. Anderson," said Anne, after a pause of some moments, in which Genevieve grew calmer. "The man who suffers with a violent pain, cannot be indifferent to it, simply because it makes him conscious that he has a disease, brought on by some particular act of indiscretion; but, then, it may reveal to him, in its true light, the folly that brought on the disease, and cause him to avoid it in future. So in the case of great mental

agony, arising from circumstances of affliction. By it we are enabled to see that we have acted from wrong motives, and thus blindly run into trouble; or, we have cherished in our hearts, a false estimate of things, and loved them purely with a selfish love; and, when they have been removed, there has been nothing upon which we could lean for comfort. Such discoveries, followed by a correction of long formed evil habits of the mind, secure for the future a measure of true happiness."

"Anne," said Genevieve, lifting up her head, and looking her young adviser in the face, with something of surprise and admiration, "you are a strange girl, different from any that I have ever met. Where did you learn these things, that sound so much like truth; and yet, are to me, new and almost incomprehensible."

"I had a good mother," replied Anne, her voice trembling as she uttered the dear name, "and she had known much sorrow. In the school of affliction, she had learned wisdom. I loved that mother," again her voice trembled, "and knew, that whatever she told me was truth. The nature, and cause of affliction she taught me, and since she has been removed from me, I have found them blessed lessons. But, it must never be forgotten, Mrs. Anderson, while thinking of these things, that, apart from a religious principle we never can be happy. The Lord is our father, and loves us with an unspeakable love. In His Word, he has told us what we should do to be happy."

"What can I do? How shall I begin, Anne?" asked Genevieve, with a new-born earnestness.

"Are you ever conscious of acting or thinking wrong?"

"Yes, almost every day!"

"And this doing, or thinking wrong, always makes you feel more unhappy?"

"Always."

"Then the way is plain before you. As soon as you are conscious of wishing to do wrong, or of indulging in wrong desires and affections, then shun such thoughts and desires as evil, and, therefore, sins against the Lord; and particularly refrain, upon the same principle, from bringing out into action, and thereby confirming them, these evil thoughts or affections, and you will then be doing all that is required of you. Tranquility of mind, such as you have never known, will succeed these efforts, if you persevere in them, looking all the while to the Lord for aid. Don't look at anything but your present duty. Let everything else take care of itself. In so doing you will find that every day will bring its peculiar duties, and in their performance you will find an internal satisfaction, of which no outward circumstances can rob you."

"I will try to do right, Anne; will you help me?"

"Even as I would help my own sister."

"You are kinder to me than my own sisters," said Genevieve, feelingly, looking with tearful eyes into the face of Anne. "And now I can see what is meant by loving the neighbor, and how much happi-

ness must flow from it. I am nothing to you, Anne, and yet you seem to love me and care for me more than those who are of my own blood. This cannot be a selfish feeling. It must be a love for my good." And as the true idea dawned dimly upon her, and touched her heart, by its application to herself, as an object of that love, her feelings again gave way, and she laid her head upon the breast of her new-found friend and wept aloud.

Under the kind and constant direction and admonition of Anne Earnest, Genevieve was enabled to bear, with a degree of meekness and forbearance, the neglect of her parents, and the open unkindness of her sisters; and this change in her disposition was not long in being observed by her parents, and softening their hearts toward her. Month after month passed away, but she had no tidings of her husband. As the period of their separation became more and more extended, obliterating the remembrance of unkindness, and warming up the love that had been felt for him, Genevieve became more and more desirous to hear from him, and once more to be with him. But in this it seemed as if she were not to be gratified, for there came no tidings for her anxious heart.

Gertrude and Genevieve, in the pride of conscious superiority, looked upon Anne as far beneath them. Though she was tall and beautifully formed, with a face expressive of great loveliness of character, they could see nothing in her that was not vulgar. She was not suffered to sit at the table with the family, but was assigned the charge of that at which the boys ate. To this she had no particular objection, as she soon saw that her presence had a very great effect upon the apprentices, and that after the first few days their rudeness at the table gradually subsided. They soon showed a disposition to talk to her in a respectful manner, and not unfrequently referred to her the decision of little matters upon which they had disputed. It was a glad day for little Jimmy when he saw her take her place at the table. Although she could not change the quality of their food, materially, yet she could, in a great measure, see that it came upon the table in proper order. She saw that the cook did not allow their coffee or tea to get cold; and by rising very early in the morning and seeing how things went on in the kitchen, and looking in there, too, at night, she managed to have a good many things, in the preparation of their food, attended to that added to their comfort; particularly in the prevention of large quantities of corn bread from being baked up by the lazy cook, which they would be forced to eat cold day after day, she made their fare much pleasanter. The necessity of living upon the same coarse food that they did, was not one that rendered her at all unhappy, as she could, in submitting to this privation, make it more agreeable for them.

Among the many young men who visited occasionally at the house of Mr. Hardamer, was the only son of a rich farmer, who had recently come to the city and opened a store on Market Street. His name

was Illerton. He had made but few acquaintances since his removal to the city, and among these happened to be Genevra and Gertrude. Usually about once every week he dropped in and spent an evening with them; but as he was a young man of fine education and fine principles, he did not become much interested in either of the young ladies. Still, as time frequently hung heavy on his hands, and he was fond of cultivating the social feelings, he continued to drop in pretty regularly.

It so happened that he called in one evening when both of the girls were out. He was shown up-stairs into the parlor by the black servant, who either did not know or care anything about the girls not being in, and who went back direct to the kitchen, without taking the trouble to make any inquiries. Anne, who of course never went into the parlor when there was company there, and rarely at other times, was, on this evening, sitting there alone at the comfortable reading. She rose at the entrance of Illerton, who, surprised and delighted at seeing so sweet a face, though that of a stranger, begged her to be seated. With easy politeness she resumed her chair, remarking, at the same time, that she was sorry to tell him that the young ladies had gone out for the evening.

There was something in the face of Anne that charmed Illerton the moment he saw her, and her low voice, that trembled slightly, sounded to him more musical than any voice he had ever heard. For some time he endeavored to draw her into conversation, but although every reply she made charmed him more and more, he could not succeed in getting her to converse freely. Her reserve he easily understood to be the natural maiden reserve of a pure-minded woman toward a perfect stranger. Illerton was a man who readily understood character, and rarely came to false conclusions in reference to any one. After sitting for nearly half an hour, much longer than his own sense of propriety told him he ought to have lingered in her company, under the circumstances, he rose to depart.

"You must pardon me," he said, "for having so long, being altogether a stranger, intruded upon your company. My only excuse is, that I have been interested."

"It is no intrusion upon me, sir," replied Anne; "and if, in the absence of the young ladies, I have succeeded in making your call a pleasant one, I can only be gratified."

"You must pardon me another act of presumption," said Mr. Illerton, smiling; "I did not know that you resided, as you have intimated, in this family. May I beg to know your name?"

"My name is Anne Earnest," she replied, modestly, while a slight blush deepened the color on her cheek.

"I must again beg pardon for this seeming rudeness," he said, and bowing low, he bade her good-evening, and withdrew.

Illerton could only suffer a single evening to pass before again calling. On entering the parlor, this

time, his eye glanced rapidly around, but none were present save Gertrude and Genevra, who received him with all the interesting airs and graces they could put on. But in vain did they talk and sing and thrum the piano for his especial edification. He could not feel the smallest interest in them.

"How sorry I was that we were not at home when you called last," said Genevra, during a flagging pause in the conversation. "We were so disappointed when we learned that you had been here."

"But you left me an agreeable companion to compensate for your absence," he replied, in a livelier tone. "Why, you never told me that a Miss Earnest was staying with you. Where does she keep herself? I should really like to see her, and apologize for my rudeness in spending half an hour with her, although a perfect stranger."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out Genevra, "that is a good one! Why, she's only a girl that ma hires to sew. How could you have been so deceived? I shall have to tell ma to keep her out of the parlor, the forward minx! I am mortified, though, indeed, Mr. Illerton, that one of our hirelings should have pushed herself into your company. But it shall never happen again."

To this speech Illerton was at a perfect loss for a reply. He had often heard of accomplished virtue in obscurity. Here was an instance, he could not doubt, for he could not believe himself mistaken in his impressions. Every movement, every word, every varying expression of Anne's countenance, he remembered, as distinctly as if she were still sitting before him; and the remembrance only added to his admiration. He felt indignant at hearing her designated, sneeringly, as the hireling of girls who were in everything her inferiors. But he did not, of course, give form to his thoughts; he merely said, "Don't check her, or speak unkindly to her, on my account; for, I assure you, she acted with modesty and propriety. She was reading in the parlor when I entered, and rose to go out, I suppose, when I insisted upon her being seated. It was my fault, not hers."

"But it's annoying to have sewing-girls pushing themselves in the way of gentlemen who visit here. We must, hereafter, insist upon her keeping in her own room," said Gertrude, rather warmly.

Illerton was constrained to oppose this unfeeling resolution, but he forced himself to be silent, and soon after took his leave.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing?" exclaimed Genevra, as the front door closed after him.

"I'm mortified to death!" responded Gertrude.

"The pert, forward huzzy!" ejaculated Genevra.

"If ever she tries such a trick as that again, she walks out of this house in a jiffy!" added Gertrude.

"What an idea! An agreeable half-hour spent with our hired girl!" broke in Genevra.

"I expect he's mortified to death; and I'm afraid he'll not come any more. How could you laugh right out so, when he mentioned Anne?" said Gertrude.

"Because I couldn't help it; it was such a queer joke."

"Well, I can tell you, it is ^{is} very rude," replied Gertrude, warmly, whose fears were a good deal excited at the bare idea of losing Illerton, as a beau, through the indiscretion of her sister in laughing at him.

"Fiddle-stick! Your notions of propriety have grown very nice, all at once!" responded Genevra.

"I wish your's were a little nicer, that's all I've got to say," rejoined Gertrude.

"Well, I can tell you, miss, that I know what is right and proper as well as you do," replied Genevra, tartly, "and have no notion of being called to account by you. So you may just shut up!"

"I'll call you to an account whenever I please, Miss Touchy?" said Gertrude, growing more excited. "You are a rude, forward girl, let me tell you!—and have driven more company from the house than your neck's worth, so you have! I'll complain to ma, so I will!" she continued, more passionately.

"Will you, indeed? ah—that will be interesting," said Genevra, with a sneering laugh.

"Come! come! What's the matter here, now?" broke in Mrs. Hardamer, who had been attracted from the next room, by the loud voices of her daughters.

"Why, you see"—began Gertrude; but she was interrupted by Genevra, before she could utter another syllable, with—"It's no such thing, ma, it was—"

"It was!"—broke in Gertrude.

"It wa'n't no such thing, now," said Genevra.

"Both of you hush up at once!" said the mother.

"But, ma—"

"Listen to me, ma,"

"Don't I tell you to hush!"

"It was all Anne's fault, ma," said Genevra, not at all inclined to obey the maternal injunction of silence.

"What about Anne?" asked Mrs. Hardamer.

"Why, you wouldn't 'a' thought it, ma," continued Genevra, "but it's as true as death! Night before last, when Mr. Illerton called here, Anne was stuck up in the parlor, and the forward thing had the boldness to keep him there for half an hour or so, talking to her, just as if she was somebody. And here, this evening, he must ask for Miss Earnest! I was so much amused that I laughed right out, and told him that she was only our hired sewing-girl. And Gertrude is mad because I laughed."

"Is it possible that Anne was guilty of such unpardonable presumption?"

"Yes, it is so! Because Genevieve chooses to make a companion of her, she thinks she is as good as we are. But I can tell her, that she's mightily mistaken!"

"The pert, forward huzzy!" ejaculated Mrs. Hardamer, with a strong expression of disgust at the idea of one of her hirelings sitting up to entertain her daughters' company.

"Ring the bell for Millie!" she said, and Genevra rang the parlor bell.

"Tell Anne to come here," she said, on the appearance of the black girl.

In a few minutes Anne attended the summons.

"You are a nice young lady, now, ain't you?" said Mrs. Hardamer, as she entered, the face of the latter, red with passion.

Anne looked at her with an expression of surprise, and Mrs. Hardamer continued: "A pretty young lady, truly!"

"I do not understand you, madam," said Anne, in painful surprise. "Be kind enough to say, in what I have offended you."

"Pretty bold, too!—upon my word! Do you know who you are talking to, miss?"

"I am not conscious of having done anything wrong, Mrs. Hardamer, and only asked you to tell me in what I had offended you," said Anne, in a respectful voice, though her lips quivered, and her face had grown exceeding pale.

"Did any one ever see such assurance!" exclaimed Genevra.

"What can this mean!" said Anne, the tears starting to her eyes.

"Mighty ignorant!" said Gertrude.

"I must insist on an explanation," said Anne, more firmly, brushing away two drops that had stolen over their boundaries, and were gently gliding down her pale cheeks.

"Insist on an explanation!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardamer, in supreme astonishment at Anne's insolence. "Insist on an explanation from me! Do you know who you are talking to, miss?"

"I'd turn her out of the house, bag and baggage, so I would!" said Gertrude.

"Indeed, madam, I cannot suffer myself to be talked to in this way," said Anne, calmly, "at the same time that I am innocent of having done anything wrong," and she turned to leave the room.

"How dare you!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardamer, in a loud voice, stamping on the floor with her foot. "Come back here this minute!"

Anne paused, and half-turned herself toward her censors, when Gertrude said in a sneering tone—"She's got quite above herself since Mr. Illerton spoke to her."

Anne turned and advanced a few steps toward them, her face suffused with a deep crimson.

"You understand, now, I suppose, Miss Impertinence!" said Mrs. Hardamer. "How dare you stick yourself up in the parlor to talk to young men that come here? What good do you suppose they want with you?"

"Is that all I have done to offend you, Mrs. Hardamer?" said Anne, breathing more freely.

"And I should think that was enough, in all conscience!"

"But, Mrs. Hardamer, I didn't throw myself into his company. He came into the parlor where I was reading, and I at once told him the young ladies were out. If he would sit down and talk to me, how

could I help it? I could not have acted so rudely as to have left him alone."

"Now that is too much!" broke in Gertrude. "And so you evened yourself with us, and set yourself up to entertain *our* company! Give me patience! I wouldn't allow her to stay in the house another day, if I was you, ma! Who's a-going to come here, if our hired girls stick themselves up to keep their company. Mr. Illerton was mortified to death, when he discovered his mistake, and I shouldn't blame him, if he never came to the house again."

"If ever you dare to play off such another trick, my young lady, it'll be your last day here, remember that, now!" said Mrs. Hardamer.

Anne made no answer, but turned and left the room.

"High-pop-a-lorum!" ejaculated Mitie to herself, as she retreated, silently, from the outside of the door, in the passage, where she had stood, listening to the whole conversation.

"Things have come to a pretty pass, truly!" said Geneva, when Anne had left the room, "that every hired girl must set herself up for somebody. There'll be no living here after awhile. I wish we were in England, where servants know their places."

"The fact is, ma," said Gertrude, who felt strongly incensed at Anne, for having passed an evening with Illerton, on whom she had designs best known to herself, "if I were you, I wouldn't keep her in the house. She'll bring discredit upon me. I don't believe she's any better than she should be, and her conduct in this thing has proved it. I'd pack her off to-morrow, so I would!"

(To be continued.)

SAVED BY A HORSE.

LET any man who ever struck a faithful horse in anger read this true story and be ashamed of himself:—

Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the north-western part of Illinois, when a violent snow-storm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a grove of about eighty acres in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any other timber.

The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as nearly to blind them.

When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that if they had to pass the night there, in the cold and snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning.

While they were shivering with fear and the cold, the chief man of the party caught sight of one of their horses—a gray pony known as "Old Jack."

Then the chief said, "if any one can show us our way to camp, out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him

loose, and we can follow him. I think he will show us our way back to camp."

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and tail into the air, as if proud of the trust that had been put upon him. Then he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say: "Come on, boys! Follow me; I'll lead you out of this scrape." He then turned in a new direction and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp-fires, and they gave a loud hurra at the sight, and for Old Jack.

BEYOND THE CLOUDS.

EDITH W. KENT.

ABOVE the clouds the stars are *always* shining!—
This precious thought is beautiful to me;
For, how'er dark and shift the night may lower,
I know they're there, although I cannot see.

And even thus 'tis with our lives, divining
In tenderest love, all that may us betide,
(Tho' hidden, oft, by clouds of doubt and sorrow,)
The Blessed One e'er lingers by our side.

Our Father sees our childish arms entwining
Earth's vain supports that, soon or late, must fail;
In tender love He shattereth those idols—
He teacheth us how vain they were—how frail.

For He would have us trust His love, resigning
All that our hearts and Him might come between.
Christ is the one and only sure foundation,
And His the only arm on which to lean.

As fierce and hot must be the fire refining
The precious ore—which proves the worthless dross,
So shall thy soul, however great thy trial,
If trusting God, win good—not suffer loss.

When all seems dark, He then the "silver lining,"
Of clouds which shade our life, would have us see;
The "stars" are there—God's love and sovereign mercy—
Beyond the clouds some good for you and me.

Let us look up and cease all vain repining,
In faith press on—He will the clouds divide;
And we, beyond life's sorrows, pain and turmoil,
Find endless joy upon "the other side."

Or all passions, there is none so extravagant and outrageous as that of anger; other passions solicit and mislead us, but this ruts away with us by force, and hurries us as well to our own as to another's ruin; it falls many times upon the wrong person, and discharges itself upon the innocent instead of the guilty, and makes the most trivial offences to be capital, and punishes an inconsiderate word perhaps with fetters, or death; it allows a man neither time nor means for defence, but judges a cause without hearing it, and admits of no mediation; it spares neither friend nor foe, but tears all to pieces, and casts human nature into a perpetual state of war.

ONE OF MANY.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I STOOD beside the loom of a poor woman who took in weaving.

It was cold and cheerless—an old shawl was pinned about her head and neck; there was no fire among the scattered gray ashes that lay on the hearth. Everything looked desolate, and the very crown of this utter desolation was centred in a worn knapsack and haversack that hung in the corner of the room above the poor woman's head. They hung so that every time she went round to the back part of the loom to the yarn-beam, to fix and loosen the threads and thrid them through her fingers, her gaze would fall on them.

That was what she wanted, and why she hung them there.

I could not open the old wound in her heart by asking about them; I knew a little of the story, and this was what I knew: that their son, a boy of seventeen, had enlisted against the will of his parents, and that it almost broke their hearts to part with him. While his regiment lay in Kentucky, the boy, Hezekiah, was shot dead one night, a sentinel on duty.

My Brother Dick was in the same regiment, and he wrote home immediately, and told us to break the intelligence to the family as best we could.

My father took the letter, and with a sad heart started over the wooded hill, the shortest way to their home. When he came in sight of the house his heart misgave him. The father was out ploughing; the door and windows were open, and the sound of the poor mother's loom blended with the song of the sister, as she sat sewing on the door-sill, and the laughter of the little ones swinging in the beech above the spring. This was too much for my father, and he sat down among the dry leaves, powerless to do the sad errand.

A neighbor was hauling wood near by, and father asked him to be the bearer of the sorrowful intelligence; he demurred, but at length consented, and hitching his team he went over to where the doomed man was ploughing. The two stood still in conversation, then their heads bowed—a moment more, and the neighbor returned to his team. In a blind, dazed way, the father took up the lines, gave them a jerk, looked up at the sky, stared all around him, and then bethought himself that he was ploughing. The plough lay on its side dragging and making scratchy marks in the green sward. He took hold of one handle—he didn't place the point down into the thick sod, and the horses walked on in an aimless way.

The poor man! He went round that field, the plough lying on its side half the time—the horses in the furrow, or out of it, just as it happened. Sometimes he rubbed his forehead in a dazed, bewildered way, looking up at the sky, then away to the eastern

hills, bathed in all the glory of a beautiful summer morning's sunlight—a shine that fell like the ailing of gold-dust. To him I doubt not that glorious warm sky was as brass above him.

After he had gone around the field, and started on again, never heeding the nice turn of a corner, he passed, the lines fell from his hands, and he turned his steps toward the house. Instead of climbing where the fence was low and the rails smooth, he went into a steep corner, full of bristling nettles and thistles, and clambered over the highest rails. There was no spring in his step when he came to the ground—he blundered through the wood yard, and fumbled long at the gate-latch, and then his unsteady step was on the porch, and out of sight of the tearful eyes that watched him agonizingly.

A moment it was before the clacking shuttle lost a note out of its monotonous work-a-day song—then it stopped—it fell to the floor; there was a crash of something falling, a chair, perhaps, or the loom-bench, or the mother. A shriek—another—and another; then the singing in the doorway was hushed, changed to wailing; the swing in the beech was left swaying alone and unoccupied, and the cries of the sorrowing family rose upon the still morning air.

The most pitiful cry in the world—a man's cry, it was—then broke forth for the first time, mingled with the mother's and daughter's and the little ones'.

My neighbor, who told me this, said: "Oh, I knew not how soon my turn would come! My beloved boys were as dear to me as her boy was to her and to them. I couldn't stand it to witness such grief, and I ran to my bed-room and buried my face among the pillows."

The team stood in the broken furrow for hours, and the plough lay on its side until the yellow rust gathered on its polished share.

Oh, hearts that have been rent with a like anguish, you know your own bitterness! God pity you—your tears have fallen like rain, and this broken swath will open your wounds anew. There are no sadder pages in your life-book than these, no more poignant sorrow than you suffered at that time.

You will understand the sympathy that wells out of my heart for all sorrow-stricken mothers, when I look upon the knapsack and haversack so tenderly kept and cared for by that bereft woman. That touches me as no other expression of sorrow could.

If any one speak evil of you, see home to your own conscience, and examine your heart; if you be guilty, it is a just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction; make use of both; so shall you distil honey out of gall, and out of an open enemy make a secret friend.

RELIGIOUS READING.

CARE FOR TO-MORROW.

BY REV. JAMES REED.

"THE Kingdom of God and His righteousness" should be first in every affection, thought and action. That is to say, we should have primary regard to them in all things. No duty of life is so common or trivial that we may not rightly ask how the Lord's will can be most fully done in its performance. As far as the highest and best things really hold the chief place within us, all lower and more external matters become subordinate and secondary. We may not, nor should we, be indifferent to them; but our happiness is, not dependent on them. They are the accessories of our life—something added to it—but not our life itself.

In such a state of mind as this, no one can be anxious about the future. Hence, in the phrase, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow," there is a peculiar significance in the word, "therefore," which refers back to the words, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." Because the Lord provides perfectly for all our needs, and in a state of heavenly order we clearly see and feel that this is so, therefore every troubled thought about the future is out of place. Instead of it should be unchanging trust in Him who holds in His hands the issues of time and eternity.

Nothing is more natural for man than to worry and fret, and indulge in gloomy forebodings about the future. Even though all is going well in the present, and our whole past life has teemed with blessings, yet when we look forward we are too often filled with doubts and fears. The events of the future are, of course, unknown to us; and we anxiously ask ourselves, How is *this* going to be? or, How is *that* going to be? or, What shall we do or say in such or such a case?—just as if the goodness and wisdom which had watched over and helped us in the days gone by would be found wanting in the time to come. The trouble which we thus borrow is not only needless but sinful, for it is born of the spirit of mistrust. To him who yields to such misgivings the Lord cannot be a near and ever-present God. He must seem like one afar off, even like Baal, of whom Elijah said, "Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or, peradventure, he sleepeth, and must be awaked." The loving Father who notes the sparrow's fall, and numbers the very hairs of our heads, is a wholly different Being. Where He is the object of contemplation and worship, there can be no occasion for doubt and trembling in any of the circumstances which surround us.

Anxious anticipation always proves itself as groundless as it is painful. It is always in some manner or degree falsified by the reality. The event does not take place according to expectation, or it is modified by unlooked-for occurrences, or more certainly when it comes the strength is given us to meet it. If we but "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him," He will show us on the morrow how to do the morrow's work.

But the morrow will then be to-day. This, then, is the conclusion to which we are brought by experience as well as by doctrine: that life is best spent in doing faithfully the duties of each day as they arise, whatever they may be; and that while the morrow need not be banished from

our thoughts, it is foolish and unchristian to indulge in dreamy speculations about it, still more, to conjure up spectres in connection with it which do not now, and in all likelihood never will, have any substantial existence.

It is a beautiful and unvarying law of Providence that, if we look to the Lord for help and guidance, the power is always given to cope with the difficulties, and to perform the duties of the present moment. We can always see far enough in advance to enable us to take the next step. It is only when we try to anticipate some future condition or circumstance that the way becomes wholly dark and dubious. Divine Providence does not give us light and strength for dealing with events which are not yet present with us. But as we draw near to them, we can see them clearly, and have a power to meet them which surpasses all previous expectation. Truly the morrow takes thought for the things of itself.

One inevitable event which is often looked forward to with dread is the process of leaving this world. But how unprofitable it is to dwell on it with anxious forebodings. When the time comes for us to go, the way will be made as clear and easy as it is in any other work which we have to do. Angels draw near with the influences of peace to withdraw the spirit from the body, and all the shades of doubt and dread are chased away. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

There is but one thing about which it is allowable that we should feel any deep anxiety, and that is the evils of our own heart and life. If these never cause us any painful reflections, we may well doubt whether we are making progress on the way to Heaven. But even with respect to these, we should not let our anxiety carry us too far. The remembrance of our past life, and the consciousness of our sinful states, should not be suffered to paralyze our efforts. Above all, they should not be permitted to extinguish the hope which is always held out by a kind Providence to every sinner that repenteth.

PEACE is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.

He who defers his charities till his death is rather liberal of another man's goods than of his own.

NATURE the evil nor the good that men do is ever interred with their bones, but lives after them.

Man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; let him reasonably water the one and destroy the other.

It never was a wise thing yet to make men despondent for one who hath no hope of good hath no fear of evil.

THINK are men, who by long consulting only their own inclination, have forgotten that others have a claim to the same deference.

"This little fellow," said Martin Luther, of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly roosting himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow's lodging, calmly holding with his little twig, and leaving God alone to think for him."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

"COME, Charlie, here is something good for you in this spoon; it will cure your head and make you well again—that's a little man! he likes good sweet things!" and Charlie's mother held the spoon so that he could not see its contents—a jalap mixture, bitter and nauseating.

"Is it nasty, ma?" whined the sick child.

"No, dear, it's good and sweet; I made it purposely for you. Now, take it, love, for me—go 'way, ugly Annie, you sha'n't have my Charlie's good things! Go right away, you bad girl! Here, take it quick, 'fore somebody else comes and gets it. Be ma's little man, and when he gets well he shall ride in grandpa's new carriage with the soft cushions in it;" and while he looked fully in her eyes, she slipped her hand under his back and raised him up, and thrust the spoon between his clattering teeth.

As soon as he tasted the vile mixture, and knew that he had been deceived, he strangled, and struggled, and whooped, and out the air with arms and legs, and sputtered some of the bitter dose over his pillow. She seized him by the little nose, and caught his limbs in their frantic gyrations, and held him down by main force and made him swallow some of the medicine.

"What made you tell me a lie, ma?" he said, as he lay tired and panting after the struggle, his eyelashes wet with tears. "You said it was good and sweet, and it wasn't—it was, oh, so nasty!" and he shuddered all over, and his lips quivered. "You might have told me it was bad! I don't like you very well, ma!" and the poor little child was grieved beyond utterance.

"Oh, I wanted to make you well again, dear," she said, apologetically; "I don't want my little Tarty to be sick; you're all the company I have. I miss you so, little sick darling!" and she kissed the wan face that cuddled closer to her own.

But it was vain, all this glaze of soft words; the child's confidence in his mother was already shaken; she had deceived him; and in doing that, she had fallen from the high place in which a child enshrines a true and loving mother. No after words or deeds could place her again where she had once stood.

Charlie's father had given him money at different times, which his mother had put up on the highest shelf of the cupboard in a large goblet. One day Charlie wanted to see his money; his mother told him he might lose it, that it was safer there; but the child cried, and insisted; and at last, worried and impatient, she took down the goblet, and—found it empty.

"Why, Charlie, your money is gone—gone—but I know where it went—the naughty mice have gotten into the cupboard and eaten your money! Oh, that's too bad!"

"Do you think they did eat it, ma?—do you?" said he, looking earnestly into her eyes.

"Yes; and I'll set a trap for 'em 'way up in the cupboard, and we'll catch the naughty mice," said she.

We don't know whether Charlie believed her or not—we doubt it; the mother who tries to deceive her child runs a great risk of being found out, or distrusted, which is even worse.

And, like half the children in our homes, this was the

way Charlie was brought up. When he was fifteen years old, his parents shielded him in all wrong-doing that he committed, such as stealing apples, or melons, or peaches, or in lying or cheating, or doing "sharp" things in which he outwitted or overreached or deceived his associates; he always found a ready ally in his weak mother. They winked at his errors and were blind to his faults, and they were fast reaping the fruits of the seed they had sown so early.

So the sweet-faced, pretty boy grew up in idle ways, a victim to bad habits. And now, in his mother's widowhood, and in the years of his young manhood, her eyes have opened, the scales have fallen from them, and it is too late; she, bereft and alone, must reap the whirlwind.

One day last week he was arrested for burglary, and unless some one will come forward and bail him, the penalty of the law must be enforced.

As I was washing dishes last Saturday evening, my thoughts intent on Charlie all the time, I began to think that perhaps I had not done all my duty toward him. I couldn't quit thinking about it. I was so troubled and impressed; that I put on my bonnet and ran right down to Charlie's home. The mother met me with a cold, hard, questioning look in her gray eyes; their expression said as plain as speech, "What are you here for?" I dropped into a chair unasked, while she stood before me.

"I ran down to condole with you about Charlie," I said, bravely; and just then my heart sank within me, a vision of long ago seemed to come up before me. I saw the dear child, the Charlie of years ago, in his little delaine cloak and jaunty cap, and his round, clean, sweet face, with clear blue eyes and heavy lashes, just as he used to be when he sat in our table chair, and with a little spoon ate of "auntie's good dinners." With this vision before me, I cried right out good and loud; I couldn't help it; I wailed like an Irish banshee. I had not cried before; had not thought of it; hadn't it in my programme at all; and it broke in on my plans sadly. I tried, but couldn't quit crying. I looked up; she stood before me picking her teeth as coolly as a brigand.

"Oh, don't mind Charlie—I don't any more; he don't believe me, or heed me, or take my advice at all, and now he must take the consequences. I don't fret about him; it will do no good."

"But you know," said I, "that a mother's sharpest sorrow in this life comes to her through her children; no other sorrow is half so bitter, so poignant as this;" and I looked into her face.

Such a face as I saw! I shall never forget it. I wish it had not been a mother's; or, being a mother's face, that it had been masked. It seemed as if it were turning to stone—pained, and hopeless, and hard.

She turned to go back to her supper, coolly saying: "Save your tears and your words; don't mind Charlie; it's no use now, it's too late. I am not troubled; I've put him out of my heart;" and that poor mother, hard as though stricken into granite, turned away and left me, and I soon heard the cheerful clink of cutlery on her plate in the dining-room.

I did not feel insulted or hurt at her coolness; I pitied her; she felt that I intruded upon her, that I had ventured boldly into the most sacred chamber of her heart,

and she had shut the door in my tear-wet face. I cried all the way home; I wept unavailing tears, because of the dwarfed and blighted lives all over the world.

How many mothers there are who sow the wind, as did this poor one, in their children's babyhood—begin by deceiving them and making them lose confidence in this one above all others.

If a child loses faith in the mother, if it sees her come down from the pure, white, exalted heights where it had enthroned her, and be human, and fallible, and irascible, and full of faults, then the sceptre will have fallen from her hands forever.

Her voice should never be sharpened with anger, or loud or rasping, her face never distorted with rage, her words truthful, her mien gracious and gentle, her rule the rule of love; she should always be shrined in their memory as one set apart, above all others, consecrated, immaculate, "OUR MOTHER."

HOW TO KEEP CHILDREN OUT OF MISCHIEF.

THE *Herald of Health*, in answer to a query, says "The surest and easiest way to keep children, and grown folks, too, for that matter, out of mischief, is to keep them busy. The trouble is, that babies begin to throw out the hands and feet after things within reach, and we begin by saying, 'No!' and holding them back; and by and by, when the little ones get out of our arms, and we say, 'No, no!' they turn faster than we can follow them to something else, only to be again reproved, until they are glad to get out of our sight and find vent for their activity in liberty."

"Begin rather by supplying the out-reaching fingers, and as the desires develop and enlarge, keep the busy brain and body interested in harmless ways, and there will be little cause to fear that they will go far astray."

MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

BY POLLY HAWTHORNE.

IN company, some time since, the conversation turned on the case of a young man who had met with a serious accident while intoxicated.

Various exclamations passed around the circle, till one lady said: "And his mother, how I do pity her!"

"I cannot say that I do," said a young man present.

Of course every one was astonished, and the lady turned to him and said: "You! Not pity his mother?"

"I can't say that I do," he replied, "for I hold her responsible for it."

"Mrs. M—— responsible for what her son does?" queried the lady.

"Yes, ma'am, I think so," he answered; "she should have trained him differently."

"You do not think mothers can make just such men as they wish of their sons?" said the lady.

"Perhaps not," said he; "but I know they can teach them to love virtue and to shun vice of every kind."

"But you forget," I said, "how many influences beside the mother's act on children, especially those raised, like Mrs. M——'s, in a town."

"No, ma'am," said he, "I do not forget; I know these things better than you can; but it does not change my views."

"I know," said a gentleman, "there is but one way to

do anything with children, and that is to bear down on them all the time, from their very cradles up."

"I do not know," said the young man; "I don't know what fathers might do, but I know mothers can, by constant watching, by judiciously and continually repressing the tendency to evil and encouraging the good, train their sons to hate evil and to love good in their own lives."

That conversation has haunted me ever since, with its assertions and suggestions. Are mothers morally responsible for the lives of their children—and how far? How many of us to-day would be willing to see all the bearings of our lives reproduced in our children?

We know that there are unnumbered influences besides our own acting on them continually. Can we by our teachings cause all these influences to work for good to them, or else fall harmlessly away?

As I bewilder myself with these questions, a voice comes echoing down through the ages: "Oh, ye of little faith, why will ye doubt?" And, "I can do all things through Christ's helping me."

Mothers, let us see to it, by the help of God, that there is nothing in our lives that we may fear for them to copy, and then let us commit them to His care with a *faith* that will not doubt.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY MRS. M. A. FURNALD.

GUIDING the little footsteps
Where only daisies blow;
Striving to hold the roses back,
Because of the thorns below;
Longing to span the future,
Placing a mother's care
Over life's paths, where thorns lie hid
Under the flowers fair.

Combing the flowing tresses
Back from a little face,
Thinking of all the strength we need,
And of the needed grace;
To smooth each day the tangles
Out of the light-brown hair,
To keep as well all sorrow and sin
From marring a life so fair.

Flecking the milk so creamy
With snowy bits of bread;
Stillling the murmur of rosy lips
So eager to be fed;
Thinking of Him who casteth
Into our empty hands,
Bidding us feed His little ones
By teaching His dear commands.

Keeping the house in order,
And, ere the shadows come,
Hasting the snowy cloth to spread
To welcome loved ones home;
Thinking of woman's mission,
Nor caring to change her sphere,
Knowing the highest, the holiest work
Is given to woman here.

In general those parents have most reverence who most deserve it; for he that lives well cannot be despised.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE OTTER.

BY E. B. D.

THE otter is a fisher by trade, or perhaps I should say by birth, as he never has to serve any apprenticeship at the business. No man can equal him fishing, no matter how well he may be rigged out with the best of rods and lines, and fancy flies. The otter would laugh, if he knew how, at any such bungling contrivances. He does not have to sit on the bank and wait patiently for the fish to come to him, and give a nibble at his bait. Instead of that, he dives into the water, and using his long, tapering tail for a rudder, and his webbed feet for paddles, away he goes after the fish he has made up his mind to

into the nets, and sometimes bring up the larger fish with their teeth.

I have read of numerous anecdotes of tame otters. A man named Collins, living in England, had a tame otter which followed him wherever he went. Mr. Collins used frequently to take the otter to the river and let him fish for himself; and when his appetite was satisfied, he never failed to come back to his master. One day Mr. Collins's son took him out instead, when he refused to come back at the accustomed call. Mr. Collins searched for several days, and was about to give him up for lost, when he finally came at the call of his name, and creeping about his master's feet, showed great affection for him.



breakfast on. Off darts the fish for dear life, up the stream, down the stream, into holes, under rocks, and behind and among reeds and rushes, and close after him keeps the otter, never stopping to come to the surface to breathe, and never giving his intended victim a moment's rest. At last the fish is tired out, and the otter easily catches it, and carrying it to his den, which is usually close to the water, eats it at his leisure, and then goes after another. It will catch and eat eight or ten fish for a single meal. At this rate it does not take long for a pair of otters with a tolerably large family to provide for, to use up all the fish of a pond or stream.

Otters are sometimes caught and tamed, and used to help in catching fish. They are taught to drive the fish

Dogs are frequently taught to catch otters. Still, when they are brought up together they live on friendly terms.

The otter wears an under-vest of short, close, water-proof wool, to protect him from the wet in his fishing excursions. Over this he has a coat of long, coarse, glossy hair. He generally remains in his burrow—which is near the water's edge, and is carried deep down into the bank—during the day, and roams about at night.

This animal used to be abundant in England and Scotland, and is still occasionally found in those countries, especially in the northern portions of Scotland. One species is also found in the northern portion of North America near the Arctic Sea.

THE CAT THAT SAVED THE BABY.

"O H, mamma! Just see this picture!" cried Annie May as she sat turning the leaves of a new book. "Here's a pussy-cat pulling a lady's dress. What is she doing?"

Mrs. May took the book, and after reading a page, said:

"Why, this is wonderful! The pussy-cat you see in the picture saved a baby's life."

"Why, mamma! Saved a baby's life? Tell me about it."

"The book says it is a true story, and was told to the writer by one who saw it," replied Mrs. May. "A lady was sitting by the fire, when her cat came running into the room in a hurried, distressed kind of way, and looking up into her face, began to mew piteously. At first the lady, being busy with her work, paid no attention to the cat, but the animal would not be put off. She continued her piteous cries, run-

ning to the door and then back again to the lady, showing more and more distress. At last the cat stretched out one of her claws and pulled her mistress by the apron.

"The lady, beginning to feel alarmed at this strange

conduct, started up, when the cat ran before her into a small wash-house. And what do you think she found?"

"What, mamma?" asked her eager listener.

"Why, her own two-year-old little boy in a tub of water, and nearly drowned. The cat had saved the baby!"

"Oh! What a dear good cat!" exclaimed Annie.

"Yes; I think you may well say a dear good cat," answered her mother. "If it had been a dog, we should not wonder so much,

but for a cat to do a thing like this is strange indeed, for cats do not usually show much affection or intelligence."



THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE OLD COAT.

"SHADE of Pipsissway Potts! tell me what to do with this old coat," said Arabelle, turning over the garment with considerable snap.

"You girls will get to be profane over Pipsey, yet," said Tom, who sat reading the last HOME MAGAZINE by the east window.

"Call over the alphabet," said mischievous Maud, as she gave three shy raps under the table.

"That's too slow a process," said Belle. "I want some advice right away. I'll leave it to you, Cousin Lucy, if it isn't a great deal easier to make over these old dresses and things on paper than in reality. It sounds very nice, but oh! the practical application is what I dread. It's awful to be poor."

"Yes; but it is awful to be rich, and get so little comfort out of it, as most of the rich people I happen to know, do out of their possessions. Depend upon it, there is more vexation in having a splendid dress made up just a little amiss, and then seeing it outshone the first time it is worn, than there is in making over our old ones into something that pleases us, if it isn't so very fine. Every success of that kind makes me happy, as long as

the article lasts. It is one of the cheapest recipes for happiness, I know. You will own yourself that you always liked that pretty home square you have on."

"That is true; and I never grudged the time and trouble it cost me—after it was done, mind you, Lucy."

"I understand," said Lucy, smiling.

She well remembered how Belle fretted, and said, "I never can get it out," when the process was going on.

Indeed, I think she was right. She never could without the aid of her patient, painstaking cousin, who planned and pieced so cheerfully.

It was a good thing for Belle that Lucy happened to be around in the present emergency, and that she had the skill to pin on a newspaper to her own handsomely-fitting coat, making pin pricks all along the seams, so that a pattern could easily be cut from it."

"That is half the battle," said Lucy, as she laid down the pattern smoothly on the table. "Now, let us take your coat apart and press out the seams."

The two set to work diligently, and soon the pieces were all ready for use. The old sleeves answered very well when newly trimmed, and the coat was soon out and stitched up on the sewing-machine.

"Belle would have been fretting ever that until now," said Maud, "and not even have made a beginning."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Belle, turning herself around before the glass with great satisfaction.

The coat was finished before tea-time, and when Tom took the girls to the concert that evening, Belle had the pleasant consciousness that her coat was as respectable as the other girls' were—a very satisfactory feeling, as any young girl will tell you, and one that added largely to her enjoyment of the music.

"BITS OF TALK."

A LITTLE book, by H. H., with the above title, has recently appeared, which I wish could be read and re-read by every mother, and every father, too, in the land. The articles on "Needless Denials," "The Awkward Age," "Breaking the Will," and "Whipping," are invaluable. So is the "Reign of Archelus." The book, throughout, has not a shallow idea. It is small—as gems are small. But, if these articles only were well read, pondered, and practised by parents, the little volume would prove a very angel of mercy to the children.

It is from no bias of personal friendship that I write these lines. I do admire and love the author, but I know her only through her writings. I have no interest in the book, other than the intrinsic value of its subject-matter, its bearing on the happiness and lasting welfare of the little ones, and the desire that so faithful and earnest a laborer in humanity's cause should be recognized as she richly merits.

M. O. JOHNSON.

DON'T TELL IT.

BY J. E. M'C.

"IT will so vex Harry when I tell him how spitefully John Gray spoke about him," said Mrs. Robbins.

"But why need you tell him? Mr. Gray was angry at the moment, and, I dare say, regretted what he said afterward."

"Why, Lizzie," said the other, "do you keep any secrets from your husband?"

"Indeed, I do. A hundred worrying things, that it would do him no good to know, I look up in my own bosom. I often think I should like to tell this or that, but it would make him unhappy for nothing, and I will not do it. When I feel it is necessary to tell an unpleasant truth, I try to do it as comfortably as I can, to look on the brightest side possible."

"Well, I must say," said the other, a little puzzled to know how to excuse her own course, which was quite the reverse, "that I think there should be no secrets between husband and wife."

"Yet, I am sure, my dear, you have a great many every day. 'You don't begin to tell all you think.'"

"That is quite another matter. No one tells all his thoughts."

"Then you do draw the line somewhere; you admit you have secrets from your husband. Now, I draw the line at whatever would cause unhappiness needlessly. Of course, when it is necessary to tell an unpleasant fact, I do so; but the hundred little annoyances we women have every day, what good can come of repeating them?"

"Now, I think that is a very absurd plan of yours, Lizzie. There is no reason why he should not share your troubles. It is quite as proper for him to bear the burden as for you to take the whole. It just spoils a man to indulge him so much."

"One fact is worth a dozen arguments," said Lizzie. "We do have a happy home."

There was not the slightest reflection on her friend's home-life, but the other could not but remember that her home was often very far from being a happy one. Her boasted "frankness" did not work so well in practice.

"I have always found," continued Lizzie, "that it paid to make home pleasant. When William returns, worried with his business, I do not harass him with tales of the children's faults, or the girls' shortcomings. I have the room snug and tidy, and something nice on the table, and if there is any good news to tell, or any pleasant circumstance that has happened while he was away, I make a point of bringing it up at tea-time. The result is, we take our meal in peace and comfort. I am certainly happier for seeing him cheerful, and for knowing he appreciates the comfort and rest of home. Depend upon it, my friend, happiness turns on very little hinges. If I were only selfishly seeking my own pleasure, I should try all the same to make home bright for the rest. For, there is nothing that brings so much joy to our own bosoms as the feeling that we have made others happy. The opposite of this proposition is equally true."

DEAR HOME CIRCLE: What has become of our once faithful Uncle Grumbler? For at least two years his voice has not been lifted up in solemn proclamation against the follies of womankind. Have the infirmities and disabilities of his forlorn bachelorhood so fearfully increased as to preclude further attention to the miserable ways of this wicked old world? We certainly cannot "lay the flattering unction to our soul" of having silenced him by saucy replies; for his "last," if we recollect aright, was fulminated against the Grecian band, and therefore found us silent and approving.

Perhaps he is so well pleased with the present stage of the "woman movement," that he also is "silent and approving." If this be the case, we extend our hand with hearty sympathy. If he has taken to himself a wife, and thus found it necessary to change his former striking and mistaken notions concerning the aims and ways of the "fair sex," he has our sincere congratulations. But, really, in either case, we trust he will once more shed upon us the light of his pensive countenance, and give us the result of his meditative silence.

In this wish, we presume, the other members of the "Home Circle" will join with
COUSIN JENNY.

INDEPENDENCE OF DAUGHTERS.

IN the ideal household of father and mother and adult children, the one great aim of the parents ought to be to supply, as far as possible, to each child, that freedom and independence which they have missed the opportunity of securing in homes of their own. The loss of this one thing alone is a bitterer drop in the loneliness of many an unmarried woman whose parents, especially fathers, are apt even to dream—food and clothes and lodgings are so exalted in unthinking estimates. To be without them would be distressingly inconvenient, no doubt; but one can have luxurious provision of both, and remain very wretched. Even the body itself cannot thrive if it has no more than the three pottage meat. Freedom to come, go, speak, work, play—in short, to be one's self—is to the body more than meat and gold, and to the soul the whole of life.—From "Bits of Talk about Home Matters," by H. H.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

ATHIRST.

BY SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW.

THE day had been long and tiresome
And laden with petty cares;
And a discontented spirit
Had crept on me unawares.

And I said to myself at evening
As I wearily sought my room,
And, dropping down by the window
Looked out on the gathering gloom;

Great, ah! great is the labor,
And small is the pleasure of life!
With its actual and ideal
In hopeless discord and strife.

We are here and must bear our burden;
We are here and must weep or rejoice;
Existence is forced upon us—
No chance for refusal or choice—

Made up with hopes to be thwarted,
With wishes to be denied,
With yearnings and aspirations
To be ever unsatisfied!

And oh, the wearisome sameness!
And oh, the discord and din!
The contrast of life as we find it,
And life as we paint it within.

In the grasp of the deadly real
We struggle, we flutter in vain;
And our beautiful, mocking ideal
Brings us but torture and pain.

Why is it? I dropped the curtain,
I moodily turned to the light,
And wearily made ready
To bid the world good-night.

At the last, as in my custom,
I seated myself, and took
My little, worn, long-used Bible—
The old, new, wondrous book.

At first, from the well-known phrases
Small meaning I seemed to gain,
But by and by, a strange comfort
Stole into heart and brain.

Only a few short verses,
And these oft read before,
But courage and strength and patience
Into my soul they bore.

And I laid me down to slumber,
Feeling that all was right,
And I always shall think God's angels
Brought me my dreams that night.

Oh, Book of books! around thee
Raging doubt, denial and strife!
What matter? the humble, thirsting soul
Finds thee the water of life!—Advance.

SPIRITUAL SONG.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.
FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

THE times are all so fearful!
The heart so full of cares!
To eyes that question tearful
The future spectral stares.

Wild terrors creep and hover
With foot so ghastly soft!
The soul black midnights cover
Like mountains piled aloft.

Firm props like reeds are waving;
For trust is left no stay;
The thoughts, with whirlpool-raving,
No more the will obey.

Frenzy, with eye restless,
Decoys from Truth's defence;
Life's pulse is flagging listless,
And dull is every sense.

Who hath the cross upheaved,
To shelter and make whole?
Who lives from sight received
That he may help the soul?

Haste to the tree of wonder;
Give silent longing room;
Outgoing flames agunder
Will cleave the phantom-gloom.

Draws thee an angel tender
In safety on the strand;
Lo! at thy feet in splendor,
Outspreads the promised land.

Scribner's Magazine.

I HAVE SOMETHING SWEET TO TELL YOU.

BY MRS. F. OSGOOD.

I HAVE something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep;
And remember, if it isn't right,
I'm "talking in my sleep."

For I know I am but dreaming,
When I think your love is mine;
And I know they are but seeming,
All the hopes that round me shine.

So remember, when I tell you,
What I can no longer keep,
We are none of us responsible
For what we say in sleep.

My pretty secret's coming,
Oh, listen with your heart,
And you shall hear it humming
So close, 'twill make you start.

Oh, shut your eyes so earnest,
Or mine will widely weep;
I love you! I adore you! but—
"I'm talking in my sleep."

THERE.

BY MARY ALOYSIA FRANCIS.

THE pigeon lights on a friendly roof,
 North and south through the Russian cities;
 And the tread of man, and the steed's quick hoof,
 Spare the bird that the nation pities.
 East and west if its bright wings bear it,
 Shelter and food are its boon from all;
 No cruel hand from its nest may tear it,
 No brutal touch on its form may fall:
 Happy the bird, in that land afar,
 Under the sway of the stately Czar!

In the storied country of Eastern Kings,
 Where the crescent floats o'er the calm Bosphorus,
 And the minaret's music at sunset rings
 The "call to prayer" in a sad, sweet chorus—
 Far and near through the proud dominion,
 They hold of all homes that home most blest,
 That ofteneest sees the bird's white pinion
 Flash, in the sunshine, above its nest:
 And the innocent life is as sacred to all,
 As it was in Eden before the fall!

Hundreds of years have come and gone,
 Since, by the Doge Dandolo's order,
 The tale of that Eastern sceptre won,
 Flew, with the pigeons, across the border.
 Yet Venice still links that departed glory
 To the glory that hers in the present must be;
 And this is the sweetest and tenderest story
 Told of the city beside the sea:
 For there, by the will of the Doge long dead,
 The birds by thousands are daily fed!

Changing masters has Venice seen,
 And changing customs have swayed the city;
 But French or Austrian hearts have been
 Responsive to long-descended pity.
 When "two" on the bell of St. Mark's is ringing,
 The grain still falls from a civic hand,
 And there are the pigeons, cooing and singing—
 Graceful guests of a graceful land:
 Since this world was a world of pain, I ween,
 Never a fairer sight was seen!

—Our Dumb Animals.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS.

A LITTLE boy had sought the pump,
 From whence the sparkling water burst,
 And drank with eager joy the draught
 That kindly quenched his raging thirst;
 Then gracefully he touched his cap—
 "I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,
 "For this nice drink you've given me!"
 (This little boy had been well bred.)

Then said the Pump: "My little man,
 You're welcome to what I have done;
 But I am not the one to thank,
 I only help the Water run."
 "Oh, then," the little fellow said
 (Polite he always meant to be),
 "Cold Water, please accept my thanks;
 You have been very kind to me."

"Ah," said Cold Water, "don't thank me;
 Far up the hill-side lives the Spring
 That sends me forth with generous hand
 To gladden every living thing."
 "I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy;
 And gracefully he bowed his head;
 "Oh, don't thank me, my little man,"
 The Spring with silvery accents said—

"Oh, don't thank me—for what am I
 Without the Dew and Summer Rain?
 Without their aid I ne'er could quench
 Your thirst, my little boy, again."
 "Oh, well, then!" said the little boy,
 "I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."
 "Pray, don't thank us—without the Sun
 We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks
 For all that you have done for me."
 "Stop!" said the Sun, with blushing face,
 "My little fellow, don't thank me;
 'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores
 I drew this draught I gave to thee."
 "Oh, Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy.
 It echoed back, "Not unto me—

"Not unto me, but unto Him,
 Who formed the depths in which I lie;
 Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,
 To Him who will thy wants supply."
 The boy took off his cap, and said,
 In tones so gentle and subdued,
 "Oh, God, I thank Thee for this gift—
 Thou art the giver of all good."

I DIDN'T KNOW.

HE gave me a knife one day at school,
 Four-bladed, the handle of pearl;
 And great black words on the wrapper said,
 "For the darlin'gest little girl."
 I was glad!—Oh, yes, yet the crimson blood
 To my young cheek came and went,
 And my heart thumped wondrously pit-a-pat,
 But I didn't know what it meant.

One night he said I must jump on his sled,
 For the snow was falling fast;
 I was half afraid, but he coaxed and coaxed,
 And he got me on at last.
 Laughing and chatting in merry glee,
 To my home his course he bent;
 And my sisters looked at each other and smiled,
 But I didn't know what it meant.

Ten years passed on, and they touched his eye
 With a shadow of deeper blue;
 They gave to his form a manlier grace—
 To his cheek a swarthier hue.
 We stood by the dreamy, rippling brook,
 When the day was almost spent,
 His whispers were soft as the lullabys;
 And—now I know what it meant!

A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

No one can pursue solid learning and frivolous pleasure at once.

The best way to condemn bad traits, is by practising good ones.

Love is a weapon that will conquer men when all other weapons fail.

A life of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one.

The reproaches of a friend should be strictly just, and not too frequent.

Those are never likely to come to good that are undutiful to their parents.

Early religion lays the foundation of happiness both in time and eternity.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

Few boys are born with talents that excel; but all are capable of living well.

There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant word.

The rose has its thorns, the diamond its specks and the best man his failings.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then betray it.

Whoever hates his brother, or sister, is a murderer; for he will be one if he have an opportunity.

There are lying looks as well as lying words, dissembling smiles, deceiving signs and even a lying silence.

As there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits.

A reading people will become a thinking people, and then they are capable of becoming a rational and a great people.

It is a most mortifying reflection for any man to consider what he has done, compared with what he might have done.

Nature makes us poor only when we lack necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

Young persons have need of strong reins; they are sometimes hard to be ruled, easy to be drawn aside and apt to be deceived.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and brutes by nature.

Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it.

Harsh words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

There is an elasticity in the human mind capable of bearing much, but which will not show itself until a certain weight of affliction be put upon it; its powers may be compared to those vehicles whose springs are so contrived that they get on smoothly enough when loaded, but felt when they have nothing to bear.

I look upon every true thought as a valuable acquisition to society, which cannot possibly hurt or obstruct the good effect of any other truth whatsoever; for they all partake of one common essence, and necessarily coincide with each other; and like the drops of rain which fall separately into the river, mix themselves at once with the stream, and strengthen the general current.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

"PETE," said his mother, "are you into them sweetmeats again?" "No, mem. Them sweetmeats is into me."

A GRAP from the country on being handed, by the hotel waiter, a bill of fare, told him that he would defer reading it until after dinner.

A CONTEMPORARY speaks of a fashionable tailor as being "one of the old war-horses of the trade." A "heavy charger," we suppose.

A MAN has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

A CHARMING young lady, who attends evening church service regularly, is called "the vesper belle" by the distracted youths of the parish.

WIT loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

The following act was passed, some years ago, by the Pennsylvania Assembly: "The State-House Yard shall be surrounded by a brick wall, and remain an open enclosure forever."

A CERTAIN radical, inveighing against the rapacity of the clergy, gave it as his opinion that if they could have their own way, they would raise the tithes from a tenth to a twentieth.

A SAUCY young fellow sitting at table opposite the learned John Soot, asked him what difference there was between Soot and Sot. "*Just the width of this table,*" answered the other.

A GENERAL, at the point of death, opened his eyes and seeing three doctors standing by his bedside, said, faintly: "Gentlemen, if you fire by platoons it is all over with me," and immediately expired.

A YOUNG lady, in conversing with a gentleman, spoke of having resided in St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native place?" asked the gentleman. "Well, yes—part of the time," responded the lady.

"Oh," said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you've pulled out!" "Very sorry, sir," said the blundering operator, "but, as there were only three when I began, I'm sure to be right next time."

When the regulations of the West-Boston Bridge proprietors were drawn up by two famous lawyers, one section read thus: "And the said proprietors shall meet annually on the first Tuesday in June, provided it does not fall on Sunday."

LORD NELSON, when a boy, being on a visit at his aunt's, went hunting one day and did not return until after dark. The good lady, much alarmed, scolded him severely, and said: "I wonder fear did not drive you home." "Fear," replied the boy, "I don't know him."

An enterprising Edinburgh tradesman once advertised his goods in the following terms:

Soots who hae wi' Wallace bled,
Soots wham Bruce has often led,
If you want a gracefu' head,
Gang to Box the hatter.

An elderly gentleman, who was rather fond of his glass, complained, in the presence of a Quaker, that his eyes were inflamed and weak, and that spectacles didn't seem to do him any good. "I'll tell thee what I think," said the Quaker. "If thee were to wear thy spectacles over thy mouth for a few months thy eyes would ge' well again."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Jubilee Singers, and their Campaign for Twenty Thousand Dollars. By G. D. Pike. Boston: Lee & Shepard publishers. Many people through the country have enjoyed the rare pleasure of listening to the Jubilee Singers. This book tells us who they are and for what purpose they are singing. They are a company of colored men and women, most of them former slaves or children of slaves. They set out penniless and sung their way through the country to raise funds to complete the Fisk University building—a university at Nashville, designed especially to furnish educational facilities for the colored race. The book contains portraits from photographs of the singers, together with brief biographies. In an appendix is given a collection of their songs.

The Wishing-Cap Papers. By Leigh Hunt. Boston: Lee & Shepard publishers. These papers are collected for the first time in book form from the pages of the *Indicator*, *Examiner*, *Tattler*, and other contemporaneous publications. They are lively, genial, occasionally humorous, and in every respect worthy of reading. They are a fair sample of the best literature of their class of the past century.

Partingtonian Patchwork. By B. P. Shillaber. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Any one who loves real genuine fun will do well to obtain this book. It contains "Blifkins the Martyr: The Domestic Trials of a Model Husband;" "The Modern Syntax;" "Partingtonian Papers," and "New and Old Dips from an Unambitious Inkstand." Mr. Shillaber is too well known as a humorist to need any special recommendation.

Bacchus Dethroned. By Frederick Powell. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. A prize was recently offered in England for the best essay on the entire temperance question. This volume contains the essay or rather series of essays which took the prize. The author considers "The Great National Curse," "The Supposed Dietetic Value of Alcoholic Beverages," "The Physiological Relations of Intoxicating Liquors," "The Social and Political Argument," and other phases of the question, concluding with "Legislation and the Liquor Traffic." Every temperance lecturer, writer, thinker and temperance society should have the book.

Pay-Day at Babel, and Odes. By Robert Burton Rodney, U. S. N. Author of "Albion and Rosamond." New York: D. Van Nostrand. "Pay-Day at Babel" is designated "An Office Dream," and gives in a semi-humorous strain a poetic account of the people and their doings during the building of the tower of Babel.

Bart Ridgeley; A Story of Northern Ohio. Boston: Nichols and Hall. This story, though published anonymously, we have reasons for believing to be from the pen of a prominent lawyer and ex-Congressman, now residing in Washington. It is a faithful picture of the country and the people, as they were found in the then newly-inhabited wilds of Ohio, nearly forty years ago. The local descriptions are accurate, and many of the characters are real ones who have figured to greater or less extent in local and political history. The sketches

of prominent men made from personal recollection are exceedingly interesting. The story proper is a love story after the approved sort, though the plot is not specially original. In truth one must look for its excellency elsewhere than in its plot. Yet it has excellencies in plenty. Its style is original, vivacious and pleasing, without a particle of that crudity that even the best of essayists and public writers not infrequently display in their first attempts in the field of romance. We cannot help almost regretting as we read the book that its writer had not been forced, or shall we say encouraged, to give his life and talents to literature rather than to politics and the dry details of law. American literature would undoubtedly have been the gainer. The chief charm of the book is the character of the hero—a character so carefully and faithfully delineated that it seems as if drawn from life. The character is an original one in novels at least, lacking many of the attributes of the conventional hero, yet heroic, brave and noble withal, and of an unblemished purity of mind and soul that leads one to have a higher estimate of humanity, and to rejoice that there are yet writers left us in these days of sensational and senseless fiction who can conceive of and describe such a character. The story is a beautiful poem—it is more an epic or a pastoral, than a novel—and no one can read it without being charmed.

A Woman's Poems. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Away on the banks of the Ohio, not many miles from the spot where the Cary sisters first sung their songs, there dwells in the quiet of a happy home-circle a woman who, now that Alice and Phoebe Cary are dead, ought to be recognized as standing at the head of the women poets of America. Her poems have found their way for years into the chiefest and best publications of the country, yet strange to say the name of Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt is one that would fall unfamiliar on many ears, or if the hearer recognized the name, he might be in doubt where to place her. Julia Ward Howe once spoke of her in high terms of praise, but called her the wife of Don Piatt, editor of the *Capital*. Her husband is John James Piatt, himself a poet of no mean repute, who has published one or two charming little volumes of poetry. "A Woman's Poems" are by Mrs. Piatt, and they are a most valuable contribution to the poetic literature of the country. They are suggestive in character—too much so for a careless reading; exceedingly imaginative, and overflowing with an abundance of warm womanly feelings. Each poem which the volume contains is a gem polished to perfection, and gleaming with a light and beauty all its own.

Play and Profit in my Garden. By Rev. E. P. Ree, author of "Barriers Burned Away." New York: Dodd & Mead, publishers. This volume is a pleasant though I fear not without a profitable book. Its author, charmed with delights of country life, depicts them in glowing colors, and shows that from his amateur farming, to which he devoted an hour a day upon an average, he reaped a marvellous pecuniary harvest. At least it seems so until we compare the outgo with the income, when we find there is not so large a balance after all. The balance would undoubtedly have been all on the other side, if Mr.

Roe had not been peculiarly fortunate in regard to markets, the greatest stumbling-block of both the amateur and the professional farmer. While admitting the necessity of learning most trades and professions, there are two occupations which every one has unlimited faith in himself that he can enter successfully if he only has the opportunity. These occupations are literature and farming. And when he fails, as amateurs always must do in either business, he lays it to an unfortunate combination of outside circumstances rather than to the want of experience in himself. We do not need books to encourage the young, foolish and sanguine to enter either of these pursuits too hastily, in the belief that the road will be a golden one. Nevertheless one who has a genuine love of nature, will find gardening a pleasure if not a profitable employment; and after experience has been duly acquired and paid for, it may even make a certain pecuniary return which may be satisfactory if the expectations are not too exalted. For sale by J. B. Lippincott.

The Glass Cable, and the Storms it Weathered. By Margaret E. Wilmer. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. A pleasant and profitable temperance story for the young, illustrative of the good influences springing from the "Band of Hope" Society.

The Dead Sin, and Other Stories. By Edward Garrett, author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead. Those who seek for a pure and elevated literature, will not fail to find it in Edward

Garrett's writings. The style is superior, full of thought and earnestness, and the stories in this book of uncommon interest. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Pascarel. Only a Story. By Ouida, author of "Strathmore." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. This story is written in Ouida's usually fascinating style, and is perhaps less objectionable in certain points than her novels usually are.

Oxley. By Lyndon, author of "Margaret: A Story of Life in a Prairie Home." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. A pleasantly sentimental and philosophical story of American life, with little or no sensation in it, yet written in a finished and attractive style. The book should please a large class of readers. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Text Book in Intellectual Philosophy, for Schools and Colleges; Containing an Outline of the Science, with an Abstract of its History. By J. T. Champlin, D.D., President of Colby University. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

Philosophy of Rhetoric. By John Bascom, Professor of Rhetoric in Williams College. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. These are valuable textbooks designed for use in Academies and Colleges, though they will be found equally valuable as additions to a private library. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

HOW TO MAKE BOYS HATE FARMING.

IN a report of the doings of the Farmer's Club, of New York, contained in the *Herald*, we find some sensible remarks concerning the management of boys on the farm. A farmer wrote to a member of the club requesting him, if possible, to find for him a boy who is honest, truthful, not lazy, and who will be likely to love farming. He wanted a boy to pick up stones, churn, milk the cows, turn grindstone, etc., and one also that will not hate farming and run away every chance he gets.

The chairman handed it over to Sereno Edwards Todd to answer, who replied as follows:

"If a boy is ever justified in running away, most assuredly he would be when he is directed to go alone to perform a job that every faithful laborer hates. If you wish to keep a boy on the farm, never set him alone, when the birds are singing, the squirrels are chattering, and the violets are unfolding their charming petals, at picking stones in a large field. The truth is, those little arms and soft muscles are no more suitable for handling stones than the muscles of a young colt are for drawing a sub-soil plough. If you wish to make a boy love the farm better than any other employment, don't keep him turning a big grindstone at noon, when all the men but the one who is grinding, are lying in the shade; and don't bear on with all your might, so hard as to stick him, and then ridicule him tauntingly, telling him he must eat more pudding and milk before he can turn a grindstone like a man. Perchance that boy weighs only fifty pounds. You weigh one hundred and fifty, and the grindstone one hundred and fifty. Now, then, suppose we let you turn a huge stone of four hundred and fifty pounds, while a giant of four hundred and fifty pounds weight bears on—which is a fair proportion between yourself and the boy. Before the giant has applied half his weight, if we don't see you balk square from the mark, and crack, if you don't break the third commandment and assume a profane and pugnacious attitude, then write me as a false prognosticator.

"Unless you want to make a good boy hate farming, and every employment connected with it, don't manage in such an underhand manner that he will have to milk the cow which every one dislikes to milk because she milks so hard. When the boy comes in at night so tired that he would rather lie down on the hard side of a maple plank than to eat his supper, don't tell him to hurry up and eat his supper so as to do that churning, when all the men and older boys are allowed to read the newspapers or to smoke unmolested. If you wish to induce a boy to think that Indian corn and potatoes are profitable crops, don't give him an old rusty hoe that no sensible man would use, and then tell him if he will cut in smart when hoeing that you will help him keep his row up even with the rest. If you do not want to make a boy hate the country, when a task is assigned to him, don't pile on so much as to compel him to summon all his energies for three-fourths of the day to complete it, and then, as soon as the job is done, tell him he will have to go mill, or the cook can make no bread for the next day.

"If you don't want to make a boy hate all the operations of a farm, don't tell him while all the men are taking their 'nooning' in harvest time to water the cows and horses, and to hurry up so as to go with the men when they are ready to return to the field. Don't encourage a boy to rear a nice calf or colt, and tell him the animal shall be his when grown up, and then sell the beast for a good price, pocket the money, and tell the boy the price received don't pay for the hay, oats and grass consumed. If you want to make an energetic and successful farmer of a boy, don't encourage him to rise before daylight so as to rake the wheat stubbles while the dew is on, telling him he shall have half of the gleanings, and then sell his part of the grain with the crop, and tell him, when he inquires about his share of the money, that the little sum received will not pay for half his board next winter. Don't badger a good boy to the verge of desperation with the mischievous and obnoxious 'go boys' system of management. If you want to make him like farming opera-

tions, don't fret every ambitious desire out of the young aspirant with the repulsive and incessant ding-dong of

"Jim do this, and Jim do that,
When all Jim gets is an old straw hat.

"There is no precept and no reasoning that will induce boys to stick to the farm like the cheering words, 'Come, boys,' always accompanied by an irreproachable example in leading the way. Strange as it may seem to some, boys are human."

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

WE take the following from Dr. John Bell's report, made last year to the American Medical Association, on the "Relations of Alcohol to Medicine." He says—Intemperance is the most usual predisposing cause of albuminaria, or Bright's disease, as exposure to cold, or to cold and moisture, is the most commonly exciting one. Dr. Bright remarks: "Where intemperance has laid the foundation, the mischief will generally be so deeply rooted before the discovery is made, that even could we remove the exciting cause, little could be hoped from remedies; but at the same time, a more impressive warning against the intemperate use of ardent spirits cannot be derived from any other form of disease with which we are acquainted."

The words of warning, adds Dr. Bell, do not carry with them the needed force here, as they are directed against what the writer calls "the intemperate use of ardent spirits," instead of saying the habitual use; for one may very pertinently ask—"What is the line between the temperate and intemperate use of ardent spirits? Every drunkard begins with the temperate use of alcohol, and in doing so puts himself on the road to intemperance, with all its consequences. A man may, as we have previously shown, destroy his health, and become the victim of incurable disease, by continued small drinking of alcoholic liquors, without his ever having been drunk or subjected himself to the imputation of intemperance.

"What plea of necessity, what promises of pleasure are there to make a man encounter such alarming risks and positive sufferings? He begins to drink alcohol moderately—temperately, as he believes—and, without meaning it, drinks, for a longer or shorter time, immoderately and intemperately, and gets an incurable disease of the liver, or kidneys, and dropsy, and all kinds of complicated disorders which end in death. Was this sacrifice of self made for the sake of advancement in the world, the acquisition of wealth and honor, the benefit of his family, his friends, or his country? Would he, in fine, be less a free agent under a pledge of total abstinence than under the dominion of an invincible habit?"

LAY PREACHING.

ON this subject, about which some high churchmen are so sensitive, Mr. Beecher says in one of his lectures:—

"This leads me to speak of the lay element in churches. I am satisfied that we are never going to have professional ministers enough to convert the world—never. We have got to have the whole church preach, or we shall never cover the ground. The population increases a great deal faster than ministers do, especially in the outlying territories. Just think of attempting to closely follow up that rush of emigration, and the opening of those vast intermediary and far-away States and territories with schools and churches and professional ministers! You never can do it. In this present intelligent age of the world, I do not understand why a layman has not just as much right to be a public teacher as a minister. He knows as much, he averages as well. He does not undertake to conduct an organization in all its details and to be a leader, but in his sphere he is prepared to preach the Gospel. There are many men in the law, in medicine, in mercantile business, many teachers in schools, many men retired from active business life, who are competent to take this, that, or the other neighborhood, and maintain service from Sabbath to Sabbath. Able lecturers they are upon education, able lecturers they may be on temperance; and they may just as well preach also sermons that have in them the root of the Gospel."

"CAST ADRIFF."

WE call attention to the publisher's advertisement of this new book by Mr. Arthur. As it is sold only by canvassing agents, and cannot therefore be had from book-sellers, we have made arrangements by which we can send any of our readers a copy by mail, on receipt of the price, \$2.00.

THE PHILADELPHIA LAWN-MOWER.

WE have now in use a Philadelphia Lawn-Mower which has proved most satisfactory. It is scarcely more than a pleasant recreation to go over the lawn with this machine, and it is kept in beautiful condition by its frequent use—the ground level and the grass velvety. The sixteen-inch machine is best size, as it is not too heavy to work with ease. The twelve-inch machine is adapted to a lady's use, and is not too large for the smallest grass-plot, while the ten-inch one is a useful plaything for boys and girls. The largest size is twenty inches which may be worked by one man, but is better adapted for two. These machines are made and sold by Graham, Emlen & Passmore, whose place of business is at 631 Market Street, Philadelphia.

A lady writes:—"I never was so glad to circulate your magazine as I am this year. I kept it on the wing—even taking it to Sunday-school and slipping it into the hands of mothers. Its teachings are better than gold, and find their way through their own attractions."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. T. P. S. writes: "I see in your May number an inquiry as to the author of that lovely poem, 'The Angel of Patience.' It is by John G. Whittier, a free paraphrase from the German." The poem in our April number, page 275, beginning—

"Beside the toilsome way
Lonely and dark, by fruits and flowers unblest,
Which my worn feet tread sadly day by day,
Languing in vain for rest.

"An angel softly walks,
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,
The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks
She weaves my fitting crown."

is a different one from Whittier's beautiful paraphrase from the German, which we give below:

"To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes—
No power has he to banish pain;
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

"There's quiet in that Angel's glance—
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ill and woes he may not cure,
He kindly trains us to endure.

"Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throb of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

"Oh, thou, who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day!
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, 'Be resigned—
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well.'"

The inquiry as to the authorship of the poem in our April number is still unanswered.

T. I. M. writes: "In the last number of the HOME MAGAZINE, I notice a column of 'Answers to Correspondents.' I was glad, for I have been wanting the name of another book calculated to bring to poor, tried women the comfort and sweet hopefulness that 'Stepping Heavenward' has done—one that can point out Christ as winningly, with the strength and hope and joy to be derived from Him in one's daily living. If you will allow me, I will tell you why I write for information of such a work. Last year, in the midst of my first great grief, which followed in the train of many distressing trials,

a friend sent me 'Stepping Heavenward.' I could not tell all that book did for me. But I began to lend it around to my friends—many of them sorrowful women, whose lives had in them little of hope, and who were besides walking in spiritual darkness. I believe, without exception, they are all now braver, brighter women; and I know it would do Mrs. Prentiss's heart a Heavenly good could she see the words of hope and joy that have been written me because of her book. When my little boy—my only child—was taken from me last fall, he left his little bank full of pence. The sum may be sufficient to buy two or three books, and I do so want them to be just such as can do the most good, that I may see and know that the little life dear to me did not bloom so sweetly here in vain. I want the names of two or three such books as I describe, to lend around wherever I may find that they are needed, and you will do me a great kindness to inform me in your next issue in regard to them."

We give the whole of our correspondent's letter, which will be read with interest. There are two books, "Our Children in Heaven," by Dr. W. Holcombe, price \$1.75, and "Comforted," price 75 cents, both published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, from which we know many sorrowing hearts have derived consolation. "Lifting the Veil" is another book written for hearts in affliction.

HERBERT.—If you are only "ambitious to make a name" for yourself, we fear that the end will be vanity and disappointment, no matter what profession you choose. Only they who give themselves to earnest work from the love of it ever succeed, in the true sense. He who sets before him the poor, unworthy end of "making a name for himself," will surely fail of making an honorable name. They only win that who work nobly; that is unselfishly, thinking less of the acceptability than of the excellence of their work.

A. E. H. sends an answer to the inquiry for a recipe for making yeast without hops: "Pare two good-sized potatoes; then grate them into a large bowl. Put in a large spoonful of sugar and one of salt. Pour in a quart of boiling water; stir thoroughly. When about milk-warm add a cup of yeast and set in a warm place to rise. It will be ready to use in three hours."

W. H. H.—Whatever will put a man in better condition to work through his six days of labor, is right to be done on Sunday. To pursue his regular business will not do this; neither will drinking, nor any kind of dissipation. These will hurt and incapacitate him for the useful labor by which he, as well as others, are benefited. "The Sabbath was made for man," that he might get rest from toil, and have opportunity for doing good to his neighbor; but especially that he might be so freed from the cares and interests of business and the things pertaining to his life in the world, as to be able to give his mind to things spiritual and eternal. It is a day for religious thought and external worship; and wisest and happiest are they who make a right use of its blessed privileges. They will be stronger and better and safer when they go back to their common life of work and care and toil.

To those who do not accept the higher blessings of the Christian Sabbath it offers many and abundant benefits. It should be to none a day of mere idle self-indulgence. That is not true rest. Let there be activity of mind and body in some new direction; only let it be innocent—and that is innocent which neither hurts the neighbor nor one's self. If the mind hungers for books, read, either at home or in some public library, if a false notion of what the Christian Sabbath really means does not keep these library-doors shut. If the exhausted body and mind need change and the refreshment of nature, get for a little while into the country, if possible. Do anything but drone and drowse on Sunday—anything innocent, we mean, of course—and you will be more fitted for your common duties, and more in the true order of God's providence. An eminent clergyman says: "All theories of Sabbath-keeping that make it a burden grievous to be borne, or a day of revelling and excitement, are in antagonism to the true spirit of Christian Sabbath-keeping. But how shall we rest? Not, surely, by imprisoning our restless bodies and minds in the four walls of a house. Rest is not mere inactivity—that is often more tiresome than toil. A weary man who enjoys green fields and fresh air with his family on Sunday is not guilty of any wrong. The Sabbath of severe inactivity was not taught by Christ, was unknown even to the Pharisees, and is a burden which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear."

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know the duties of president, secretary, etc., of a society. The officers of a society usually consist of president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and sometimes a corresponding secretary and executive or business committee. The duties of the president are to preside at each meeting of the society, and to conduct its affairs, enforce order and settle disputed points. The president is not allowed to vote except in case of a tie, when he or she gives the casting vote. In voting by ballot, at the election of officers, however, the president may vote the same as any other member of the society. The duties of the vice-president are the same as the president, in the absence of that officer. The secretary must make out and preserve

a report of the proceedings of the meetings of the society, reading a report of the last meeting at each succeeding one. The corresponding secretary, if there is one, attends to the correspondence of the society. The treasurer receives and pays out the moneys of the society, rendering a strict account of the same. The executive committee, if there is one appointed, attends to all the business of the society—the place of meeting, the programme of exercises, etc., etc., which would take too much time and trouble to be settled at the meetings of the society. These matters are usually brought up in the society, and then referred to the executive committee, either with or without instructions. The committee then reports back, which report may be accepted or rejected by the society at its pleasure. The usual order of exercises is: calling the meeting to order by the president; reading of minutes by the secretary; communications; reports of committees; unfinished business; new business; regular or miscellaneous exercises, and adjournment.

A. I. L.—"Pipissway Potts" is not Virginia F. Townsend.

SELF-QUESTIONING.

BY R. B. D.

(See Engraving)

DEARLY, dearly, night comes down—
Sadly the wind sighs like one in pain;
The heavens are black with an ominous frown;
Low and monotonous falls the rain.

Cosy and warm, with the curtains drawn,
I sit me in front of the open grate;
I am not lonely, though all alone—
Though the night is stormy, the hour so late.

Crouched by my fireside content I sit,
And study the flare of the burning fire;
Into the corners the shadows flit,
As the bright light flashes out high and higher.

All unheeded the open book
Falls by my side, a forgotten story,
As into the glowing coals I look,
And watch their changeful, fantastic glory.

What do I see in the burning coal?
What do I see in my fancy bright?
Tell me, oh, tell me, my inmost soul!
Keep thou no secrets from me to-night.

Wonderful things I see pictured there—
Castles and temples of marvellous splendor;
Faces of those I love—oh, so fair!—
Love with a love that is warm and tender.

Burning letters together combine,
And change and fall in the fervid coal.
Is there nought else? No sight, no sign?
Whisper, and tell me, oh, secret soul!

Answers my soul to my questions low:
"There is one face, and there is one name,
That are ever seen in the ruddy glow
Of the burning coal and the leaping flame."

One face! one name! I will ask no more.
I half suspected your secret, soul.
The name you have whispered so often o'er—
No wonder you read it amid the coal!

THE FRANKLIN REFORMATORY HOME FOR INEBRIATES.

IN our April number we gave an extended account of the inauguration and success of this "Home" for the treatment of inebriates, which was started in our city by a few earnest individuals, with prayer to God for wisdom to see what was best to do and strength to work patiently.

On the evening of the 27th of May, the new buildings, Nos. 913 and 915 Locust Street, which have been fitted up in an admirable manner, were opened to the public, and was a deeply interesting occasion to the large number of our citizens who were in attendance. No one present could have failed to be profoundly impressed by what he heard and saw. The result of work, regarded as almost hopeless, was presented in the form of men testifying with fervid thankfulness to the influence of the "Home," and telling how, through the kindness and watchful care of the Christian

men and women, by whom it is managed, they had been lifted out of their dreadful condition, and their feet again set in safe ways.

It was an occasion that none who were present can ever forget, and gave new confidence to many who had almost come to believe that there was no hope for the drunkard.

This "Home" is essentially a "Christian home;" and therein lies its true saving power. Its inmates are led to distrust themselves, and to seek help from God, as well in prayer as in a religious obedience to His precepts. None are taken into the "Home" except such as are in earnest about reform. It is no place for merely getting over a debauch, or hiding the present consequences of inebriety. It is for those only who intend to stop, and lead a new life—and to such every possible help is given.

The good results in a single year are surprising, and far beyond anything its most hopeful projectors had imagined.

We have room for only a single extract from the annual report, and it gives one of many cases of reform that are recorded:

"Mr. — was among our first admissions. A young man of great promise, but who had contracted the habit of drinking whilst in the army. His parents, by lives of patient industry and integrity, had amassed considerable property, and looked to see their declining years spent happily with their children, but this was not apparently to be the case, for so very reckless did he become, that it was with fear and trembling they ever took up a newspaper, lest they should see news of his untimely death. God in His providence led him to the Home, and when once the effects of liquor were removed from him, he saw the danger he had been in. He earnestly set about the work of reformation, and led an entirely different life, maintaining his interest in the Home and its workings. His father took him in business with him, and all went well. He afterward made a handsome donation to the Home in the shape of a large carpet for the reading-room. Two months since he commenced to sicken, and in a few weeks was pronounced to be beyond hope of recovery. After a short time he died, a monument to the saving efficacy of the Home; for, through its influence he was led to seek and to trust that Saviour in whom he found peace in his dying hours. His parents could now gratefully bow to the will of God, for He had restored the child of their heart to his true position, and then taken him to Himself, the first fruit of the Franklin Home gathered in the garner of the Great Father of all. Almost his last-expressed thoughts were what he would do for the Home if he got well. When the president, the evening previous, and two of the lady managers, but a few hours before his death, in visiting him, asked if he was resigned to God's will, whether it be life or death, his answer was yes, perfectly resigned. By this young man is the Franklin Home registered in Heaven, and we feel amply repaid for all our anxiety and effort by this single soul saved from destruction, and the drunkard's terrible destiny."

ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.—COOL HOUSES IN SUMMER.—On our first page will be found advertised a new contrivance to help lighten the lot of woman, and save her some steps in her tiresome journey through life. "Lyon's" Portable Furnace is a perfect household wonder, since it can be attached to any stove or range, and supply fire for cooking at the slight cost of one cent daily. Any one can use it, as no gas, oil or explosive fluids are used to heat it, and its small cost brings it within the means of every one. There is an exhibition of these furnaces at No 908 Arch Street, where the whole process of cooking is carried on in the open air. We hope all housekeepers who value cool houses in hot weather will call and see it in operation, or send for descriptive circulars.

GAS COOKING-STOVES.—No person can question the utility of an apparatus that will do the ordinary cooking for a family as perfectly and as economically as any coal or wood stove, and at the same time be entirely free from smoke or odor, dust or ashes. By the use of such a stove for family cooking, the labor is reduced to almost nothing. One match in all the kindling-wood required to start a fire, and a simple movement of the finger will extinguish it, or increase or reduce it to any desired point, so that the amount

of heat generated is always in exact proportion to the work to be done. But perhaps the greatest advantage is that, the heat being applied directly to the purpose for which it is required, you entirely avoid heating your house during the summer months. This admirable invention, of which we give you a cut in our advertisement columns, is for sale at the old-established warehouse of J. W. Weymer, No. 52 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, to whom we would cheerfully recommend you.

"HILL'S ARCHIMEDEAN" LAWN MOWER.—D. Landreth & Son, of Philadelphia, have a superior Lawn Mower, which they offer to the public. It is called "Hill's Archimedeas;" and is the only balanced Lawn Mower which has an adjustable handle. It is offered in various sizes and prices suited for either man or horse power. Some are so small that children can easily operate them. They have been so extensively sold throughout the country, that they really require no recommendation. They have always proved satisfactory, and are indispensable adjuncts of a farm or garden. If the lawn or grass-plot is to be kept in a neat and desirable condition.

BETTER THAN AN EXHIBITION.—We refer to the Grand Business Entertainments at the Popular Clothing House of Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown. Judging from the immense number of happy buyers, one would think all the clothing business of America is done under the roof of Oak Hall, at Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

NEW MUSIC.—Come Here Galop, by C. DeBubrac, comes to us from the publishing house of W. H. Boner & Co., 1102 Chestnut St., and is, without exception, the most sprightly, attractive and fascinating of any galop we have ever heard. Come Here Galop is inscribed to Madame Janauschek, with whom it is a particular favorite.

"Day by Day in Wondrous Beauty," or, *The Asra Song*, by Rubenstein, is a strange, weird-like romance, particularly inviting; it is needless for us to add comment on any composition from the pen of the renowned author and pianist, suffice to say that *The Asra* is unequalled.

I'm in Love, by Fred Clay, as sung by the popular English tenor, Sims Reeves. The song tells the story in a very interesting manner. Words and music are both pretty, and will undoubtedly be popular.

Nocturne, by J. Boulanger, is a classical composition of more than a little merit. The author has given a fine composition, which will undoubtedly be sought after by the more advanced pupils. Copies can be had of the publishers, W. H. Boner & Co., 1102 Chestnut St., Phila.

BUTTERICK'S BULLETIN OF FASHIONS for July will be found in this number of the HOME MAGAZINE. It is a very attractive, and marked by good taste in all the illustrations of ladies' and misses' garments. It will be seen that the number of yards required for each dress is given, as well as the sizes and prices of patterns. The styles are all new, and drawn from actual garments, not copied from French or German fashion-plates, representing a style three or six months old. With these patterns any woman of good taste can be her own dressmaker, if she will.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Arthur's New Books by Mail.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

CAST ADRIFF, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. S. Arthur, on receipt of the price.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and the "Man-Trap," or "Cast Adrift." For \$3.50 the "Man-Trap" and "Cast Adrift." For \$5.50, the three volumes will be sent.

Take Notice.

In remitting, if you send a draft, see that it is drawn or endorsed to order of T. S. Arthur & Son.

Always give name of your town, county and state.

When you want a magazine changed from one office to another, be sure to say to what post-office it goes at the time you write.

Let the names of the subscribers and your own signature be written plainly.

In making up a club, the subscribers may be at different post-offices.

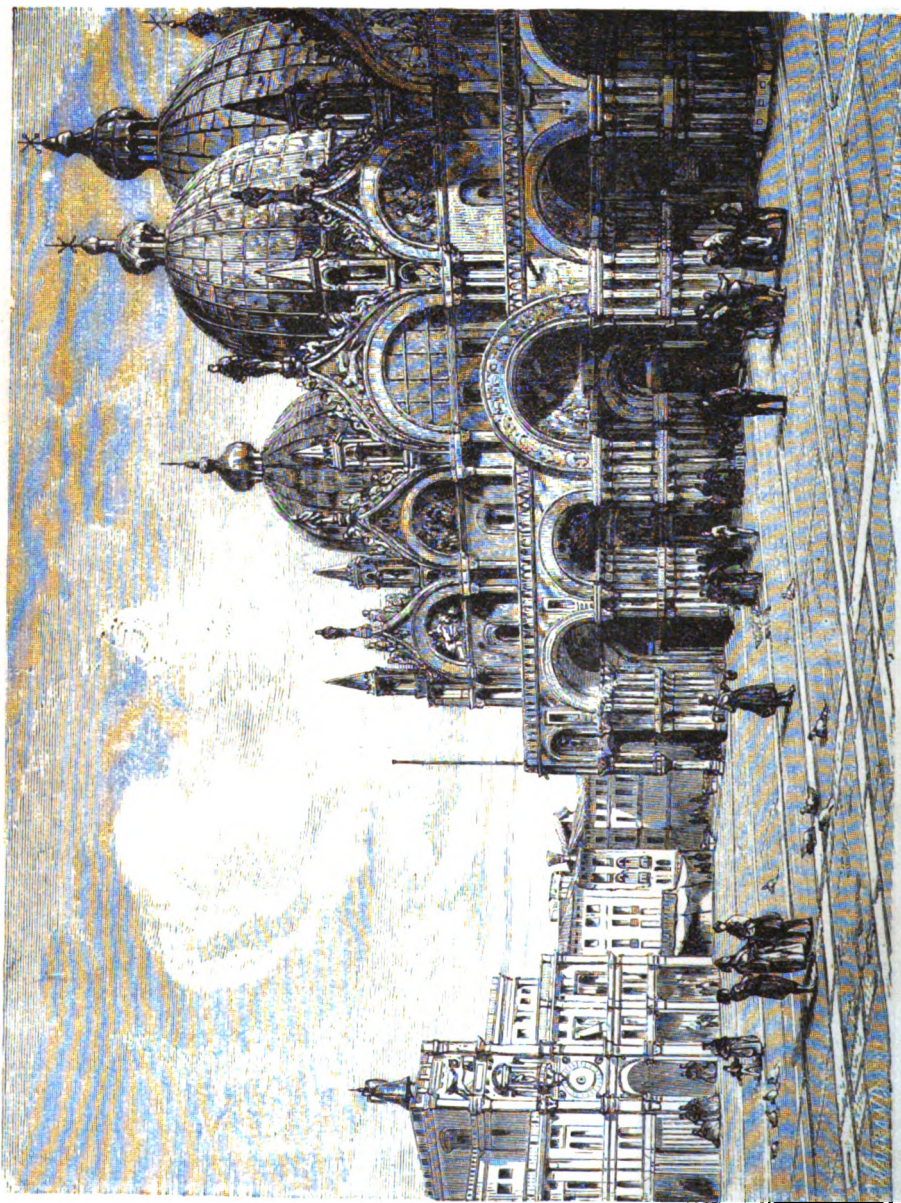
Canada subscribers must send 12 cents, in addition to subscription, for postage.

If you cannot get P. O. order or draft, register your letters.

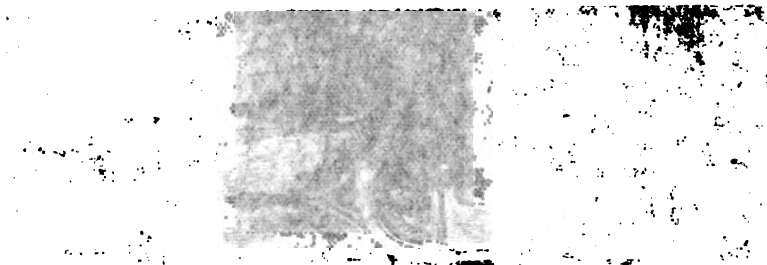
Every subscriber to THE HOME MAGAZINE, whether single or in a club, will receive a copy of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES."

To Club-Getters.

Some of our club-getters have written to ask if "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," "BEN-TIME," or "THE WRATH OF IMMORTALITY," would be sent free to subscribers, in place of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES," if desired. We answer yes. A choice of either of these pictures can be made.



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ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLI.

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No. 8.



LOOKING BEYOND.

BY RICHMOND.

"YES," answered the invalid, speaking in a quiet voice, "I know that my earthly home will soon crumble and fall; but then, you see," and a smile rested on her lips, "I shall have a house not made with hands, eternal, in the Heavens."

Her friend had come to comfort her, and was trying to lead her thoughts onward to the better country whither her feet were hastening. Intimate as they were, it was the first time they had talked together of death. The invalid had listened to her friend, as

she referred, in a voice that was husky and almost broken, to the coming change that every outward sign too surely indicated, and then answered, as we have seen.

"A body," she continued, looking at her thin white hands, "that will never fail me as this has done."

"You have been pondering these solemn things," said the friend.

"I think of them a great deal. I am looking beyond."

"Into that unknown country, whither we are all going." There was a tone of sorrow and regret in the friend's voice, as if the approaching change were a calamity to be feared.

"The land of peace," said the invalid, in the quiet voice with which she had just spoken, and with the tender smile again on her lips.

The shadow which had been deepening on the friend's face lifted itself. She had come with oppressed feelings, drawn by a sense of religious duty, to talk of death and the grave. She was not sure of her friend; was in fear lest her mind lay in darkness and doubt; and, lo! she found her peaceful and waiting. It was a sweet surprise.

"And you do not shrink from death?" she asked.

"Why should I? What is death?"

A sober look came back into the friend's face.

"Ah! the mystery of death!" she answered.

"Not a mystery, but a simple change. Only the laying off of an outer garment that has become useless. A tranquil sleep, and then a peaceful waking."

The friend was silent with wonder. A simple change! The laying off of an outer garment that had become useless! Death only this! She had expected to find doubts, and shrinkings, and mortal fears; but instead eyes full of serene trust and hopeful anticipations looked into hers.

"It is not for us, as Christians," said the invalid, "to magnify death as an evil; to surround an event that comes in natural order with vague terrors and awful experiences. Death is but a loving angel, sent to take us by the hand, when we are done with earth, and lead us to the land immortal. At his touch, this body of clay will fall in ruins, and then I shall find myself living in a more perfect body, wrought of spiritual substance, and in all things meet for that purer world in which spirits and angels dwell. I do not call this change death; it is really a resurrection. A rising out of a lower into a higher sphere of life. A beautiful transition."

"Thank you, my dear friend! I came to lead your thoughts onward to this great transition, but you do not need my office of Christian love."

"Dear friend and sister!" was answered. "It was so good in you to come; and I need you more than I can tell. I want to talk with you about heavenly things; about the new country to which I am going; its inhabitants and employments. For you know, dear, that Heaven is only another country, or world, into which God takes us when we are done with this. What shall we do there? And how shall we live?"

"God will take care of all that," said the friend. "Of one thing you may be sure, your life will be peaceful and happy."

"I know that; but the idea of mere peace and happiness does not fill my anticipations. They are only states of the soul."

"What more can you ask? If you are peaceful and happy, what is left to desire?"

The invalid did not answer immediately. It was plain from the expression of her face that something perplexed her thoughts.

"This looking forward to peace and happiness as the great good in store for us if we keep the divine law, has in it, to my perception, an element of selfishness. Must not a true Heavenly state be one of self-forgetfulness in a divine love for others?"

"Oh! I see where your thought is turning," said the friend, her countenance lifting. New intuitions began coming to her mind. "Peace and happiness are only consequent states."

"That is it. Consequent on some good we have done. To me, peace and happiness are incompatible with idleness. I am sure Heaven would be anything but a state of blessedness to me if I had nothing to do but sit down and enjoy myself—to contemplate my own happiness. Why, my dear friend, I should grow miserable in a week—get blue mouldy, as an odd acquaintance of mine once said, when she had no employment."

"Oh, of course we shall not be idle."

"Very well. Then comes the next thought—what shall we do?"

"I wouldn't trouble myself about that," said the friend, seeing on the invalid's brow an earnest contraction.

"I am not troubled about it in the least," was answered, a soft smile playing about the colorless lips. "But, as I am about going to reside in a new country, it is only natural that I should think a good deal about its inhabitants, and the way they live. There is no harm in that."

"Not unless it disturbs your mind, and brings into it a doubt of God's goodness."

"As it does not, but only seems to give me broader glimpses of His love, and wisdom, and great beneficence. Whenever we read about angels in the Bible, are they not always represented as doing something—as agents of God's good purposes? Now, I have read somewhere that all angels were once men and women, living upon some earth in God's universe. Don't you remember that the angel who appeared to John in the Apocalypse told him that he was one of his fellow-servants, and of his brethren the prophets? And that the measure of a man is called the measure of an angel? You see, I think a great deal about these things. If I am to become an angel, and one of God's ministering spirits, then it is all clear to me. I shall be peaceful and happy, because, like God, I shall be employed in doing good. He, the greatest worker and greatest benefactor in the universe, is the most peaceful and the happiest; and the nearer our life comes to His, the sweeter and more perfect it will be. Do you know what I would most like to do in Heaven?"

A bright look came into the invalid's face.

"What?" asked her friend.

"Take dear little babies that come from the earth, and be as a mother to them. Oh!" and the brightness of her face grew into a glad radiance, "that would be happiness indeed!"

"Maybe it will be so," answered the friend, gazing in tender surprise on the face that seemed to have caught a light from Heaven.

"But I must not choose my work. God will know best," said the invalid. "He may send me to strengthen some poor sister walking in the world's hard and dangerous places, and so help me to save a soul that, but for an angel counsellor and guide, might be lost forever. Or, my work may be to comfort the sick, and keep their thoughts stayed on God; or, to be with the sorely tempted, holding them back from evil by counsels spoken to their inner thought. It will be all right, I know; and I shall be happy in my work, be it what it may. Oh, yes, God knows best; and it will all be well."

With a soft sigh of relief, as of one in whose mind some questioning doubt had been laid to rest, she let her head fall back upon her chair, her white lids slowly dropping down. There was a smile of peace upon her lips. She was looking beyond into the Heavenly land whither she was soon to go; not thinking of golden streets, and mansions of delight, but of the angel-work that waited her coming.

THE PACIFIC MILLS, LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS.

AN eminent English clergyman, W. G. Blaikie, D. D., gives, in some notes of travel in America, the following interesting account of his visit, two or three years ago, to the Pacific Mills at Lawrence, Massachusetts. He says:

These mills, which are held by a joint-stock company, were started on the principle that there was to be an acknowledged mutual dependence between employers and employed; and that, inasmuch as the success of the proprietors must depend on the cheerful and intelligent co-operation of the work-people, certain plans should be adopted to secure the material, moral and intellectual welfare of the workmen, both as a duty to them, and one of self-interest to the proprietors. This preliminary condition is the more worthy of notice, that in England some workmen are apt to regard such measures as an interference with their rights; a view which does not seem to have been taken at all in America, though there the rights of workmen are held pre-eminently sacred.

Among the material arrangements designed for the benefit of the people, the first was, the erection of factory buildings, well lighted and well aired, of cheerful and comfortable aspect, in which the workers should have presented to them the brighter and not the gloomier surroundings of a life of toil. Next, comfortable dwelling-houses. Residences were provided for the heads of families at moderate rents; the rent answering to Adam Smith's condition, not exceeding one-eighth of the income. Large buildings were also erected for single females, divided into apartments, arranged for two persons each. These boarding-houses were placed under the charge of trustworthy superintendents, and they have proved a remarkable success. They accommodate in all upward of eight hundred girls. The boarders are under pretty stringent regulations in

many things, yet seem to enjoy their mode of life. This is the more remarkable, that some institutions of the same kind at home have failed. In Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, a boarding-house was opened of a similar kind, designed for the accommodation of girls working at a factory there. It has not been a success; partly, perhaps, because in a large town like Edinburgh the choice of lodgings is very large; partly, it may be, for other reasons. Of the male workers at Lawrence, many now own houses in which they dwell. About £50,000 has been thus invested by them. Besides these, there is a benefit society for sickness and other times of trouble. The payments vary from two to six cents, or say, one to three pence a week. In some conditions of the fund, the payments are suspended altogether. The fund is managed by the work-people, with the manager as chairman, and certain persons are named as stewards, whose duty is to attend to the comfort of the sick all the time they are disabled. The company show their mindfulness of all the possible conditions of their people, by providing a burial-ground for the use of those who die poor. All these arrangements draw the members of the factory together, and establish a subtle but powerful bond between them. Altogether about four thousand people are employed—half male, half female—the female workers being mostly young. The oil supplied in these arrangements lubricates the wheels, and the work goes on pleasantly, and to the shareholders most profitably.

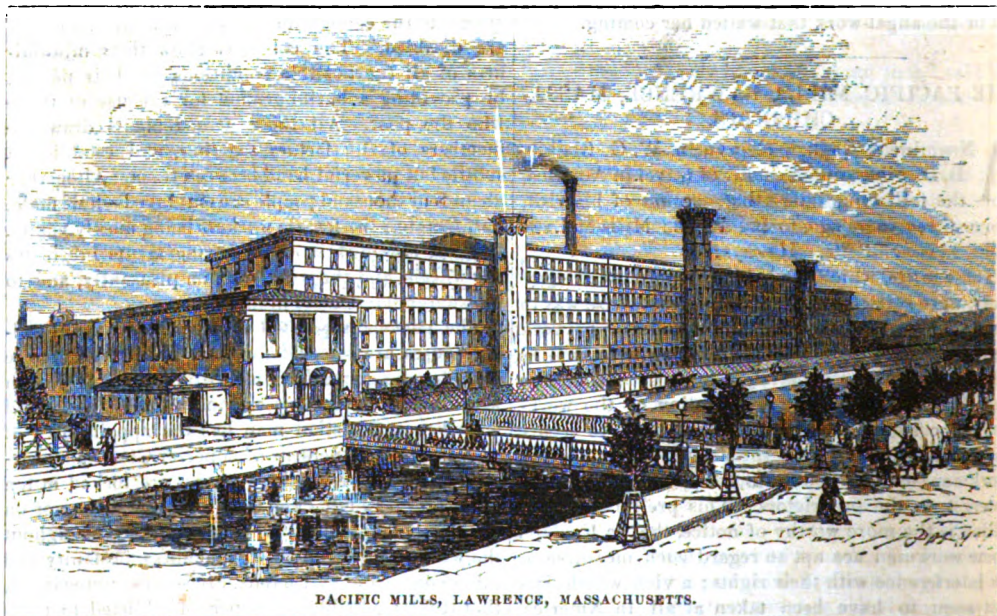
The persons appointed to superintend the boarding-houses are selected for their ability to exercise a wholesome domestic influence on the young women who occupy their houses; and as may be looked for, when a Christian man has the appointment of them, are often persons of superior Christian character. The doors of these houses are locked at ten o'clock every night, and any improper behavior on the part of the inmates is checked. Throughout the whole establishment, drunkenness, profanity and other coarse and evil habits, are so discountenanced, that it is impossible for a person addicted to them to retain his connection with the works. It is not alleged that no woman of loose *morale* is in the establishment, but it is not thought that any become lax in it, and it is certain that there is no open propagandism of vice. Even overseers, when guilty of tyrannical or harsh treatment of those under them, are liable to censure, and there have been instances of their dismissal for such offences.

A library is also provided, and separate reading-rooms for the men and for the women. This branch of the operations is evidently carried on with vigor, and with unceasing endeavors to provide what will keep up the interest of readers. Evening schools are provided, partly by the company; and those boys and girls who are at the time of life (from ten to sixteen) when by law they must partially attend school, have facilities offered to them for complying with the requirement.

The success attending this system has been very

considerable. In the first place, strikes have been unknown. A higher class of workmen have been secured. A liberal scale of wages has been adopted, for the company has been exceedingly prosperous. The arrangements, especially where young women are employed, are, however, subject to some drawbacks. There is an immense amount of coming and going. Girls will often go away for a month or two months holiday and return at the end. The sum earned by the girls is about a dollar a day, and as their board and lodging cost little more than a third of this, there is an ample surplus for dress and what not. The amount of finery sold in Lawrence is said to be very large, and on Sundays the mill girls are dressed like ladies. I must own, however, that the appearance of the girls at work disappointed me. There was often a coarseness and ungainliness which I did not expect to see. But then it must be

and moral aspects, is due to the manager and the superintendent, and especially to the earnest Christian spirit by which they are animated. There are needed for such operations a degree and kind of patience, a kindness, a paternal consideration and a dependence on higher influences to guide and bless, that are only bred of earnest Christianity. If, in some cases, men making no profession of Christianity show a considerable amount of interest in their workpeople, and if, in other cases, men professing Christianity show none, but are hard and stern as granite blocks, this only shows how liable profession and practice are to part company. I must say, in behalf of the school of Arnold, Maurice and Kingsley, that it did great and good service, twenty or thirty years ago, by indicating the connection between the spirit of Christ and arrangements for the social well-being of the working classes, and by strongly



PACIFIC MILLS, LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS.

remembered that a great proportion are "foreign," that is, Irish and German. I was told that twenty years ago, two-thirds were natives of New England and one-third foreign; now the proportion is more nearly one-third native and two thirds foreign. And this, of course, must cause considerable difficulty in carrying out the spirit of the undertaking.

The company encourages the workmen to become owners of its stock, after the manner of the Crossleys of Halifax. The amount of stock thus held exceeds \$60,000. More than one of the workmen has been a member of the Lawrence City Government in its Board of Aldermen and Common Council; and not an annual election passes without the choice of one or more to some of these important offices.

I have only to add that, in my judgment, very much of the success of this undertaking, in its social

urging such arrangements, as a right and necessary development of the Christian spirit. From some of their views I differ widely; but I trust I shall never be deterred from giving honor to whom honor is due, and thus indicating one thing, at all events, in which the Broad Church has deserved well of the country. I make this acknowledgment the more readily, because I have observed that the Arnold school are for the most part feeble in motive power. They can give a direction to a spirit already generated; but to create Christian devotedness, to inspire the passion and self-denial of philanthropy, to breed the patience and hopefulness of sustained Christian effort, their system seems to me all too feeble.

LET our lives be pure as snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.

THE BENGAL TIGER.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

THE tiger is nearly equal to the lion in strength, while it surpasses him in activity. It is found only in Asia, and especially in India, though it is not confined exclusively to that country, as it lives also in China quite far to the eastward.

the most thickly settled of any upon the globe, tigers and other wild beasts should abound to the extent of making travelling dangerous and dwelling insecure. But, to understand this, we should know something of the geography of the country. Though many parts of India are densely populated, there are still other regions where the foot of man has seldom if



We who, in a comparatively new country, have succeeded in either exterminating the wild beasts, or driven them back gradually before us as civilization has progressed westward, can hardly comprehend how it is possible that in a region the longest inhabited and ever trodden. The mountainous portions of India are almost inaccessible, and will probably continue to be, as they have always been, the undisturbed abodes of wild and dangerous animals of all kinds. The swamps and jungles which line the coast are equally

abandoned by men to the dominion of wild beasts. Again, the Ganges, with its many mouths, passes through a large section of the country called the Soonderbunds. These Soonderbunds are thickets and morasses, intersected by a hundred natural canals, incapable of cultivation or settlement, and the haunts of tigers, monkeys and poisonous reptiles. Thus, while on one side of the Hoogly, as this mouth of the Ganges is called, is found Calcutta, one of the great commercial cities of India, on the other side is a wilderness which must ever remain unconquered.

In these inaccessible regions tigers and other animals have their fastnesses, and from thence they venture on depredatory excursions.

The royal Bengal tiger is a most beautiful and magnificent creature. His hair is thick, fine and shining, its ground-color of a bright, tawny yellow, shaded into pure white on his under parts, and beautifully marked with dark undulating stripes and bands. He is in form a combination of strength and grace. As lithe in his motions as a cat, he can seize an ox in his mouth and carry it off with as much ease as a cat does a mouse, and without allowing its feet to drag on the ground. He sometimes attains to four and a half feet in height, and nine in length. The following anecdote will illustrate his strength:

"A buffalo, belonging to a peasant, having fallen into a quagmire, the man himself was unable to extricate it, and went to call the assistance of his neighbors. Meanwhile, a large tiger coming to the spot seized upon the buffalo and dragged him out. When the men came to the place, they saw the tiger with the buffalo thrown over his shoulder, in the act of retiring with him toward the jungle. No sooner, however, did he observe the men than he let fall the dead animal and precipitately escaped. On coming up they found the buffalo quite dead, and his whole blood sucked out. Some notion may be gained of the immense power of the tiger, when it is remembered that the ordinary weight of a buffalo is above a thousand pounds, and, consequently, considerably more than double its own weight."

It was once not uncommon in the Island of Java to have combats between tigers and buffaloes, in which the ferocity and agility of the tiger would sometimes prove more than a match for the strength of the buffalo. Combats between elephants and tigers were sometimes held in Siam, in which the elephants usually proved victors, though the tigers would show great bravery.

Tigers commit serious ravages in some portions of India, carrying off numberless cattle, and frequently children, and even men and women. In one district, a traveller tells us, three hundred men and five thousand cattle were destroyed during three years. The same traveller says:

"Whilst confined in the forest the tiger is comparatively harmless. There, feeding principally on deer, he rarely encounters man; and when the solitary hunter does meet the grim tyrant of the woods, instinctive fear of the human race makes the stupid monster avoid him. But, in the open country he be-

comes dangerous. Pressed by hunger, he seeks his prey in the neighborhood of villages, and carries off cattle before the herdsman's eyes. Still, he rarely ventures to attack man unless provoked or urged to desperation. But, under whatever circumstances human blood is first tasted, the spell of fear is forever broken. The tiger's nature is changed; he deserts the jungle, and haunts the very doors of his victims. Cattle pass unheeded, but their driver is carried off; and from that time the tiger becomes a man-eater."

Strange as it may seem, some of the natives regard tigers with a superstitious veneration, and take few, if any, precautions against them. They believe in the transmission of souls, and suppose that the souls of their ancestors are dwelling in the bodies of the tigers. They, therefore, when a tiger approaches their village, make him propitiatory offerings of rice and fruit, so that he may pass them by unharmed.

Tigers will sometimes attack alligators, and then the battle between these fierce monsters becomes terrible and exciting. A captain of a Guineaman vessel tells the following story:

"The ocean was very smooth and the heat very great, which made us so languid that almost a general wish overcame us, on the approach of evening, to bathe in the waters of the Congo. However, I and Johnson were deterred from it by an apprehension of sharks, many of which we had observed in the course of our voyage, and these very large. Campbell alone, who had been drinking too much, was obstinately bent on going overboard, and although we used every means in our power to persuade him to the contrary, he dashed into the water, and had swam some distance from the vessel, when we on board discovered an alligator making toward him, behind a rock that stood a short distance from the shore. His escape I now considered impossible, and I applied to Johnson to know how we should act, who, like myself, affirmed the impossibility of saving him, and instantly seized on a loaded carbine, to shoot the poor fellow ere he fell into the jaws of the monster. I did not, however, consent to this, but waited with horror the event; yet, willing to do all in my power, I ordered the boat to be hoisted, and we fired two shots at the approaching alligator, but without effect, for they glided over his scaly covering like hailstones on a tiled pent house, and the progress of the creature was by no means impeded. The report of the piece, and the noise of the blacks from the sloop, soon made Campbell acquainted with his danger; he saw the creature making toward him, and with all the strength and skill he was master of, he made for the shore. And now the moment arrived in which a scene was exhibited beyond the power of my humble pen perfectly to describe. On approaching within a very short distance of some canes and shrubs that covered the bank, while closely pursued by the alligator, a ferocious tiger sprang toward him, at the instant the jaws of his first enemy were extended to devour him. At this awful moment Campbell was preserved. The

eager tiger, by overleaping, fell into the grips of the alligator. A horrible conflict then ensued. The water was colored with the blood of the tiger, whose efforts to tear the scaly covering of the alligator were unavailing, while the latter had also the advantage of keeping his adversary under water, by which the victory was presently obtained—for the tiger's death was now effected. They both sank to the bottom, and we saw no more of the alligator. Campbell was recovered, and instantly conveyed on board; he spoke not while in the boat, though his danger had completely sobered him, but the moment he leaped on the deck he fell on his knees and returned thanks to the Providence that had so protected him. And, what is most singular, from that moment to the time I am now writing, he has never been seen the least intoxicated, nor has he been heard to utter a single oath."

Hunting the tiger is considered royal sport, and those who can boast having once engaged in it, consider themselves qualified to look with contempt upon all sport of a less dangerous and exciting character. The elephant is frequently used to advantage in these combats. His superior strength and sagacity is of advantage to the hunter. Those who engage in this pastime sometimes come to grief, and are fortunate if they escape with their lives. A writer gives us the following story:

"Mounted on elephants, some Europeans, among whom were some indigo-planters and officers of a native regiment, left Bombay, intending to devote some time to the noble pleasure of tiger-hunting. They had not yet reached the skirt of the forest when the noise of their march aroused a huge tigress, which, far from flying, attacked furiously the line of elephants. One of these animals, seeing the tiger for the first time, was frightened, and in spite of the efforts of the hunter who rode him, turned tail on the terrible beast. Seeing this, the tigress rushed in pursuit, leaped on the elephant's back, seized the hunter by the thigh, dragged him to the ground, and throwing him over her shoulders as easily as a fox would have thrown a fowl, bounded off toward the forest. All the guns were at once directed toward her, but no hunter dared to fire, in the fear of hitting their unfortunate companion. They were soon out of sight, but they could follow by the trace of blood shed by the victim. Soon these traces became more and more indistinct, and, arrived in the heart of the forest, not knowing on which side to direct their steps, the hunters, in despair, were about to give up the pursuit, when, at the very moment they least expected it, they perceived the tigress and her prey both extended in the high grass. The beast was dead. The man, with his eyes wide open, was still conscious, but his thigh still remained in the jaws of the tigress, and he was too feeble to reply to the questions of his friends. It was necessary, in order to release him from his terrible position, to cut off the head of the animal, and to disjoint her jaws.

"Fortunately, a surgeon was present, and the best care was given to the wounded man, and he was con-

veyed to the nearest dwelling from the theatre of this frightful scene. When he had sufficiently regained his strength, he related his adventure thus:

"Stunned by his fall, weakened by loss of blood and pain, he had fainted a few seconds after the tigress seized him. When he regained consciousness he found himself on the back of the animal, which was trotting at a rapid pace toward the thicket. Every second his face and his hands were torn by the bushes through which the tigress carried him. His death appeared to him certain, and he remained motionless, resigned to his fate. Then the thought struck him that he had in his belt a pair of pistols. He seized one of them, and pointing it at the animal's head, he fired. The tigress shook violently, her teeth were pressed more deeply into the flesh of her victim—and that was all.

"The poor fellow fainted again. When he came to himself once more, wishing to try his last chance, he took his second pistol, and this time aimed under the shoulder-blade in the direction of the heart, and the tigress fell dead, without a struggle or a groan, whilst the hunter, exhausted by this last effort, had not even strength to shout to his friends when he heard them approach."

The tigress is a very affectionate and devoted mother, and is even a more dangerous antagonist when she has a young family, than is the tiger. The young cubs, when captured, make pretty and amusing pets.

"A young tiger," says a writer, "which was brought from China in the Pitt, East Indiaman, at the age of ten months, was so tame as to admit of every kind of familiarity from the people on board. It was as harmless and playful as a kitten. It frequently slept in the sailors' hammocks; and, when stretched on the deck, would allow two or three of them to repose with their heads resting on it for a pillow. It was, like the cat, given to thieving, and frequently stole the sailors' meat. One day, having stolen a piece of beef from the carpenter, he followed it, and, after taking the flesh out of its mouth, beat it severely for the theft, which it suffered without offering to retaliate. It would frequently run out on the bowsprit, climb about the ship like a cat, and perform a number of tricks with surprising agility. There was a dog on board, with which it would often play in the most diverting manner. This animal was placed in the menagerie of the Tower of London, where it remained many years, and never evinced any ferocity. It was called Harry, and answered to this name like a dog."

In holding of an argument, be neither conceited nor cholerick; one distempers your understanding, the other abuses your judgment. Above all things, decline paradoxes and mysteries; you will acquire no honor either in maintaining a rank falsehood, or meddling with sacred truths; as he that pleads against the truth, makes wit the mother of his error; so he that argues beyond warrant, makes wisdom the midwife of his folly.



THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

THE long grass, burned brown
In the summer's fierce heat,
Snaps brittle and dry
'Neath the traveller's feet,
As o'er the prairie,
Through all the long day,
His white, tent-like wagon
Moves slow on its way.

Safe and snug with the goods
Are the little ones stowed,
And the big boys trudge on
By the team in the road;
While his sweet, patient wife,
With the babe on her breast,
Sees their new home in fancy,
And longs for its rest.

But, hark! in the distance
That dull, trampling tread;
And see how the sky
Has grown suddenly red!
What has lighted the west
At the hour of noon?
It is not the sunset,
It is not the moon!

The horses are rearing
And snorting with fear,
And over the prairie
Come flying the deer,
With hot, smoking haunches
And eyes rolling back,
As if the fierce hunter
Were hard on their track.

The mother clasps closer
The babe on her arm,
While the children cling to her
In wildest alarm;

And the father speaks low,
As the red light mounts higher—
"We are lost! we are lost!
'Tis the prairie on fire!"

The boys, terror-stricken,
Stand still, all but one:
He has seen in a moment
The thing to be done;
He has lighted the grass,
The quick flames leap in air;
And the pathway before them
Lies smoking and bare!

Now the fire-fiend behind,
Rushes on in his power,
But nothing is left
For his wrath to devour;
On the scarred, smoking earth
They stand safe, every one,
While the flames in the distance
Sweep harmlessly on.

Then reverently under
The wide sky they kneel,
With spirits too thankful
To speak what they feel;
But the father in silence
Is blessing his boy,
While the mother and children
Are weeping for joy.

LOOK AT HOME.

SHOULD you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own life, ere you venture,
If that has not failings too.

Let not friendly vows be broken;
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage back again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,
Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.

CRAWLING BATRACHIANS.

THE Crawling Batrachians are technically called *Amphibia Gracientia*. All these creatures have a much elongated body, a tail which is never thrown off, as in the frogs and toads, and limbs nearly equal in development, but never very powerful. The young are hatched from eggs, pass through the preliminary or tadpole state, and, except in a very few instances, the gills are lost when the animal attains its perfect form. Both jaws are furnished with teeth, and the palate is toothed in some species. The skin is without scales, and either smooth or covered with wart-like excrescences. There is no true breast-bone, but some species have ribs. When the young are first hatched they bear some resem-

fire, and remarks with evident surprise, that it was burned to a powder.

A piece of cloth dipped in the blood of a Salamander was said to be unhurt by fire, and certain persons had in their possession a fire-proof fabric made, as they stated, of Salamander's wool, but which proved to be asbestos.

The Salamander is a terrestrial species. It is slow and timid, generally hiding in some crevice during the day and seldom venturing out except at night or in stormy weather.

The Crawling Batrachians, called by the name of *Meantia*, contains a very few, but very remarkable species. In all these creatures the body is long and smooth, without scales, and the gills are very con-



NECTURUS LATERALIS.

blance to the tadpole of the frog, the gills being very conspicuous.

In these creatures, however, the fore-legs make their appearance first, and are soon followed by the hinder pair; whereas in the frogs the hind-legs are seen some time before the fore-limbs are visible externally.

The celebrated Salamander belongs to the order of Crawling Batrachians, and is found in many parts of the continent of Europe. This creature was formerly thought to be able to withstand the action of fire, and to quench even the most glowing furnace with its icy body. It is singular how such ideas should have been so long promulgated, for although Aristotle repeated the tale on hearsay, Pliny tried the experiment, by putting a Salamander into the

spacious, retaining their position throughout the life of the animal. The celebrated Proteus is an example of this order.

At Adelsberg, in the Duchy of Carniola, is a most wonderful cavern, called the Grotto of the Maddelena, extending many hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and consequently buried in the profoundest darkness. In this cavern exist: a little lake, roofed with stalactites, surrounded with masses of rock, and floored with a bed of soft mud, upon which the Proteus may be seen crawling uneasily, as if endeavoring to avoid the unwelcome light by which its presence is known.

These creatures are not always to be found in the lake, though after heavy rains they are tolerably abundant, and the road by which they gained admis-

sion is at present a profound mystery. Dr. Beale has given the following account of these curious creatures:

"One of the Proteuses I brought from Adelsberg lived for five years, and, what is very interesting, passed four years of his life in the same water, a little being added from time to time to make up the loss by evaporation. He lived in about a quart of water, which was placed in a large globe, this being kept dark by an outer covering of green baize. He was not once fed while he was in confinement."

The gills of the Proteus are very apparent, and of a reddish color, on account of the blood that circulates through them. The blood discs of this animal are of extraordinary size; so large, indeed, that they can be distinguished with a common pocket magnifier.

The color of the Proteus is pale, faded, flesh tint, with a wash of gray. The eyes are hidden beneath the skin, those organs being useless in the dark recesses where the Proteus lives.

Its length is about a foot. What are the natural habits of this strange animal, what is its food, of what nature its development and what is its use, are a series of problems at present unanswered. By some writers it has been thought to be merely the larvæ state of some large Batrachian at present unknown; but the anatomical investigations that have been made into its structure seem to confirm the idea that it is a perfect being, and one of those species which carry the gills throughout their whole existence.

In the Necturus, the head is much broader and flatter and the tail much shorter than in the preceding species. This animal belongs to the same family as the Proteus, but is a native of America, being found in the Mississippi and several of the lakes.

It is rather a large animal, attaining, when adult, a length of two or three feet, and being of a thick and sturdy make. The gills of this creature are large and well tufted, and the limbs are furnished with four toes on each foot, but without claws. The general color of the creature is olive-brown above, dotted with black, and with a black streak from the nostrils through the eye, and along each side of the tail. Below it is blackish-brown with olive spots.

BELIEVE THE BEST.—He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve, cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is formed is the goodness of his own heart. It is the base only who believe all men base—or, in other words, like themselves. Few, however, are all evil. Even Nero did a good turn to somebody—for when Rome was rejoicing over his death, some loving hand covered his grave with flowers. Public men are seldom or never fairly judged, at least while living. However pure, they cannot escape calumny; however incorrect, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice, but they rarely get it while alive, either from friend or foe.

WHOM SHALL WE HONOR?

"I AM out of all patience with this thing," said Mr. Jones; "it ought to be suppressed! No man should be permitted to make such scandalous remarks about one of our best and most public-spirited citizens!"

The speaker was in considerable excitement. He walked the floor nervously. The friend who had just come in, and to whom this speech was addressed, asked what had disturbed him.

"Read that!" said the other, slapping his hand spitefully against a newspaper. The friend took the paper and read:

"It is to be regretted that so large an outlay of money is to be made for hurting and demoralizing the people, instead of serving the common good. Neither great wealth, social position, nor ostentatious charity, can cover the infamy that must attach to any pursuit whereby a man builds up a fortune on the ruin of the health, morals and thrift of his fellow-citizens!"

"Now, what do you think of that, sir?" exclaimed the first speaker.

"Is it not true?" was asked, calmly.

"True! My gracious! Do you know of whom the fellow is speaking?"

"No."

"Look there, at the paragraph just above the one you have read! Ball Cardiff is the man!"

"Oh! it refers to the extensive addition he is now making to his breweries. Half a million is to be expended, I am told."

"Yes, sir. It is about Mr. Cardiff that the hound has written this libellous tirade. He ought to be horsewhipped, sir."

The friend took up the paper and read again: "Neither great wealth, social position, nor ostentatious charity, can cover the infamy that must attach to any pursuit whereby a man builds up a fortune on the ruin of the health, morals and thrift of his fellow-citizens."

"Looking up from the paper at Jones, he asked, soberly: 'Is not that true?'"

"Oh, yes, in the abstract, as a proposition in morals. But no man has a right to charge such infamy upon a high-minded, public-spirited citizen."

"Come to the window," said the friend. The two men looked across the street, where stood a lager beer saloon. "You have had fair opportunity to know whether that shop is a blessing or a curse to the people of this neighborhood. What say you, is it a blessing or a curse, Mr. Jones?"

"A curse!" was the unhesitating answer; "an unmitigated curse!"

"Do you call the keeper of this saloon a good citizen?"

"No, sir!"

"There are from four to six thousand places of like character in our city. Isn't it fearful to think of?"

"It is fearful," said Mr. Jones.

At this moment the keeper of the saloon came out,

and, crossing the street, entered the office of Mr. Jones, who was a lawyer.

"Good morning," he said, in the easy, satisfied way of a man with whom the world is going all right. "I've got a little business I'd like to have you attend to, Mr. Jones." And he laid down a ten-dollar bill. The lawyer took the money and inquired into the nature of the business. After it was stated, as the saloon-keeper seemed disposed to talk about his own affairs, the friend of the lawyer put in a few words to draw him out.

"How long have you kept this house?" he asked.

"Two years come next May," was answered.

"You have a good run of custom?"

"First rate, sir."

"And are laying up money?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much capital did it take to start your saloon?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Not much, as far as I was concerned."

"But it must have cost something to fit up and stock a place like yours?"

"So it did. But you see I had a rich uncle." And the saloon-keeper looked knowing and comical.

"Oh! Then a good many of you must have rich uncles," said the lawyer.

"I rather think we have," and the saloon-keeper laughed a queer, gurgling sort of laugh.

"Who was your uncle?"

"Mine? Maybe you'd like to know."

"Seriously," said the lawyer, "I would like to know just how you got a start in this business. I'm interested."

"Well, sir, my uncle was Ball Cardiff. He's a tip-top man, and rich as a Jew."

"Your uncle, really?" asked Jones's friend.

"Oh, no. Only the kind of relation Uncle Sam is to an office-holder. He just gave me a start. That's all. I've been uncle to myself ever since."

"Mr. Cardiff set you up?"

"Yes, sir, and a good many more of us. What's the use of his brewing if there's nobody to sell his liquor? The more saloons there are, the more demand for his beer. So, you see, whenever he finds a fellow like me, that can be trusted, he fits him up a saloon, puts in a few kegs of lager and strong ale, and sets him going. In a year or two all the fixtures are paid for, and kegs of lager by the hundred into the bargain."

"Oh! that's the way it's done!" said Mr. Jones, scarcely concealing his surprise.

"That's the way it was done in my case, and in the case of half a dozen more I could name."

The saloon-keeper went out, and the friend said: "Put that and that together, and what do you make of it? Is Ball Cardiff any more a good citizen than this man? Are his breweries public blessings, and this man's saloon an unmitigated evil?"

"The thing confounds me," replied Mr. Jones. "It seems that Cardiff really set up this moral pest-house over the way, and said to the man he put into

it, 'Make gain out of the ruin of human bodies and souls, and when you have gathered in enough to return the money I have expended, the establishment is yours.'"

"I could not state the case in truer sentences," answered the friend. "What then? Because a man is rich and lives grandly among us, giving largely of his wealth to public institutions, or scattering it in ostentatious charity, are we to accept and honor him as a high-minded and noble Christian gentleman? I trow not! Let the work every man is doing in the community be his judge. If it is good and useful work; if the man be a producer or a dispenser of things good for body or mind; let him have respect and honor. But, if he seek gain by ministering to depraved and sensual tastes and appetites, thus hurting all with whom he comes in contact through his work, let public sentiment brand him as unworthy of respect."

"I guess you are right," said the lawyer. "But this rule should apply as rigidly to those who, by vicious publications, poison the morals of the people."

"Just as rigidly. The two great evils of liquor-drinking and bad reading are doing an amount of injury to the people fearful to contemplate. In thus ministering to the demoralization and destruction of the souls and bodies of men, one class giving mental and the other physical poison for food and drink, large fortunes are being built up. Is society just to itself in taking by the hand and offering to the men who thus get gain honorable recognition just because they are rich? No! Every principle of right, of humanity, of religion, says no! What if a man like the one of whom we are speaking should give half a million dollars to found an orphan or an inebriate asylum? What compensation to society would this be for the stream of pauperism and crime that has flowed into almshouses and prisons for years, the head-waters of which may be found in his breweries? Do I put it too strongly? If so, let me suffer condemnation."

"A brewer," said the lawyer, "is not regarded in the light of a distiller of ardent spirits. Alcohol we know to be a poisoner of the blood, a hurtful and dangerous thing to take into the human stomach. Whisky and brandy-drinking we know to be injurious; but there is a large class that consider malt liquors not only innocent, but beneficial."

"Do you belong to that class?"

"No. I only speak of it in order to break, in a degree, the force of your condemnation of brewers. Only a short time ago some members of the Massachusetts Legislature visited an extensive brewery in the neighborhood of Boston, when one of them called the attention of the brewer to the harm he was doing, and urged him, as a good citizen, to give the matter his sober attention. To this the brewer replied, that he regarded himself as a public benefactor; that the brewery was an antidote to the distillery."

"What a fallacy!" exclaimed the friend.

"Yes, I think the declaration a great fallacy."

"A brewery is to a distillery what the primary school is to the advanced grades," said the other. "Beer-drinking is the way to whisky-drinking. First we have light malt liquors, in which the element of intoxication, in the form of alcohol, is small. It is this alcohol that vitiates the taste, and creates the morbid desire for continued and increased stimulation. Then stronger beer and ale, in which more alcohol is contained. And so on until, with too many, the craving thirst will not be satisfied with anything less than gin or whisky. Those who matriculate in the beer-saloon, are pretty sure, in the end, to graduate at the gin palace."

"You have a very direct way of putting things," said the lawyer.

"If there is any defect in the 'putting,' let it appear. I have no interest in gainsaying the truth. No cause is worth contending for that cannot stand the rigid test of the highest and broadest truth—even Divine truth. 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

"You cannot order society by that rule," was answered.

"There is no other safe rule for society. If all men observed it, all men would be prosperous and happy."

"But all men will not observe it. Every one looks to his own interest; and he must do it, if he would not be driven to the wall."

"A man serves his own interests while he serves others in useful work. This is a law of social order. The miner, the farmer, the artisan, the merchant, the artist, and professional man, each does good to the neighbor while serving himself. For what he receives he makes a return that adds to the wealth and comfort, or supplies some need of society. But he may, if he be dishonest and unscrupulous, give unfaithful work, overreach in bargaining, lie and cheat for gain, and so get from society an undue share of its wealth. Is the lazy thief, or daring robber, less honest or honorable than such a man? One hedges himself around by legal immunities; you cannot catch him at his villainies; he is too cunning and cautious; the other is reckless and bold, and society hunts him down and shuts him up in prison."

"Now, I hold it to be a wretched and perverting fallacy, that men cannot prosper in honest work. Faithfulness to any useful calling—that faithfulness which includes skill, industry, thought and perseverance—always must give a sure return. The man who masters his business or profession, and conducts it with intelligence and prudence, has no need to swerve a hair's breadth from the golden rule, in order to attain success. This I maintain against all argument to the contrary."

"But the makers and venders of intoxicating drinks, the publishers and sellers of vile and corrupting books and papers, and all others who get money by doing things hurtful to society, are another and a distinct class, who do not even make a pretence of being useful citizens. They serve no great interest. They produce nothing that men may use without

hurt. They absorb the earnings of the weak, the unwary, the vile, the besotted. They give poison instead of bread for the money they receive. The evil of their doings cries aloud from every lane and street of our cities, and from every town, and village, and neighborhood in the land. Their work is seen in prisons and almshouses, in orphan and insane asylums, in the haunts of poverty, wretchedness and crime. There is no good in it—nothing but unmixed evil."

"And because men grow rich in the doing of such fearful wrongs to society, shall society do them honor? Let every man answer to his own heart and conscience. We must have a higher, a purer, a manlier public sentiment. We must begin to call things by their right names. We must judge of men by what they are."

"As you are certainly doing," said the lawyer.

"Am I right or wrong?" asked his friend.

"Right! And I would to Heaven that all men were as bravely outspoken," was the prompt reply.

T. S. A.

OUR FATHER.

A GOOD woman, searching out the children of want, one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say: "Pull the string up high! Pull the string up high!" She looked up and saw a string which, on being pulled, lifted a latch; and she opened the door upon two little, half-naked children, all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the older.

"And are you not very cold? No fire on a day like this!"

"Oh! when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms round Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms round me, and we say, 'Now I lay me;' then we get warm," said the little girl.

"And what have you to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came in the good woman's eyes. She had a mistrusting spirit herself; but these two little "sparrows," perched in that cold upper chamber, taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust she will never forget.

A SURE friend is best known in an adverse state; we know not whom we trust till after trial; there are some who will keep us company while it is clear and fair, who will be gone when the clouds gather. That is the only friendship which is stronger than death; and those the friends whose fortunes are embarked in the same bottom, who are resolved to sink or swim together.

SAGO.

AMONGST the important farinaceous substances which we derive from tropical climates, sago holds a prominent place; together with arrow-root and tapioca, it is one of those pure forms of starch so useful in the dietary of invalids and children. Like many other articles of every-day use, but little is generally known amongst consumers about its origin, or the countries from whence we obtain it. Though sago, tapioca and arrowroot are all similar in their composition, and are used for similar purposes, they are yielded by distinct plants, and are natives of widely different parts of the world. Genuine sago is furnished by two or more species of *Sagus*, true palms, natives of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, where they not only form extensive natural forests, but are likewise very largely cultivated. The two most important species are *Sagus Rumphii* and *S. levis*. They are both trees, the latter growing to a height of from thirty to fifty



S. RUMPHII—A SAGO-YIELDING PALM.

The fruits of this group of palms are, perhaps, the most beautiful of any throughout the entire vegetable kingdom. The figure will give a better idea of their character than any written description.

FRUIT OF *S. RUMPHII*.

Sago is contained in the soft cellular or central portion of the trunks, and to obtain it the trees are felled, and the trunks cut up into truncheons, about two feet long, which are split down the middle, and the interior scooped out, pounded, and thrown into water. The starch, of course, separates from the remainder of the pulpy mass, and is poured off with the water, which is allowed to stand or settle, and the residue is collected and purified by successive washings, and finally dried, the result being the production of a meal or flour known as sago meal. This, however, undergoes a further system of refining and granulating before it enters into European commerce. The granulating process is said to be of Chinese origin, and it is chiefly carried on at Singapore. The meal, as taken to the manufactory, is usually packed in bags made of plantain leaves. It is carefully washed and strained, and exposed to the air for a short time. When the mass becomes tolerably dry, it is then broken up into small pieces and again placed in the air under cover, where it remains until it is thoroughly dry. The lumps are then pounded until the whole has become small enough to be passed through a sieve, the meshes of which are so made as to produce, by the final operation of granulating, the several forms or sizes of the "pearls." This last operation of granulating or "pearling" consists of placing the sifted sago in large bags, and thoroughly shaking them backward and forward for several minutes, when the sago is turned out of the proper form, and requires only to be dried before packing for exportation.

The largest quantity of sago is formed in the trunk just at the period when the flower spikes appear. If the flowers were allowed to develop, and the fruits to ripen, the trees would become exhausted and die, and in this state the central portion of the trunk is

feet, and the former somewhat smaller. They bear a crown of large pinnate leaves, somewhat erect, but bending over sufficiently to give a very graceful appearance to the plants. The flowering spikes are terminal, arising from the centre of the crown of leaves. In *S. Rumphii* the leaf-stalks (petioles) and the sheaths, which enclose the lower portion of the flower spikes, are armed with long sharp spines, while in *S. levis* they are smooth—hence one is known as the prickly and the other as the spineless sago palm. The flower spikes are produced when the trees are about fifteen years old, and it takes three years to ripen the fruits, after which the trees die.

dried up and is consequently worthless, therefore any delay beyond the proper time in cutting down the



SAGO STARCH MAGNIFIED.

trees would be attended with loss to the grower. The plants are usually propagated by offsets.

Sago is exported from Singapore not only to Europe, but also to India and the Cape. Quantities of sago meal are carried in native boats from Sumatra and other neighboring islands to Singapore, to be manufactured into "pearl sago;" but the article is not so important in Sumatra as it is in the Moluccas, where, indeed, it is the staple food. It is used in various ways. In Ceram it is made into flat cakes, about two inches square, and a half inch thick, four of such cakes being considered sufficient food for one day. The granules of sago starch, as seen under the microscope, are large, and of an elongated form, compressed at one end and round at the other, where there is usually a crack or slit, and a series of fine ring-like markings surround the granules. This appearance, however, is somewhat altered in granulated or pearl sago. The heat used in its preparation causes the starch masses to become larger and much more irregular.



STARCH GRANULES OF PEARL SAGO MAGNIFIED.

Sago is known in commerce under three distinct terms, namely, "small," "medium" and "large." Several sizes, however, do actually occur, the smallest being about the size of pins' heads, and the largest

about the size of coriander seeds. The color also varies much, some sorts being of a beautiful white, and others of a dull whitey-brown. A good deal of the very white sago is bleached by chloride of lime.

Sago is imported both in bags and boxes, each containing about a hundred-weight or rather more.

A great deal of fictitious sago is made from potato starch, and is used chiefly for mixing with genuine sago.



SPURIOUS SAGO FROM POTATO STARCH, MAGNIFIED.

Sago flour, an article but little known in trade, is the meal after it has undergone a perfect system of washing and sifting, minus the granulating process.

The generic name *sagus* is derived from the commercial *sago*, which, perhaps, would be more properly spelt *sagu*, and which in the language of the Papuan races means bread, in allusion to its use as an article of food.

Sago is, to a certain extent, nutritious like tapioca, arrow-root and other alimentary starches. Its great recommendation is that it is very easy of digestion, and on this account is valuable as an article of diet for invalids and children. Though commerce is chiefly indebted for its supply to the two species of *Sagus* before mentioned, several other palms yield sago, which is used in the respective countries where the plants grow, such for instance as *Phanix farinifera* in India, *Corypha Gebanga* in Java, and *Sagus Vitiensis* in Fiji. It is also obtained from the stems of some of the *Cyodaceae*.

"GIVE, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." This Divine law rules, in regard to spiritual things, both on earth and in Heaven. We must minister because we have received; and we must minister that we may receive more abundantly. In ministering to others, we enter into the true order of our life. Our life comes from God, who is the universal *Giver*. It must therefore impel us to *give*; it must prompt us to words of help and deeds of use.—*Words in Season.*

MOTHER AND SON. *

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF."

"H AS my John been here to-night?" asked Mrs. Brown, as she looked in about nine o'clock at one of her neighbor's.

"Yea. He was here just after supper, and he and Jim went off together."

they're going to turn out well, it'll all come right in the end; if not, nothing that we can do is going to help it."

"No—no—no, Mrs. Moyer! Don't say that," spoke out Mrs. Brown, warmly. "We can do almost everything with our children if we go right about it. We must watch over them, and keep them, as far as



"Do you know where?" asked Mrs. Brown, her voice unsteady from the anxiety she felt.

"Oh, dear! no," was the rather sharp reply of her neighbor, whose name was Mrs. Moyer. "It's more than I can do to keep run of them. Jim's getting ahead of me. Boys are boys, and will have their own way; and it's no use worrying about them. If

we can, out of harm's way. We must teach them what is good, and try to make them afraid of all that is evil and wrong. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' says the good Book, and I believe it."

"Maybe it's all so," answered Mrs. Moyer, showing some annoyance of manner. "but, as far as my

experience goes, the old lady who said, 'Train up a child, and away he will go,' had the right on't. As for my Jim, you might as well try to ride a colt as to train him."

"The wildest colts are broken," said Mrs. Brown.

"Boys are not colts," was sharply replied.

"Good-evening," said Mrs. Brown, who went home with an anxious heart. Her visit to Mrs. Moyer left that person in an irritated frame of mind, chiefly growing out of the fact that something in what Mrs. Brown had said set conscience to work, and conscience accused her of neglected duty. "I'll turn over a new leaf with Jim," she said, angrily, to herself, after sitting and thinking for a good while after Mrs. Brown went away. "He sha'n't tramp off every night just as he pleases."

So, nursing her anger, Mrs. Moyer waited for Jim's return, when she meant to berate him soundly, and lay down the law for his future government. He was later in coming home than usual, and this lateness worked on Mrs. Moyer's frame of mind as an irritant.

"Where have you been, sir?" was the unexpected demand that surprised the boy as he came in. The angry voice and countenance of his mother surprised him still more, for of late he had been allowed to go and come pretty much as he pleased. "Where have you been, sir? Why don't you answer me?"

Mrs. Moyer caught Jim by the shoulder, and shook him in a paroxysm of rage. When her anger rose, it usually overmastered her. Self control was one of the lessons she had never learned.

Treatment like this roused all that was evil in the boy's nature.

"I've been where I pleased," he answered, roughly.

At this his mother beat him about the head in a blind fury. Jim defended himself as best he could until his mother's rage had spent itself, when he escaped from her, and went off to bed in a most rebellious state of mind. He lay awake for a whole hour, meditating evil.

"I hate her, and I'll spite her!" So he thought and said in bitter anger.

It was after ten o'clock when John Brown came in. He opened the door softly, hoping that his mother would not hear him. But she met him as he entered, saying, gently, but in a voice that was troubled—"This is all wrong, my son. Where have you been?"

"I didn't know it was so late, mother," answered the boy, respectfully.

"Where have you been?" Mrs. Brown repeated her question.

John was silent, and his silence sent a sharp pain through his mother's heart. He stood with drooping eyes, and something dogged in his manner. There was a look like guilt in his face.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, speaking in a tender, yet serious and impressive manner, "the boy who is afraid or ashamed to tell his mother where he has been, is walking in dangerous ways. Were you with Jim Moyer?"

"Yes, me'am."

"I'm afraid he is not a good boy. Do you think he is?"

John made no reply to this.

"There is one thing, my son, that I will have to insist upon," said Mrs. Brown, firmly. "You must not be out in the evening after nine o'clock. Indeed, being out at all is against my wishes. If your father were living, he would, I know, forbid your leaving the house at night unless he knew, in every case, where you were going."

To all this John answered nothing, but stood with downcast eyes, and an expression of countenance that troubled his mother.

"My dear boy"—there were tears in Mrs. Brown's eyes, and her voice shook as she spoke—"there are only two ways in life—a right way and a wrong way. The right way leads to happiness, the wrong way to misery. You are old enough to know what is right and what is wrong. If your feet are going astray, you are not walking in ignorance of the dangers that surround you. Oh, John! for my sake, for your dead father's sake, for your own sake, I beseech you to come back into better and safer paths."

A hot flush spread over the boy's face, and his eyes glistened, as he looked up hurriedly at his mother, and then turned himself partly away.

"Good-night, my son," said Mrs. Brown.

"Good-night," answered John, and went up to bed.

Mrs. Brown retired to her room, and sat there for nearly an hour, still, almost, as a statue. Then, kneeling at her bedside, she prayed for her boy, weeping bitter tears.

In the morning John was in a better state of mind, and, when his mother talked to him, promised to keep himself away from all bad companions.

In a very different frame of mind from this was Mrs. Moyer's boy when he left home in the morning, and went to the shop where he worked. His mother rated him angrily at breakfast, and when he left the house, bitterness and rebellion were in his heart. The two boys met on the street.

"Did you catch it last night?" was the salutation of Jim Moyer.

"No," was answered.

"Well, I did! The old woman pitched into me like a thunder-storm. But I'll be even with her. Next time I'll stay out until eleven o'clock; and if she cuffs me about again, I'll stay out all night—see if I don't."

"You'd better not," replied John. "I've promised mother to be in at nine o'clock."

"Ho! What a spooney!" shouted Jim, derisively.

The blood mounted to John's forehead. He could not bear ridicule. This was one of his weaknesses.

"I'm not an apron-string boy," added Jim, with a sneer.

"Neither am I," said John. "But right's right."

"It isn't right to force a boy who works hard all day to stay in the house at night, and never let him

have a bit of fun," answered Jim Moyer. "They can't break me into that. I'll run away first."

"Run away!" responded John, in momentary surprise at the suggestion.

"Yes; and I've a mind to do it anyhow. I'm tired of being harped at all the time. It got into my head last night, after the old woman cuffed me, and it's been going round there ever since. Wouldn't it be jolly to go about and do just as you please? I think so."

The boys parted, having agreed to meet after supper at a saloon—not to get liquor, though they often treated themselves to a glass of beer when they had spending-money, but to play at dominoes, and to listen to the coarse and too often obscene talk of the men and boys who nightly assembled there.

Already the imaginations of both were sadly corrupted, yet, in the case of John Brown, there were in him elements of good, and he had home influence, all of which were a perpetual restraint—that, but for the too close companionship of Jim Moyer, would have held him back from the evil ways his feet were entering, and might have wholly withdrawn him from danger.

The boys met in the evening, as they had agreed. There was much company at the saloon, a good deal of story-telling, ribald songs and boisterous mirth. As the hands on the clock approached nine, John watched them uneasily. He had promised his mother not to be away later than that hour, and he meant to keep his promise. But never had the attractions of the place seemed so strong. A man who had been to sea was telling a story of adventure, and John was listening with eager interest. Nine o'clock came. The man's story, not half done, was in the most exciting part. How could the boy tear himself away? Minute after minute went by, and still the story went on, John listening with an almost breathless interest. He lost himself in the stirring narrative—forgot time and place—starting with surprise and almost pain, at length, as his glance fell upon the clock, whose dial showed them that it was almost ten.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, half aloud, as he rose to his feet.

Jim, who was by his side, caught hold of him, saying, in a positive voice—"Stop, old fellow! You're not going?"

"Oh! but I must. I promised mother to be home by nine."

"And it's nearly ten. So you can't keep that promise, my hearty! In for a penny, in for a pound. Might as well die for a sheep as a lamb."

"What's the matter, boys?" asked the man who had just been telling his adventurous story.

"Oh, nothing; only John Brown is one of your apron-string chaps, and wants to get home to his ma!"

The blood mounted to John's face as the man laughed coarsely.

"He'll soon get bravely over that," answered the latter. "How old are you?" he added, looking keenly into John's face as he asked the question.

"Thirteen next March," replied John.

"And how old are you?" speaking to Jim.

"Twelve," said Jim.

"Two likely chaps. Just the kind to see the world. Here, waiter! bring out one large and two small glasses of ale. Were you ever at sea?"

"No, sir," answered Jim.

"Would like to go—see that in your eyes."

"Guess I would. Go to-night if I had the chance," answered Jim.

"Boy after my own heart," said the man, slapping him on the shoulder.

Jim straightened himself up and looked very proud.

The ale was brought by the waiter, and the two boys invited to drink. It was strong ale, and went quickly to John's head, thus giving him over to the tempter.

Well, sorrowful to relate, neither John Brown nor Jim Moyer went to their homes that night. When day broke for them, they were on board a whaling ship, with sails spread to the winds and moorings just cast loose.

Three days of fear and uncertainty passed, when Mrs. Brown got these brief lines from her boy, sent by a pilot who had taken the ship to sea:

"DEAR MOTHER: I did mean to come home by nine, as I told you, but I was tempted to stay later. I've gone to sea, and don't know when I'll be back. It's all wrong to bring this trouble on you—you've been so good. If it wasn't for you and little Emily, and Harry, I wouldn't care. I shall like the sea, I know. Don't worry about me, and don't let Harry go out at night. I'll come out all straight. Good-bye, dear mother. JOHN."

Poor Mrs. Brown! The shock was so terrible that it made her sick, and there was a time when the doctor despaired of her life. Very slowly she rallied, but her feeble health was feebler, and the hope of better days to come, when her eldest boy should be able to help her bear the too heavy burdens of life, was almost dead in her heart. John's weekly wages had for some time been her main dependence; and now, with two children to provide for, and only the resource of her needle, poor Mrs. Brown had to fight more fiercely the wolf at her door.

Months went by, but neither Mrs. Brown nor Mrs. Moyer had any tidings from the boys. A year, and still a silence like that of the grave was on their fate. Two, three, four years, and yet there came no word.

Mrs. Moyer, when she found that Jim had run away from home, was very bitter against him, and prophesied his utter ruin.

"He was always a ne'er-do-well," she said, "and no good will ever come to him. If he's not drowned, he'll be hung."

And yet, even as she said this, nature pleaded for him, and made the mother's eyes wet with tears. Ah! if she had been wiser and more loving—if she had ruled her own spirit while trying to rule him—

the boy's chance in life would have been a hundred-fold better.

It is more than six years since John Brown left home. He is nearly twenty years of age. For all that time he has been a wanderer in distant lands and seas, thousands and thousands of miles away from the land of his birth. He has met hardships and danger, has been through many temptations, and fallen into many sad evils and vices, but never into crime. From this, the thought of his mother, and the lessons she had stored up in his mind, has always held him back. Many times has he written to her, but always destroyed the letters. He had not the heart to send them. "She thinks me dead, and it is better so," he would say bitterly to himself as he tore them up.

It was a wild night on the sea. The wind was blowing a gale, and the waves dashed heavily. Standing near the side of the ship, looking into the black sky, out of which every now and then leaped blinding flashes, was a young man in a sailor's dress. The lightning that lit his face revealed a handsome countenance, browned by exposure, and clear, strong eyes, full of courage, yet saddened by some intruding thoughts.

Lifting his hands without a seeming purpose, as if in absent-mindedness, he took firm hold of the shrouds. In the next instant his feet were high in the air! A mountain wave, the onward roll of which had not been seen in the darkness, broke over the ship, sweeping off men and boats, and everything not held by the firmest fastenings.

The young man's involuntary gripe of the shrouds had saved him! The captain, who had stepped on deck at the moment the ship was struck, went over, and was lost; so was the mate. Of those that were left, only this young man could sail the ship, and on him devolved the duty of command. Those who saw him on the day before, and on the morning after the storm, scarcely recognized him as the same individual. All his gay recklessness was gone—all his careless bearing. In their stead was a grave, half-sad, quiet and reserved manner, that seemed to lift him away from his old companions, at the same time that it inspired respect. In his new position all gave him obedience.

The ship was from China, bound to Valparaiso, with silks and teas. Here a cargo of hides was to be taken in for the United States. At Valparaiso, reached in three weeks after the young man took charge of the vessel, it had been his intention to leave her and go up the coast to California. But a change had come over him. New life-purposes were forming. "Let the past die—I have another future," he said resolutely to himself.

When the consignees at Valparaiso learned all the particulars of the captain's loss, and the good service the young man had rendered in bringing the ship safely to port, they not only made him a handsome present in money, but put him in command for the homeward voyage to New York.

"Seven years to-night," said Mrs. Brown, raising herself in bed with an effort. "Seven years to-night. Oh, Father! where is my boy?" And a look of anguish, blended with hope and entreaty, swept over her face as she lifted her eyes upward. "I have kept him ever before Thee, oh, God! Daily have I prayed that he might be held back from evil. If he still lives, oh! lead him home to his mother!"

A hand was on the door. Mrs. Brown started, and an eager, expectant look came flushing into her face. The door opened into the small, poorly-furnished room, and a girl of fifteen entered.

"Oh, it's you, Emily," said Mrs. Brown, in a tone of disappointment, that did not escape her daughter's ear.

"Yes, mother; but who did you think it was?"

"Oh! no one in particular," and the sick woman turned her face away from her daughter's searching looks.

"Mrs. Moyer's heard from Jim," said Emily.

At this her mother started up quickly, her pale face growing paler.

"What of him?" she asked.

"Nothing good, of course. He's dead!"

"Dead?"

"Yes. And that isn't the worst of it—he's been hung for piracy."

"Hung!"—and Mrs. Brown fell back on the bed, uttering a deep groan.

"The news came to-day, in a letter written to his mother before his death. Mrs. Flack told me as I came home. It was a dreadful letter, she says. He told her that it was all her fault; that if she had taken better care of him when he was a little boy, and not scolded and knocked him about the way she did, it might all have been different."

"Did he say anything about John?" asked Mrs. Brown, rising up in bed and looking eagerly at her daughter.

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I asked Mrs. Flack—and she heard the letter read."

Mrs. Brown sunk back again on the pillows from which she had lifted her sick head, closed her eyes, and turned her face to the wall, while Emily, who had just come home from her day's work at a dress-maker's, drew out a small table, laid it with a white cloth, and commenced getting tea.

"Harry is late to-night," said Mrs. Brown, a slight uneasiness in her voice.

"They keep him late," replied Emily. "The fact is, they put too much on him. Mr. Graylost has no more feeling for a boy than for a dog. And, then, to give him only a dollar a week! If we were not so poor—"

A quick, strong knock caused Emily to start. Before she could move to answer it the door was pushed open by a stout man. His face was brown from exposure, and partly covered by a short beard and mustache. For a few moments he stood silently surveying the room, then striding across to the bed,

he bent down eagerly, and catching the sick woman in his arms, cried out in a voice broken with feeling, "My mother! Oh, my mother!"

Oh, the blessedness of that moment! There lies in our pen no skill to describe it. The wanderer had come back. The lost was found.

"God has answered my prayers for you," sobbed the happy mother, as she lay with her head on his breast, looking up into the clear, loving eyes that rested tenderly on her face.

"I believe it," he answered; and then he told her of that wild night on the ocean, and how, by an involuntary act of catching hold of the shrouds, he had been saved. "I had been thinking of you, mother," he said, "as I stood looking into the blackness of darkness around me, lit up every few moments by strong flashes. I remembered the early times when I put my little hands together as I knelt beside you, and the words of a prayer then said came into my mind. At this moment, without a thought of danger, I grasped firmly hold of the shrouds. But for that act, prompted, I am sure, by some angel who came to

me in the memory of that prayer I said at your knee, I would now be lying in the depths of the sea."

Ah! the loving, long-grieving mother, who had never wholly lost faith in the power of her early precepts and watchful care over her boy, had her sweet reward. He had come back in the very prime of manhood to be her stay and comfort.

"I have been a wild, reckless boy, mother," he said to her; "tempted in many ways; but, thanks to your loving, patient care over my childhood—thanks to the good and true things you were ever trying to teach me—I have been saved from the commission of crime. And now I bring you help. Good fortune has met my purpose to lead a new and better life. The owners of the ship I brought home are so well pleased, that they have offered me, young as I am, the place of captain. So, mother dear, after the long, sorrowful night, day has broken, and the darkness—God being my helper—shall never fall on your life again."

And it did not.

STEVEN COOK, DOG.

BY ROSILLA RICE.

"CAN'T stand it any longer 'thout a dog—it seems so lonesome and quiet with nothing to bark, or whine, or waggle, or eat the bones," said my Brother Rube, one day two years ago, as he leaned on the well-curb and drank again and again of the delicious draught that ran over the mossy rim of the oaken bucket and fell with a cool drip upon the ferns and mosses that made the old well a marvel of beauty.

"But, Rube," I said, "it would really be better to take somebody's poor, little, lonely child, and feed, and clothe, and care for it. It is downright wasteful to pour out one's affection on a brute when there are children starving for it, perishing for the love that would make their bleak lives all a-bloom."

"But, Zelle, if you'd see the breed of dogs that Snurr has—why they know almost as much as children, and they are such companionable dogs, too! If I had one of them I wouldn't miss my wife so much when she goes to her mother's on a visit, I could converse with the dog, you see."

About a week after this talk I heard a "yeep, yeep, Zelle!" and looking down the street I saw Rube, taking very long strides, and holding one hand on a pouchy-looking protuberance on his breast—holding as tenderly as if he had a sore breast.

"I've got it! I've got it!" he hailed, tipping his hat back off from his sweaty forehead.

"Got what?" I said, thinking of poultices and plasters.

"Why that dear, little puppy, and I wouldn't take one hundred dollars for 'im now."

"What color?" I asked.

"Pale buff"

"Bad," I said, in disgust, "I never knew a dingy

buff dog to amount to much. I don't like a diluted color; wish he'd been gray, and as ringed as a zebra."

"Oh, no, they're too common! Come over to-night and see 'im; he's a real treat, I tell you."

"Well, we'll all come over. But what did you pay for him, Rube?"

"I tried to trade; I offered a calf, and then a pig, but Snurr wanted the money. I hadn't a cent, so I gave my note for three dollars. I don't know where the money is to come from, but, Zelle, you know I had to have a dog."

I stood and watched the rich poor man as he strode homeward, looking down lovingly every few steps into his bosom—poor fellow. I did laugh as I thought of his pressing need of a dog, and I remembered of a like necessity that beset him in his childhood. He wanted a pocket-book, and he had no money to pay for one, but he went to the store and told the merchant his sore need and he let him have one on trust.

In the evening we went to see the new puppy. He was one of the most winsome little dears we ever saw. He was as soft and puffy as a cushion, and his precious little nosey looked as if it was meant to be kissed. It was very snubby and wrinkly, and Rube said it positively was dimpled, but, then, Rube is such a dog-lover that he would idealize ugly fighting scars into dimples.

"I want no furse about naming my dog," said Rube, sticking his thumbs, in a wise way, in his arm-holes; "to avoid that I have named him myself, and have the name recorded on the stable-door. I knew it would be such a task for you women folks—my wife here would have called him Orratee, and you would have named him Clarence Theodore, and the

girls, Fernando or Daniel Wallace or some such twaddle. I knew how it would be, so I took the responsibility myself, and named him Steven Cook, after that half-witted fellow who used to live down the creek. You'll redeem the name, though, won't you, honey?" and Rube lifted him by the creasy skin on the back of his neck, and the dear creature hung like a little wallet.

We abominated the ugly name of Steven; we oh'd, and ah'd, and shook our several heads, and were horrified, but the deed was done, the dog was named and the name was recorded in keel.

While we all sat on the porch admiring Stevie, who was waddling round his lodging basket, we observed that he rolled down off the steps and walked round and round a rose-bush, and from there he went out beside the fence. It was twilight when we rose to go home. Just then Stevie gave a sharp bark that ended in a piercing scream of dog-distress, and tumbled over on his back in the fence corner. Rube tip-toed out to see what had hurt the dog. He peeped about, he leaned down, and there, close up to the fence, sitting up as though ready to spring upon innocent little Steven Cook, was another dog; or it seemed to be one in the dim twilight. He was dark-colored, and he sat up on end and his two ears stuck up straight from the sides of his head. Rube was very angry—he rushed into the house with his howling little Stevie in his arms, and then rushed out again with a loaded rifle.

"I don't care if that murderous whelp is General Grant's dog, die he must; it was an unprovoked attack upon an infant puppy. I'll make buzzard feed of 'im quicker'n you could say Jack Robison," said Rube, with an air of injured importance. He took aim and fired. The dog never moved. Rube seized a club, saying, "I killed him so dead he can't be any deader, that's the reason he don't tumble over. I'll 'sist him a little;" and he hurled the club viciously at the dog, who still sat bolt upright. Rube took a few steps nearer—he leaned down and squinted closely, and then spitting his hands on his legs with a gesture that meant a good deal, he turned and came to the house.

"Well," we said.

"Well," he said, and looked sneaking as a thief.

"Did you kill that dog in the corner?" said his wife.

"Don't let us talk about dogs," he replied; "there are things of more importance that should claim our attention—dogs are perishable creatures, anyhow."

We ran past him to look at the dead victim, and there sitting bolt upright, with its imaginary ears uplifted, was an old boot standing with the stiff straps up, looking not unlike ears.

This incident is one of our standing jokes on Rube. His years are peppered full of jokes, and he enjoys them in a rational, refreshing way.

It was not long until the little roly poly puppy would come over to our house with his master. We would meet him at the gate, and say, "Good-morning; did you want to see your grandpa and your

aunts?" and we would shake him, and hug him, and roll him around; he was as loose-skinned and round and soft, that it was a treat to frolic with the little dear.

Sometimes he would come over to his grandpa's alone—the darling; he would come swinging along, from side to side, like a lymphatic alderman, his little puffs of feet looking as tender as a young baby's. But he never could climb the fences, and he would stop and cry, and peep through, and shake his head dolefully, as much as to say, "Ah, woe is me! woe is me!" Then we always went out and lifted him over.

And so, for two years Steven Cook, dog, has grown into our affections, until we love him humanly, and now we think pale buff is the finest and richest dog-tint extant.

Last Sabbath morning I saw him standing beside a board that lay flat in the door-yard; he was trying to peep under it and turn it over. He strove valiantly, thrusting his nose down, and poking his nails under, and whining in a very earnest manner. I saw him, and said, "What's under there, Cookie? Did you lose a bone, son? Do you want auntie to help you?"

He whined out in a half-laughing, half-crying voice, "Oh, auntie, it's more than the marrowiest kind of a bone that's under the board! Oh, I long to be there!—it's a rat, woman, that's under here! a rat!"

I said, "Now, you stand here, and be wrought up to your very sharpest, and I will tip the board over and give you a good chance to catch the rat."

As soon as I raised it, the whole dog, in a heap, alighted right on the rat and killed it at one fell crush, and shaking his head, tossed his victim to one side and looked up at me, as much as to say, "Your most obedient servant, madam."

Because we have no boy to attend the girls when they go away, Steven accompanies them. He tries to behave like a boy. He ignores other dogs entirely, and walks along beside the girls with a strut that is perfectly ludicrous. He carries his tail up with as much pride and satisfaction as a dandy would his twirling cane. The girls say that if other dogs attack him on the street, he slinks close up to them, and very often makes it seem to outsiders that they are his colleagues, that the proffered fight is theirs to resent as much as his.

Every morning he comes over here for his breakfast, and then goes back home in time for the shaking of the tablecloth. And so we all like Stevie. I never was angry with him but once, and he is still under the ban of my displeasure.

With a dog to eat the bones, I never felt as if we needed one of our own; but Stevie's owner, in his largeness of heart, insisted that we did, and said the first time he could get a good dog for me he would. I said that I wanted no more claim on any dog than I had on Steven Cook—and, believing the matter settled, I thought no more of it. But, one day last winter, Rube came home from town leading a poor little mangy cur by a string. He turned in at our gate, and, to my dismay, putting like a por-

poise, said, "Well, Zelle, I got you a dog at last, and your title is good—you can have it to keep forever."

I was horrified, but for the sake of the feelings of the over-generous brother, I smiled and took the string in my hand as gracefully as I knew how, and then took an inventory of the dog. He was about the size of an overgrown cat, so poor that he would have been a fair specimen of a skeletonized dog—about the color of Orange county cream, and the expression on his face that of a dog doomed to death on the scaffold. He trembled all the time as though he scented the officers of justice on his track. His back and sides had been scorched until they were the color of toast bread. There was a skin eruption on his neck and breast, and his eyelids were red and swollen, which gave him the appearance of a decided toper.

"I feel a little delicacy in adopting a dog of whose habits I know nothing," I said to Rube. "He may eat lambs or suck eggs, or pilfer, who knows! I'd rather have the entire training of a dog from his infancy; I'd rather choose his habits for him than to let him run the risk of picking up correct ones."

"Oh, the man said he was just as innocent as if he was only a month old! They never did anything with him, but just let him lie in the corner all the time—they wanted to keep him innocent, you see. Why, he's just like a sheet o' white paper that nobody's ever written on at all; you can fill out the blanks to suit yourself," said poor Rube, believing that he was advancing an incontrovertible argument.

I stuffed my handkerchief in my mouth and turned away a minute. What did I want of such a very innocent dog—I wouldn't let him proceed in his innocent career! I wouldn't let any dog lie in my corner in such inglorious ease; but, looking up into the eager face that was scanning mine, I said, "Well, if Nan Coulter could marry George Crouse, and make of him a man to suit her mind, I can take this wishy-washy little Laddie, and no doubt mould him over into a noble dog." So I tied him to the wood box, and made him a nest, gave him supper, and then, before I retired, I spread a stable-blanket all over him, and tucked it in about the edges, and chucked the little cur under the chin and told him "Good-night, boy," and left him to pleasant dreams.

The next morning I set him a plate of broken victuals, and while he was in the full enjoyment of his luxurious repast, Steven Cook came round the corner on a jolly trot, and saw Laddie for the first time.

I don't know what thought of jealousy filled that dog's bosom, but with a vicious yell, that seemed to say, "Traitor! villain! interloper! demon!" he sprang at the little stranger and seized him by the throat and shook him terribly. The puppy wailed out in a voice pitiful as a baby's, but Steve's vigorous shaking broke the cry into a series of yelps. I ran to the door as soon as I knew what was the matter. The little dog was standing on his hind-legs, with his back up against the wood-box, and his paws were raised, it seemed pleadingly. The foe had come upon him so suddenly that he was not prepared,

and a nice little meaty-bone was sticking out of his mouth like a cigar. He cut a very sorry figure. I took Cook by the tail and assisted him to a more favorable and less dangerous position, and then, in no very measured terms, invited him to retire.

I felt of Laddie and found one leg limp and useless, and full of pain. I untied his string and invited him to partake of the hospitality of a farmer's kitchen, but, with a cry that seemed to say, "Oh, no! no! no! there's no place like home and my own cosy corner!" he bounded off the porch, ran round the house and down the street in the direction of his own home.

The last I saw of poor Laddie he was going on a rocking lope on three legs. His destination was miles away, and at the rate he travelled he soon reached it. Poor boy! I think I could have learned to love him, and in time he would no doubt have grown into quite a presentable dog. I should have treated him for mange and been careful about toasting his back and sides, and would have endeavored to restore his general health.

Since then I treat Steven Cook, dog, kindly, but coolly. I rarely smile upon him, and only touch him with the tips of my fingers. I call him "sir," where I used to say "nephew" or "son." If he so forgot his doghood and his principles as to abuse a weak little brother, he must be punished—his pride must be touched in a way that he will feel humbled and abased.

GIBSON'S FIRST COMMISSION.—In the course of time I began to sell my drawings to the boys at school, which enabled me to purchase paper and colors. I made no profit, for my prices were small. There was a very amiable boy who was fond of me, and who was so amiable as always to admire my drawings. His father had presented him with a new prayer-book, beautifully bound; this gift, with sixpence from his mother, was for good conduct at school. The boy said to me, "Gibson, you know how much I like your drawings; if you will make me one in colors for the new prayer-book, I will give you the sixpence." At that time there was a fine print of Napoleon crossing the Alps, from David's picture, in one of the shop windows, which I had already copied in my peculiar way. I showed my copy to my patron; he was charmed, and commissioned me to repeat the subject as a frontispiece to his prayer-book. It was executed in bright colors, and he paid me the sixpence—the largest sum I had yet received for a work of art.

JUSTICE seems most agreeable to the nature of the Deity, and mercy to that of man. A Being, who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he, whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving—for this reason, amongst all the monstrous characters in human nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid, severe temper in a worthless man.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTON.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

MANY articles have appeared, both in the English and American periodicals, commemorative of this illustrious man, and his character as novelist, dramatist, poet, philosopher and statesman would seem to have been thoroughly discussed. Some of these articles, however, were such extravagant panegyrics as to be nearly worthless for purposes of criticism; others were as unjust as the first were generous, and treated their subject as a mere literary charlatan, with no claims whatever to exceptional talent or genius; while a few, and only a few, judged the dead man and his writings impartially.

Since so much has been written, then, on this theme, by abler and wiser pens, it may well be asked what we can have to say either new or interesting. Nothing, perhaps; and yet the effect an author has upon different minds is worth preserving; for, as we all know, individual judgments make up popular opinion, and however mistaken that may be at times, it is the final test by which real worth in literature is tried and determined.

Bulwer—for by that name he is best known to American readers at least—was born in the year 1805, in the county of Norfolk, England. Of his father we hear little; but his mother was a woman of remarkable energy, and to her, as he himself tells us, he owed his taste for literary pursuits. She was his first guide and his earliest critic, and no passage in his writings touches us more deeply than those wherein he testifies to the beauty and unselfishness of her character. Whatever else is false or artificial, they have the ring of truth and honesty, and for once we feel that his written words spring right from the heart, and are not governed altogether by cold and formal rules.

Perhaps Bulwer clung to his mother's memory the more tenderly from the fact that he made a most unhappy marriage. Upon whose side the fault lay in the domestic difficulties that ensued, we know not, but Lady Lytton's course after separating from her husband was not certainly that of a pure-hearted, delicate-minded woman. She wrote novels merely for the purpose of satirizing Bulwer and his friends, accused him publicly of all sorts of meanness and cruelty, and even turned his personal defects into a subject of ridicule. To this he replied nothing, and his silence, when contrasted with her noisy denunciations, wins not only respect but sympathy.

The only surviving issue of this marriage is a son, now forty-two years old, well known both in England and this country by the *nom de plume* of "Owen Meredith," the author of "Lucile" and other poems, and a rising diplomatist. He was attaché to the British Legation in Washington when his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, Lord Lytton's elder brother, was ambassador; and his political successes, though dif-

ferent from his father's, are none the less remarkable.

Bulwer's first appearance in literature was in the character of a poet, and we learn from one of his biographers that he commenced writing verses at the early age of six years. In 1826 he published two books, one entitled, "Weeds and Wild-Flowers," the other, "O'Neil; or, The Rebel;" both containing rhymes and sentiments weakly imitative of Byron's, and neither destined to attract any notice from the public. The next year "Falkland" appeared, his first, and without doubt his worst, novel. He himself characterized it as the "crude and passionate performance of a mere boy," and omitted it from the edition of his collected works.

That Bulwer was not discouraged by these repeated failures, shows what patience and perseverance were in the man, and in reviewing his career we are chiefly struck by the predominance of these two qualities. All his success, either as author or politician, was due to laborious study and self-culture, and this is the more commendable when we remember that he never enjoyed robust health, and possessed an ample fortune that placed him above the necessity of toil.

The publication of "Pelham" followed that of "Falkland," and was a great improvement upon its predecessor. Afterward, in quick succession, came "Devereux" and "Paul Clifford," and from that time Bulwer's popularity was assured. He wrote in all twenty-three novels, and many of these were translated into German, French, Italian and Spanish, and were perhaps more widely read than those of any other author, if we except Scott, Dickens and Thackeray. But a short time previous to his death he received one hundred thousand dollars from a London publisher for the privilege of publishing a cheap edition of his works.

Besides his novels, Bulwer wrote seven dramas, the best known of which are the "Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money," and it is remarkable that here again he persisted, in spite of failure at first, and fairly won the success that critics thought impossible.

But he was not satisfied with these achievements, and in his "Athens" produced a history worthy of the praise bestowed upon it; and apparently resolved to pluck laurels in every field of literature, wrote essays that have been compared to those of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, translated into English verse the German of Schiller and the Latin of Horace, published a satire, "The New Timon," bitter but powerful, and other poems that, though wanting in the divine afflatus, are at least creditable performances.

We are surprised, in counting up his works, to learn that he wrote but three hours a day, and can

well believe that during that time he put forth his whole strength. For it is certain that Bulwer extracted from his intellectual faculties all that they were worth, and executed whatever he attempted in a thoroughly workman-like manner. In reading Thackeray, one feels that there is a reserve of power, and that the author could have done better if he had tried, and this is the case with some of George Eliot's writings, and others we could mention; but not so with Bulwer, for he always gives us his best, and we are made to realize it.

And yet, to our mind, there is no comparison possible between him and Thackeray, or George Eliot, or Dickens, for that touch of nature which made the whole world kin to them was lacking in him, and his creations beside theirs seem like fancy studies rather than real ones. We are impressed, it is true, by their remarkable cleverness, but that electric flash which stimulates the mind and thrills the soul, suggesting rather than revealing thought, never vivifies his pages, or leads us to mistake art for reality. His figures are carefully drawn, and bear a marvellous resemblance to life, yet their artificial and unsubstantial nature is at once detected, and they remain to us simple abstractions rather than typical human beings. We are not moved by their joys or sorrows, our self-consciousness is never lost in theirs, and though perhaps as real as many people in everyday life, whom to meet is to forget, no distinct impression of their individuality is stamped upon the mind. The mechanical perfection of his work actually interferes with our enjoyment of it, and the ingenuity displayed in the arrangement of scenes and characters is carried so far as to divert the attention from the spirit of his conceptions to their form.

And this leads us to the consideration of Bulwer's merits as an artist. His writings have been highly extolled for their beauty of structure and details, and the studied harmony of their parts; but his art, as we think, lacks one essential, it proceeds from the head, not the heart, and true greatness cannot be achieved, Ruskin tells us, unless the two work together. True, there are those who hold a contrary opinion, and contend that art is a product of the brain, and has nothing to do with moral purpose; but do not the immortal masterpieces that have come down to us through the ages bear a different testimony? Is it the manner in which the work is done, or what the work itself represents, the nobleness of the truths it discloses and the emotions it awakens, that determines its value? Is not the greatest artist he who embodies the greatest number of the greatest ideas, and is Bulwer entitled to the first rank if tried by this standard? We are willing to admit that he had splendid intellectual abilities, and a literary skill that had been cultivated to the highest point of excellence; but something else is needed to constitute genius, and creative thought is that alone whose circles grow wider and wider until swallowed up in the ocean of eternity.

Bulwer's materials were not original, but he com-

bined them judiciously, and the effects he produced were often admirable. His novels are far above the average mass of fiction, and show in many respects a degree of talent only a little less than genius. And though the sentiments advanced in his earlier ones are often objectionable, the productions of his riper years are not thus disfigured, and show a marked improvement both in their moral tone and views of life. Their wisdom and philosophy, it is true, are of a worldly kind, but not for that reason to be despised; and are valuable at least, as being founded upon shrewd practical knowledge.

The pedantic apesches and metaphysical dissertations introduced in "The Caxtons," and the facility with which infidelity and vice are eradicated by these means and the young made to see the error of their ways, are perhaps a little tiresome and withal unnatural, yet the story itself is worked out with power, and has been justly considered one of Bulwer's greatest. That it was modelled after Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" was not disputed even by the author, and that the copy falls below its original we think is equally evident. Both works have humor, but in one it is always sustained and harmonious, in the other often absurd and commonplace. Sterne united the eccentric and lovable, and formed a perfect whole; but this was impossible to Bulwer, for he lacked that penetrative imagination which is the accompaniment, if not the sign, of genius. The Shandys, with their foibles and virtues, are as immortal as Pickwick, or Sam Weller, the Caxtons, though worthy and amiable, have a lease of life that is at best uncertain.

Notwithstanding these defects, however, the novel is so good that we are surprised it does not impress us more deeply, and hardly know, upon finishing it, whether the fault is in the author or ourselves. Compared with the ordinary run of fiction it ranks high, and only needed a few touches, perhaps, to place it among those works that forever remain a permanent delight. But those touches involved the possession of an insight into the springs of human character, and a sympathy with human needs, that Bulwer's study and culture were powerless to bestow.

"My Novel" and "What will he do with it?" are distinguished by the same excellencies, and marked by the same errors as "The Caxtons." They all belong to the ripest period of Bulwer's development as a novelist, and contain the results of varied study and experience. Something more than a casual perusal is needed to get at their full meaning, and though the thoughts presented are not absolutely new they are at least worthy of careful attention.

Among his earlier productions, "Rienzi" and the "Last Days of Pompeii" charm us most. The subjects were suited to his romantic turn of mind, and he was farther assisted to treat them successfully by an extensive acquaintance with Greek and Egyptian learning. He performed his task admirably, and produced works that are, in the true sense of the word, romances, and that, even though exaggerated in tone and sentiment, fascinate us by the spell of

that past whose reality seems to us now like a poetic dream. It may be, as some have said, that the pictures are not drawn with the fidelity of a historian, and that what seems so grand and magnificent is in fact a splendid sham, but we have no wish to penetrate the illusion, if illusion it be, and are content to admire and wonder as in the fairy tales that amused our childhood.

Perhaps no novelist has tried so many different methods of construction, or chosen such diverse subjects, as Bulwer. In what we believe to be his latest effort of the kind, "A Strange Story," he appeals to that love of the supernatural which lurks in human nature, and though repressed in civilized man is never annihilated, as the fantastic beliefs that occasionally spring into existence, even in our own day, testify. But he was not satisfied to leave the mysterious in that dim light where it can alone be seen to advantage, and by pushing it into the broad glare of day destroyed its effect, and rendered what he meant to be awe-inspiring simply ridiculous. In this respect how far inferior he is to our own Hawthorne who, by a single touch, can evoke such haunting visions as curdle the blood and thrill the very soul with terror. Hawthorne, however, was a man of powerful imagination, and as unlike Bulwer as possible, both in mental and moral characteristics.

That Bulwer's fame will rest chiefly upon his novels we think is certain. Not but what he performed meritorious work as a dramatist, historian, essayist, translator and poet, and was enabled by his polished intellect and cultivated taste to do himself justice in these various roles; this we readily admit, but held to our opinion that it was his culture, and not a special aptitude for either, that produced this result. The natural bent of his mind was toward novel-writing, and the success he won in that department of literature is what will determine his future greatness and claims to immortality.

Of his political career we can only speak briefly. Nearly every one knows that he made a miserable failure upon his first appearance as a public speaker before the House of Commons, and it is characteristic of the man that he was not discouraged by that defeat, but retrieved it thirty years afterward, and gained by one stroke the name and fame of an orator. His triumph was the greater that he withdrew during all those years from parliamentary life, and, so far as the public knew, had no intervening training or practice. Add to this that his elocution was wretched, his voice weak and thin, his gestures artificial and constrained; that he was slightly deaf, and in personal appearance spare and attenuated, and one begins to understand, upon counting up these disadvantages, what force and energy and persistence were needed to overcome them.

There is something almost heroic in Bulwer's perseverance, his apparent resolve to make the best of his gifts and reach the highest point of which his nature was capable, and whether it sprang from ambition or purer motives, it furnishes a lesson that we should all do well to ponder. No easy successes

were his; he worked, and worked bravely, not skimming over the surface of things, but delving to the bottom of them; and the secret of his versatility lies in the fact that he threw his whole strength into whatever he did, and was only spurred to nobler efforts by failure and discouragement.

One thing only he lacked, and was it not, as Dr. Holland says, a heart? Would not a touch of love—universal love—toward God and man, have transmuted his gifts into genius? Is it not certain that he who looks down upon humanity from the egotistic height of self-consciousness, refusing to enter into its trials and troubles, cannot touch the heart, though he may dazzle the brain?

GIRGENTI AND ITS TEMPLES.

BY C.

ON the Island of Sicily, the City of Girgenti (the ancient Agrigentum) is famous for the remains of its many temples, and for its imposing external appearance. It is on the slope of a mountain twelve hundred feet above the sea, which it faces, being distant from it about three miles. It has many public buildings, a cathedral of the thirteenth century, many churches and convents, and some antiquities and treasures of art, but its temples attract the most attention and interest.

Agrigentum was much renowned among the ancients. Different stories are told of its foundation; among which is the fabulous tale, that Dedalus, who fled to Sicily from the resentment of Minos, erected it. Its situation was peculiarly strong and imposing, standing as it did on a bare and precipitous rock. Its soil was fertile, and its wealth became very great. It was the second city in Sicily, and surpassed in grandeur of appearance, on account of its many temples and splendid public buildings, most of its contemporaries.

The extensive remains of the ancient city are east of the modern town, where the temples are mostly situated. The magnificent Temple of Concord is the most perfect existing structure of early Greek architecture. It is remarkable for the grandeur of its design. Its roof is supported by six immense pillars on each of its four sides, and ornamented with admirable sculpture. The Temple of Jupiter Olympus vied in size and magnificence with the finest buildings of Greece. It was 370 feet long, 182 wide and 120 high, the foundation not being included, which was itself remarkable for the immense arches upon which it stood. There were also the beautiful temples of Minerva, of Jupiter Atabyria, of Hercules, of Juno, of Vulcan, of Castor and Pollux, and many others. Near the city was an artificial lake, cut out of the solid rock, about a mile in circuit, and thirty feet deep, from which fish were obtained in abundance for the public feasts. This pond has since become a remarkably fruitful vineyard. Both the temples and the lake were the work of Carthaginian captives. The people, noted for their luxurious and extravagant habits, fell with little resistance under the power of the Romans.

DUNELLEN, NEW JERSEY.

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.

PART IV.—MILLCENT'S ROMANCE, AND WHAT IT WAS MADE OF.

CHAPTER XIII.—MILLCENT'S WAYS.

ALL those years Mrs. Harvey, Miss Brook and Milly had still continued to live in the same pretty, leaf-covered cottage, which they had taken in the early days of George's prosperity. It was much prettier now. They had never spent much upon it. But very small spendings for many years fast accumulate in beauty and comfort. And Milly's taste was never idle, and her mother's fingers were always busy. And now that the family had grown so small, there was room for elegance of arrangement, and there were a little dining-room and drawing-room, and each had a chamber to herself. Milly had the largest, with a big closet off it, because she made it serve as a studio as well. Mrs. Harvey had the one with a western window.

It was a very pleasant, peaceful home. The old ladies seldom went out, except to George's or Harriet's, but Milly's professional life kept the house astir with plenty of interest and excitement. Her mother and Miss Brook enjoyed it more than she did herself.

For the bright, fragile girl had developed into a pale, keen-eyed woman. Strangers thought that she must be very delicate; but, in truth, she had the high-bred strength of a fine tempered blade. Altogether, Milly was not unlike a swift, sharp sword.

Her habits were much the same as they had always been. She had never been a notably early riser, like Hatty, but still she was always punctual at the breakfast-table, as scrupulously neat in her attire as when she was going out to dine. Nay, more so; for Milly's personal neatness could never pass a certain point, and always failed where details grew elaborate. That was one sign of her impatience.

There was a little shelf at her bedside, filled with the quaint devotional books that were still her favorite religious reading. Perhaps, if anything were omitted from her daily orisons, it might be the Bible itself rather than these. Perhaps, because in it she was left free to choose, instead of a passage being marked hard and fast for each day. But if Milly omitted the Bible occasionally from her morning and evening devotions, she studied it earnestly at other times. She almost knew the Psalms by heart, and even the book of Job, and some of the minor prophets. In her Bible the Old Testament was much more worn than the New.

Her professional work seldom occupied her more than four or five hours a day, often not so much. She was a rapid worker, one who was accustomed to say, "that if she was not doing a thing quickly, she

knew she was not doing it well." She made no scruple of speaking about her methods, for she was wholly devoid of that professional humility which is often masked conceit. She did not work constantly, but with frequent intermissions, varying from a single day to a whole month. Her own explanation was that she "waited" for new ideas. "When I have done all that is in me, I stop till more comes in," she said.

"Do you feel it coming?" people would ask her.

"No," she replied, with a mysterious half-smile. "There is no need to watch the pitcher at the well; it is time enough to move it when it brims. All of a sudden I want to go to work again; and then I go."

"And you have not been thinking about it all the time?" they would inquire.

"No," she said. "At least, if I do, I have to wait just twice as long."

"Arn't you frightened lest it should not come?" said some.

"I should be if I could help it," she answered.

"But it does not depend on me."

And that faith of Milly's always seemed to Mrs. Harvey to be the best part of her daughter's special inheritance. It was like a parent's letter sent with a birthday present. It was the very hand of God conveying his gift. And we cannot see all of any blessing that we have, unless we see also the hand that holds it. Mrs. Harvey herself secretly confessed to some slight uneasiness, when Milly first indulged in these intermissions of labor, which was almost immediately after the household became mainly dependent upon her exertions. For, though George still persisted in his allowance to his mother, Milly, in her turn, proudly insisted on returning him as much as she could, in presents to his little Robert, so named after his wife's uncle, and his own first benefactor. But Mrs. Harvey presently learned that there are still barrels of meal and cruses of oil that do not fail. It inspired her with confidence to find that her daughter looked upon these snatches of leisure with calm delight, and planned little pleasures to occupy them. But even when Mrs. Harvey shared her daughter's faith she never ceased to wonder at and admire it. It was a comfort to her for Milly's own sake. For Milly seemed to trust herself rather than God in so many things.

Milly still continued fond of needlework. But when Mrs. Harvey ceased to be a bread-winner, she took the family mending upon herself, and Milly now entirely eschewed all repairing, altering, or trimming. In honest truth, her mother even mended her gloves, and sewed on her straying but-

tons. But whenever her new white work was needed, especially if the seams were long and the material tough, Milly took it in her charge and got it done in an incredibly short space of time.

She never dabbled in household matters, as they arose day by day. In "spring-cleanings" Milly would give herself up for a week, as if there were no such thing in the world as art, and as if she had wielded brushes and spied out "corners" every day of her life. But once the house was set straight again, she retired into her own duties, oblivious of all beside them. She would wait for her mother to make tea or order dinner with quite masculine helplessness. Yet when her mother went away for a week to stay with Christian, she guided the house well, and Mrs. Harvey found nothing neglected during her absence. She was not an useless woman, but an absorbed one, who could set herself aside for a time, but could not bear to be broken in upon. She could make her own little crosses of spiritual discipline after her own ideal, but shirked those which God makes for each of us, and puts where we are sure to find them, unless we turn out of our way to avoid them. It would have been easier for Milly to wear sackcloth, or to fast utterly on certain self-appointed days, than to bear with good humor an unexpectedly spoiled dinner or an accidentally torn dress. Perhaps she was no wiser than those housewives who shut out the healthy fresh air lest its current should raise the dust! It might be that Hatty was somewhat right when she said to her husband, and in her abrupt, off-hand way: "If our Milly would sometimes infuse the tea, and go to market, she would find there is something else in the world beside those Lauries."

Milly kept up a pleasant chatter with her mother and Miss Brook, and many strangers would have thought her an unreserved woman. But her mother, at any rate, knew better. Milly's life and heart were large, and had many open chambers, some free to all, others cheerily open to those she loved. But her mother knew that there were many unaccounted-for spaces among the windings of her daughter's experience.

Milly received and paid many visits, and had a wide circle of acquaintance. But there were very few who rose above this level. Milly herself was in the habit of saying "that she had not patience with people." Clearly she did not cultivate it. Where she had no affectionate prejudice she was quick to see faults and unsparing to condemn them.

"She can't take folks as she finds them," Hatty would say. "She makes their characters out of her own head, and when they don't fit she just throws them away."

The few people who did get near Milly's heart were a strange jumble. She and Miss Brook were always sparring, but Miss Brook's voice was in all Milly's thoughts, and one light would die off Milly's world whenever her keen eyes were withdrawn.

Milly did not care much for David Maxwell. He was somebody who might be always invited when

there were visitors, and he would never feel himself neglected if other people had to be entertained, and would be sure to entertain anybody else in danger of feeling neglected. Milly always said that "Mr. Maxwell was very kind." But she had never "made up" any character for David. Such of his early history as she knew had repelled rather than interested her. It did not clearly manifest those lines of independence, and struggle, and daring, to which Milly's sympathies ran. Its manifold virtues were rather patience and submission, which were set down in Milly's secret heart as rather poor things, the resort of those who had nowhere else to go. Then the ugly rumor in the old local paper, which Milly would never have happened to see if Fergus Laurie had not shown it, with a hinting explanation, would return upon her mind sometimes, like a nameless horror between her and David, and give her an almost physical shrinking.

But Milly enjoyed Phoebe Winter. Her voice at the back door, discussing some kitchen loan, or other business, would always bring Milly down from her studio. Milly called her "a grand type," and revelled in her old-world shrewdness and dogged loyalty. It was perhaps a proof how much Milly's faith in ideals was, after all, as George had once warned her, rather a faith in her own opinion, that she never thought the more highly of David Maxwell for Phoebe's great love and belief in him. She only delighted in the love and belief as part of Phoebe's own character.

Perhaps Milly's nearest friend was her sister-in-law, Christian, with whom she had much more in common than with her own Sister Hatty. In this she was under the disadvantage which every maiden has, in friendship with a wife, especially a happy one—the idle heart claiming something more than the busy heart has left in its power to give. Yet Millicent was unusually fortunate in Christian, who, though she kept a lover's romance in her wisely affection, and was a very madonna whenever she looked at her boy—nay, rather because of this—was still never a mere "married woman," but had a strong, sweet individuality of her own, which the influence of husband and child only raised and softened, as saints' names give human interest to churches sacred to far higher worship. Millicent had always been free from any taint of small sister-in-law jealousy, and now she felt that she loved and knew her brother far better in Christian than she could ever have done without her.

Christian herself had a growing love for Millicent, and enjoyed far more of her confidence than Millicent guessed. In their talks over fiction and politics, poetry and pictures, Christian always felt when Millicent was giving out her very self, could always detect whether the blood of a thought came from the head or the heart. Out of her own full, happy married life, Christian Harvey pitied Millicent, not for her maidenhood—Christian had no "married woman's" pity for that, but would even tell George sometimes, with a smile dying into gentle gravity,

that she was sure she would have made a very happy old maid herself, if he would have left her alone! But she pitied Millicent for her overflowing heart, sealed up, and for all the pathetic heresies with which she tried to make herself believe that this was best. She felt that Millicent was like a foolish miser storing gold in a bottomless well, while lives around were famishing for lack of a single coin, and thinking himself rich only to find some day that he was as poor as the poorest. She would try to give Milly suggestive warnings, just as kindly physicians may strive to convey wholesome hints about sufferings that are not absolutely presented for their cure. But Millicent's intuitions were almost as quick as her own, and she so proudly shrank into herself, that it was precisely the point where Christian could have helped her most that she withheld from Christian.

But Millicent had still some confidants, who poured out their souls to her without any limit. Not Fergus Laurie. Limits there had always been to his confidence, and now it had nothing but limits. He still liked to talk with her, but it was very much "a talk of the lips." But she kept her faith in the sacred secrets of the heart that was all shut up now. She would not defend much that others blamed in him—his arrogance, his recklessness, the high-handed, forgetful spirit that so often brought inconvenience to others and loss to himself. But the woman who was generally so impatient, was patient here.

"I know him," she would say. "Everybody has faults, and his are just the faults that everybody is severe upon. You all have patience with the helpless, and the ne'er-do-wells; you all stand still to pick up the man who has tumbled down, and to heal his scars. Let me trust in the man who tumbles up, and let me at least pity the scars which his reserved and sensitive spirit hides unhealed."

"I should think it was the will of God, for it seems a beautiful idea, and a sweet softening in Milly," said poor Mrs. Harvey to Miss Brook, "only it does not grow in her. It stays just there. When patience and pity begin, anyhow they generally spread."

"This isn't patience or pity," retorted Miss Brook. "It's just pride. But it isn't the worst kind."

No. Fergus Laurie had ceased to be Milly's familiar friend, in the old, pleasant way. The freshest breeze that now blew into her guarded life, came from the lives of her sister's step-children.

The Webbers' home was quite uncommon, because it was directly matter-of-fact. It was a very comfortable, well-to-do home, but all affectation was left outside the door. Artistic taste might have scorned every detail of that house, but the best artists would have loved the whole. It was a jovial place, where one might put everything to the use it was intended, and where nothing was too good to wear out, but had a curious trick of improving in the process. How the bright big-patterned carpets had horrified Millicent, and drawn forth sneering jests from Mr. Laurie and his sister! Yet how handsome and respectable they looked, when the bustle of active feet had toned

their hues and melted down their lines! But, perhaps, the peculiar style and spirit of the house is best revealed by the fact, that the boys' friends delighted to frequent it, and that those who elsewhere seemed all arms and legs, shyness and titter, astonished themselves and everybody else by appearing respectable members of society in Mrs. Webber's "sitting-room."

The young people all adored their step mother, and hung about her in all her rapid busy ways. The worst of Hatty was, that her immense capacities of loving service seemed to leave her no leisure to be served by love. All their affection had to be concentrated in the morning and evening kiss, an occasional five minutes' hand-clasp in the twilight, and a yearly birthday present. And so they paid her vicariously, by pouring out the love she awoke, on others whom she loved—"dear Grannie" and "Aunt Millicent."

Yes, it was really to Hatty's lowly, loving ways that Milly owed the bright, wholesome affection of these lads and lass. She would never have won it for herself—nay, her absorbed heart scarcely knew that it was worth the winning. She would have often preferred a solitary walk, to their volunteered companionship, while their eager confidences, the hopes and dreams of their young lives, seldom seemed to her really worth the smile or the sigh which she gave them.

Milly was a great walker. Hatty took her exercise chiefly "running in and out," as she called it, bargaining in the market, looking up sick neighbors, slipping round for a half-hour's chat with Mrs. Harvey. Mr. Webber was not a walking man. His wife said he stood too much in the shop, to care for anything but sitting down when he was out of it. Once or twice a year Hatty would dress herself ceremoniously, and go with Milly for a long walk. It was a true test of the healthfulness of her general "running in and out" exercise, that Milly, the pedestrian, never outwalked her. On her return from these excursions, Hatty would confide to whoever came nearest.

"I've enjoyed myself very much. Milly and I always talk more freely walking side by side than sitting opposite each other. But it is one thing for me to enjoy myself walking with her, and it is quite another to understand how she enjoys flying along by herself, as she does—just up one way and down another, as if she was hunting something."

It was a touching revelation, that as her brother George had walked and wandered in the days of his restless, yearning youth, so his sister Millicent walked and wandered in her middle age.

For Milly was middle-aged now, and knew it, and ached wearily as she knew it. Happy women do not sigh to know their youth is past. The blossom is better than the bud. But if the bud has never blossomed?

People would turn to look at Milly as she passed them in her lonely walks. She went so swift and straight that they wondered where she was going,

and what she was going to do. But she was going nowhere, and to do nothing, except to turn back at an appointed time!

CHAPTER XIV.

A PAIN AND A DOUBT.

NOBODY ever knew anything about Milly's business transactions. She never talked them over. She never asked advice. Mrs. Harvey herself had always shrunk from pointed inquiry, feeling, from her own experience, that the burden of responsibility is often increased by the lightest touch, and that some hard things that must be done are easier to do in silence. Latterly—that is to say, for years past—she had been silent and uninquiring, out of utter satisfaction and content, just as in the earlier and prosperous years of her married life.

But at last Christian began to detect in Milly a despondency that was quite a new thing. Sundry extreme economies, long laid by, began to reappear. Not any that touched her mother or the home, but Millicent wore her gloves shabbier, and bought no new dresses. She spoke more tenderly of failing people, whose work was not quite what it had been, but was still strong on the truth that they should be ready to acknowledge the fact, nor feel wronged when they were put aside. Once, when Christian accidentally entered Milly's studio, she found her practising the old humble kind of work she had done in her early girlhood. Milly thrust it out of sight, and nothing was said on the subject.

The fact was, business matters had not been going quite brightly between Millicent and Fergus Laurie. He had reduced the payment for several of her last designs, saying that their success had not been what he had expected, vaguely hinting at certain losses as if they had been incurred through these. Then his orders had come at farther intervals. But when Milly ventured to tell him, what had happened often before, but had hitherto been passed over in silence, that the old firm of his former masters had been looking her up, and inquiring if her hands were still too full to do anything for them, this was the response she got: "Ah, they are wanting something cheap! But your real friends feel that you need the repose which brings fresh ideas, rather than to go slaving on in the old groove, Miss Millicent. Don't have anything to say to those people."

And Milly obeyed, but with sundry puzzled, painful reflections as to what was hidden under the phrase of her "needing repose."

She thought she needed no further explanation when another new discovery of David's was put before the world, not this time in her designs, but in those of a young lady, upon whose head Mr. Laurie heaped the prizes he had once showered upon herself, with the addition that this artist worked *con amore*, being wealthy, and having no mercenary needs mingling in her ambition to soil and impoverish it.

On the same evening that Millicent heard all this,

sitting in the splendid drawing room of Acre Hall, Robina, chatting, as it seemed, quite naturally over the affairs of some third parties, was full of praises of her brother's tenderness and loyalty of heart, which made him strive "to keep on" *employés* whom anybody else would throw off to sink to lower and fitter levels of work.

That night, Millicent, sitting in her studio, shed some very bitter tears. She said to herself that, after all, like most other failing people, she was not aware of her present falling off, though all the work she had ever done suddenly seemed poor, mean and pretentious. But at any rate—and she shook back her high-bred head till the streaming tears flew right and left—she would be royally proud in her readiness to submit to the judgment of others, in a case where she had so often seen that it was worth so much more than the judgment of the person nearest concerned.

Poor, haughty, humble Millicent! How could she dream that Fergus would have been only too glad to put her drawings into this newest discovery, but that one of his largest creditors claimed this honor for his daughter, the *con amore* artist, who for all her wealth demanded and obtained, for work which none but a debtor would have taken as a gift, twice the sum which would have satisfied Millicent? How could she, blinded by preconceived partialities, perceive that all Mr. Laurie's praises, past and present, were due not to a work in itself, but as done for him, and issued under his auspices—that Fergus was really scarcely a wiser art-critic than poor old Mr. Smith, of the "Leech-gatherer" order, and not half so simple and honest an one?

But all of a sudden Milly felt that her affectionate gratitude, which she had hitherto so proudly displayed, as if it were the very crown of life, had become a crown of thorns. The fact is, there are very fine lines drawn about gratitude, and it is well that it is so. The higher natures cannot easily be gracefully and contentedly grateful for any relief that comes to them by the pain of another. They can be bountifully grateful for the superior strength that can lift off, and carry readily the burden that was crushing themselves, but if they see that it is also a burden to its new bearer, there first impulse is to snatch it back, crying, "Let me, rather than another, perish under mine own burdens."

This is one reason how it is that so many think they get least gratitude where they seem to have earned most. Noble hearts, such only as are capable of gratitude, would never have allowed themselves to get so deep in debt. The man whom we dare not help, except by a letter of recommendation, which we are ashamed to remember, feels himself indebted to us forever. The other, who allows us to maintain him, shakes off the dust of his feet upon us whenever we at last venture to hint that he may be self-supporting.

Nor can any man be grateful for what is done for him consciously, painfully and with a grudge. Few of us could be made happy by the hospitality of a

host, who kept an account of all we cost him—breakfast, dinner, bed, boots and attendance, just like an inn-keeper, although he never sent in his bill, and only expected us to pay him by an exact return of his civilities! The fact is, we are grateful not so much for what we receive, as for the love or kindness which makes our benefactor feel it a pleasure to give. If any man does not feel it infinitely "more blessed to give than to receive," let him expect no thanks. It is doubtful whether we should weep for a man who died for us, if he claimed our tears as a reward of his sacrifice. The Great Sacrifice of the World, the just who died for the unjust, bade His mourners, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."

But poor Milly, sitting there in her darkened chamber, could not think—she could only suffer. Feelings came to her heart, rather than reflection to her head. Now it was a wild wish to repay Fergus for all the kindness he had shown her, and the inconvenience he must have suffered through it. Next it was a stabbing wish that she had found the truth out entirely for herself, instead of receiving it through the Lauries' hints. It would have been so easy to say to Fergus, "My powers have disappointed you; let me go," and all his kindness, and all her gratitude could have gone with her, stainless and unflawed, treasures for the rest of life to keep, if not to use. The terrible pity of it was, that Milly felt already they could never be so now. They had received a blow, and at the least touch they would fall to pieces, and however she might afterward gather them up and mend them, they could never again be unbroken.

Other feelings would come. If Fergus were disappointed in her—if he had measured her powers amiss, and put her in places too high for her; had he been really kind to her after all? If in mistake, a man dub a plain mister "his lordship," has he done him real honor? Milly almost felt as if she had small reason to be grateful to Fergus for taking her from the quiet, regular duties where she had always given boundless satisfaction, and that it was a poor thing to be raised to a pedestal only to be tumbled from it. She caught herself actually calculating that one year with the other, and one chance with another, she might easily have made as large an income with the old firm as she had with Fergus. It was true that she might not have saved as much, for Fergus's times of payment were always so dreadfully uncertain, that while the more improvident of those who worked for him were constantly out-at-elbows and living on borrowed money, Milly, from the experience of her youth, and her hereditary horror of debt, diligently kept down expenses in every way, so as to be forearmed against ever such long periods of waiting, a process which, regularly repeated for many years, had now resulted in a very respectable sum of savings. Out of considerate desire to save troubling Robina Laurie's brother, Milly's one black silk dress had worn out half a score of Robina's.

Then again, if Fergus was sometimes very liberal in his payments, Milly had long since been forced to own to herself that it was under particular conditions. If he had at first given her a higher class of work and paid her more highly for it, he had since paid her absolutely less than she would have got elsewhere. She had not heeded that—she had been glad of it—proud of it—delighted to feel that it was a fitting reward for his kindly faith in a beginner. But now she felt—and displeased herself for feeling—that she would like to let Robina know this side of the subject, as well as the side of her brother's magnanimity.

Then again, she knew that Fergus was in the habit of indulging his generosity at the expense of justice, that lately he had been doing two or three showily magnificent liberalities, while she herself was very wearily waiting for her rightful payment. Once or twice, against her will, she had actually caught herself wondering if anybody—and who—had suffered in the long-ago days when her own receipts were always prompt and ample. Little did she guess the light that David Maxwell could have thrown on this question!

These shadows had flitted across her mind sometimes, just now and then, and only for a moment. Now they mustered in force. But the old, wilful, womanly faith, roused itself from fainting, and gathered itself up to repel them. They seemed mean and paltry and below it, and it would drive them down and banish them as was fit. It was surely but the shadow of her disappointment in herself which was darkening over Fergus. Better to think one's sight is wrong than that the sun is growing black!

There are senses in which Millicent was both right and wrong. Common sense is one of the best of things, but there are grander things than it is. There are times when its dictates are the dictates of the devil. Poor Don Quixote appears a fool beside his Sancho Panza, but that is because he is wasting his knightliness in Sancho's proper domain of windmills and kitchen wenches. On Don Quixote's own level of daring and sacrifice, Sancho would be not only ridiculous, but contemptible into the bargain. Which would you prefer to be within ear-shot, if you were really a distressed damsel in extreme danger? But the mischief is—and it is a mischief—that Don Quixote will waste his heroisms on the windmills!

And so, all Milly's pain and doubt and bitterness ended in a conclusion and a wish. A conclusion that it was Robina and not Fergus himself, who made gratitude galling. And a wish to make some return, which without effacing her own gratitude—to which she clung like a drowning mariner to his last spar—should make Fergus grateful to her, and set them both once more on a noble equality, to be friends as they used to be!

So little did she know what it really was that had come between them!

CHAPTER XV.

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.

BUT at last, as the complications of "Laurie & Co." thickened and deepened, the creditors began to watch the business so carefully, that Fergus Laurie could snatch from it no more than barely sufficed to keep the wolves of last year at bay, while those of the present were clamoring at the door. The firm still kept up in respectable working order. Its creditors took care of that, for it was their only chance of repaying themselves. It was Fergus's private income alone which came to a dead lock. He was still deriving a tolerable sum from the business, but what was any sum with limits to a man who had launched into extravagance on borrowed money, and extricated himself from one loan after another, by contracting new and larger ones, at higher and higher interest?

One expedient by which he had often kept a little ready money in hand, was to defer the payment of those who worked for him, more especially those who were on friendly and trustful terms. Some of his people, with small means and heavy charges, had been driven to ask payment. They did it very reluctantly. He had held forth such brilliant pictures of his idea of the relation of employer and employed, that they absolutely forgot they had never derived any benefit therefrom. And if they forgot, how much more did he! Fergus's mind grew sore with his constant reflections on ingratitude.

Fergus had a special grievance against David Maxwell. David's minimum salary was in arrear, and he had received absolutely no bonus for the last twelve months. David had said nothing about this, and had not asked for any money for himself. But Fergus's old friend and faithful coadjutor had committed what Fergus held to be unpardonable sin. He could and did easily forgive some of the more thriftless of his people, who asked for money before they had earned it, and these often got it from him, while the others went without. He liked their "trust" in him; and to pay money that was not earned, in a dashing, unledger-like fashion, fostered the sense of magnificent autocracy, into which all Fergus's ambitions had finally resolved themselves. Paying what was due was a humdrum affair. Everybody did that!

But David, though kept in profound ignorance of all the larger concerns of Laurie & Co., could guess at something, by such fragments as from time to time accidentally dropped before him. And David would constantly remind Fergus that it was the date to pay this one or that one; nay, in cases where the people were elderly, needy or unprotected, would so press the matter that Fergus could not shirk it without a plainer statement than it suited his pride to make. It was David's constant hints which had long kept Millicent's accounts from falling into hopeless arrear and confusion.

But, as the rude old saying has it, "one cannot get more from a cat than her skin;" and when there was positively no money in Fergus's hands (not even to

pay Robina's dressmaker), David's hints on even this matter became ineffectual. Only the higher Millicent's debt rose, the more Fergus insinuated and insisted on the gratitude due from her to himself, the more he criticized her work, and the less he gave her of it.

Millicent writhed in secret tortures. If she could only recompense Fergus for the loss, which, rightly or wrongly, he and his family seemed to feel he had incurred through "taking her up," she would go forth happily, and earn her bread cheerfully elsewhere, wherever she could find it.

A chance remark developed in her an idea on the subject. Somebody said—it was the wife of a wealthy tradesman in the neighborhood—"that for all the wonderful way Mr. Laurie had got on, he seemed always very short of money—perhaps his business took it all up."

Millicent turned this over in her mind; and it seemed to her that both the fact and the supposition were likely to be well founded.

Then it occurred to her that it might really be in her power to do Fergus a service. The savings of her lifetime amounted to seven or eight hundred pounds, duly invested in the three-per cents. Her family knew she had money there, but they did not know how much. She had not allowed even her brother George to know the fluctuations of her affairs, having a proud fear lest he might at some time want to help her where she could help herself.

Milly knew nothing of the loan still existing between Fergus and her brother-in-law, Webber. She had heard something at the time, but had supposed that it was all settled long ago, as, "of course," all the earlier matters of the firm must be. Hatty had never told her otherwise. Hatty knew how to keep counsel. In her own words, "she might gossip about what she guessed of her own wit; but when she was fairly told anything, she held her tongue."

Millicent thought to herself that she might really oblige Fergus by putting her little fortune at his disposal. She was a sensible woman, and at another time and with another person, would have understood that it could be no particular service to lend him a sum which he could have easily at command, simply by leaving Acre Hall, and living in a way more consistent with his antecedents and means. But pain and grief and pride blinded Millicent.

She had no wish to humiliate Fergus, by letting him think for a moment that she believed he needed the money. She wished to make it appear a mere business transaction, by which she might get a trifle more interest than from her stocks. Millicent was a magnanimous woman, and rejoiced in the hope of repaying something of whatever she might owe for the ease of her own heart, not for the pain of another's. She only hoped to make Fergus think of her, as a serviceable friend, as of old, instead of the burden which she had lately appeared. The moment that her plan formed within her, she said within herself that kindness can never be repaid, and that every

kindness given in return is a new blessing bestowed by the first benefactor.

As she made up her mind to follow out this sudden plan, which seemed to her like an inspiration, the soreness died out of her heart, and she remembered it only as one remembers a fevered dream. Now it felt easy to accept much with which she had been fighting fiercely. After all, what did it matter if her drawings had never come up to the standard which Fergus had set for them. Having done this service in return, it would be quite bearable to go back to the old humble ways of toiling. Life was not in these things—the soul had a history distinct from these. To bind it to them was scarcely less ignoble slavery, than to bind existence to its trappings of dress and furniture—like—poor Robina!

For as she sat at her desk, planning her letter to Mr. Laurie, Millicent could not help thinking of Robina. She could forgive Robina now, for many a sting which had once seemed as if it must rankle forever. Robina had a habit—common to most who know nothing of the real bliss of near ties—of making her relationship to Fergus a vaunt and a taunt to outsiders. Whenever there came forward any of those little questions, whether financial, legal or political, which specially interest women, Robina was addicted to dismiss them from discussion because “they could not matter to her. She had her brother; she need not trouble herself about such things, though it was only natural, that other people should do so, who had nobody to look after them.” But Milly remembered this now with a smile, and forgave it. Poor Robina! Her idle, selfish life would never enjoy the privilege of offering even such a little service as this to her brother. Millicent thought of her in her heart as “poor Robina,” and felt she would be able to bear all the helpless sister’s boasts for the future.

She had no fears for the worldly wisdom of what she was doing. Amid all her doubts and anguishes, she still trusted Fergus. And in those events of life and death in which human faith and trustworthiness avail nothing, she felt she was willing and able to take all risk.

Her letter was very brief:

“DEAR MR. LAURIE—Forgive me for troubling you about a little matter of my own private business. I have saved money to the amount of nearly eight hundred pounds. It is now invested in three percents. But I think I might get a little higher interest. I believe some merchants consent to receive such loans from people at about four or five per cent. Would you do this for me? I do not ask my brother-in-law, Mr. Webber, because I do not like my family to know every up and down of my business life. Their knowledge, and perhaps wish to help me, would be a pain and a burden to me. Will you let me have a speedy answer, as, if you consent, I shall like to make the change as soon as possible.

“Faithfully yours,

“MILLCENT HARVEY.”

She put on her bonnet to post the letter herself. As she passed through the little hall, she found her mother dealing with an itinerant flower-vendor for groundsel for the canary. The man had some prim-roses and violets at the other end of his basket, and Millicent paused to admire them, and bought a dozen of the tiny bunches. It was a long time since she had spent even such a trifle on pure pleasure. But with her letter in her hand, Millicent Harvey felt rich.

Then she went swiftly down the long, sunny road. She encountered a neighbor whom she had generally passed with a civil nod, but to-day she paused to say something about the bright spring weather.

“It agrees with you, I can see, Miss Harvey,” responded the old lady, “for you are looking quite blooming!”

Millicent smiled. She knew it was true. And yet it was only yesterday that somebody else had warned her that she should take great care of herself, she looked so fragile! Millicent’s frame was like a transparent sheath—when the sword within was bright, the sheath was illumined.

Two or three hours later, the postman delivered her letter at the counting-house. At the same moment, a servant girl came running up, breathless, with another. The office boy carried them both to Fergus.

Fergus Laurie read them, one after the other. That which was delivered by hand he crumpled up, and tore into twenty pieces. He would need no memoranda to keep its purport in mind. For it was much like this:

“The man has got in. I stayed on guard, as you told me, all the morning, but nobody came. I had only just gone to my room to try on my blue silk when a man came and said his boy had dropped his cap over our wall, and might he look for it; and the donkey of a cook let him in, and here he is. It is no use scolding me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for leaving me in such a plight, and getting us into such disgrace. The man is smoking, and his vile tobacco poisons me. I do not see why I am to bear these things for you. I am dying.

“Your injured sister,

“ROBINA.”

“Is the girl who brought this waiting for an answer?” Fergus inquired of the office-boy, with a coolness as perfect as if it had related only to the hour fixed for dinner.

“Yes, sir,” said the lad. “I told her you was busy, but she said she daren’t go back without something.”

Fergus took up an envelope, and wrote inside:

“Don’t die till I return. Take a glass of wine, and go up-stairs and try on your blue silk again. Have not you any *eau-de-cologne* in the house?”

And having dispatched this cynical missive, he reperused Millicent’s letter.

“There are women and women,” he said to himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS.

IT was quite true that Acre Hall had just received a new and very disagreeable tenant—a man in a brown great-coat with frayed sleeves, who said it was thirsty weather, and asked where the beer was kept, and laid a long clay pipe on the beautiful hall table. He was not an unexpected visitor.

One of Fergus Laurie's private creditors had been pressing hard for a long while. He had written half a score of letters, civil and almost kindly in their very sternness. Anybody but Fergus would have seen that the writer meant to carry out his will, and so framed his demand like a request, and did not bluster. But Fergus thought this calmness augured patience, and superbly took no notice, till one day he found that legal processes were commenced, and next, that that sort of domestic barricade was necessary, which so often begins among ormolu and choice wines, to be set up again and again till at last there is nothing behind it but a pawn-ticket and a corpse!

To Fergus the bitterness of the blow lay in the fact that it happened to come from a man whose connection Fergus had scorned, and whose kindness he had slighted in his old lofty days. This was the kind of pang that Fergus really felt. He had grown callous to most but the sting of personal pique.

Fergus was always vaguely expecting a shower of gold to fall and fill the gaping purse of his creditors. The wonderful indomitable hopefulness, which might have been the greatest blessing of his life, had grown into his greatest bane, as great blessings have it in them to grow. Several times things had happened, as he put it, "just as they should," and he had found unexpected ways—though they might not be the cleanest—out of bogs of difficulty.

It seemed to Fergus, standing there with Robina's letter in fragments at his feet, and Millicent's in his hand, that one might be the "providential" solution of the other.

Not that he thought of robbing Millicent of the savings of her patient, laborious life. He expected that something else would happen which would enable him to pay her again, or at least to pay her interest in due course. He felt quite sure that he could get plenty of money from other quarters if he only tried hard enough, and he had a delusion that there were securities in his power to offer. Alas, a man is a poor deceiver if he is not the first person to be deceived by himself!

At that instant, he hastily thrust the letter away, for David came into the room. He looked even unusually quiet and grave. But Fergus could read a knowledge in his eyes and a regret in his voice, which made him say, within himself, as it seemed, inconsequently: "Where would Maxwell be now if it had not been for me?"

"It is more than two months ago since you ought to have paid Miss Harvey, Fergus," David began.

"Well, I know it is," Fergus said, tartly; "but she can wait. She has been too well paid to be in such extreme want of money."

"It is not a question of want of money or no," David went on. "It is a question of justice."

"Well, she cannot be paid now, and that must be the end of it," said Fergus.

"She must be paid," David returned, steadily. "I have just found out what is going on in Acre Hall at this moment. It is known in the office somehow, and I heard it there. After this, there will be sure to be a settlement of everything. At the present time, Millicent Harvey is the only one among those who work for you, whose debt is very considerable. The others have got into the habit of asking you for money, while my representations of her case have lately gone quite unheeded."

"So, this is the end of your friendship, is it?" said Fergus. "To turn upon me in my day of difficulty?"

David's face quivered just for a moment. "I am Millicent Harvey's friend as well as yours, Fergus," he said. "And I am more your friend in this than you think. I want you to do what you will be glad to remember you have done, Fergus."

"How can I pay her?" Fergus asked, restively. "I shall have to borrow money to pay this execution out of the Hall. It is a terrible revelation to find one's friends taking advantage of an awkward shortness of ready money, although there is plenty behind the scenes."

"I will advance you what is needed to pay Miss Harvey," said David. "It is just a hundred and fifty pounds. It can be set down to my account against the firm, and I can wait indefinitely. Call upon her to-night, Laurie, and tell her candidly how things are, and the circumstances under which you cannot give her so much work as formerly, and set her free from all tie to us; and tell her that if she calls here to-morrow, she shall be paid all up. It is the plain truth, Fergus, and you will never repent speaking it. If you will not tell her, Fergus, I will go and tell her myself. I had no idea how bad things were, or I should have said this before. Perhaps I ought to have known, so as to be able to help you to take the brave and right course. If there was any indolence and over-easiness in my ignorance, I hope you will forgive me."

Fergus looked up at David with a bright, eager gaze, and David's heart leaped within him, as he thought that perhaps this time of hard facts and plain speaking might be also a time for the renewing of the old true, open friendship.

But this was the only interpretation of Fergus's eyes.

"Why not lend me this one hundred and fifty to pay out the execution, old friend? The debt is not so much as that. And then whatever measures I would have to take to pay it off, I will take to pay Millicent instead. It will not be so hard to sell something to pay her as to pay that fellow."

David shook his head sadly. "I am but a poor man," he said. "All my means could not extricate you from your difficulties, even if such extrication, by itself, would be any real service to you."

"But I am your old friend, Maxwell," said Fergus. "Why should not you wish to help me, as far as you can, as much as Miss Harvey? Miss Harvey is not in need. She can always be independent; and she has helpful friends. I don't know that I have any—unless it be you."

A faint flush passed swiftly over David's face. Through all those years his old boyish love for Millicent had seemed to linger in his heart, only as the faint perfume of faded flowers lingers in a shut-up room. But now it was as if a door was opened, and the flowers lifted up their heads as the breeze rushed through.

He walked slowly up and down the room.

"I have never said a word to anybody all these years," he said. "Indeed, there is nothing to say. It is only a folly of mine. But I bless God for it, notwithstanding. A man does not ask a woman to marry him if he is sure she would refuse. If I had thought there was the least chance for me, I would have asked Millicent Harvey to be my wife years, and years, and years ago. She is the only woman I ever loved in my life. There, Fergus, old boy, if I did not think of you as of a dearest friend, would I tell you this?"

He held out his hand to Fergus, who put his into it, saying, "I believe you are a good fellow, Maxwell, I know you are. I will see Miss Harvey to-night, or if not to-night, to-morrow. It will all be well again. And though I tell her she need not tie herself down to us, that's no reason why we should not give her so much to do that she won't think of any one else. I'll manage matters very differently to what I have done; and you'll stick by me, won't you, David?"

In those words—the suggested endearment, the fatally ready admission, the half promise, and the groundless hopefulness—lay all the danger and all the promise of poor Fergus Laurie's character! David's words came to him like a 'guardian angel's whisper in a dream. The worst of it was that the world, represented by Robina's clamorous voice, was sure to seem to him the waking reality, to which he would turn, with half a sigh, for the sweet ideal gone out of his reach.

And so the two parted.

David went off to his lonely home thinking, "We will save him yet—we two, Millicent and I. He has been walking in dangerous paths; that he chose them for himself only made their greatest danger. I think he will confide in me now, as he used to do. And when he once begins to speak with her, he will be sure to confide in her, and she will give him so much help. Who knows but that this time of revelation and humiliation may be the very sealing of a life-long bond between Millicent and Fergus? If he has been false to himself and unkind to her, I am sure there are depths of pitiful loving-kindness and tender mercy in her."

David himself had forgiven the unknown mother who had left him but a legacy of shame—he had forgiven the father who had blighted his youth, and the woman who had embittered it. David had practiced

forgiveness till the power had grown so easy that he never even noticed when he exercised it!

Only as he went along, David thought within himself how selfish he was, and what an especial blessing it was to him that no goodness of one's own is any item in one's acceptance with God. For, out of all the shock and pain, he felt a little bit of happiness shooting like a blue mountain flower from the devastation of an avalanche. In this time of trouble, he was the one who could advise Fergus, and shield Millicent. There was a sense in which, after all, he was useful and necessary to the two—man and woman—in whose life he had lived far more than in his own. He did not think he had ever wanted much more than this. At any rate, nothing else could have been half so good. Of other dreams, other hopes, he thought now as a grown man thinks of the toys he coveted in childhood!

Fergus Laurie went home to Acre Hall. He gave a contemptuous grunt at the clumsy salutation of the disagreeable man seated in the hall, and passed on to the drawing-room. There seemed something in the very atmosphere of the house which made him think within himself that David Maxwell's way of talk was all very fine and well-meant, doubtless, but that it must be modified in such a world as the real one.

Mrs. Laurie was in bed. She had retired thither on the first appearance of the disagreeable man. But Robina was ready to receive him, with a grievance longer than herself.

"What other woman has to endure such treatment as this?" she cried. "Is the vicar's daughter expected to entertain a man in possession? Does your fine Miss Harvey have to put up with such a humiliation in the sight of her servant?"

"Miss Harvey is in altogether different circumstances. You can't compare her with yourself," said Fergus. "If she had a man in possession, it would be of her own goods; she is the real mistress of her house."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself for bringing your house to such a pass," Robina retorted. "As you say, it isn't my affair, and I'm sure it is not my fault. Nobody can say I'm extravagant. I've never had more than a half-pennyworth of milk taken in for tea, just for the sake of saving; and whenever chance visitors have happened to come, I have had to send out for more; and one half the time they have known it, so they couldn't think me extravagant. And I've never given a single present—so different to you who are always throwing away on strangers! You had no right to set yourself up, in such grandeur if you can't keep it up."

"That's a true word, Robina," said Fergus, carelessly.

"But you ought to be able to keep it up," she went on, only more angrily. "I don't believe it is a bit more than we have a right to. And now I suppose we shall have to go and live in some hokey-pokey hole, hardly better than the Harveys' cottage. Of course, it is easy enough for them who have never

been used to anything else; but, after what I have been accustomed to, it will be very hard. It will be unendurable!"

"What have you been accustomed to?" asked Fergus, with his provoking calmness. "Do you mean to Acre Hall, or to the single room over the tripe-shop, where we all lived in father's time, when there were five of us to be supported on the pension that mother spends on her own washing bill now-a-days?"

Robina gave him one unutterable look, and went out of the room, leaving him alone in the splendid saloon—the same, only still more resplendent with satin and gilding, where, on that far-away summer evening, he had sat with Millicent Harvey, while the soft early moonlight came stealing down through the elm tree, and he was very near saying to her that all beauty and all success would be nothing to him without her. He was not the first man who, having to choose between the princess and the palace, chooses the palace, only to find that all crumbles away without the princess, while she makes a palace wherever she goes.

Fergus had not sat there long before he rang the bell hard, and bade the servant bring up some brandy and soda-water. That was no unusual order. The excited, feverish life he was leading, deprived him of appetite. Wholesome food had grown thoroughly distasteful, and the highly-seasoned, artificial morsels he could still enjoy, only fostered his craving for stimulants.

Fergus sat there sipping his glass, and felt himself a bitterly ill-used man. He took up the grand visions of his aspiring youth, and put them side by side with his blasted present, and set the two down as cause and effect, without reference to anything between them. He thought his ambition had been to make business but a wider and truer philanthropy, "therefore" he was a ruined man. Others had only aimed at fortunes for themselves, and so had made them. But it never struck poor Fergus that this purely unselfish philanthropy of his had grasped at the glories of fortune, without even the trouble of making it.

It was no new thing for Fergus to say to himself that "something must be done." What he had never yet dreamed of doing was to give up Acre Hall, and reduce his expenses to whatever trifle there might be to meet them. That alternative seemed now staring him in the face.

He had spoken truly—truer than he meant or knew—when he said to David that he was his only friend. He had given up his Friend in Heaven. That sounds an awful thing to say: alas, that men find it the easiest thing to do! What can a man have to do with God who only wants help to pay for the wine that is destroying him, defence against claims which are just, wisdom and counsel to scheme for wrong and selfish ends? These are not the "crooked places" which the Lord has promised to straighten. And who were Fergus's friends on earth? Not the two hard selfish women who were ready to

make up their minds that whatever he did was right, because it was his doings that fed them daintily and clothed them softly. Chance words of theirs were never likely to cast a gleam of sunlight on any storm-battered soul as the chance words of some women might. Help and inspiration did not grow wild in their conversation. Oh, had Fergus raised his eyes from the mean and sordid plague spot that had crept over his young ambition, to see such a woman as Christian Harvey smiling love and peace beside his hearth, perchance he would long ago have started as from an evil dream, and awaked to his better self. But it was Fergus's own wilfulness which had shut him up with those two women as the geni of his life.

Gradually thoughts began to rise out of the whirl of heated feelings, and to link themselves together.

At first, "I am tired of this kind of life. What the better am I now that I am sitting on a carved and velvet chair? It might as well be a wooden one with a chintz cushion!"

Then, "I have never enjoyed what I have had in this way. There has been no time for anything but worry."

"Oh, I wish I was young again! I wish I was just starting in business. What a different plan I should lay out!"

"And so David Maxwell has had a liking for Millicent Harvey. I used to think so. Lately I've forgotten all about it. She has never cared a straw for him. He was a wise man to know it. It would have been different with somebody else, I think. I did not refrain from proposing to her, because I thought there was no chance of acceptance" (and in all his misery, Fergus, alone in the twilight, smiled a vain man's smile). "I only wish I had proposed to her at the very beginning. I believe I should have got on better. At any rate, she would not be such a squeaking idiot as Robina."

"And so David Maxwell is paying my debt to her out of his romantic affection! Well, I can believe things of that sort of David better than of most men. But I shouldn't wonder that he has a sneaking idea that he will help her to get work, and so on, and that somehow she'll find out this is his money, and so forth! I don't say he does it for that, or that he knows in his heart he wants it, but yet he'll work it round so."

"And after that she might marry him, just out of gratitude. Women will do that sometimes. She'll think it is too late for her to do any better. What a pity?"

"I really do not see why I shouldn't marry her myself, after all. If I go myself to night and tell her that we are going out of business, and that she will be paid to-morrow, that is what I promised David, and he will have no excuse to go there bungling himself. I shall say what he said I ought to say, and what more I say is my own business. I won't borrow her money—that, under the circumstances, would be only putting myself in a dangerous position. But, once we are married, it would enable me to

settle up these two or three little personal debts to people whom I can't bear to triumph over me. And then my business will be wound up, and I shall get a share of something, somehow. And then I'll begin again, in the quietest of ways. How can one be wise without experience? Robina must go away. She has never been satisfied with what I've done for her, and she can't expect me to forget her reproaches now. She can take a situation of some kind. Her manners have been polished up by the society she has met here, so she has lost nothing by being with me. It don't matter much to me what she is, for I won't set up in business in London again, but far down in the country. I'll allow mother a little if I can; but, anyhow, she has her pension, and she must have more clothes by her now than she can ever wear out."

But while this undercurrent of thought really flowed through Fergus's soul, his self-knowledge went no deeper than the surface whereon rippled such self-delusions as these: "I have gone wrong for want of such a woman as Millicent to be my household friend. I don't think she is happy. Why should we not both endeavor to make the best of what remains for each other? She ~~may~~ be lonely, poor thing, for all the rest of her family have their own private interests. I can't be marrying her for her money—nobody can say that. What are her seven or eight hundred pounds to a man in my position? And I could get them if I liked without marrying her. If I wanted to marry money, I would marry tens of thousands. No, I want herself. I could face poverty, or any change with her; and I am sure I shall be a great comfort and stronghold to her. I'll tell her at once that I won't borrow her money, nor have anything to do with it, except by our both having one purse henceforth. We'll be married as soon as possible—in about a week, say. And there is no need to trouble her about my business arrangements. I'll tell her the truth, that I'm going out of business; and, really, she could not understand the ins and outs, if I tried to explain them; and, besides, I myself know everything will be all right, though she, as a woman, might be nervous. We shall be in Acre Hall for another six months, at least, while things are wound up. Mother and Robina can go and stay at the seaside for that while."

The thought of six months in the glories of Acre Hall, in Milly's society, and with the responsibilities, at least, of business lifted off his shoulders, was a prospect beyond which such a mind as Fergus's did not care to look. To others it might have seemed only a respite. But that was all his ambition now. He lived in such a hot momentary struggle, that the thought of even a week's freedom was like ages of paradise.

The last ray of spring daylight had just faded as he took his hat from the rail in the hall, and started off for the Harveys' cottage. He seemed no longer to notice the presence of the disagreeable man in the hall—an omission which that worthy resented by granting to himself.

"I should think that difficulties is that gemman's native air. His eye seemed to take me in as natural as if I was a walking-stick."

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT AN ENGLISH WRITER SAYS OF THE COSTUME OF GENTLEMEN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IN this age, however, it would be difficult to impugn us for a too great fondness for display, the male costume being reduced to a mysterious combination of the inconvenient and the unpicturesque, which, except in the light of a retribution, it is puzzling to account for. Hot in summer, cold in winter—useless either for keeping off rain or sun, stiff without being plain, bare without being simple, not durable, not becoming, and not cheap. Man is like a corrupt borough—the only way to stop the evil has been to deprive him of his franchise. He is no longer even allowed the option of making himself ridiculous. Not a single article is left in his wardrobe with which he can even make what is called an impression—a conquest is out of the question. Each taken separately is as absurd as the emptiest fop could have devised, and as ugly as the staunchest Puritan could have desired. His hat is a machine to which an impartial stranger might impute a variety of culinary uses, but would never dream of putting on his head. His coat is a contrivance which covers only half his person, and does not fit that, while his waistcoat—if a straight one—would be an excellent constraint for one who can contentedly wear the rest of the costume. Each article, in addition, being under such strict laws, that whoever attempts to alter or embellish, only gets credit for more vanity than his fellows and not for more taste.

This being the state of the case, the responsibilities of a wife in that department are very serious. On point of fact, she dresses for two, and in neglecting herself virtually wrongs her husband. Nature has expressly assigned her as the only safe investment for his vanities, and she who wantonly throws them back from their natural course, deserves to see them break out on his own person, or appear in that of another.

SLEEP.—The man who sleeps little, repairs little. A man who would be a good worker must be a good sleeper. A man has as much force in him as he had provided for in sleep. The quality of mental activity depends upon the quality of sleep. Men need on an average eight hours of sleep a day. A lymphatic temperament may require nine; a nervous temperament six or seven. A lymphatic man is sluggish, moves and sleeps slowly. But a nervous man acts quickly in everything. He does more in an hour than a sluggish man in two hours; and so in his sleep. Every man must sleep according to his temperament—but eight hours is the average. Whoever by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but the crash will come, and he will die.

CONCERNING NAMES.

BY MISS E. T. WHEELER.

A NOTED lexicographer speaking, in the preface of his greatest work—a Greek lexicon—which had cost him years of application, of the drudgery which most people would think his labor, said that the study of words, classing, grouping and searching out new meanings, had been not tiresome but delightful. Had his subject been names, many of us would join in his pleasure. For in them lie much rare tradition and entertaining history; and to glance over the various customs of naming, the meanings and superstitions connected therewith, can hardly fail to amuse us. For our names are the one thing that unalterably belong to us; given over the cradle and written on the marble that shelters our last sleep, through all the varying light and shade that lie between, they cling to us; spoken by loving lips, they are thereby consecrated ours forever.

In olden times naming seems to have been more important work than now; the sense was of more account than the sound, and if they seem barbarous to our ears, we may find on examination that many of them have lovely meanings. The Hebrew mother named her darlings so, and her delight in them, her worship of God, her faith in her people, all shone out from the long list of Bible names. The ceremony of circumcision is familiar: modern Jews require ten witnesses, and the name is given between benedictions. A singular custom prevails with some of them, of changing the child's name in illness: when all remedies have failed, this is tried, the idea of misfortune attaching to the old one.

With the Greeks, naming was an important affair. The seventh day from birth was kept as a high festival, sacrifices were offered and a banquet given to friends; with the child in arms, the nurse ran around the fire, so putting the new-comer under the protection of the household gods. An olive garland hung at the door was the sign of a boy; a fleece, symbol of spinning and weaving, of a girl. Sometimes names of illustrious ancestors were given, and sometimes the decision was left to chance: tapers were lit, different names being attached to them, and the one that burned longest—as giving longest life—was the chosen one. This superstition was wide-spread. It crept into the early Church, and the bishops vainly preached against it. Several cases are recorded where twelve tapers, named for the apostles, were used in this way. One poor princess earned so the name of Simon.

The Romans followed Greek customs, but their practical character is shown by their seizing on personal characteristics as bases of names: Longinus, tall, Gracchus, slender, Cæsar, hairy, are examples of this.

As the Greeks divined by candles, the Hindoos place two lamps over two names, and the one which burns brightest is chosen. The name of the reigning

planet is sometimes added. In Thibet two names are given, one from some god to be used only in religious ceremonies, and one for every-day service. In Ceylon the ceremony is full of poetry: the mother carries her child to the temple with an offering and three flowers to which names are attached, the initial letter in all being that of the reigning constellation; the priest presents the offering, and, after a little, returns one of the names; the mother believes that he is guided in his unconscious selection by the gods, and hence that her child is named by them. African babies have the pleasure of naming themselves: the new-born one is placed on a palm leaf, palm-wine drunk over it, and a few drops spilt on its face, from its cry of resentment the name is taken and it is generally Quaco. Forty days feasting celebrate with the Abyssinians a child's naming.

One may see in glancing over the names given to women among various nations, the respect in which they were held. Greeks gave them those expressive of beauty and power: Eulalie, speaking sweetly, and Arsinoe, elevation of mind, are instances. With the Romans a poor girl had only the family name feminized; if there were more than one of them, only numerals distinguished them. So the sisters of Brutus were Junia Major, Junia Minor and Junia Tertia. Only the Chinese join in this scant courtesy to daughters; with them, owners of the "golden lilies" of deformed feet were sometimes known as One, Two, Three, etc. The followers of Mohammed deny woman a soul, but they take pains to select for her names from flowers and gems, as useless but beautiful parts of creation. They call them Gulnare, pomegranate-flower, or Yasemeen, fragrant jasmine. The Hindoos likewise ordain that the names of women shall be simple, musical and of good augury. But it is not until we come to Teuton and Celt that we find appellations rich in meaning given them. They believed the sex inspired, and the royal names given them show this: Dagmar, mother of day, Bertha, bright one, Adelaide, noble lady, and Gertrude, trusted and true, are examples.

The Japanese change their names four times in life, the Chinese still oftener. With the latter the first is the "milk name," on entering school the boy has a "book name," and on marrying another is given. With our own Indians of old, men and women exchanged names on marriage, and the young brave's proudest title was earned by his own deeds in battle. In Rome, slaves on becoming freedmen took new names; but soldiers were never allowed to change theirs; it was graven on their buckler and was inseparable from them. Kings ascending the throne took new names, and popes on assuming the tiara. The superstition connected with this latter change was strengthened by the fact that in the only case in which it was not done, the unfortunate pope

died in nineteen days. Converts to Christianity were baptized with names of solemn meaning: one case deserves mention. A captain of Trajan's guard, called Placidus (easy-tempered), took on his conversion the name of Eustace (steadfast). His faith was tried by fire, but his noble name was the index of his brave endurance of martyrdom. Sometimes names were forcibly changed. The conversion of a king to Christianity was, of course, followed by that of his people. One of the Polish kings was so turned in the thirteenth century, and by his orders his people were renamed for the saints. To one part John and Mary were given, to another Peter and Catherine, and so on. A clever writer tries to prove this the cause of the innumerable army of John Smiths; the first name is accounted for, and as in those days the surname came from the trade, and that of a smith was one of the most common, the explanation is complete. In 1465, Edward IV. of England, ordered all his Irish subjects to take English names, on pain of forfeiture of their possessions. A century later, Philip II. of Spain, issued a similar command to the Moors of his kingdom. In 1603, the great Highland clan of Macgregor were, for their misconduct, deprived of their name. By their bravery and devotion to the Stuarts they afterward won it back. Justly is this loss of name thought a degradation fit only for the convict.

At first one name was sufficient; but as the world's people divided into tribes and bands family names were soon added, and with the Romans it was a matter of pride to have as many as possible. So highly was the surname esteemed that, in the twelfth century, an heiress refused to marry a suitor who had not this qualification.

"It were to me a great shame
To have a lord withouten his true name."

A modern princess has had twenty bestowed on her, all pleasant sounding and of happy meanings.

With nearly all nations many superstitions are attached to names. In Greece and Rome, oracles were consulted concerning them. In religious ceremonies pains were taken that all concerned therein should have fortunate ones. Trials of criminals began with those of most unlucky appellations; and when soldiers were enrolled, fortunate names must head the lists. Before the battle of Actium, Augustus was rejoiced by the good augury of meeting a donkey and driver whose names signified conquering and fortunate. After the victory he built a temple wherein figures of the two were placed.

Who will say there's nothing in a name, when he remembers the story of the Persian slave whose whole destiny was changed by change of name? Poor and friendless, Nuari (destitute) was a perpetual reminder of his condition. One day his master, pleased with some service, added the single letter A to his name. But Anuari meant brilliant, and inspired by the prophecy the young man made it true by his after life. The Roman guards once elected an emperor solely for his name. Regilianus had indeed a royal sound

and meaning, but his rule was short. In another instance a fair princess lost a husband and a throne because of her name. Louis VIII. of France, surnamed "*Cœur de Lion*," desiring a Spanish princess for his bride, sent ambassadors to the court of Madrid to form the alliance. The eldest and most beautiful of the two princesses was the one desired, but when her name was pronounced they drew back. Uracca (magpie) was equally unmusical and of unhappy meaning; and her younger sister, Blanche of Castile was carried in triumph to France to become the proud mother of St. Louis.

There are fashions in names as well as in everything else. In Italy, in the fifteenth century, a fancy existed with literary men, of taking classical names. As a precedent they claimed the academy founded by Charlemagne all whose members bore Greek and Latin ones. The reigning pope, suspicious of heretical plots, imprisoned and tortured some. Some of them contented themselves with translating their names into Latin. This fashion has been often followed, and the case of Luther's friend is familiar. Philip Schwartzert, (black earth,) became by this means Philip Melancthon and by this name is known in history.

At one time in England, it was the fashion for lovers to address their sweethearts as Delfi, Chloe, Phyllis, etc. But when the sweethearts became wives and mothers, they called their children after them simply Betty, Kitty and Mary. English hearts cling most, not to the noble Teutonic, but to old Hebrew names. "A good old-fashioned English name," means not, Edith (blessed), Ethel (noble), Ermine (lady of high degree); but Mary (exalted), Martha (bitterness), and the like. France and Italy prefer classic names. At one time a novel idea seized French writers. The last letter of the alphabet suddenly became most important. Heroines were called Zaire, Zuleime, till the thing reached the climax of absurdity with an author who announced the life of Prince Zzzz.

Cornwall has some curious names. Zenobia and Philippa are favorites among peasant women, and ladies like the title of Sage. Two brothers rejoice in the names of Cherubim and Seraphim, and a girl bears that of Azimuth. We smile at the Puritans, who imitating Hebrew fashions produced such combinations as Praise-God Barebones, More-Fruit Fowler, and Kill-Sin Pimple. But modern registry lists furnish as bad ones. Will Bill, Faith-Hope-Charity Green, and Joyful-Moses-Lazarus Solomon seem more like jests than real names. "The 15th of June," was a name actually given to a girl born on shipboard.

A hundred more curious facts in relation to our subject might be given. We have done enough to show that there may be much in a name, and with this story of an anagram we close. In Greece it was the fashion to drink as many cups to the health of one's lady love, as there was letters in her name. The honor to "her of the beautiful eyebrows," Charitoblepharos, must have been an exhaustive un-

dertaking, but could hardly have been as fatal as was once a lover's anagram. It was the days when they were very fashionable; and, determined to please the fair lady with whom he had secretly fallen in love, he shut himself in his room for six months at his task. At last he came forth victorious. Her name had been given him as Mary Boon. He had been obliged to substitute Moll for Mary, and on presenting it to

the lady he was horror-struck to find that he had taken equal liberties with the surname. It was Bohren instead of Boon; and the lady frowned on his effort. His mind, previously weakened by intense application, could not endure the shock, and in a few days he became insane.

Moral—"Be sure you're right before you go ahead."

A DAY IN OLD LONDON.

MAY 31st, 1533.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

IT was Saturday morning—one likes to be particular about the day—in that old London, which was, at this time, the richest city in Europe. The hawthorn hedges were in full bloom, and the larks were singing up in glad blue deeps of air, and the primroses and daisies were shining in the sunny pastures and among the dark old meadows. The wreaths had faded on the May-poles around which, all over Merrie England, the national holiday had been kept, with dance, and song, and banquet, on the greensward.

"The Silver Thames—it deserved its name then, when the sun could shine on it out of the blue summer sky," must have been crowded and picturesque with its boats and barges; and the old streets, with their tall, dark stores and houses, were radiant with glittering tapestries and draperies, "and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East."

Never had London been so gorgeous. Never had she decked herself in such hangings of crimson and scarlet, in such splendor of cloth of gold, and velvet, and tissues, as on this fair May morning, when outside the old city the dews were sparkling among the snows of the hawthorn hedges.

There was an eager, breathless curiosity in every face on the swarming streets, and among the crowds on the balconies, while the sheriffs rode up and down on their great Flemish horses gay with liveries.

Fifteen hundred and thirty-three! We have to grope far along the dusty centuries to find that bright May morning which shone over the ancient city, decked for the bridal of her king.

It had come to this at last. Out of the stormy years, the passion and the clamor, Henry VIII. had had his will, and Anne Boleyn, the daughter of the old London mercers on her mother's side, of the proud old Norman Howard on her father's, was going after the manner of ancient queens, from the Tower to Westminster, to be crowned.

But never had so splendid a pageant celebrated a royal bridal as this one, amid which the young maid of honor was going up to sit on the throne of her mistress; never, though the ancient queens had come of long lines of kings, and brought titles and gifts to add lustre to the English crown.

She who was coming up to the throne to-day, and

for whom the old city was going half wild in its riot of welcome, brought nothing but her beauty, that rare and wondrous grace of manner and speech which had fascinated the proud and haughty king, and turned him into the most ardent of lovers. Yet Anne Boleyn was to bring to the English throne a gift more precious and splendid than all the queens who had gone before her, for she was to be the mother of Elizabeth Tudor.

The guns of the Tower thundered suddenly into the May morning; the great gates swung back on their iron hinges, and under the archways, in the bright sunshine, the long cavalcade began slowly to defile.

Look at it as the May light glitters on the splendid column. The French knights come first in their blue velvet surcoats, with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, and the white crosses shining on the hangings.

Then followed the English gentlemen mounted on their magnificent horses, the Knights of the Bath in their violet robes, the mitred abbots and the barons in crimson velvet; then the nobility of the realm in gorgeous splendor, and one by one the chief officers of England, in all the blazing magnificence of that age of glitter, and show, and pageantry.

Last of all the gorgeous procession came the Duke of Suffolk, Charles Brandon, Henry's brother-in-law, married to the younger of his sisters, that fair Mary Tudor, who went to France to wed its king, and found herself so soon a widow.

"It is no easy matter to picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendor which such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets—those streets which now we know so black and smoke-grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of color—gold, and crimson, and violet. Yet there it was, and there the sun could shine upon it, and tens of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices."

But at last the object for which all this glorious spectacle had been prepared drew near, and all else was forgotten.

There was a wide, solitary space, and then a white chariot, drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, the silver bells of the golden

canopy making soft music in the hush which filled the air, and fell for a moment upon the swarming crowds before the loud welcomes thundered out.

There she sat in her morning loveliness, this bride of a king. Her fair hair fell loose upon her shoulders, and her face in its proud triumph must have been at its fairest that morning. The great court-painter, Holbein, left it to future generations on canvas, but the real power and charm of the face which had fascinated the king, were something which no artist ever caught in his divinest rapture of brush or chisel. She was dressed, as became a bride, in robes of white tissue, and a circlet of rubies blazed upon her head.

After her came her ladies in crimson velvet, over which flamed trimmings of cloth of gold, and then the chariots of the court ladies, and their long-trains of attendants followed. The eyes of the beholders must have been dazzled by the glare of splendor as it wound along the dark old streets.

Never had queen such welcome as she who had come from the quiet country shades of her father's home at Henric-castle, to take her seat on England's throne. At the crossings and the church-corners they waited for her. The old classic legends bloomed out suddenly on English soil. There was a fountain of Helicon pouring forth its dark ruby side of Rhenish wine through all that day "for the refreshment of the multitude," while the god Apollo and his attendants waited around to welcome the English queen.

There was an uncrowned white falcon among heaps of red and white roses; and amid the spectators there must have been gray-haired veterans who could look back to the bloody battle-fields of the Plantagenets—battle-fields whose awful spectres must have started up suddenly at that sea of June roses. Then an angel came down and placed a crown of close gold on the falcon's head, as the chariot of the queen came slowly up. It was a graceful device; nothing under the circumstances could have been prettier; symbolizing, as the whole did, the union of York and Lancaster. There was a burst of wonderful melody, and the shouts of all loyal Englishmen must have shaken the very ground at that sight.

At Cornhill Conduit the three graces on a throne welcomed that white chariot; and at Cheapside the conduit spouted from one end its white river of wine, and at the other its crimson stream of claret.

A little beyond, at the great Cheapside Cross, the aldermen waited in their magnificent robes, and a purse filled with a thousand gold marks, their gift to the queen; and further on were the trio of goddesses—Pallas, Venus and Juno. The little children with their sweet, piping voices sang their ballads; and all the long way, bursts of music and triumphant peans shook the sweet May air. And so Anne Boleyn went on in her youth, and loveliness, and splendor to the old Westminster Hall, which was all hung around with rare tapestries for her coronation.

London never before saw a day like that. In all

the centuries since, it has never seen such another morning as that last one of May, when Anne Boleyn rode up from the Tower through the streets, to be crowned Queen of England.

She had been long waiting for this day. Among the green shades of her country home, it had glittered for years above all her hopes and dreams. She had reached, as few human beings ever do, the highest summit of their ambitions—she was Queen of England.

And yet, as I follow that white chariot, and the woman who sits there alone in her supreme loveliness, in the flush and fulness of her proud triumph, while I seem to hear the blare of the trumpets and the thunder of the shouting multitudes, my heart aches for her with a real human pity. Yes, leaning across the dusky centuries, to where that last spring morning shines out of the May, my heart aches for the woman, thinking of her brief day of pomp and splendor—thinking of the end of it all, only three Mays later!

The next day—the first one of the beautiful English June, you remember—the work was done. Amid the splendid old Peetrage with the Knights of the Garter blazing in the dress of their order, while the monks and bishops were filling the dark old aisles with their solemn singing, Anne Boleyn swept out from under her canopy, her beautiful hair floating in a cloud from the wreath of diamonds which encircled her brow, and seating herself between the choir and the high altar in the rich coronation chair. At last, when all the trains had fallen into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial were dispatched, she was led up to the high altar and anointed.

Then the archbishop, Cranmer, set the crown of St. Edward on her head, and placed the sceptre in her hand—not knowing what a fiery price he was to pay for that deed. A mighty *Te Deum* thundered through the vast hall, and outside, in the bright June morning, the people were telling each other that now, at last, Anne Boleyn was Queen of England.

I have wondered sometimes if, as she rode that May day in her sovereign loneliness from the Tower to Westminster, one spectre did not rise and steal a sudden shadow across all her bliss. I should like to be more certain of this than I am; for Anne Boleyn seems hardly to have carried herself with sensitive delicacy toward the woman whom she supplanted. One can scarcely tell, however. It was a coarse, hard age on which that fair May morning shone; and the standards of conduct and the circumstances themselves were so unlike our own, that it is difficult to form a correct judgment of deeds or characters.

Yet we do know that away down at Ampt-hill, that fair May morning, while the guns were firing from the Tower, and the long, glittering cavalcade was passing, and the shouts of the swarming thousands were ringing through London streets, there sat, lonely and desolate, a pale, sick, broken-hearted woman, worn and old before her time.

She was the daughter of a long line of Spanish kings. For more than twenty years that proud, worn, sad-faced woman had worn the crown of England, and now it had been torn from her brow to be set on a younger, fairer rival, and in her proud, insolent triumph, the maid of honor, the mistress of the king, as Katharine of Arragon must have inevitably regarded Anne Bolyn, was to take her place on the throne to-day, as the wife of Henry Tudor.

It was a bitter, galling thought. The haughty daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella felt herself the most insulted and outraged of women.

What thoughts must have crowded on the stern, proud soul of the woman as she sat there in her stately grief, while outside the woods and fields around Ampthill were bright with the joy of the May morning. She must have remembered her happy childhood when she played in the sunny gardens of the Alhambra; she must have remembered the autumn journey from Spain when she came, a young, wondering girl in the middle of her teens to wed the heir of the English crown.

Did all the feasting and rejoicing with which they welcomed the Spanish bride to England in the pleasant October days come back to her?

And, while her sad thoughts crowded, did Katharine of Arragon hear the larks singing and the plough-boy whistling at his work among the pleasant fields around Ampthill? Did she remember—and perhaps a wan smile came for a moment into the proud, sorrowful face—how the father of her boy-bridgroom clattered with his train across the Downs in the stormy November rains, to look upon the Spanish wife, which the first prince of the house of Tudor was to wed?

Did she remember, too, how the solemn Spanish cavaliers of her train delivered King Ferdinand's injunction that his daughter's veil should not be raised until she stood at the altar with her betrothed?

King Henry, the first of the Tudors, had waded to his throne through the blood of Bosworth field. There was a dark rumor—perhaps any man who dared to breathe the story above his breath would have paid for it with the loss of his head—that Henry Tudor's grandfather, that stern, handsome old Owen, who lived among the Welsh marshes, was the son of a brewer.

But the haughty Tudor spirit was roused at this message. No son of Henry's should wed a bride, though she came from a long line of Spanish kings, and though her hand was the proudest alliance in Europe, before he had looked on her face.

So, there was no help for it, and the Spanish girl gave her future father-in-law an audience on the very night of his coming.

She had learned since what that haughty old Tudor will was that had borne down every thing in its way—even her, with her pride of race, and her stern, unbending Spanish nature.

Did she think of the joyous bridal, of the brief happy life, of the sudden death which smote down

into her young hopes, and left her a girl-widow in the strange English land?

She must have remembered all these things in a sad, weary way, that day at Ampthill, when the earth was shining outside, as though in mockery of her bitter grief; and all the world had gone after her triumphant rival—all but the few attendants who had followed her to her lonely home, and were faithful to her through all her fallen fortunes.

There was another bridal, that could not have been pleasant to remember. Katharine had been forced into it most reluctantly by her own and her husband's father; for the bridegroom had just entered upon his teens, and was five years younger than his bride.

As the years went on, however, this disparity of age became less marked. She must have thought how she had been Henry's wife all these years, and the mother of his children; how she had worn his crown, and sat on his throne; and her heart must have swelled with an unmasterable bitterness toward the beautiful rival who had come between them, and worked all this misery.

It was hard on the poor, pale, proud woman sitting there, among the green shades of Ampthill that morning of May, fifteen hundred and thirty-three.

I suspect Katharine of Arragon could hardly have been an agreeable wife. There seems to have been a rigidity, an inveterate bigotry, a gloomy stateliness about all the feminine descendants of the great Ferdinand and Isabella. There was a taint of insanity in the race, which in some members was pronounced madness, in others it amounted to a stately, chronic melancholy, which could hardly have made them, notwithstanding their loyalty, their high spirit, their narrow, intense devotion, attractive wives or companions.

Henry the Eighth was, like all the Tudors, thoroughly an Englishman. He had all the stoutheaded faults of his house; their coarseness, their hardness, their despotic will, their merciless cruelty, when the heroic Tudor spirit was roused, but the man himself was English in his whole organization, tastes and temperament.

His practical, clear-headed intellect; his lead good-nature; his indomitable courage; his strong, iron will; his fondness for sports and pageants; his love "for the hounds, the horn, and the huntsman's bugle," were essentially English. This was, perhaps, the secret of his long popularity with the hard, stubborn islanders over whom he reigned.

He understood their temper, what strains it would bear, and when the reins could be grasped with a firm, powerful hand, and when they must lie loosely.

So he guided the steeds through all the stormy years amid which his reign fell, and with all his hardness and despotism and cruelty, he seems to have left England a better and a happier country than when he went up in the morning-pride and strength of his youth to the throne.

The marriage with Katharine of Arragon could never have been a happy one. She had been forced

on Henry, for state reasons, in his childhood. In her temperament, tastes, to her very marrow, Katharine was a Spanish woman, and compliance, adaptation, flexibility of any sort, does not seem to have been in the rigid fibre of her race. She must always have had, too, a lofty consciousness of the great line from which she had sprung; and it is likely the contrasts of her own long, illustrious race, with that of the house into which she had married, and whose glories were of only two generations, made the Tudors, whose name she bore, seem to the Spanish woman "like the mushroom growth of yesterday."

Yet, whatever were the faults of her temperament, her sorrows seem to excuse them all; and we only see the woman, disrowned, desolate, broken-hearted, sitting in her bitter solitude that day at Ampthill.

One of the sharpest griefs of the deserted wife must have been the absence of her daughter. Mary, the only surviving child of the Tudor line, had been cruelly torn from her mother, and was living, at this time, some miles apart from the parent she adored, and whose wrongs she naturally and bitterly resented.

Mary Tudor was never an Englishwoman. In her the Spanish qualities were strongly pronounced: the narrowness, the bigotry, the passionate devotion and hatreds, above all, the remorseless cruelty. Unhappily the wrongs of her mother, the sufferings of her own youth, all had their influence in developing the worst side of her nature; and when, at last, her turn came, it found her a lean, worn, haggard woman, old before her time; and she took her place on her father's throne "to fill the years with the lurid fires of the martyrs of the Reformation," and "to swathe her name in the bloody epithet which shall cling to it forever."

She was a young girl, just past her eighteenth birthday, on that bitter morning at Ampthill, which must have burned itself into her memory, and in long years afterward, Mary Tudor was to reap in the fires of Smithfield the slow, lurid harvest of her revenge.

If it were not for that dreadful record which history writes against her, one could only regard Mary Tudor, on this morning, with feelings of the tenderest pity.

Whatever bloom and fairness youth could give to the sickly daughter of Katharine must have been in her face then. She, too, had had terrible wrongs—that young daughter of the king. Was it nothing that she was banished from the court, that the shadow of her mother's sorrows fell with such dreadful darkness into her youth, that the crown was wrested from her brow and her place in the succession denied to her, though she was born princess of England?

But one can never think of this morning and the ride through all that pomp and splendor from the Tower to the Abbey, and the beautiful woman sitting there in her white chariot, alone in her glory and loveliness, without thinking of that other morning three short years afterward.

Now, as before, the hawthorn hedges are white

with their foam of blossoms, and the plough-boy, at his work among the sunny fields, sings some old English ballad, and the clear sweetness of the lark drops out of the glad blue skies, and the wreaths droop on the May-poles, beneath which the dance and the song and the feast have gone merrily on the greenward. The world outside is the same world, rejoicing in sunshine and in the freshness of leaves and grasses, which it was on that morning, when, amid the thunder of the guns and the shouts of the people, Anne Boleyn came out from the grim old gates of the Tower. She is coming back to them now, but in such different plight.

A solitary barge sweeps up the river bringing a prisoner, not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor, wandering ghost on a sad, tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer into a Presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well for all of us, and therefore for her.

Yet think of her, sitting there in her still, white anguish, the old grace of attitude clinging to her, as the barge drew near the Tower-stairs, and the grim gates frowned down on her once more; those very gates out of which she had passed in her proud loveliness only three years before, to take her seat in the gay chariot drawn by palfreys.

Before she passed under the grim arches, she sank upon her knees—she to whom all England had been kneeling for the last three years—and she prayed, in the anguish of her soul, "Oh, Lord, help me, as I am guiltless of that whereof I am accused."

It does not seem as though a guilty woman would have dared utter those solemn words at that moment.

When the stern lieutenant of the Tower approached she asked him in her wild, pitiful way if she was to go into a dungeon.

"No, madam," he answered, and if he had a man's heart, used, as it was, to scenes of grief and misery, it must have ached at that moment. "No, madam, to your own lodging where you lay at your coronation."

At those words she burst into a great passion of weeping; yet there seems to have been no refinement of cruelty intended here. She was a queen. For three years the crown of England had rested upon that fair, bowed head. It would never shine there again, but they would treat her like a queen to the last; and so they led her under the dark arches, and the great iron gates swung back, out of which Anne Boleyn was never to come again until that last time, when she was to go down to the scaffold on the green, to the headman there, with the sharp, deadly glitter of his axe, and Anne Boleyn was to stand there a moment in the bright May sunshine, a fair, tragic figure for all future centuries.

It was likely enough that that coronation day, and the dizzy height to which it lifted her, turned the woman's brain. Only the strongest could have borne all the glittering pomp and incense which

were offered to Anne Boleyn during the brief day of her pride and power.

It is likely that she was giddy, vain and imprudent. That early life at the gay, corrupt French court had, it is probable, infected her more or less with its sentiments and habits. It was quite natural that she should not always have remembered that she owed everything she was to the favor of one man; and presumed upon that too far. It was not surprising, after the proofs he had given her of his long, passionate devotion, that Anne Boleyn should have regarded herself as seated securely in the king's affections, and acted too decidedly on her conviction.

The facts will never be cleared up now. It is quite possible that Henry believed her guilty. It was sure to go ill with her if she once aroused the wrath of that hard, jealous, Tudor nature, and his love once turned to hatred trampled her down in remorseless vengeance.

The morning on which she died, a little while before she left the Tower, partaking of the sacrament, she solemnly declared her innocence of all for which she was to die, but in that last speech on the scaffold she neither protested or denied it.

They dressed her like a queen to the last. She wore that morning of her execution a robe of black damask, with a deep white cape falling over it, and a small hat set upon the beautiful hair that was

always floating like a loose cloud around her face.

With her own hands she took off hat and cape, and placed the linen cap upon her head. The bitterness of death must have been past then. If she had a final pang of regret at leaving the world, it must have been for the little girl, two years and eight months old, who was prattling her English tongue away off in the deep country quiet, under Lady Margaret Bryan's care, and who was to wear in such honor and glory the crown for which her mother had paid her life.

In that last moment she was very calm, laying her head down softly as though she were going to sleep on the scaffold. "She had a little neck," she told the Tower keeper that morning, putting her hands about it with an odd laugh.

When a single gun was fired from the Tower, Henry, waiting in the woods, knew that all was over. Then he put spurs to his horse, and swept away to join his new bride at Wolf-Hall.

So, for Anne Boleyn, that ride from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, with all the splendor and pageantry, with the tapestried streets, and the pealing guns, and the stormy music, and the shouting people, had led three years later to this, to the scaffold on the Tower green, and the deadly glitter of the headsmen's axe in the bright May morning.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPRISWAY POTTS.

No. VIII.

I WROTE to Sister Joel the other day to know how she made those delicious little sugar cakes that I found in the bottom of my basket, when I was returning from a visit to her Western house, years ago. This is the recipe. One cup of white sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sour cream, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, season to taste, mix lightly, roll on the cake-board, sprinkle with grated loaf sugar, turn it over, cut out and bake quickly in an oven not too hot. Bake so they will be light-colored.

She also added a recipe for ginger cakes, a kind that will keep a long while, and that is what every woman should have on hand all the time for poor shacks, and for growing boys who are always hungry, and as ready to eat as an ostrich is. Take two cups of molasses, one and a half cups of lard, two cups of sour milk, or water, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, mix, roll thin, and lay on buttered pans, and bake quickly.

The time of the runaway, one of the ribs of my umbrella got very badly twisted. I still used it though, but last Sabbath at church I heard one fellow say to another: "my eye though! do look at that old veteran of an umbarill! it looks as though it had come out o' Noer's ark!" So I told granny I

wouldn't be the means o' doin' anything to distract people's attention off sacred things, on the Lord's day, and last Monday I took it down to the tin shop. It was lonely sitting there, and I went into the store joining the shop. While I was there the merchant's wife and sister came sailing in, ribbons and laces a-flying, and flowers and plumes a nodding.

"Where are you going 'now?" said the merchant to his wife.

"Well the day turned out so fine and beautiful that Minta and I concluded we'd go out into the country some place a-visiting; we're both hungry for spring chickens and good country cream, ha, ha! after such a long cold winter as we had. It will do us both good to get a sniff of fresh air, and hear the birds sing, and get a taste of the other folks' victuals," and she sailed across the store with her pretty dress, like a puff of vapor, enveloping her languid figure.

"Where'd you conclude to go?" said he, listlessly, as he measured off two yards of gingham for a poor customer for a sunbonnet.

"We thought we'd go to old man Harper's this afternoon; he's deaf as a post, but Minta says for the sake of the chickens and cream we can worry through one half day;" and the lady winked, and smiled knowingly at Minta.

"Oh, dear, I dread the walk!" said Minta, "it

must be nearly a mile over there; but then the recompense, the chickens and cream, and the fun of hearing the old lady tell about, 'when my Jeems was a baby,' and when he cut his teeth, and had the measles, and saw the wild cat, etc., etc., oh, dear! oh, dear!" and she closed her eyes with laughter and clapped her pretty hands like a sentimental dreamer.

Just then who should come into the store with a heavy basket of eggs, and a pail of butter, but Rose Harper, the only daughter in the family where the ladies were going that afternoon.

The beads of sweat stood on the girl's forehead, and her little brown hands were trembling from very weariness.

"Why, Rosy! how do you do, dear!" said one of the ladies, extending the tips of her dainty fingers. Now, Rose Harper is a girl of good sense, I'd trust her judgment as quick as I would Deacon Potts's, so I leaned back against the big hat box, and waited to see what I'd see. She has a good common-school education, is not a bit proud, is fearless and brave, and truly womanly; indeed she was in all ways superior to the ladies present.

"We were just starting to your house to spend the afternoon," said Minta. "We want to see Father Harper, once again, and hear the blessed voice of your dear old mother, and to breathe the pure, fresh country air; last winter was so wearisome, and all this spring we have been so tied down at home."

"I am sorry, Miss Minta, but to tell the truth, it would not be convenient for us to have visitors this afternoon," said poor, tired, little Rose, looking her full in the face. "We have hands at work in the lower field to-day, and I must do an ironing as soon as I go home. This forenoon I did a-churning of six gallons of cream, boiled a web of muslin, and laid it out to bleach, took up the dining-room carpet, and have cooked, washed dishes, swept, and have skimmed and scalded all the milk pans. Mother's not able to be out of the rocking-chair to-day—and our window curtains all are down and in the ironing, and everything seems out of order."

"You know we have a good deal of work to do, mother can't stand much and so it all falls on me. I milk four fresh cows myself, and have a good deal to do, but by dint of economizing time, I manage to get along very well. It leaves me no leisure to sit and visit though, and no time to read, only after night. I am frank with you, but I do just as I wish you'd do with me—deal honestly, and candidly, and tell the truth. I'll send you word sometime when mother is feeling real well, and when I am not so crowded with work; but I must hurry now—good-afternoon," and she snatched up her pail and basket—there was a little flirt of the hems of her white skirts in the doorway, and the truthful, little, wise woman, Rose Harper, had tripped off homeward.

"Well, I do declare! did you ever! ever!" said the merchant's wife.

"Cool—cooler—coolest!" said the pretty Minta, and a devil looked out of her eyes.

"There's a little spit-fire for you!" said the man

at the helm; "there is audacity! how do you feel to-day, ladies? she cut ye up pretty fine, didn't she? I vow I'd see her in Davy Jones' locker before I'd ever speak to her again! Why the little sunburnt country snipe! she has no more of good breeding, and knows no more of where she belongs than our dog Carlo, there. If she didn't set you down plumply though! I swear, I can hardly believe my eyes and ears! The likes of her! she don't seem to feel but that she is as good as the best of ye. My! but she does put on dignity—that's rich! the little termagant! I pity the man who marries her! but how did you relish the spring chicken, girls? eh, ho-ho-ho-ho! and his laugh rang out broadly.

I was tickled. I didn't know whether to say anything or not. They seemed to ignore my presence entirely. I sat there with my calash thrown back—the dear little kitten with pink bows in its ears had jumped up into my lap and nestled down, and I let my fingers slip over its furry back in an aimless way, as though my thoughts were not about kittens, or visiting ladies, or little Rose Harpers.

"Gracious me! one'd 'a' thought the Harper's would feel glad to have us visit them! I don't see why they need feel so important," said Minta, "they're not very well off, and they've nothing to feel so grand over!" so the two women talked while their eyes were bright and glittering with shame and anger. I did wish they'd say to me; "what do you think about this Miss Potts?" I'd 'a' given them a piece o' my mind, quicker. Just then the boy from the tin-shop brought in my umbrella mended up as good as new; charge—five cents, but he was a poor boy, the only son of a widow, so I generously paid him six cents.

As I walked home I thought to myself, what a pity it was that all women, the world over, were not as clear-sighted and brave and true as dear, little, honest Rose Harper. What a world of trouble it would save us! How many lessons of deception it would keep from our growing daughters—how much of honest dignity and independence it would give us all—how systematical would our household labors become—how much of the fear and dread that haunts us now would never come a-nigh us! we would be our own masters instead of the craven sneaks, custom makes us, per force. It would put an end to having visitors you don't like—to a species of servitude you loathe—it would loosen shackles that we women have worn from time immemorial. Musing thus, stopped under a crab-apple tree, a heap of fragrant, foamy bloom, to catch my breath, and inhale the delicious odor.

While I stood there, looking up, and sniffing great, extravagant sniffs, and admiring the scenery and listening to the dreamy hum of the myriads of happy bees almost lost in the tangle of mingled pink and white, old Granny Greenstreet's "man," as she calls her husband, came along with a wheelbarrow load of nice, tender rhubarb stalks.

I said; "how's granny to-day, Uncle Greeny?" that's what I always call him.

"Oh, fair to middlin', barrin' a few twinges of her rheumatiz," said he. "She out an' got all this pieplant this afternoon, to send to Issachar's wife."

"I don't see what on earth his wife'll do with all this load of rhubarb," I said, with surprise.

"She uses a heap o' truck, one way an' 'nother," said he; "she's a'most allus a-makin' uthin' to eat—she likes good things; she often sends me an' mother a pie, or a couple o' tarts, or a glass o' jelly, or a bowl o' preserves, or the like. I guess she's goin' to make jelly o' some o' these, an' preserve some with oranges, an' can some, an' make pies o' the rest. Yes, Issachar's wife's a stavin' woman; he did well when he married Dassa Henderson, an' she did just as well when she got Iss. Greenstreet, if I do say it myself—I, as hadn't ort ter," and the trembly old man cleared his throat, and adjusted the lopping rim of his hat, preparatory to starting on his way.

I said I didn't know that rhubarb could be made into preserves, and if it wasn't too much trouble, I did wish he'd tell Dassa to write down her recipe, and let him bring it to me as he came back, 'cause he'd be passing our house, anyhow, and it would be no trouble at all.

The poor old man came back just as we were sitting down to supper. He was tired, and I made him sit up to the table and take a cup of tea. We had chicken for supper—cold chicken warmed over.

I'll tell you what we had that evening, it was a picked-up supper, then you'll know, maybe, how to get a meal sometimes, when you've nothing to get. There was only a small bowlful of fowl, gravy and all, left from the day before.

I put the contents of the bowl into a kettle with nearly a teacupful of boiling water. I then looked into the cupboard, to see what was there that I could add to it, to eke out a meal. There was perhaps half a pint of boiled rice, a little butter-plateful of sliced fried potatoes, two crusts of bread—the first and last cuts off the loaf, one slice of fried beef, and two cold boiled eggs. I broke up the crusts of bread, cut into little bits the piece of steak, sliced the boiled eggs, and added all to the remnant in the kettle, except the potatoes. I put in salt, a good lump of butter and a sprinkle of pepper and a pint of sweet cream, being careful not to allow it to come to a boil. Last of all, I added the potatoes, because I didn't want them to cook all to pieces. The poor old man had no teeth, and he thought the dish was, as Swiss family Robinson's things always were, "most excellent." I was delighted to see the dear old laddie eat with such a relish. He brought me Dassa's recipe 'way down in the bottom of his deepest pocket, wrapped all up in his handkerchief.

I never tried it yet, but if I do, I will leave out a part of the orange-peel. Take six oranges, peel and take away the white rind and seeds, slice the pulp into the stew-pan along with the peel cut very small, add a quart of rhubarb, cut fine, and from a pound to a pound and a half of loaf sugar. Boil as for other preserves.

Dassa makes a jelly of rhubarb and elderberry

juices, mixed; and of rhubarb alone, flavored with lemon—both said to be nice.

I care the most for currants. When I make all the currant jelly we need, I always save the balance of the juice, in half-gallon self-sealing jars. It will keep for years, and can be made up any time. I think dried-apple pies would never have fallen into disrepute if currant juice had been added to the fruit while stewing. It really makes dried-apple pies quite as good as tart green apples would. Try it, and see.

An excellent jam is made of ripe currants and ripe raspberries, cooked well, together with the usual amount of sugar required for jams. Don't allow your ripe currants to be wasted, then, if you have more than you and your neighbors need. Can the juice, and save it.

Currants can likewise be candied, or dried after cooking in syrup, and be used in cake.

A lady friend of mine says the most delicious jam she makes is made of currant juice and raspberries. One pint of juice, one pound of berries, and two pounds of sugar.

Sometimes a taint, almost imperceptible, will be found on the chicken killed yesterday, and meant for dinner to-day, or on the last of the steak in the bottom of the jar. If it is a really suspicious taint, real decomposition, throw it away; but, if not, it can easily be removed in boiling. When you put it on to cook, take cold water, into which you have put a few lumps of charcoal, tied up in a thin white cloth. After it has boiled awhile take out the charcoal. The meat will be found all right. In cooking corned beef or pork, or a boiled dinner, if the smell annoys you, and you have to keep out of the kitchen, it will be found effectual to put a bit of red pepper in the boiling pot, say twice the size of your thumb nail.

There is nothing we women desire more, while we are canning and pickling and preserving, than to know a sure way of canning green corn; but we have found it to be of no use, haven't we? Dear, me! how those burst-open cans did smell! you all know.

I have been told by good housewives, who know from experience, that the only way we persistent women can save green corn without putting down in salt, or drying it, is to cut it off the cob and cook it long and well with tomatoes—say half and half—adding a little salt. Then, when used in the winter, we can put in pepper, butter and cream, and it will taste, perhaps, quite corn-y.

Another way is, to cut it off the same as for succotash, and put it down in jars or crocks, in layers, with salt. Press down closely, put a plate and a weight on top, to keep it under the brine that will come.

Another way is to make brine in a barrel, as for meat, and put into it the ears of sugar corn, with two or three layers of the husk left on. Then put on weights to keep the corn under, and cover the barrel.

When used, soak the ears all night after removing the husk, and boil in a large pot of water, which must be changed once in boiling.

Then corn can be dried out in the sun enough in one day, by giving it your attention, that it can be put in a paper sack and laid close to the kitchen stove-pipe to finish the job.

Green beans and peas can be shelled, scalded well and put down in layers of salt the same as green corn.

We were talking last night, the deacon and granny and I, about liars. We had learned from observation that every lying father or mother bequeaths this inheritance to some one or all of his or her children. Now this is very sad to dwell upon, and is a subject that parents should take to heart. We could not name a liar, man, woman or child, whom we knew, but, back of that unfortunate one was a lying parent, and behind him another parent-liar, and so on.

How sacred the obligation that parents look well to the inheritance they give their children—not the gift of money or lands, but the pernicious inheritance whose roots strike into the blood, whose growth is inevitable, whose results are for life and for eternity. Think of this, ye whose children lie upon your breasts, and climb upon your knees, and look up to you, and hang upon your words and trust you so implicitly. Oh, their beautiful and loving faith! let it not be shaken.

Grandma was telling us one of her best stories on the subject we were discussing, when the dog, Steven, gave a series of yelps. We heard a "Hallo, Deacon Potts! hospitality—ahoy!"

Father went to the door. Grandma instinctively felt of her cap border to see if it was plumb, while I sat back the chairs and put down the window-curtains.

"I do hope it is no old brother and sister, tired and hungry and out o' sorts, come to tarry with us," said I, a little fretfully.

"We must turn from no one, Pipeey, especially if they be of the household of faith—no matter what persuasion they may belong to," said granny, a little severely, I thought, and with a very sanctified arching of her eye-brows.

Now I never was angry with her in my life, but really, just for one minute, I thought she was the ugliest old woman outside of the poor-house. Really I did, and I confess it to my shame.

There was a shuffling of feet in the doorway; and sure enough 't was a little Baptist delegation who had come to "tarry within the gates." I don't know just what those last words mean, but I think they sound so sleek I'll use them at a venture.

Father led the way with his head up, as big as though he was a candidate for county commissioner.

"Brother Leveret, this is Mother Potts; and this is my oldest daughter, Pipsissaway," said father.

The brother was still outside the door digging away at the imaginary dirt on his heels; but as soon as he heard his name called, he broke into the house

and shook hands with us both as vigorously as though he was pumping water to put out a fire.

"How do you do, grandmother? How's times with ye?" said he to me.

"Yon is the grandmother; this is my eldest born, my Pipsissaway," said father, with a gorgeous wave of the hand.

"Oh, excuse me! How do you flourish, Miss Pizzaway?" said he.

"Like a green bay tree, thank you," I replied, with dignity.

Just on this blundering brother's heels came in, as gracefully as he knew how, our friend Elder Nutt, whom I mentioned in connection with the runaway that father and I had a few months ago. He shook hands warmly. They had both been to tea at Brother Hammond's on the ridge road. So I didn't have to get supper for them. I was glad of it, too.

We spent a very pleasant evening together. While father and Brother Leveret and granny talked over the affairs of their several churches, Elder Nutt and I sat at the other end of the room by the table, and we turned through the photograph album several times.

Now some people will whirl through an album and never look twice at any picture; they are not observant, they let slip many opportunities for improving their immortal minds; but not so with Elder Nutt. He is like the "little busy bee that doth improve each shining hour, and gathers honey all the time from every opening flower." He finds good in all things; sermons in trees, and books, and stones, something worth while in all things created. His critical eyes—I should have said eye—lingered long upon each picture; he commented upon their attitudes in a kindly spirit, and with a poet's appreciation. One picture he admired more than any other, that of two little girls, sisters, standing alone together, with their hands clasped, their arms crossed in a way that the right hand of one clasped the left hand of the other, and the other hand vice versa. He said it was so unique, or antique, or something. The attitude was suggestive of a pleasant trick, or some kind of sleight of hand. After he had looked through the album, we examined the pictures in the old Book of Martyrs, and he said some very pointed remarks about the heroism of those brave men.

The elder reads poetry, too. He read "John Gilpin's Ride," and Mrs. Browning's "Bertha in the Lane." He laughed immoderately over them, especially the former. He doesn't read very well; there is no pathos in his voice; he elips off the finest sentences, and leaves them without the finish that a good reader would give them. There is a nose-y twang to his enunciation that takes away all the beauty, and if one looks at him, his torn, red eye, gaping like an open mouth, strips the poem and the reader of all sentiment.

Granny says I am visionary, but I know that I am intensely practical.

After they were gone, the next morning, the girls plagued me about the elder, and said he watched me

out of his winsome eye all the time, but I guess he didn't watch me any more than I did him; he-he, he-he! I always look at people when I talk to them, it is good manners.

I think granny needn't call me a visionary. I don't want to tell of our private home life, the things that should be sacred, but I must tell a little joke at granny's expense.

There are two dainty bits of statuary on brackets in our sitting-room, one a Cupid, the other a little flower-girl.

One day last week while the girls and I were down at Parker's meadow, gathering bouquets of grasses—the most magnificent I ever saw—our dear, simple grandmother went and made a pair of blue drilling trousers and put on the little naked Cupid.

The girls and I just tumbled down on the carpet and laughed.

The sweet old lady—we didn't laugh at her—we dare not, we so heartily respect her, but Cupid, the little darling, was transformed into a real money-loving, sharp-looking tradesman. The pantaloons didn't make a very good fit, they were a little baggy, and to make them appear genteel and fashionable we stuffed cotton into them and gave them a sense of fulness.

Granny is so good—she's just as innocent as skim-milk. Cupid shall wear his breeches out of respect to his granny until they are worn out, and then he shall have a new pair, so he shall, and the next pair shall be good lasting duck trousers.

One of the daughters of the wealthiest farmer in our neighborhood was here the other day, when we had a woman washing for us.

I said, "I declare, Ida, we forgot to buy a new washboard, and you know our old one has a bad break in it close to the lower end of it; poor Betty, that has troubled her, I fear, all day, to keep from tearing the clothes on that jagged place. We must not allow another week to pass without getting a new washboard."

"If it is not worn out badly, you know your papa can pry it apart and take out the zinc and turn the other end down, and with a little ingenuity make it quite as good as new," said the brisk little maid-of-all-work. "That was the way father did with ours after the lower end was worn jagged. I saw a washboard thrown out into the street in town the other day that was a good deal better than our old one that father mended. I suppose the folks were like you, didn't know it could be made to last as long as it had lasted already."

"Thank you," I said; "you are really ingenious; tell me of something else new."

"I think of nothing else now, except that when a tin fruit-can is all good, only that the lid and the upper part has rusted so as to render it unfit to use for canning fruit any more, I turn it bottom side up on the stove, and let it remain there until it is so hot that it unsolders itself, then I smoothe over the rough edges, put a little wire bail across it, and use

it to stew fruit in. I have half a dozen of them. You know a tin stew-pan soon wears out if used much, and these handy little things are a very good substitute, besides the economy, and that is very gratifying to one's self-conceit."

This same wise little body told me that though they lived close to the creek and the thick fog enveloped their house every morning, they contrived to dodge the ague, while all their neighbors were chattering and grappling with this relentless foe.

She said that about an hour before the chill or shake came on they went to bed with warm brick at their feet, and around their bodies, and then drank weak but hot pepper tea. She says about the time the usual chill comes on one experiences the most delicious languor—feels as though a soft bed and pepper tea and warm brick were the three desirable things in this life, wanting "only this and nothing more."

So there were three good things I learned from that sensible little girl—the bright, intelligent, practical daughter of a good old common-sense farmer.

IF WE KNEW.

IF we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our life a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us
Held but gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our manhood dare to doom them
Back to haunts of guilt and groaning?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a tale of woe,
And the cheeks tear-stained and whitest,
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, "Dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellow-men."

Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.—Shakespeare.

INSUBORDINATION; OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER MOVEMENT.

"THE devil!" ejaculated Ike Wilson, with an indignant expression, as he sat rubbing the sole of a boot, one morning before breakfast.

"What's the matter, Ike?" asked Tom.

"Why, I'm mad, and can't get over it!"

"What are you mad about?"

"Something that Millie told me this morning."

"And what was that, Ike?" asked both the boys at once, pausing in their work.

"Why, I've found out the reason the best friend we ever had in this house has left it."

"Indeed! Who? Anne?"

"Of course."

"What was it, Ike?" was asked by both Tom and Bill, with an earnestness that indicated the strong interest they felt in the matter.

"You wouldn't guess in a month of Sundays. But I'll tell you. Millie says a young gentleman, Mr. Illerton, who keeps the dry goods store up street, came in one night when Gertrude and Geneva were out, and found Anne in the parlor. He was so pleased with her, that he sat and talked for half an hour. Somehow or other they found it out, and kicked up a row about it. They called her to her face a mean, low, hired girl, and wanted to know how she dared to stick herself up for a lady, and entertain their company."

"The devil!" ejaculated the two eager listeners, at the same moment.

"It's true as preaching! Millie says she listened at the parlor door, and heard it all."

"Well, if that don't beat the old Harry!" said Bill. "Now just look at it. Here's Anne Earnest, who's got as much beauty in her little finger, and as much sense in her toe-nail, as Gertrude and Geneva have in their whole bodies, insulted and forced out of the house, because she happened to talk for half an hour with a man who had sense enough to be pleased with her, and who was foolish enough to keep their company."

"They're proud, stuck up fools, that's what they are!" said Tom, with indignant warmth. "I'll never forgive them for this, now see if I do! While Anne was here, we did live a little kind of comfortable, and that's what we never did before. It makes my blood boil all through me!"

"I don't care so much for myself," broke in Ike. "But to have such a sweet, good girl abused and insulted in that kind of a style, is too much for me to bear. Here's my hand to your's, Tom, never to forgive 'em for it."

"And here's mine, too," said Bill, joining his hand to those of the two worthies in a solemn compact.

"I've got the devil in me, I believe, and I don't care if I have. I could bite a ten-penny nail in two." And he ground his teeth in impotent rage.

"I relished the corn bread and herrings, the salt beef and potatoes, well enough, after I saw her eat them so cheerfully," continued Ike; "but it made me mad to see her, the only lady in the house, forced to live on that kind of stuff, while them painted powder-monkeys up-stairs could hardly get things delicate enough for their dainty stomachs. How I wanted to blow out! But then every time I'd say anything about it, or sneer at them, before Anne, she would smile so sweetly while she checked me, that it made me love her. It was only for her sake that I kept in, for I wouldn't have done anything that she didn't want me to do for the world. But she's gone now, and it'll be strange if the devil ain't raised in this house before long."

"Yes, and she's gone to a better place, that's one consolation," added Tom. "Mrs. Webster is a lady, and will know how to treat one like Anne."

"That's true, Tom," said Ike, "and I'm glad in my heart that she's better off. But that don't make the old queen of Sheba up-stairs any better, confound her picture!"

"I've got an old grudge against her and all the rest," said Bill, "and I'll have it out with 'em if I die for it. I'm for striking while the iron's hot. A good deed is always done quickly."

"That's a fact," responded Ike, warmly.

"How shall we begin?" asked Tom.

"There'll be ways enough, and we'll not have to look long to find 'em," said Ike.

"Them herring begin to smell rather loud, I'm thinking," said Bill, turning up his nose with an expression of disgust.

"Yes; and if that butter we've had for the last week wasn't made before Noah's flood, my nose is no judge," added Tom.

"Come to breakfast," said Millie, poking her black face into the shop door, and showing a couple of rows of snow-white teeth, grinning from ear to ear.

Dropping a kit of tools on benches and floor in admirable disorder, our three worthies were drawing their chairs up to the kitchen table in one minute from the time Millie gave them notice that all was ready. Mrs. Hardamer was at the head of the table a place she had occupied for the last two days, Anne having been gone for that time. Three herrings, a small piece of butter and a plate of corn bread, made up the stereotyped meal. Ike passed the plate of bread around with an air that did not escape the ever active eye of Mrs. Hardamer, and which put her more on her guard in observing what was to follow.

"Have a turkey?" he said, cutting a herring in two, and offering a part to Bill.

"I'll take the tail, if you please," said Bill; and Ike shovelled the tail-end off upon his plate.

"Heads or tails, Tom?" continued Ike, cutting another herring in two.

"Tails," responded Tom.

"Tails it is," said Ike, scraping another half off the dish.

Mrs. Hardamer's blood went up to fever heat, at this piece of bold disregard for her presence.

"Come, mind what you are about, my young gentlemen!" she said, tartly, her face assuming the color of scarlet.

Ike turned out his cup of pale, lukewarm, rye-coffee, and lifting his saucer daintily to his lips, sipped a little, and then leisurely poured the fluid back into his cup, and replaced it in the saucer.

"What's the matter with your coffee, Ike?" said Mrs. Hardamer, unable to contain herself.

"I didn't say anything was the matter with it, ma'am," replied Ike, with a respectful air.

"Why don't you drink it, then?" she asked, in a loud, angry voice.

"Because it's so cold it turns my stomach!" said Ike, decidedly.

Just as Ike made this answer, Bill leisurely replaced his tail-end of the fish upon the plate from which he had received it, at the same time giving his nose a very perceptible curl upward.

"And, pray, what's the matter with your fish, Bill?" said the old lady, turning toward that worthy, with a fiery countenance.

"It ain't good, ma'am," said Bill.

"Ain't good, ha? And pray, sir, what ails it?"

"I should think it had hung in the yard rather long, ma'am."

"Do you know who you are talking to, sir? What do you mean?"

Just at this moment her eye detected a movement of Tom's, not to be mistaken. That gentleman was coolly and leisurely scraping off the smooth surface of his corn bread, the thin stratum of rancid, oleaginous matter, which had been dignified by the name of butter, and depositing it on the edge of his plate, while an expression of ill-concealed disgust sat upon his countenance. This was like fire to gunpowder, and Mrs. Hardamer exploded with a loud noise. Having no desire to bandy words with their mistress, as that was, by no means, their game, the three chaps beat a quick retreat. But they were not to escape her so easily, for, following them into the shop, she poured upon them a volley of abuse, which quickly attracted the attention of Hardamer, and brought him at once to the spot.

"What's the matter here, ha?" he exclaimed, with an expression of both anger and alarm upon his countenance.

"Why, they've insulted me at the table," began Mrs. Hardamer, in a loud, shrieking voice, "and I won't bear it, the low-lived, dirty vagabonds! Talk

to me of spoilt fish, ha! Mighty dainty your stomachs have become all at once!"

"What does all this mean, I'd like to know?" now broke in Hardamer, looking fiercely toward the boys, who had hastily seated themselves, and were in the posture of bending over their work.

"Why, you see, Ike, there, the impertinent scoundrell! undertook to play off his pranks at the table, and Bill and Tom must both join him in it. One couldn't drink the coffee, another said the fish was spoiled, and Tom, there, turned up his nose at the butter."

"You villain! what do you mean?" said Hardamer, losing all command of his feelings.

"We didn't mean to insult Mrs. Hardamer," replied Ike, in a respectful tone.

"You did!—you did!—you lying vagabond!" said Mrs. Hardamer, breaking in upon him. "How dare you put on that sanctified face about it!"

"Indeed, then, ma'am, we did not."

"Hush up your tongue, you puppy you!" responded the old lady, wrought up to a high pitch of indignation.

"Come, come!—enough of this!" said Hardamer, impatiently, "I want to know the truth of this matter."

"The truth of the matter, indeed! The truth of the matter! What do you mean by the truth of the matter, sir? I want to know if I haven't told you the truth of the matter? A pretty pass, indeed, when you talk to me about the truth of the matter!"

"If you want me to settle this affair, madam," said Hardamer, to his wife, in a low tone, not so low, however, but that the boys heard it distinctly—"you must go into the house, and let me alone. I've heard your story, and now I'll hear theirs."

Mrs. Hardamer turned upon him with increased fury, and he at once left her in full possession of the field. After berating the boys for five minutes longer, all of which they stood with silent heroism, she retired, still full of wrath, to her own part of the house.

"She's keen, now, ain't she?" said Bill, as soon as she was fairly beyond earshot.

"Keen as a razor!" responded Ike.

"A whole team!" added Tom.

"I wonder what old Lignumvite will do, my how?" he continued. "The queen has got her back up as round as a cat's, and, I'm thinking, we can easily creep under it, and escape with whole skins."

"Never fear; the old chap's had a taste of our quality, and, it's my opinion, that he don't care to have another," said Ike.

"He will have another taste, though; and not only a taste, but a good bottle full; and if he don't get drunk on it, it'll not be our fault, I'm thinking," said Bill.

"What's all this fuss about, ha?" said the individual just alluded to, in an angry voice, suddenly breaking in upon the young plotters of insubordination.

"Do you hear, you young scoundrels?" he con-

tinued, after a moment's pause, seeing that none showed a disposition to respond to his interrogation, "Ike, what's been the matter?" he now said, addressing the ringleader in the mischief.

"I didn't do anything sir, but turn my coffee back into my cup, and refuse to drink it. Millie always sends on the table such lukewarm, watery stuff, that I can't get it down any longer. I tried this morning, but indeed, sir, I couldn't drink it," said Ike, in a respectful manner.

"And what caper is this you've been cutting up, ha?" he said, turning angrily toward Bill.

"I didn't do nothing; only I couldn't eat the herrings, for they were tainted. Millie let's them hang up in the sun until they're clear spoilt, sometimes. She don't care how we get our victuals."

Even to this Hardamer felt no disposition to reply, and he addressed Tom.

"You turned up your nose at the butter, did you? I know that to have been downright impudence, for I always buy the best of fresh butter in market twice a week."

"We don't get that butter, though," said Ike, speaking up, "Millie always takes it out of the keg of cooking-butter; and, you know, that is strong enough to knock down an ox."

"Confound that nigger!" said Hardamer, at once retiring and making his way to the kitchen.

"Didn't we ease it off on poor Millie, though?" said Ike, exultingly. "That was done to a charm! It's a good rule, and we ought to adopt it, never to throw blame on a man's wife."

"It'll be better times, now, I'm thinking," said Tom. "Old Lignumvite's a little mad with the queen, and he'll reform matters, if it's only in spite. After awhile we'll give him a little more to do. It will never do to eat corn bread and drink rye coffee much longer. We're just as good as they are, and work to support 'em, and it's not fair to put us off on slops."

"We'll reform that matter when we once begin. Slow and sure must be our motto," said Tom.

Upon investigation, Hardamer found that there was real cause of complaint, and, this being the case, he thought it best to pass over the rude conduct of his boys toward Mrs. Hardamer. She was indignant at the censure which she received, and declared that it was "good enough for 'em, and as good as they'd get."

"It's no use for you to talk, Sally," responded Hardamer, to her indignant threat of keeping them on the old fare. "The boys work hard, and must be attended to. Besides, they're beginning to feel their age, and if things shouldn't go on pretty smoothly, they'd as lief clear out as not; and their loss, let me tell you, would be no light matter."

"Put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to—you know where!" said Mrs. Hardamer. "If you go to giving in to their insolent demands, the house'll soon be too small to hold us all, I can tell you. Give 'em an inch, and they'll take an ell. You must make 'em toe the mark all the while, or they'll go

zigzag, like a worm-fence. I'm astonished at you, Mr. Hardamer."

Hardamer felt, in some degree, the force of what she said. But he stood in this unpleasant predicament. He had treated his boys like slaves, while they were small, and, now, from having no respect for him, they had ceased to fear him. In their first act of insubordination, they had conquered him, and he felt that his power over them was at an end. From the very necessity of his position, he was compelled to regard their comfort. Yet, at the same time, he felt that the young rebels would not be contented with the power they had already gained. Not disposed, however, to take much share of the blame to himself, he replied to his wife's last remark:

"It's just as bad to hold the rein too tight, as to let it go loose. While I have been trying to keep things in a right trim, you have been galling the boys in the tenderest places, by not giving them palatable food. I don't blame 'em for not eating them herrings, and I wouldn't have given that butter to a dog!"

"It was all good enough for the discontented vagabonds! Do they think we can afford to feed them on pound-cake!" said Mrs. Hardamer, warmly.

"I tell you it was *not* good enough, madam," replied the husband, much excited.

"Well, I tell you how it was, sir," responded his high-tempered wife.

"Go to—" But he kept in the angry word, and retreated in disorder to the front shop, where he resumed his work at the boot he had been dressing up, and choked in his indignation as best he could. Mrs. Hardamer, it will be perceived, has as much need as the boys to understand rightly the meaning of the word subordination.

In a few evenings Mr. Illerton again called upon the Misses Hardamer, as they liked to be called, in hopes of again catching a sight of Anne, in whom his interest began steadily to increase. On that day she had left her uncomfortable retreat for something like a home, with a lady, in the true sense of the word—a Mrs. Webster. No allusion could, of course, be made to her by Mr. Illerton; and, after sitting an hour, he retired, without, of course, catching a glance of the one he so much desired to see.

"Do you see that, now?" said Gertrude, after he had gone; "that forward hussy has ruined us with Mr. Illerton. All I could do, I couldn't interest him, and he has gone off in a little or no time since he came in."

"I could see her gibbeted!" exclaimed Geneva, in return, who had also begun to look with favorable eyes upon the young merchant, whose real wealth rumor was beginning to exaggerate. "But she'll come to no good—that's one consolation."

"I do assure you, you wrong Anne, as I have said before," remarked Genevieve, earnestly.

"No one asked for your opinion!" responded Geneva, snappishly.

"It is not kind in you to talk so to me, Geneva," said Genevieve, mildly. "I only speak of Anne as

I believe, and I have had some little chance to know her."

"And I suppose you justify her insolence in sticking herself up to entertain our company," said Gertrude, sneeringly.

"I must confess, Gertrude, that I do not, and cannot view her conduct in the light that you do, and therefore must say so," replied Genevieve.

"Now, ain't that too bad?"

"But, in sober reason, Gertrude, I cannot understand in what Anne was to blame, or in what consists her great inferiority."

"I've no patience to talk to you!" said Gertrude, passionately. "If you choose to put yourself on a level with such as her, you can do it; but you can depend upon it, I am not going to keep company with any such characters."

"There is no use, Gertrude, in getting excited about this," said Genevieve, mildly. "Certainly, as sisters, we ought to talk upon any subject without growing angry, or calling hard names. I, for one, have no wish to do so, and will not do so, no matter what you may say to me."

"That's all very well," remarked Gertrude, in a less excited tone, "but it requires patience to hear you take the part of that dirty trollop."

"Indeed, indeed, Gertrude, you are wrong in using such language about a girl who has not been guilty of any impropriety of which she is sensible," said Genevieve.

"Don't talk to her, Gertrude," said Geneva, indignantly. "She's no better, in my opinion, than Anne."

"I should be glad, Geneva, if I were half as good as Anne," remarked Genevieve, in a calm voice.

"Didn't I tell you so?" responded that young lady.

"In sober earnestness, I should like to know in what you consider Anne so far beneath respect," said Genevieve. "I am afraid you have, what I had, once, too many false notions of true elevation of character. In the external circumstances that surround us, there can be nothing truly honorable, apart from internal excellence. If, within, there be not purity of affection and uprightness of thought, there can be no real superiority. Elevation in society, is, in most cases, the accident of birth. If our father had been very poor, could we have helped it? His being better off than others, can, therefore, impart no merit to us."

"You're a fool!" said Gertrude.

"Ain't you ashamed, Gertrude?" said Geneva.

"No, I am not ashamed! Genevieve talks like a fool, and always was one. Would anybody but a fool have married that worthless vagabond, Anderson, and thus brought disgrace upon the family? It's all very pretty for her to talk about her change of views—but I'm not to be taken in by such gullnets. She's like the fox that lost his tail; very anxious to bring us down to her level." But she's mistaken if she expects to fool me."

A tear stole out, and rolled over the cheek of Genevieve. The cruel remark of her sister, in reference to her husband she felt keenly and deeply. Something of returning tenderness, more genuine than anything she had yet felt, had warmed up her heart, since better thoughts and better feelings had found a place in her mind, and she had begun to entertain the hope of one day seeing him a changed man, and of being to him a true wife, and finding him a true husband. She did not again attempt to allude to the subject, that had induced the unkind remark; for she felt that it would be useless to do so. In a few minutes she left the parlor, and retired to her own room.

"I am ashamed of you, Gertrude! How could you talk so?" said Geneva, as soon as her sister had withdrawn.

"Let her mind her own business, then," replied Gertrude. "She's disgraced herself, and now wants to bring us all down to her level. I've no patience with her!"

"We may not find Genevieve so wrong in the end, in what she says, it kind of strikes me. Though I cannot approve of her taking sides with that forward minx, there is no doubt but that she is greatly changed, and is not half so irritable as she used to be. In this we might take from her a useful lesson. The time was, Gertrude, when she would not have taken from you so calmly what she did tonight."

"She's only mortified at the figure she cuts as a grass-widow; that's all the change I see about her. And I'm mortified to death about it, too."

"Well, if you are, Gertrude, I don't see that it has as good an effect upon you, as it has upon her."

"I don't want any of your preaching, miss, so just shut up your fly-trap!" and, with this lady-like speech, the elegant, and accomplished Miss Gertrude Hardamer swept out of the room in proud disdain.

CHAPTER VI.

MORE ABOUT ANNE EARNEST.

"AND can it be possible, Anne, that you were treated so unkindly?" said Mrs. Webster, while she sat sewing with Anne Earnest, about one week after she had taken her into her family as sempstress.

This remark was occasioned by a short sketch of the scene that occurred in Mrs. Hardamer's parlor, on the night Anne was taken so seriously to task by the mother and daughters; a sketch given at the request of Mrs. Webster, who had, from a word inadvertently dropped by Anne, suspected that she had not been rightly treated.

"It happened just as I have stated it, madam," said Anne.

"I have no doubt of it," replied Mrs. Webster. "My question was only indicative of surprise. But who was the young man, Anne?"

"His name, I believe, was Hlerton,"

"Hlerton?" said Mrs. Webster, in a tone of sur-

prise. "Does he keep a dry goods store on Market Street?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I do not know anything about him. He seemed like a gentleman; and, my impression of him, derived from hearing him converse for half an hour, has made me wonder, more than once, how he could be interested in either Gertrude or Geneva."

Mrs. Webster was silent for some minutes, and then changed the subject. She was the widow of a rich merchant, who, in dying, had left a very large property entirely under her control. She had three children, all boys, the oldest only about twelve years of age. She was, in every respect, a lady—finely educated, and externally accomplished. But her external accomplishments were not the mere holiday garments of "made ladies"—they were the true expressions of internal graces. In Anne, she soon perceived the excellencies of a true and tried spirit; and her heart moved toward her with a pure, maternal tenderness. The more she saw of her, the more she perceived to admire and to love.

One evening, about a week after this conversation, while Anne was engaged in reading to Mrs. Webster and the children, a gentleman was announced by the servant as being in the parlor; and Mrs. Webster withdrew, leaving Anne with the children.

"Why, how do you do, Henry? I'm glad to see you," said Mrs. Webster, extending her hand to a fine-looking young man, who met her in the parlor. "You're really a stranger. I have not seen you for a month. You must not neglect your mother's old friend, Henry, or she will get jealous."

"Indeed, Mrs. Webster, I do owe an apology for my neglect. But I've been a little interested of late; and, you know, when a young man is interested in a certain way he is apt to neglect his old friends."

"You're quite ready with a confession, Henry; but I think I'm a little ahead of you. You consider Miss Hardamer quite an interesting young lady. Am I not right?"

"Not exactly," replied the young man, somewhat confused. "But how in the world did you know that I went there?"

"You see that I know, Henry, and you will have to be content with that, at present. But, seriously, Henry, if all I hear about the daughters of Mr. Hardamer be true, I cannot greatly admire your taste."

"Seriously, then, Mrs. Webster, I neither admire nor respect them."

"Then why do you go there?"

"I've got a little adventure to tell you, and when you hear that, you will understand why I have continued to go there. As far as the young ladies are concerned, I have not the least inclination to visit the house. But I called there one evening, shortly after I had been introduced to the girls, and they happened to be out. In their place I found one of the sweetest young creatures I have ever met—so beautiful, so graceful, so modest! I was so charmed with her, that, notwithstanding her evident uneasi-

ness at being compelled to entertain a perfect stranger, I sat for half an hour in her company. On retiring, I was bold enough to ask her name, which she gave without hesitation."

"And what was it?" asked Mrs. Webster.

"Anne Earnest," replied the young man. "On the next evening I called again, in hopes of learning more about the interesting stranger. On asking for her, I was told, with a sneer, that she was only their hired sewing-girl; and they were in high disdain at the idea of her presuming to entertain their company. I have called several times since, in hopes of getting another glimpse of her, but in vain. Last night I ventured to mention her name, and to ask for her. 'We've turned her out of the house, the presuming hussy!' said one of the young ladies, with indignant warmth; 'for we had reason to suspect her of too much intimacy with improper persons.'"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Webster, in unfeigned astonishment, completely thrown off of her guard.

"It is true," responded the young man, looking a little surprised at the feeling exhibited by Mrs. Webster. "And I am sure that she has been thus treated on my account, and it distresses me exceedingly. How gladly would I search her out, if I could only get the clue. What would you advise me to do, Mrs. Webster—for really I am not able to decide for myself?"

"Why, my advice would be, Henry, for you to act with your usual caution and prudence in this matter. You don't know anything about this Miss Earnest, and might involve yourself in an improper acquaintance."

"But I could swear to her innocence, Mrs. Webster."

"You are really more romantic than I had thought you, Henry. Having withstood so many assaults from the little god, it is rather amusing to find you taken at last in the meshes of an obscure and unknown sewing-girl."

"You may laugh, if you choose, Mrs. Webster, but I know your impressions would have been as favorable as mine, if you had seen her. I wonder who she can be, and where she has found a home?"

"But, seriously, Henry, don't you see that you are running off a little wildly? What would your mother and sisters say to your bringing home a mere sewing-girl, of unknown or of obscure family, and presenting her as your wife?"

"My mother and sisters are sensible women, and know how to appreciate virtue, be it found in palace or cottage; among high-born ladies or humble maidens."

"Then you are really serious, Henry?"

"Of course I am."

"Thinking about marrying a girl you know nothing of, and have never seen but once!"

"Strange as it may seem, Mrs. Webster, that is the very direction my thoughts are taking. But I am sure that she is pure and good, as I am that she is prudent and intelligent. I cannot be deceived. I

have seen too many young women in my time, and have known too many, not to be able to judge of any one after half an hour's acquaintance."

"Why, Henry!" said Mrs. Webster, "I never knew before that you were so vain of your discriminating powers. Most men are satisfied if they can find out a woman's real character after having lived with her some twenty years or more. But you can see quite through them in half an hour! You are really more of a novice in these affairs than I had thought you."

"No doubt I seem to you a little demented; but indeed I wish you could see this Miss Earnest. I'd be willing to leave the matter to your judgment, binding myself to abide the decision."

"Under these circumstances I might be willing to countenance your romantic love affair."

"But I cannot find out where she is. At Hardamer's I can, of course, learn nothing more about her," said the young man.

"Would you know her if you were to meet her anywhere?" said Mrs. Webster.

"Of course I would. Her sweet face is always before me, and her voice has been like music in my ears ever since."

"Really, Henry, I am concerned for you. I'm afraid Cupid has struck you in the eye, and partially blinded you."

"Perhaps he has, Mrs. Webster. But, if that be the case, it is not my fault if I see with a perverted vision."

"Well, Henry, I do not know how to advise you at present. But something may strike me, after I think about it; so I shall expect you to come and see me pretty often."

"I shall surely do that, Mrs. Webster; for there is no one else that I can talk to on the subject so near my heart."

"I was going to say that I was sorry that you had become so infatuated with this mysterious stranger; but, in this, perhaps, I would be wrong. I have, however, a young lady here, who is going to reside with me, I expect, for some time, and I did flatter myself that you would find her particularly interesting."

"Who is she, Mrs. Webster?" he asked, with an apparent interest.

"It's of no particular consequence—anything about another than the interesting stranger would have no particular interest for you," replied Mrs. Webster.

"Well, I can't say that it would," he said, indifferently.

"That is too bad, Henry! But I'll punish you for it, see if I don't."

"I'll trust to your tender mercies, madam," said the young man, smiling.

After her visitor had retired, Mrs. Webster returned to the sitting-room, and joined her family.

The reader has, of course, recognized in this visitor Mr. Illerton. Mrs. Webster now found herself placed in a new and responsible position. Although

her impressions in reference to Anne were of the most favorable character possible, yet she was too prudent a woman to be governed altogether by first impressions. Anne's statement of her interview with Illerton had not caused her a serious thought, but her conversation with the latter had awakened in her mind a lively concern; more especially, as the fact of Anne's being in her family, rendered her responsibility very great. For the present she resolved to do nothing, but to keep Illerton, if possible, ignorant of the fact that Anne was in the house, and trust to the developments of time.

Every day Anne became more and more endeared to her, until she began to look upon her with the fond and partial eyes of a mother. Above all, did she love her for the deep and confiding religious principles, by which her whole life was governed.

"Do you never doubt the providence of God, Anne, when passing through the clouds and the shadows?" she said, during one of the interesting conversations she was in the habit of holding with her.

"I have rarely doubted of late, Mrs. Webster," she replied, "though weak human nature has often shrunk and trembled, even as the patient will shrink and tremble when the physician probes a dangerous ulcer."

"I cannot say, with you, that I do not sometimes doubt," said Mrs. Webster.

"When we remember," resumed Anne, "that the Lord has taught us, in addressing him, to say 'Our Father,' we will see that there is really no cause for despondency, be the circumstances ever so much shadowed. In many places in the Bible we are alluded to under the tender name of children. 'Even as a father pitieth his children,' is the Lord represented as regarding us."

"It is a little strange, Anne, that while conscious of the truth given to us that the Lord is our Father, we cannot feel the child-like confidence that we ought to feel," said Mrs. Webster.

"Until we so fully approve of all that our Heavenly Father does, as to accept it in cheerful submission to His will, we cannot but suffer painful doubts when the day of trial arrives," replied Anne. "To do the truth willingly, is to love it; and when we love to do anything, its performance is delightful to us."

"But it is very hard, Anne, to do what is opposed to our selfish feelings."

"No one knows that better than I do, madam. But, without effort, we can gain no victories. The evil of self love is too deeply implanted in our minds to be easily removed. It requires a whole lifetime of temptations and combats, entered into with unflinching resolution."

"A view of the case that might well discourage a stout heart," said Mrs. Webster.

"Yes, if there were no delights to cheer and invigorate at every step. But no one is permitted to see any more of the evils that are in one than just enough to encourage to activity against them."

The lower profound of evils is mercifully hidden, until, from victory to victory, strength and confidence is gained to enter into combat with everything that opposes the descent into the heart of divine love from the Lord. And, after every victory, comes a season of delights and repose—when we can lie down, as it were, by cool fountains, amid shady retreats, with birds and flowers filling the air with music and fragrance. There is no delight, Mrs. Webster, that can equal the delight arising from a willing performance of duty."

"That is true, Anne; and if all of us went simply about discharging every present duty, leaving the past and the future alone, how much happier would we be."

"In that simple fact of doing our present duties," replied Anne, "must come all of our real happiness that ever can come. It is the great secret of happiness. But the prevailing misery in the world shows how far the true principle of living for happiness is departed from." * * *

"There is a little boy in the passage, who wants to see Miss Earnest," said a servant, entering the room, and interrupting the conversation.

"Bring him in here, then, Nancy," said Anne, who conjectured that it was her little friend from Mrs. Hardamer's.

"Why, Jimmy!—how do you do? I'm glad to see you!" she said, in the next minute, as a pale, meagre-looking boy, poorly clad, came forward with a timid and hesitating step, looking earnestly, at the same time, into the face of Mrs. Webster, with an expression that asked, as plain as words—"Am I wrong in coming here?"

"This is the little boy, Mrs. Webster, of whom I have told you," said Anne.

"Why haven't you been to see Anne before, my little fellow?" said Mrs. Webster, kindly. "I thought she told me that you liked her very much; or, at least, that you were in the habit of saying so."

"And, indeed, I do," said the child, his eyes filling with tears, "but I didn't like to come."

"You found courage at last, it seems," she replied, with an encouraging smile.

"Yes, ma'am. I wanted to see her so bad, that I at last ventured to come here."

"Anne must have been good to you, you seem to like her so well."

"Indeed, indeed, she was then! And, now, she's the only friend I've got," the tears again starting to his eyes.

"Well, it would be a pity to intrude upon two such firm friends; and so I will retire," said Mrs. Webster, smiling.

"And how have matters and things gone on since I left you, Jimmy?" asked Anne, after Mrs. Webster had left the room.

"Not like they did when you was there, Miss Anne. Nobody cares for us as you did. But then, we are all so glad you've got a better place, and wouldn't have you back again, to be abused and insulted as you were, for the world. But Geneva and Gertrude have got nothing by it, for Mr. Illerton

don't come there at all any more, and we know it's because he didn't find you there."

"Why, Jimmy! What are you talking about?" exclaimed Anne, taken by surprise, for she had never mentioned to any one in the house, the unpleasant interview between her and Mrs. Hardamer. "But who told you that I was abused and insulted?" she added.

"Why, Millie heard it all, and told us about it. It would have done your heart good to have heard how the boys went on. Ike, and the rest of 'em, say they'll make the house too hot to hold 'em all, now you, the only friend they ever had there, have been forced to go away."

"Indeed, Jimmy, I hope the boys won't do anything wrong on my account," she said, with much concern.

"They've got a standing grudge against the whole family, and are going to have it out, now you ain't there to hold 'em back, as you used to do," replied the little boy.

"But you are not going to have anything to do with it, Jimmy?"

"Oh, no, indeed, Miss Anne, that I ain't! I'm too little. And, anyhow, I shouldn't think it right to do it myself, though I'm glad when they cool 'em off a little, as they have, since you've been away."

"Did you say that Mr. Illerton had stopped going to see the young ladies?" asked Anne.

"Yes, indeed, he has. He asked for you one night, so Millie says, and they were quite hot about it; and so he just up and told 'em that you were worth a dozen such as them."

"That cannot be, I am sure. Mr. Illerton, certainly, did not talk in so ungentlemanly a manner!"

"I don't think it was anything more than the truth, and I'm sure I hope he did say it," replied Jimmy, warmly.

"You are wrong," said Anne to her little friend. "You must not desire to have any injured, or wounded in their feelings, because they do not treat you well. You know that such desires spring from revenge, and revenge is murder in disguise."

"So you used to tell me; but I didn't think about that," said the boy.

"I hope things go on pretty smoothly with you now, Jimmy?"

"I can't say that they do, Miss Anne," replied the child, in a desponding tone. "Yesterday, Mr. Hardamer beat me, until I am sore all over. I'd been to market with him, and had the great market-basket, which he piled almost full. There was half a peck of potatoes, a quarter of veal and half a peck of apples; besides a good many other things. On top were put a dozen eggs, and then the butter kettle, full of butter, was fitted in one end among the apples. I could hardly get round the market, it was so heavy, and when Mr. Hardamer put it on my head and told me to go home, I thought I should have sunk right down. I'd 'a' said something, but I was afraid. I started up Market Street, and went on as fast as I could. When I got to the first water-

plug, I felt just as if was going to fall, and I could hardly see. I asked two or three men to help me down with the basket, but they looked at me and passed on. Just as I thought I should have to give up, a black man lifted the basket off my head, and set it on the plug for me. I stood there about five minutes, and then got a boy to help me up with it again. It seemed heavier than ever, but I started off with it and kept right up the street. While trying to step down from the curbstone at Gay Street, I lost my balance, and fell, in spite of all I could do. Everything in the basket rolled out—butter, eggs and all. The eggs were all broken, and the butter tumbled into the dirt. I put them all back into the basket, except the eggs, and asked a boy, who was the only one that seemed to pity me—everybody else laughed—to help me along with the basket. He took hold of one side, and helped me clear home. We set the basket down in the shop, and Mr. Hard-amer saw, at once, that something was wrong.

"What's the matter, there?" he said, in an angry voice, coming from behind the counter.

"I fell down—it was so heavy," I said, trembling all over.

"Where's the eggs?" he said, more angrily.

"They're all broken, sir," said I.

"And here's the butter all covered with dirt!" he said, pulling off the lid of the butter-kettle. "You did it on purpose, you little scoundrel you!"

"And then he dragged me into the back shop, and made me pull off my jacket. Oh, how he did cut me with the stirrup!—cursing me all the while, and saying he'd kill me afore he was done with me. It seemed like he never would quit; and every stroke smarted and ached so, that I thought I couldn't stand it a minute longer. After awhile he threw the stirrup down, and drove me off into the cellar, and told me to saw wood there until he sent for me, and said if he heard the saw stop a minute at a time, he'd come down and give me ten times as much. I went down and sawed wood, until I ached so I thought I would have fallen over, but I was afraid to stop; and so I kept on, wishing I would drop down dead! After a long, long time, Millie came down to call me to dinner. I couldn't hardly eat anything, I felt so sick. But he didn't tell me to go into the cellar again, and I began to feel a little better by night. Oh, how I wanted to see you!—and that night, as I lay in bed, I determined that I would come and see you any how."

The tears started from Anne's eyes, and her heart ached for the poor, abused child. And ached the more, because she had no means of softening his hard lot. She did not reply to his painful story, but his eyes read her sympathizing countenance, and he understood how much she felt for him.

"But I'll try and bear it, Anne, it won't last forever," said the little fellow, endeavoring to rally. "I'll be a man one of these days, and then no one will beat or abuse me."

"That is right, Jimmy. When we can't help ourselves, it is always best to put a good face upon

matters. A change for the better will come sooner or later."

"And right soon will it come for you, Miss Anne, I hope," he said, with animation.

"I could not ask for anything better than I now have," she replied.

"But, better will come, I am sure. Ike says he means to go this very night to see Mr. Illerton, and tell him where you are; and then he'll come and marry you; and he's so rich!"

This announcement brought Anne to her feet at once, utterly confounded.

"Run home, quick!" she said, "and tell Isaac, that, if he has the least regard for my feelings, he could not injure them more than by doing what you say."

"It's no use to go, Anne," said the little boy, "because Ike's gone long ago."

"Maybe not, Jimmy, so run home as fast as you can, and come again to-morrow night."

(To be continued.)

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.

IF all would do this, the world would be happier for most of us than it is. Some people seem to do everything in their power to make the worst, instead of the best, of what they have. The difference of conditions in those we meet lies, in most cases, just here.

It is one thing to earn money, and another thing to make the best use of it after it is earned. Good wages or bad wages make small difference in the comfort of some homes. The more a man, who has no idea of thrift or economy, earns, the more he spends uselessly. High wages are a hurt rather than a blessing to such a man, for they only increase his opportunities for self-indulgences that confirm bad habits.

Making the best of things is the art of all arts, without which no trade, profession or calling will ever insure success. It is the secret of order and comfort in our homes. The wife who makes the best of everything her husband's wages procure; becomes the helpmeet she promised to be; and the husband who makes the best of his opportunities, working faithfully, intelligently and skilfully, and so getting for his family the largest return for his labor, only fulfils the pledges he gave when taking upon himself the responsibilities of a married man.

More than half the grumbings and complainings of certain people would never be heard if they had always made the best of what came to them. The world is not half so bad to us as we are to ourselves. In our want of order, care, industry, economy and skill, lie most of our deprivations and our misfortunes.

True friends are the whole world to one another: and he that is a friend to himself, is also a friend to mankind. There is no relish in the possession of anything without a partner.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK, VENICE.

IT is difficult to imagine a city full of life, without horses and without wheels, in which you may walk certainly, but only through narrow lanes of houses, where you may touch the walls on either side with outstretched arms; where you come to bridges or steps every few yards over the numerous canals; and where the turnings are so intricate and so much alike, that only by great care can you find your way back to your hotel, a city wholly devoid of verdure, where all the vegetables and fruit consumed have to be brought in barges from the mainland. In some of the court-yards, you see a few orange-trees in tubs; but with these exceptions there is no green thing in Venice, and the nearest approach to vegetation must be looked for on the Lido, that long, narrow tongue of land sheltering Venice from the waves of the Adriatic, which may be seen from the lagoon—where all is calm—tossing and raging as though vainly endeavoring to burst the slender barrier.

One of the most interesting sights in Venice is the glass manufactory on the island of Murano, where of late years the making of the famous Venetian glass, so prized by the antiquaries, has been revived and carried to great perfection. To our English eyes this glass may appear dull and imperfect in shape; but when we consider that all the beautiful vases, flowers, etc, we see are made without model, simply shaped by the eye and hand of the workmen; the marvel is that they are so true in form. A man will take a certain number of sticks of glass of equal length, and place them in a row on a sort of shovel; this he places in a furnace until the glass becomes partially fused. Then he takes another round iron implement, and twists the melted glass around it, and by turning it in various ways, and frequently placing it in the furnace for a few moments, it at last assumes whatever shape you please—either vase, goblet or plate. When finished in shape, he takes a small quantity of dark red glass, passes it lightly round the edge, and thus forms the border.

The preparation of the gold-stone glass, and of the opal that which is so much admired, is a secret recently rediscovered by Salvati, to whom we are indebted also for the modern mosaics, which from their beauty and durability will, ere long, be employed largely in wall decoration.

The bugle and bead-works are also curious. A man takes a piece of glass from the furnace, blows down an iron rod into it; another man seizes it, and the two walk backward from each other through a passage, till the glass is drawn to the size of a bead or bugle. It is then cut into lengths, and the beads are filled with saw-dust, again fused and rounded by friction, being shaken together in a sack by a peculiar motion.

The most wonderful and interesting sight of Venice, however, is the Cathedral of St. Mark, which

is at once a noble temple and an historical museum of unsurpassed interest. Here you may read of the religion, the riches, the liberty, the conquests and progress made in the arts by that wonderful republic of the past. Here are treasures, war-spoils from Constantinople and from Greece.

The Church of San Marco, converted into a Cathedral in 1807, previous to which time it was the ducal chapel, was founded by the Doge Giustiniani Partecipazio in the year 829. In consequence of his death it was left unfinished. His heirs, however, finished it, and it was destroyed by a conflagration in 976. In 977 the present edifice was founded by Pietro Orseolo I., the successor of Candiano, whose life and reign terminated at the time of the conflagration. It was not completed, however, until the reign of Domenico Contarini, 1043. In 1071 the Doge Domenico Salvo added many precious ornaments, and mosaics in particular. It was designed by architects from Constantinople, and is a mixture of Grecian and Roman architecture. The nave is two hundred and forty-three feet in length, the transept two hundred. The centre dome is ninety-two feet in height, and the other four eight-one feet each. Nearly six hundred pillars support the decorations inside and outside of this building. They were brought from Greece and are of marble. The finishings are in the Italian-Gothic style of the fifteenth century, but are not light and graceful. The scarcity of windows gives the building a gloomy appearance.

In the lower part of the front are five arched doorways, each adorned with a double row of little columns. Over the central door stand gilded bronze horses placed there, it has been suggested, to show the Venetians what a horse is like, as they have no opportunity of studying the living animal. These horses are said to be the work of Phidias, carried to Constantinople by Theodosius, from whence they were removed by the Venetians in 1206, when they plundered the capital of the eastern empire. These horses were taken to Paris as trophies by the first Napoleon, and crowned the Triumphant Arch in the Place de Carrousel in Paris, from 1797 to 1815. After the Battle of Waterloo they were restored, to the great joy of the Venetians.

In the outer walls are inserted tablets of ancient sculpture of different nations and ages. One on the north side represents Proserpine in a chariot drawn by two dragons, and holding in either hand a torch. In the corner near the Ducal Palace, attractive from their color and position, is a group of four full-length figures in red porphyry, the origin of which is not exactly known.

Five large mosaics are placed over the doorways. The first on the right is a design by Pietro Vecchio, executed in 1650. The subject represented is the body of St. Mark being removed from the tomb at

Alexandria. The Last Judgment occupies the central place. Then comes a design dated 1728, representing the Venetian magistrates venerating the body of St. Mark. The last, and probably most ancient of these mosaics, represents the church of St. Mark. Above these are four other mosaics, the subjects of which are the taking down from the cross, descent into Hades, the resurrection, and the ascension.

By the central portal as you enter the vestibule is a small piece of reddish marble, indicating the spot where Pope Alexander III. and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa were, through the interposition of the Venetian republic, reconciled on the 23d of July, 1177. The vaulting and many portions of the wall are covered with rich marble and mosaics; the columns are of verd-antique and porphyry; the pavement is composed of small pieces of white and colored marble, agate, jasper, etc., and is beautifully arranged. Over the centre door of the church is a mosaic representing St. Mark in pontifical robes, executed by the brothers Zucconi in 1545; the crucifixion opposite by the same. They also executed the Eight Prophets, the Four Evangelists, the Resurrection of Lazarus, and the Annunciation.

The magnificent tomb of Cardinal Zeno, from the design of Alessandro Leopardi, is situated in the Zeno Chapel, on the right of the vestibule. In the north corridor is the ancient bas-relief of Christ surrounded by the twelve apostles, and the monument of the Doge Marino Morosini. The walls of the interior are of precious marble. A mosaic of the Virgin of St. Mark is over the central door. By the door on the right the basin for holy water is placed, composed of porphyry supported by a Greek altar. Farther on to the right is situated the Baptistery, executed in the fourteenth century. The granite slab upon which our Saviour is supposed to have stood when he preached to the inhabitants of Tyre—brought from that city in 1126—forms the altar table.

The monument of the last Doge, Andrea Dandolo, who died in 1384, and was interred in St. Mark's, stands against the wall. Near it is a Gothic tomb erected to the Doge Soranzo. The Chapel of the Holy Cross is by the north transept. One of the columns which support it is a rare specimen of black and white granite.

You may walk, from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priests and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike and regardless. Up to the very recesses of the porches the meanest tradesman of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats, not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the vendors of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continual line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle class lounge and read. In the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest classes, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like

lizards; and unregarded children—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and strong depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the image of Christ and his angels look down upon it continually.

WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN READ?

A BAD book, magazine, or newspaper, is a dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind, and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body.

Many of these papers have attained large circulations, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as at this time; and every father and mother should be on guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child.

Our mental companions—the thoughts and feelings that dwell with us when alone, and influence our actions—these are what lift us up or drag us down. If your child has pure and good mental companions, he is safe; but if, through corrupt books and papers, evil thoughts and impure imaginings get into his mind, his danger is imminent.

Look to it, then, that your children are kept as free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing-up boys.

"NOT WORTH A STRAW."

PERHAPS a straw is not as worthless as you think. Let us see. Straws are the stems of wheat, rye, oats and barley. In order to wave to and fro in the wind, and yet bear up the heads of grain, they must be both *light* and *strong*. Let us see how *lightness* is secured. They are made hollow, you see, like quills; and yet not hollow through the whole length, for every now and then we find a knob, or joint, which helps to brace up the sides and make them strong. The straw outside is hard, and looks as shiny as if it had been polished. It is polished, and that keeps the weather and the insects from damaging it; besides adding to its strength. Polish! but where does it get polish? God gave these plants the power of drawing up, through their roots, this gummy sort of varnish from the earth. It is flint. There is nothing like it on the stem of the sweet-pea or the current-bush, because they do not need it.

RELIGIOUS READING.

"COME UNTO ME."

T. GRAMPTON.

Andantino espres.

mf Float-ing thro' the sun - light that bright-ens our way, A sweet voice has sound-ed— is
 sound - ing to - day; "Oh, ye wea-ry and trou - bled," it soft - ly says, "come;
 Why long-er in pain and sor-row will you roam?" Come, come, come, come,
 come un - to Me; All ye that are wea - ry, come un - to Me!

"Are you weary of sin, of its weight and its pain?
 Then come unto Me, I can cleanse its deep stain.
 Does the thought of your guilt make you fearful and weak?
 Come, come unto Me, your pardon I will speak."
 Come, come, etc.

"Are you weary of straying? my own hand shall guide
 Your feet in the way where no ill shall betide.
 Are you hungry and thirsty? your soul shall be fed
 With the water of life, and with the heav'nly bread."
 Come, come, etc.

HAPPINESS NOT THE END OF LIFE.

THE meaning of life is not joy. Our Father did not put us here for that, yet we hate to believe it. We cling to gladness, and turn our hearts toward it, as the flower to the sun. And when, instead, trouble falls upon us, we turn away and refuse to be comforted, and our days loom up before us in added bitterness. We are weary of the pilgrimage, and we long to make it only a happy journey, wandering where we will. We cannot abide the thought of a warfare, we are not brave enough and strong enough to contend with any foe. We love not hardship and self-denial and watching. We had rather whisper, O Soul, take thine ease and be merry; give not

up a present comfort for a far-off, unseen good. Yet, there is much to satisfy us here, if it was only all our own, but the way is hedged about, and we cannot put out our hands to take the good things. The days are different from our longings, and we count them lost hours and look back upon them with an agony that is unavailing. We think of what we might have been, of the great work we might have done, if our prayers were not denied, and we weep over our barren harvest. Yet this is God's ordering. He would have us holy first, so he teaches us by humiliation and disappointment. He takes away what He sees will lead us from the highest place, and He gives us more than we ask for—better things. He removes not

the thorn, but with the double burden comes the greater strength.

It is what we are, not what we possess, that shall make us grow like Him.

There is a verse which says, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee," and in every word there is a gracious sweetness and a living power, that proves how true He is. We need not keep this weight, for there is One who has borne more than this, who now waiteth at the door, not far off, but by our side, ready to come in, if we ask Him, and take it all away; ready to stay with us, and whisper of the good cheer we are soon to find.—*Good Tidings:*

"IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS."—Let the Church teach men that there is no religion except in keeping the Commandments, and let her teach it so plainly that there can be no mistake about her meaning, and her influence will be felt in social, civil and industrial affairs. Let her teach, with no uncertain sound, that no one can enter Heaven except in the degree that Heavenly principles are formed in the life, and her members will cease to delude themselves with the vain hope of getting to Heaven by thought or belief alone. The Church occupies the central place in human life, and the only effectual way to purify political life and make trading honest and labor noble, is to make the teaching of the Church true and her practice good. Purify the fountain, and the streams will be pure.

When the heart begins to go out in love to God, Heaven has commenced within it, and the certitude of an eternal Heaven is found in this, that it is toward an Infinite God that it goes out. Provision is at once made for endless activity and endless love.

NEARER.

BY RUTH.

When earthly shadows fall
Thick o'er my way;
When anxious fears appal,
Dark'ning my day;
When lonely, sad and drear,
Life seems to me,
Then comes my yearning cry—
"Nearer to Thee."

When with the eye of faith
Upward I gaze,
Where clouds of gloom are pierced
By heavenly rays;
Seeing Thy loving face
Bend down o'er me,
Then swells my joyous song—
"Nearer to Thee."

When to the river's brink
Gladly I come,
Waiting the angel-band
To bear me home;
When the bright City's gates
Opening I see,
Rapturous will be my cry—
"Nearer to Thee."

The Lord provides good for His obedient children. When we wilfully do evil, we pass from under the Divine Providence into the Divine permission.

Would'st thou die nobly, let thy vices die before thee.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BE PATIENT WITH CHILDREN.

"YE have need of patience!" Nothing can be more true than this, and nothing is more applicable to those who have to do with boys and girls. There are so many provocations which demand endurance, so many faults which require correction, so much carelessness which provokes rebuke, and so much perverseness which calls for firmness and control, that "teachers of babes," if not of a temper absolutely angelic, need to have "line upon line—line upon line, precept upon precept—precept upon precept," to aid in the work which has fallen to their lot.

There are so many temptations and accessories to impatience, too. It is so easy and so natural for the strong to tyrannize over the weak! Absolute power is too frequently abused; and the power which a parent or a teacher exercises over the child, is so far absolute that immediate resistance can be rendered unavailing. True, the parent has parental tenderness and love to restrain the impetuosity of impatience, but the teacher has not; and if parents are often, in spite of natural barriers, impetuous, what wonder that teachers are so too.

It is less trouble, so far as the present time is concerned, to blame and scold, and punish a child for negligence, stupidity or misconduct, than to explain, reason and instruct. It takes less time to box a boy's ears for being mischievous, or to push a girl into a bedroom "all by

herself," for being idle, or talkative, or troublesome, than it does to investigate intentions and motives, or to inquire into causes; and we do not wonder that the patience of the most patient sometimes gives way. But it is not the less to be deplored when it does give way. In one hour—in less time than this—in one minute, evil may be wrought which will undo the work of months, or which years of judicious treatment will not obliterate.

Do we say, then, that children should be indulged and pampered, and their faults overlooked? No: this again seems easier to the indulgent and self-indulgent teacher than the wearying work of constant watchfulness and wise circumspection. But patience is as much required in the avoidance of false indulgence as in the banishment of undue or injudicious severity. It is easier, for the moment, to yield to the wishes and dispositions of children, than to oppose or regulate them. But notwithstanding this, "Patience" should "have her perfect work." Oh, ye teachers of the young, "ye have need of patience."

And not patience only. In the proper exercises of discipline, discrimination and keen perception must be united with it, or even patience will fail. Perhaps no two children in any given number are precisely alike in formation of mind, disposition and general capacity. One will be timid, another bold; one sensitive, another obtuse; one quick, another slow. In different things, and

at different times, the same boy or girl may exhibit almost contradictory qualities, and yet there shall be nothing in all this that ought to be construed into a fault, or that should call for even a rebuke. Patience here will be lost in a maze, to which discrimination alone can furnish the clue. And that not always, for we have the word of Inspiration to assure us that "the heart is deceitful above all things; but, in general, perhaps, the heart of a child may be pretty correctly read by those who do not, idly or contemptuously, neglect its study.

At all events, it is better to be credulous than incredulous—better that a child should ten times escape the just punishment of a fault through an excess of patience, than be once unjustly punished through want of discrimination. The memory of the injustice will rankle in the soul, and produce worse fruits there, tenfold, in after years, than will spring from the consciousness of having committed faults innumerable with impunity.

Teachers or parents never will or can deal wisely with a child, unless they dispense with impulse, and scrutinize, in every possible way, what appears worthy of condemnation; and the best way to follow out this scrutiny is mentally to change places with the offender—to be a child again—to divest one's self of all but a childish judgment and capacity—to throw back one's self upon childish views and feelings—and to submit to be guided by childish reasonings, and then after all, if there be a doubt, to give the child the benefit of that doubt.

But, oh, what a deal of trouble is all this!

Very well, —, we are not thinking about your trouble, but about the child's good. Though, as to trouble, the best way of doing anything is the least troublesome in the end. But by trouble you mean pains-taking, time and attention, and regard to the ultimate object. Now, can anything in the world, worth doing, be well and properly accomplished without these? Can a pudding be made, or a pig be fed, or a beard be shaven without these?

Trouble! Shame upon those who, under the selfish but vain plea of saving themselves trouble—present trouble—make trouble for others in after years! Let them do anything, be anything, rather than teachers of the young.

This is an inexhaustible subject—the right training of children—we have written about it before, and we may have occasion to revert to it again and again. Meanwhile, as illustrative of the foregoing remarks, we quote an instructive passage from a work on "Private Education."

"How can you be so stupid?" said a governess to her pupil; "why do you not do your sum properly? It is very easy, and you don't try to do it well."

"My sum was right at first, and now I have done it over so many times I really cannot understand it," replied the child.

"I shall make you finish it," said the governess, "and not allow you to have any recreation till it is correct."

The child burst into tears, saying she did not know how it was, but she felt so stupid. She, however, sat down, and once more began the sum; but this time every figure was wrong.

The governess grew very angry, and said the naughty girl should not only begin it again, but do two more as a punishment for such obstinacy.

The child made another attempt, and was desired to do it aloud.

"Four farthings make a shilling," said the child.

"What!" exclaimed the governess; "four farthings make a shilling! How dare you be so stupid? You do it on purpose. I shall certainly complain to your mamma."

"Indeed, indeed," sobbed the child, "I will try to do it properly; I see I am wrong, very wrong. I mean to say, twelve farthings make a penny."

The governess could bear it no longer; she rose, and was about to threaten some severe punishment, when the mother entered the room, and, seeing the child in tears, said: "What is the matter with my little Emma? Seven o'clock, and lessons not finished! I am going to dinner, and you will not be ready for dessert."

"I am not to go down-stairs this evening," replied the weeping child; "I cannot do my sum."

The governess, till then silent, confirmed this.

"I cannot allow Miss Emma any recreation," she said; and, drawing out her watch, added, "it is now seven o'clock; she has been five hours with a slate in her hand, and has not yet done her sum. I am sorry to say she is very obstinate, and persists in asserting that four farthings make a shilling, and that twelve farthings make a penny!"

The child stared vacantly, and did not contradict her governess, but looked as if not conscious of the mistake she had made. The mother, evidently suffering at seeing her child's swollen eyes, and convinced of the mismanagement, merely said: "I am sorry to find Emma has given cause for displeasure, and beg she may be sent to bed immediately; to-morrow, I trust she will endeavor to be more attentive."

The child obeyed, sobbing, "Good-night, mamma."

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Y—, an excellent and judicious parent, pointed out, in gentle language, the error committed.

"You will probably think, Miss H—, that a mother's feelings misled me; and I must candidly say, I do not think Emma has been so much to blame. You have shown ill-judged severity in keeping her so long at the same lesson. I give you credit for your good intentions; but, believe me, you are mistaken. The attention fixed for such a length of time loses its power; and I am persuaded that Emma will do her sum right to-morrow morning, provided no threats are made; but if her thoughts be occupied with the punishment she has to dread, it is not probable she can give undivided attention to any study, much less to arithmetic, which admits of no error. I do not think Emma deserved to be punished; she had no power of doing better. It is evident from her saying that four farthings make a shilling, and twelve farthings make a penny, that she was much puzzled; and I beg that another time, under similar circumstances, she may be made to leave off her lesson. When I sent her to bed, and appeared displeased, it was to uphold your authority; I should not have had the courage to inflict any other punishment; but the child was so fatigued, I thought it could do her no harm, and hope she is already asleep, as I fear she has been over-exerted."

The governess made no reply; she felt the truth of the observations, and was grateful for the manner in which they had been conveyed.

The following morning the little girl, refreshed by sleep, and recovering the use of her faculties, did her sum without a single mistake, and begged, as a reward, that she might be allowed to go and show it to her mamma.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

ICEBERGS.

BY E. B. D.

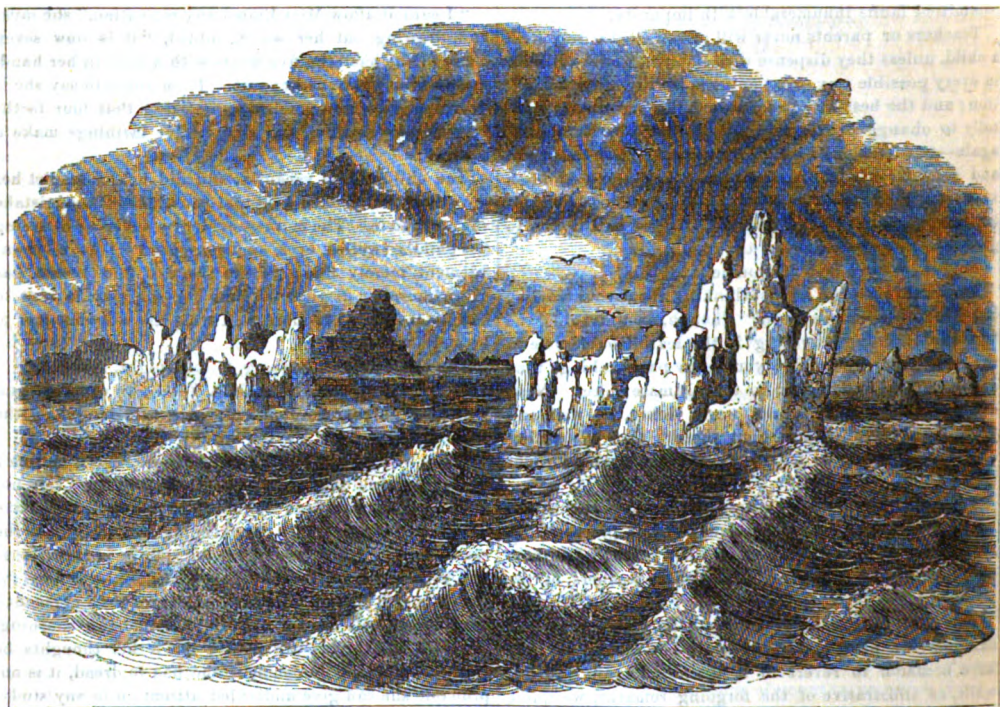
ICEBERG means ice mountain. It is not a mountain covered with ice, but a mountain of solid ice. We do not find these mountains on dry land. They are in the ocean, far away to the Polar Regions.

The water of the ocean freezes in a solid mass over the surface. Then, when a thaw or a storm comes, this mass of ice cracks and breaks into great cakes. These cakes get jostled against, or piled upon one another, and in that way frozen together. This great piece, made out of a

into the clear ocean, and they have been known to run against vessels and sink them.

When these icebergs get into a warmer region they slowly melt away. In the picture are several icebergs, which have been melting for some time; the water, formed by the melting ice, running down their sides into the ocean until the ice is left in sharp, jagged points at the top. The white objects are the icebergs. The black ones are rocks of some coast or island.

Icebergs are most beautiful to look at. When the sun shines upon them they are fairly dazzling with light, and shew all the colors of the rainbow. At night they gleam



number of smaller ones frozen together, rests on the surface of the water and raises its top out of it, as ice naturally floats; and more ice is added to the sides and bottom. Then another storm, perhaps, throws more pieces upon or against it, which freeze to it. The larger it gets the higher it rises out of the water, until finally it becomes as large as a mountain.

Sometimes these great ice mountains, or bergs, will split in two, from top to bottom, with a noise like that of a cannon, and thus another iceberg will be formed. When this happens, there is a great commotion in the water. All the icebergs in the neighborhood shake and dance and move about as though they were alive.

The seas near the North and South Poles are filled with these icebergs, which are large enough to grind a ship to pieces, if one should chance to be between them when they come together. These great icebergs float around in the ocean, and ships which visit the regions where they are found, have to be careful and keep out of their tracks. Sometimes they wander away off, out of their usual course,

in the moon or in the light of the aurora borealis, until the whole scene looks like fairy-land.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day!
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, that comes too late.

NEVER give up, brother, never give up,
God has a blessing for those who work hard;
Why should you grumble, and murmur and fret,
And envy the pleasure from which you're debarred.
Work like a man,
Do the best you can,
This is the wisest and happiest plan.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

FOUND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

INTO the forest, alone, I went,
And nothing to seek was my intent.

A little flower I found in the gloom;
Bright as an eye, or a star, its bloom.

But when I would pluck it, it said to me,
"Shall I, to my withering, broken be?"

Then flower and root I dug from the loam,
And tenderly took it with me home.

There, planted again in a worthy place,
It grows and blossoms with added grace.

LIZZIE.

BY FLORENCE PENNY.

DEAR little dark-eyed namosake!
The summers are all too few
Since she brightened with graceful wearing,
The name that my childhood knew—
I hoped it would crown her with sunshine
Fairer than ever smiled—
I said it should bring her a blessing—
Dear little dark-eyed child!

I said it should bring her a blessing—
Was I wiser than I guessed?
Was the blessing a long, sweet childhood,
And an early and happy rest?
For the loving circle that held her
Is robbed of its precious pearl;
The youngest, the fairest, the darling—
Dear little dark-eyed girl!

She stood where the path of childhood—
A lane through a flowery wood—
Led out to the wide, dim distance
Of perilous womanhood—
Woman or angel?—The future
Like a question before her lay;
What wonder she paused and faltered,
And chose the easier way?

Not for her are the crosses
And bonds of a woman's life,
Nor the burdens and costly blessings
Which cling to the name of wife;
Nor labor, nor doubt, nor anguish,
Nor the great world's dusty whirl;
Not one of them touched her garment—
Dear little dark-eyed girl!

Timidly leaning always
On the hearts which loved her best,
Sheltered from every sorrow,
She dwelt in the warm home nest;
Never a grief came near her,
Nor trial nor loss she bore—
And none in the home that holds her
Shall find her for evermore!

Oh! fair and fetterless spirit!

The name that my childhood knew,
Though rarely I hear it spoken,
Is sweeter because of you—
What matter how little value
On earth to the name be given,
Since now it is worn by an angel,
'Tis tenderly breathed in Heaven?

Portland Transcript.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

IN sheen of silken splendor,
With glinting threads of gold,
I've seen the waving marvels
That hung in halls of old,
When fair hands wrought the lily,
And brave hands held the lance,
And stately lords and ladies
Stepped through the courtly dance.

I've looked on rarer fabrics,
The wonders of the loom,
That caught the flowers of summer,
And captive held their bloom;
But not their wreathing beauty,
Though fit for queens to wear,
Can with one household treasure,
That's all mine own, compare.

It has no golden value,
The simple patchwork spread;
Its squares in homely fashion
Set in with green and red;
But in those faded pieces
For me are shining bright,
Ah! many a summer morning,
And many a winter night.

The dewy breath of clover,
The leaping light of flame,
Like spells my heart come over,
As one by one I name
These bits of old-time dresses—
Chints, cambric, calico—
That looked so fresh and dainty
On my darlings long ago.

This violet was mother's;
I seem to see her face,
That ever like a sunshine
Lit up the shadiest place.
This buff belonged to Susan;
That scarlet spot was mine;
And Fannie wore this pearly white,
Where purple pansies shine.

I turn my patchwork over—
A book with pictured leaves—
And I feel the lilac fragrance,
And the snow-fall on the eaves.
Of all my heart's possessions
I think it least could spare
The quilt we children pieced at home,
When mother dear was there.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

HOME ORNAMENTS.

WE received, some time since, a book from Mr. Dreer, of this city, published by Henry T. Williams, of New York, and entitled "Window Gardening." We gave a notice of the book at the time of its reception, and examination has proved it to be even more valuable than we then supposed. We will give a few extracts from its pages for the benefit of our readers. It contains some very useful suggestions on the subject of home floral ornamentation—useful because simple, inexpensive and practicable:

"This department would not be complete without a word for the little ones of the house, some hint to them of what they can do to bring forth some glowing spot or sprig of living greenery. So we tell them how to make some pretty little contrivances in grasses, etc.

"Plants with light, graceful foliage are every year becoming more popular; and as to complete a picture of the highest order one requires a great variety of colors and graceful pencillings, so in window gardening the culture of the grasses adds greatly to the whole effect.

"Far prettier than many a pretentious and costly ornament is a simple bowl of grasses planted in pine cones, set in sand, in moss or common soil. If grown in cones, procure them from the woods, and sprinkle in as much soil as their scales will retain. Then scatter the grass-seed over it, and sprinkle with water. Place the cones in sand or moss, and be sure that they do not become dry, but water them sparingly at first, once a day, and set in a moderately warm place. Soon the seeds will sprout, and the tiny spears protrude in every direction.

"Grass will sprout and grow in pine cones without any soil, but it serves to prevent the cone from closing too tightly when sprinkled, and also makes a more vigorous growth. The cones can be suspended in a window, either singly or in groups of three fastened together with thread wire. Or a rustic basket or stand can be procured, and filled with cones, with different kinds of grasses growing in each cone. There are three thousand different species of grasses in the world, and their study is a pleasing pursuit.

"A very charming effect can be produced by placing a wet sponge in a glass bowl, and sprinkling over it canary-seed, grasses and flaxseed. Soon it will be covered with a thick growth of fresh, bright green. It must be judiciously watered. If kept too dry it will wither away; if too wet it may damp off. Mustard-seed may also be used, and its tiny yellow blossoms will be to many a novelty as well as a delight.

"Common garden peas will make a lovely vine, although sweet peas are much prettier. But either can be grown in water. Fill a common tumbler with water. Tie over it a bit of coarse lace, such as milliners use, and cover it with peas, pressing it down into the water. Keep in a dark place for two or three days, then give light and warmth. In a few days the roots will be plainly seen piercing through the lace, and the vines can twine around the casements, or a bit of a hoop-skirt spring can be fastened about the tumbler with springs attached to it in form of a globe, and the vines twined about them. Keep the tumbler full of water, and add bits of charcoal to keep

it fresh. Every week turn in two or three drops of aqua ammonia.

"A saucer garden can be made with fresh moss well wetted. In the centre place a pine cone filled with earth and common grass or canary-bird seed, and in a few days the tiny grass spears will appear, and soon you will have a verdurous cone of great beauty.

"If an acorn be suspended by a bit of thread tied around it within half an inch of the surface of water contained in a small vase or tumbler, and allowed to remain undisturbed for one or two weeks in a warm place, it will burst its shell and throw a root into the water, and shoot upward, its straight and tapering stem covered with glossy green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this way is an elegant object. The water should be kept clean with bits of charcoal, and if the leaves turn yellow add a little ammonia to it.

"The sweet potato would hardly be recognized by many who know it only to eat it, if they could see how pretty a parlor ornament it might be easily made. Take a large-sized sweet potato and drop it to the bottom of a vase or the bowl of a hanging basket. Cover the potato with water nearly to its top, leaving perhaps a half inch uncovered, and always keeping it about at this point. It will soon put forth roots, and the top will shoot out a vine which will grow after a while with great rapidity. A sunny position suits it best, and the tendrils will soon clasp the arms of the basket, or droop in long curls over the edge of the vase. Many visitors who have seen such a vine in the window of their friend, have inquired, with admiration, its name, thinking it must be some foreign plant.

"TO REVIVE FADED FLOWERS.—Hot water will frequently restore flowers to freshness, even when every petal is drooping. Place the stems into a cup of boiling hot water, leave them in it until each petal has become smoothed out, then cut off the coddled ends and put into milk-warm water. Colored flowers revive sooner than those that are of snowy whiteness, as the latter turn yellow. A cool room is best adapted to keeping flowers fresh. Take away each flower as it fades, else it will decay the others.

"The moisture furnished out flowers should be rain water, always of a moderate temperature, about blood warmth. The water should not be changed, but every morning its evaporation supplied with more of the same temperature; to which, after a few days, a little aqua ammonia—five drops to half a pint of water—may be added. It is well to place at the bottom of the dish or vase a layer of broken charcoal, about half an inch in depth—pieces about the size of small beans. In placing the flowers let them have as much room as they need to show themselves naturally. At the expiration of a week the stems should be examined, all decayed matter rubbed from them with a piece of flannel, and the tip of each end cleanly cut; and if any leaves or blossoms begin to look withered, these also should be cut away. Flowers decay much sooner when tied in bunches or bouquets than when arranged loosely. Too little air and too much water are the bane of most species. There ought to be a

free current of the former around each spray or separate large flower, while the latter should not come above the calyx of any bloom—better be an inch or more below it, with most hardy plants, even if very long-stemmed, two inches immersion will give water enough if they have plenty of air. For short-stemmed flowers, a mixture of damp sand and powdered charcoal in equal proportions,

answers very well; but care must be taken that the dish does not get too dry. So also do baskets of creeping moss, in which they may be potted with fine effect. Still, the moss gets dry so soon, that the flowers fare better if a saucer is hidden below, partly filled with water, which they can reach with the tips of their stems."

A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

MAINTAIN dignity without the appearance of pride.

NEVER acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.

THINK nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent.

Be always resigned to the dispensations of Providence.

BISHOP HACKER'S motto: "Serve God, and be cheerful."

FINISH the work in hand before beginning anything else.

Be guarded in conversation, attentive, and slow to speak.

EVERY man has just as much vanity as he lacks understanding.

Be not forward to assign reason to those who have no right to ask.

A GREAT soul only finds its true existence in making others great.

RISE early, and be an economist of time. An hour lost is never gained.

FLOWERS are God's undertones of encouragement to the children of earth.

It is not always the dark place that hinders, but sometimes the dim eye.

He that never changes any of his opinions never corrects any of his mistakes.

MAN, being essentially active, must find in activity his joy, as well as his beauty and glory.

When life is ruined for the sake of money's preciousness, the ruined life cares naught for the money.

One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.

It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform; they are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, which go beyond his ken on their mission.

VIOLETS do not open once a day, and let out their little prayer of perfume. They exhale all the while, at some times more than at others, but always more or less.

Has it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing.

The tender words, the loving deeds which we scatter for the hearts which throb nearest to us, are immortal seed that will spring up in everlasting beauty, not only in our own lives, but in the lives of those born after us.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

In a Dublin newspaper appeared the following: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

THE latest instance afforded by a "fond mother" of her son's cleverness is said son's correcting her for saying he was all over dirt. He said the dirt was all over him.

An attorney, says an ingenious writer, is the same thing to a barrister than an apothecary is to a physician, with this difference, that your lawyer does not deal in *scruples*.

A poor literary man being about to marry a rich heiress, was asked how long he thought the honeymoon would last? He replied: "Don't tell me of the *honey-moon*; it is *harvest-moon* with me."

A student at college included in the list of expenses which he sent to his father the item, "Charity, thirty dollars." The father remarked, in reply, "I fear that charity covers a multitude of sins."

An Irishman, when he applied for a license to sell whisky, was asked by a magistrate if he was of a good moral character. He replied, "Faith, I don't see the necessity of a good moral character to sell whisky."

"BIDDY," said a lady, "step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Biddy returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years, seven months and two days old, that morning.

A Scotch clergyman, preaching one day, quoted the passage: "And I said in my haste that all men are liars;" and added: "What's that, Mr. Palmist? Said it in your haste, did you? Had you lived in our day you would have said it at your leisure."

A CLERGYMAN being annoyed by some of his audience going out while he was preaching, took for his text, "Then art weighed and found wanting." Soon after commencing his discourse he said, "You will please pass out as fast as you are weighed."

"ARE you going to make a flower-bed here, Jenkins?" asked a young lady of the gardener. "Yes, miss; them's the orders," answered the gardener. "Why, it'll quite spoil our croquet ground!" "Can't help it, miss; them's your pe's orders. He says he'll have it laid out for horticulture, not for husbandry!"

EVIL SPIRITS.—Sir Astley Cooper, who had no superior as a British medical authority, said: "I never suffer ardent spirits in my house, thinking them evil spirits; and if the poor could witness the white livers, the dropsies, the shattered nervous systems, which I have seen, as the consequence of drinking, they would be aware that spirits and poisons are synonymous terms."

THE OLD MASTERS.—The wife of an up-town citizen, who has grown wealthy during the past few years by the advance of real estate, went abroad a few days ago. One of her acquaintances asked her what particular purpose she had in going, and what she expected to enjoy most. "Oh, I don't care much about Europe," she replied, "on my own account. The main object I have in making this trip is to have the portraits of these children," pointing to three homely girls of nine, eleven and thirteen, "painted by the old masters."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Cast Adrift. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. \$2.00. In his preface to this new volume, the author says: "My book, apart from the thread of fiction that runs through its pages, is but a series of photographs from real life, and is less a work of imagination than a record of facts. If it stirs the hearts of American readers profoundly, and so awakes the people to a sense of their duty; if it helps to inaugurate more earnest and radical modes of reform for a state of society of which a distinguished author has said, 'There is not a country throughout the earth on which it would not bring a curse; there is no religion upon the earth that it would not deny; there is no people upon the earth that it would not put to shame,' then will not my work be in vain."

"Sitting in our comfortable homes, with well-fed, well-clothed and happy-hearted children about us—children who have our tenderest care, and whose cry of pain from a pin-prick or a fall upon the floor hurts us like a blow—how few of us know or care anything about the homes in which some other children dwell, or of the hard and cruel battle for life they are doomed to fight from the very beginning!"

"To get out from these comfortable homes, and from the midst of tenderly cared-for little ones, and stand face to face with squalor and hunger, with suffering, debasement and crime—to look upon the starved faces of little children, and hear their helpless cries, is what scarcely one in a thousand will do. It is too much for our sensibilities. And so we stand aloof, and the sorrow and suffering, the debasement, the wrong and the crime go on, and because we heed it not we vainly imagine that no responsibility lies at our door; and yet, there is no man or woman who is not, according to the measure of his or her influence, responsible for the human debasement and suffering I have portrayed."

"The task I set for myself has not been a pleasant one. It has hurt my sensibilities and sickened my heart many times, as I stood face to face with the sad and awful degradation that exists in certain regions of our larger cities; and now, that my work is done, I take a deep breath of relief. The result is in your hand, good citizen, Christian reader, earnest philanthropist! If it stirs your heart in the reading as it stirred mine in the writing, it will not die fruitless."

This book is sold only by agents; but a copy will be mailed to any one by the publishers of this magazine on the receipt of the price, \$2.00.

Above Tempest and Tide. After the German of Sophie Verena. By Auber Forestier. Philadelphia: H. N. McKinney & Co. One takes up translations of foreign books with fear and trembling. There is so much in European literature—especially in French and German—out of harmony with American ideas, that it is the exception, rather than the rule, that a book can receive unqualified recommendation at our hands. In the book before us we find this desirable exception. It is a German story, possessing all the better characteristics of German literature—earnest thought, and careful finish in style—added to and embellishing a charming story, the tendency of which is to elevate the feelings and strengthen the soul against temptations. The story loses nothing at the hands

of the translator, as is too frequently the case. The English style is as perfect as the German must have been.

Her Majesty the Queen. A Novel. By John Esten Cooke, author of "Dr. Vandyke," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. To our mind, a well-written historical novel is among the pleasantest of all reading. It so blends instruction with pleasure, that any qualms of conscience over mispent time are lulled, and the mind left to perfect enjoyment of the story. "Her Majesty the Queen" is the wife of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, and many of the characters figuring in the pages of the book are historical ones. A charming love-story runs through the pages, and somewhat brightens the sombre tone of the story.

The Payson, Dutton & Scribner Manual of Penmanship. P., D. & S., authors. J. W. Payson, S. Dutton, W. M. Scribner, G. H. Shattuck, A. S. Manson. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. This is a valuable work. It reduces penmanship to a science, and simplifies and illustrates it in a most desirable manner. There are illustrations of different styles of penmanship, and full directions to both teacher and student.

Questions of the Day. By the Rev. John Hall, D.D., Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. New York: Dodd & Mead. This clergyman discusses various religious topics in an able manner, and satisfactorily sustains his side of the argument. His first sermon is on the question, "Is the Human Race One?" the second, "How Far has Man Fallen?" Most of his points are aimed directly at the claims of modern scientists, which to many minds seem directly opposed to theological teachings. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Glass Cable. By Margaret E. Wilmer. New York: National Temperance Society.

John Bentley's Mistake. By Mrs. M. A. Holt. New York: National Temperance Society.

Fred's Hard Fight. By Marion Howard. New York: National Temperance Society.

Nothing to Drink. A Temperance Sea Story. By Julia McNair Wright. New York: National Temperance Society.

We have received the four volumes, whose titles are given above, from the National Temperance Society and Publication House. They are all pleasantly-written stories, and calculated to awake and keep alive interest in the Temperance reform. For sale in Philadelphia by J. C. Garrigues & Co.

May. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York; Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Mrs. Oliphant's tales are always welcome. Though not as sensational a writer as some, she ranks among the best English novelists, while she takes precedence of many for the elevated tone and purity of her writings. "May," her latest production, sustains all her previously-acquired reputation, and we cheerfully recommend it to the attention of our readers. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Ferdinand De Soto. The Discoverer of the Mississippi. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated. New York: Dodd & Mead. Mr. Abbott has made a careful and conscientious study of his subject, and has presented his readers with a record of De Soto's life and adventures as nearly authentic as it has been in his power to make it. It is needless to say that the book is interesting, reading more like a romance than veritable history. The volume belongs to the library of "American Patriots and Pioneers," now being issued by Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Try and Trust. By Horatio Alger. Boston: Loring, Publisher. An excellent book for boys, teaching them, in a manner to gain their attention and interest, lessons of true manliness. It belongs, we believe, to a series of books more or less connected in their plots and characters. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Mystery of Holly Tavern. A Story of Nine Travellers. By Lauriston Collis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. An entertaining story of travel, and, as its name implies, mystery. It will serve to while away an idle hour.

Work. A Story of Trial and Experience. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Miss Alcott has dared to touch that troublesome theme—What shall women do?—and has illumined it with the brightness of her own strong sense. The story is a pleasing one, and a suggestive one as well, and ought to be productive of many good results. It ought to encourage young girls to "be up and doing with a heart for any fate," instead of remaining idly at home, frittering away their time in frivolous, or at least, insignificant employments; or, perhaps, what is quite as bad, weakly lamenting that they are women, and consequently, are forbidden to do. It ought to teach those who

have the charge of girls that they should not seek to fetter them down to a narrow field of endeavor if they show desires and capabilities for a wider sphere—that is, to punish them for their womanhood—for, energy suppressed and forbidden a right channel, will force its way into wrong ones. Miss Alcott has, in the writing of this book, done a good work for women. For sale in Philadelphia by Sower, Potts & Co.

The Year. By D. C. Colesworthy. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Mr. D. C. Colesworthy, a poet who is already known as the author of "Don't Kill the Birds," "A Little Word in Kindness Spoken," "Do not Falter," and many others equally popular and equally excellent in sentiment, has sent forth a little book containing seventeen poems, one in honor of each month and each season, and one upon Christmas. These poems, although not aspiring to anything original or remarkable in either sentiment or expression, are pleasing contributions to our poetic literature, and will add to their author's fame. We welcome the volume to our library.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from W. W. Whitney, Publisher, Toledo, Ohio, the following new Music:

Village Bells. By W. A. Ogden. This four-part Glee is a very fine piece for a quartette of voices. It is bright and cheery, and the chorus, which may be sung by several voices, or as a quartette, has a tasteful piano accompaniment. Price fifty cents.

Glide, Gently Glide. By Charles H. Carroll. This will be found not only a pleasing composition, but one showing much study and skill. Each part carries a distinct beautiful melody woven together in a neat, artistic manner. The music is exuberant with life, but smooth and flowing as the streamlet o'er which they glide. There is a separate piano accompaniment, which is a great convenience to the player. Price seventy-five cents.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

HONOR AND SAFETY.

A RECENT writer, referring to the many exposures of fraud and corruption among men in charge of public trusts, forcibly remarks: "No money was ever won by treachery to trust that did not harm the winner. No power was ever achieved by bribery or retained by falsehood that did not scorch the palm of him who held it. The consciousness of ill-desert, the loss of self-respect, the fear of exposure and the self-commitment to a life of deception, which go always with possessions unworthily won, are poison in the blood, and the exposure, sooner or later, is as sure to come as death."

Truer words were never spoken. There is no safety, no peace, no real success, except in a life of honor and integrity. It cannot be too deeply impressed on the minds of young men, that in all gain coming through fraud or wrong, lies concealed a curse that will consume as surely as hidden fire; that money so obtained loses its power to give happiness—changes from a good to an evil—ceases to be a friend, and becomes an enemy. A thousand dollars, honestly gained by an honest man will give the possessor a thousand times more real pleasure than a million can possibly afford the dishonest man, who, in acquiring his million treads ruthlessly upon the rights of others.

We may depend upon it, that in all we acquire, there is a blessing or a curse, just in the degree that we regard or disregard our fellow-men. "A little that a righteous man hath

is better than the riches of many wicked." So saith Holy Writ, and every day man's experience proves it to be true.

Read the faces of men who have acquired wealth or position through hard, unplying selfishness, or through fraud and wrong—such men are known in all communities—and what sad and painful things do you find. Not peace nor moral beauty, nor the sweetness of content! No satisfaction in life is written there. All is hard, cold, cruel often, sinister, dissatisfied. For all that makes life worth living for, you see that life with them has been a failure. And it must be so in the very nature of things; for a life of utter selfishness and wrong takes a man out of the true order of his being, and whatever is out of order, is jarred with every movement, and works steadily to sure disaster.

GEORGE MACDONALD IN THE PULPIT.

REV. HENRY W. BELLOWES gives, from memory, a report of a sermon recently preached by George MacDonald, in the Church of All Souls, in New York city. We copy his description of the preacher's manner in the pulpit, which is very striking:

"The preacher was in a very exalted state, and poured himself out in a rhapsodical manner, which made us think of the accounts of Edward Irving. Not that anything but sound sense and solemn truth, in language admirably chosen, was uttered. But a sort of prophetic fury in the tones shook the nerves and made the ear shrink from the message. We

should not like often to be called to listen to such a discourse, preached in that way. It was as if the man's hands were clutching our physical heart-strings or squeezing our brains. Never in the whole course of listening to public speakers have we heard anything of such mingled power and painfulness, such intensity, vehemence, demoniac and angelic fury mixed. How that delicate frame, inviolate and exhausted with labor, could for an hour pour out such a flood of passionate tones, at such a pitch of voice, and every word intensified with purpose, we cannot understand. We looked to see Macdonald faint at the close of his sermon; but he paused, and uttered a prayer so much like one of David Elginbrod's, that we felt that the power by which he spoke was not his own, and that he was drawing from an inexhaustible fountain.

"The poet, the novelist appear in Macdonald's preaching—not intentionally or artificially, but by the irrepressible genius of the man's personality. He shapes his discourse with a broad plan, excludes what is irrelevant, forgets nothing truly pertinent, and hurries toward his conclusion with inevitable power. His whole face and figure preach. His dainty fingers drip with feeling in every gesture. He writhes and tosses himself about as if struggling with thoughts too big for utterance. His voice is somewhat husky, his articulation Scotch, and his slides of tone a little extravagant in the swing he allows himself. But unmistakable wealth of thought and depth of feeling and power of passion and directness of spiritual vision betray themselves in his preaching, as in all his poems and writings; and it is a memorable thing to have heard him, roused as he was, on Sunday evening. Nobody will ever forget that occasion who shared in it. Many will not like his manner, and miss his meaning, and criticise his words; but we doubt not he reached some hearts that were never touched before, and gave all a sense of spiritual realities to which they will date back as to high-water mark in their spiritual experiences."

ATLANTIC CITY.

EVERY year this "City by the Sea" becomes more and more the favorite summer resort for Philadelphians. Every year new hotels go up, elegant cottages are built, new improvements are made, and increasing attractions offered to visitors. The bathing is unsurpassed, and the hotel accommodations excellent. For merchants and others who wish to get their families out of town during the hot months, but cannot themselves break entirely away from business, the ease and quickness of access by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad renders it especially desirable, and thousands avail themselves of this great facility, spending a portion of their time at the seashore with their families, and yet not losing a hold of their business. If to the admirable railroad facilities were added a little more enterprise and public spirit by the authorities of Atlantic City, the place could be made far more attractive and desirable than it is. The long spaces between the houses and the sea, instead of presenting only unsightly sand-heaps, as they now do, glaring in the sun, should be levelled and sown with grass-seed, so as to give a beautiful green sward. The streets should be watered, and made as clean and neat as possible. All this would cost comparatively little, but it would give an attractiveness to the place that would draw hundreds there who now go to Long Branch or other summer resorts.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

A WRITER in *Our Dumb Animals*, a monthly paper issued in Boston, by the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," relates this little incident, which we pass along: "As I was looking out of my window the other day, I saw a nice red apple roll into the gutter. As I looked to see who would pick it up, a wagon came along, marked, 'United States and Canada Express Co.' I observed the horse had no check-rein, and seemed to be quite happy. The driver, a young man of seventeen or eighteen years, saw the apple, and, throwing the reins on the horse's back, jumped off and picked it up, as I supposed, for himself, for it was a beauty; but, no, the kind young man, after showing it to the horse, broke it in small pieces, and gave them all to him, waiting

patiently for him to eat them; then smoothed his ears and nose, and drove slowly away. I do not know the name of the young man; but I am sure he has a kind heart, and is fit to be trusted with a horse out of his employer's sight; and if the horse could only have spoken, he would have thanked him for this little treat."

FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

AN old friend and correspondent writes: "The HOME MAGAZINE I think very much improved this year—ininitely better than any other periodical of its price that I know. I like Miss Townsend's articles beyond anything she has published." Speaking of "CAST ADRIAT," Mr. Arthur's last book, the same correspondent says: "I have just finished reading 'CAST ADRIAT,' and it inspires those who are able to do something with the desire and longing that it kindles in me, who can do nothing but desire and long to do, then I am sure the book will accomplish a work the precious result of which can never be measured in time, but must spread in ever-widening circles through all eternity. Ah, my soul is sick to think that on this beautiful earth there can be anything like what you describe: that Christian men and women can sit at ease in temples they have builded to the service of God, praying and preaching, while just outside souls are perishing for the lack of the help that they could give. It makes me feel as if I must hurl myself into the ranks with those who go down with the living spirit of the Gospel into these pits of hell."

An invalid, writing from a sick-room, where she has been long confined, says: "I am so grateful for your Magazine every month, and for the beautiful pictures, that I cannot be at ease until I thank you once more. And, yet, words of mine cannot tell you how much comfort they all give me. Everything about the Magazine is so pure and tasty, so truthful and good in every way, that I take it to my heart as a dear friend. I wish you were going to give us other chapters from 'CAST ADRIAT.' That one you gave in the Magazine touched my heart even to tears. Oh, I wish at times that I had the power to scatter with one stroke such wickedness from the world. It fills my heart with bitter sorrow that I am so powerless for work for the poor and tempted around me. Yet I believe I do trust God enough to say, 'His will be done.' I am sure those are blessed who only stand and wait; and in a hundred ways I can do something."

TWO GAMES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

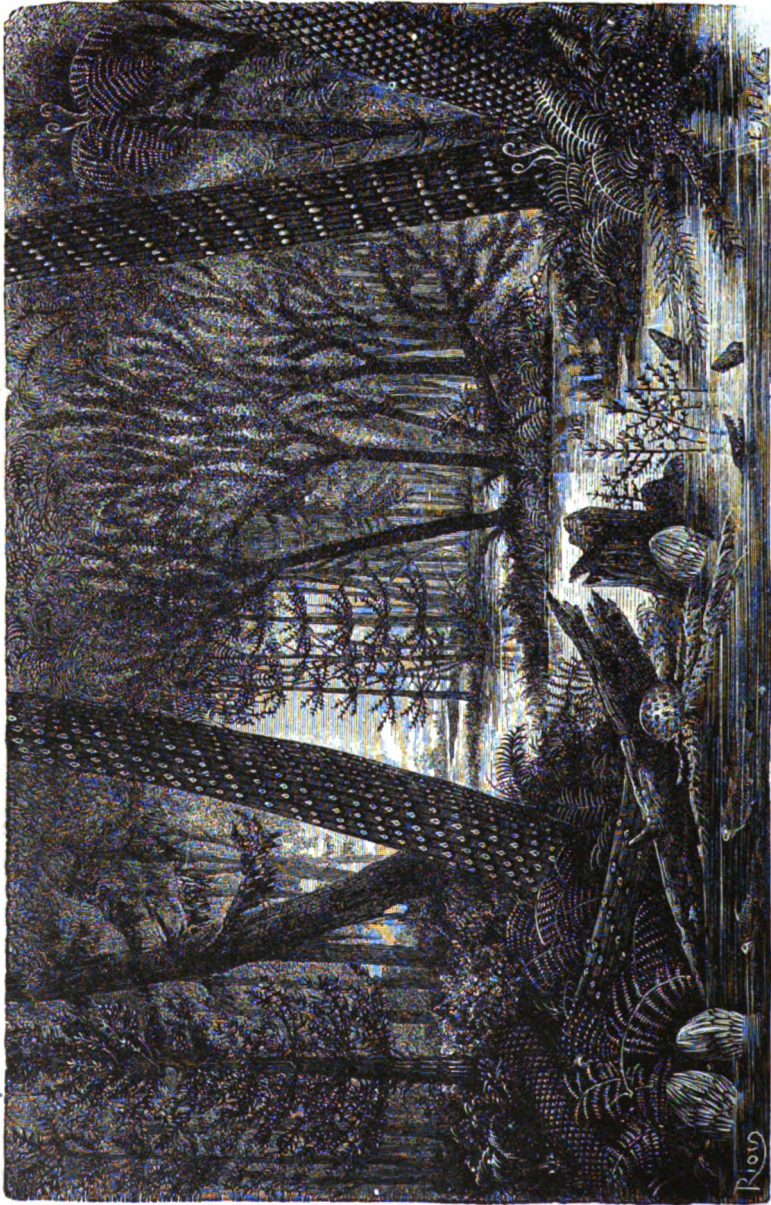
MESSRS. D. B. BROOKS & CO., of Boston, Mass., offer the new game of Le Cercle to the public. Le Cercle is similar in character to Croquet, and is spoken of by all who have tried it as superior to the latter game. It is, in fact pronounced, on authority, as "the best game out." Those ordering the game can, if they desire, have Croquet implements included, so that either game can be played at pleasure, and thus they will obtain two desirable games in the place of one. See advertisement in another part of the Magazine.

MAKE THE BEST OF YOURSELVES.

READER, are you making the best of yourself? Are you using to the best advantage the natural powers of the body and mind given by your Creator?—or are you drowning through life in half efforts, and steadily drifting behind men of less ability than your own; men who, with even fewer talents than you possess, are making the best of themselves?

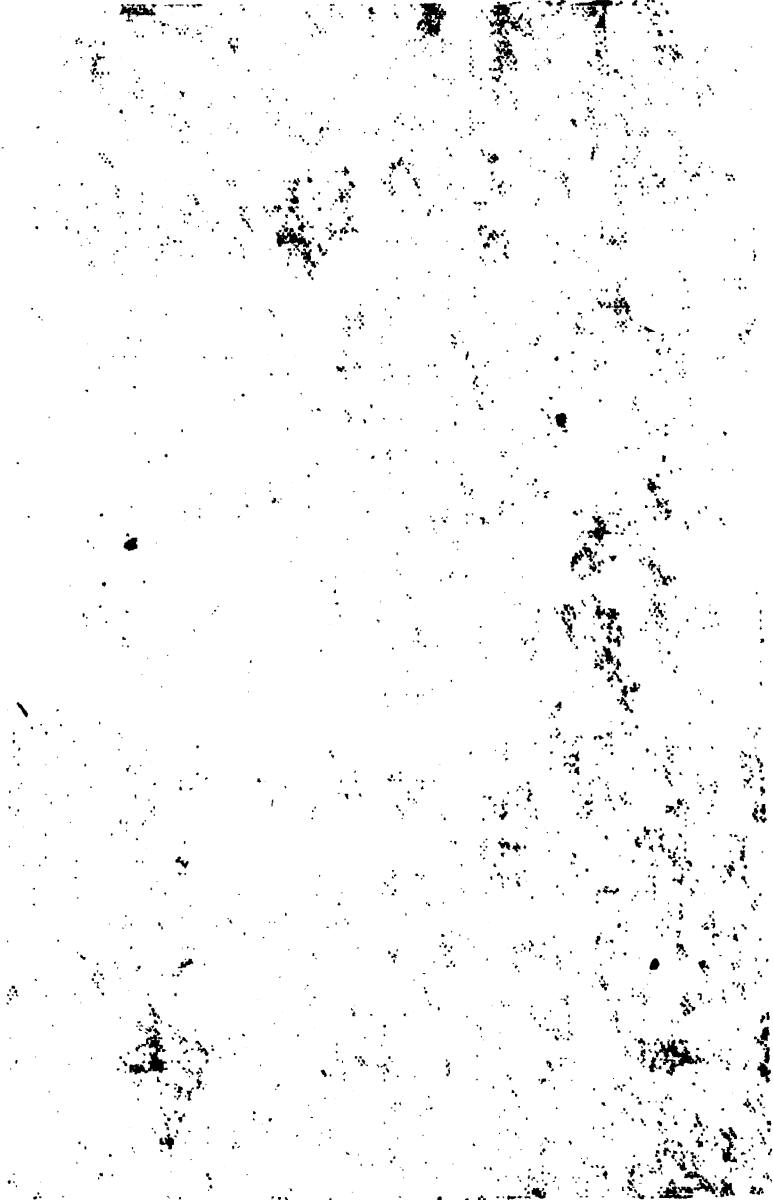
Think of this. Put the question to yourself as we put it to you—and do it honestly. Look the matter right in the face. Are you making the best of yourself? If not, begin a new life at once. Do your best in everything. In your thinking and in your doing. Be a man in self-compulsion. Rise out of indolence and self-indulgence. And not only will the world be better for your having lived in it, but you will be better for having lived in the world.

"Every process in nature is the going forth of the Everlasting on His messages of love; and any event in our experience is a message of love fulfilled."



IDEAL VIEW OF A MARSHY FOREST—CARBONIFEROUS PERIOD.

[Page 228.]



ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1873.

No. 9.



PHANTOMS.

BACK, ye Phantoms of the Past,
In your dreary caves remain;
What have I to do with memories
Of a long-forgotten pain?

For my Present is all peaceful,
And my Future nobly planned—
Long ago Time's mighty billows
Swept your footstaps from the sand.

Back into your caves, nor haunt me
With your voices, full of woe;
I have buried grief and sorrow
In the depths of Long-ago.

See the glorious clouds of morning
Roll away, and clear and bright
Shine the rays of cloudless daylight—
Wherefore will ye moan of night?

Never shall my heart be burdened
With its ancient woe and fears;
I can drive them from my presence,
I can check these foolish tears.

Back, ye Phantoms! leave, oh, leave me
To a new and happy lot!
Speak no more of things departed;
Leave me, for I know you not.

Can it be that 'mid my gladness
I must ever hear you wail,
Of the grief that wrung my spirit,
And that made my cheek so pale.

Joy is mine—but your sad voices
Murmur ever in my ear;
Vain is all the Future's promise,
While the dreary Past is here.

Vain, oh, worse than vain! the Visions
That my heart, my life would fill!
If the Past's relentless phantoms
Call upon me still!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

THE COCHINEAL INSECT.

IN 1518, twenty-six years after the discovery of America, the Spanish settlers in Mexico began the exportation to Europe of a new dye of a brilliant scarlet, which proved a great acquisition in the manufacturing and artistic world, and eventually brought its exporters immense revenues. This dye was used in the coloring of fabrics, and from it was made carmine, a brilliant red, invaluable to painters. It presented the appearance of a shrivelled grain, or seed of some sort, of a dark, purplish hue, covered with a white bloom. What it actually was its exporters refused to tell, and those whose curiosity was excited about it, were fain to satisfy it by guess-work alone. However, after two centuries had passed, and the Spanish-Mexicans had during all this time preserved their secret, some one had the wit to subject these curious-looking seeds to the test of the microscope, when, behold, they were found to be no vegetable production at all, but a species of insect, killed and dried. The observation of travellers soon added further information, and cochineal was no longer a mystery.

The secret once discovered, efforts were made to introduce the industry into other countries. In 1700 a Frenchman carried several cases of living insects to St. Domingo. But a revolution having broken out in that island, the cochineals were neglected, and died. A century later a Frenchman succeeded in bringing some live specimens of the insect to France, and gave them to the Professor of Botany at Toulon. But the efforts at naturalisation were unsuccessful. The attempt also failed in Corsica. In 1827 they were carried to the Canary Islands, and after the inhabitants had been taught to recognize their value—they first having regarded them as noxious insects, and destroyed them accordingly—their propagation became an important branch of industry. In Algiers, also, the experiment of cultivating them has proved successful, and promises to become profitable. Still, the principal supply of cochineal yet comes from Mexico.

In that country they have regular cochineal plantations. A piece of land is chosen, an acre or two in extent, and protected from the west winds. Around this is planted a hedge of reeds, and within the inclosure, at distances of about two feet each way are set out the common cactus, or prickly-pear, as it is

upon this plant that the cochineal insects prefer to feed. When the cactus-gardens, or *nopaleries*, as they are called, are ready, then nests made of cocoa-nut fibres, or little baskets of the braided leaves of the dwarf palm, are hung upon the prickles of the cactus. Female cochineals, of the *Coccus cacti* species, gathered from the woods or from plants specially preserved for their use, are placed in large numbers in these baskets. These female cochineals make their way out of the baskets, and fasten themselves upon the plants. Here they remain motionless, living upon the juices of the plants, and finally die. After death the body of the insect dries, the skin becomes horny, the sides curve upward, making a sort of cavity within. In this cavity, or cradle, the eggs, which have remained attached to the under part of the body of the mother, are hatched, and sheltered. The plants, with their valuable inhabitants, must now be protected from wind and rain until the insects reach their perfect state. The larvæ soon change to perfect insects, which attach themselves permanently to the branches of the cacti, and are thus easily gathered.

When the time for the cochineal harvest comes, the insects are carefully brushed off the cacti by the means of squirrels' or stags' tails, or scraped off with a blunt-bladed knife. Indian women are usually employed in this harvesting. The time the insects are gathered is when the females are about to lay, as that is the time their bodies contain the greatest amount of coloring matter. If the season is favorable, three harvests may be had from the same plantation in the course of a year. The insects are killed by dipping them in boiling water, or by being put into an oven, or upon a plate of hot iron. They are then dried in the sun, afterward in the shade, and finally exposed to the air. When they are scalded they lose the white powder which covers them, and are, in that condition, called *ronagridas*. When they have been subjected to the heat of an oven, they are ashy-gray in color, and are then called *jaspadas*. Those torrefied upon hot iron are black, and are known as *negras*. The cochineal produced in these cactus-gardens are more valuable than those gathered from wild cacti.

There is a remarkable difference in the appearance of the male and female cochineal. So great is this difference that one might easily mistake them as belonging to totally different families. The male is dark-red in color, with a long body, and with transparent wings, which cross each other on the back. The abdomen is terminated by two fine hairs nearly twice the length of the body. On its head are two long feathery antennæ, and it has only a rudimentary beak. Its legs are short, but owing to its wings, it is tolerably lively and active.

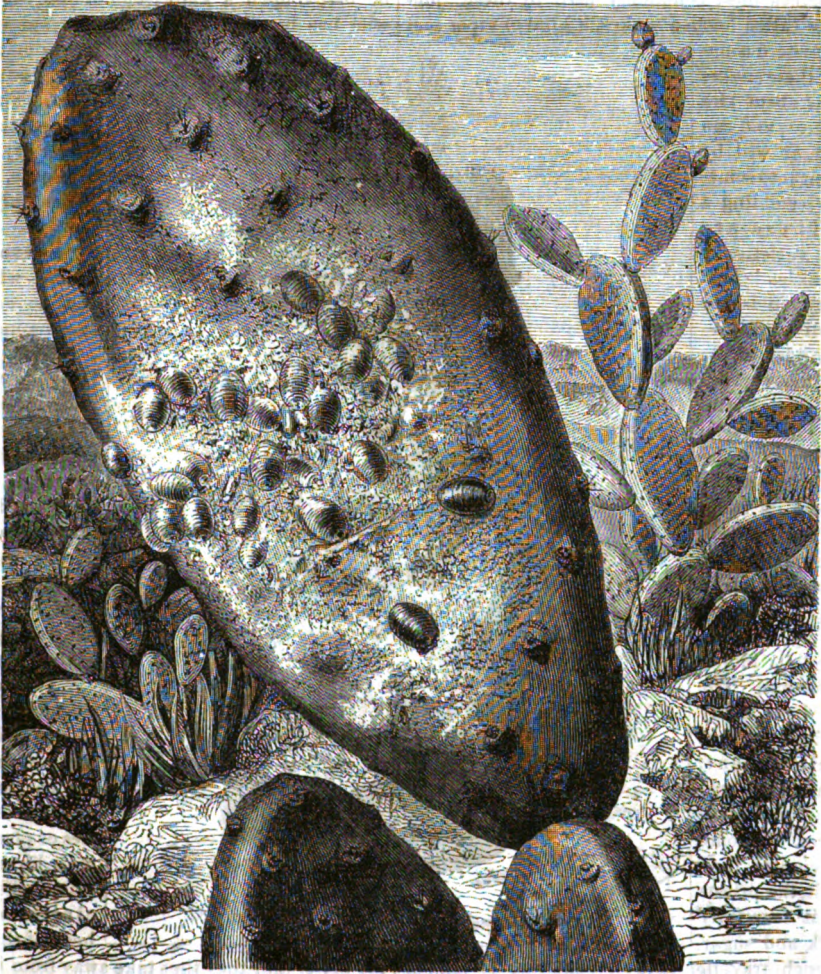
The female is larger than the male, oval in form, convex above and flat below. Its body is formed of twelve segments, and is covered with a glaucous dust. Its beak is more fully developed than that of the male; but its antennæ is shorter, and with fewer joints, and the two anal hairs are much shorter. It is very inactive. Its legs are very short, and are

apparently made only to serve the purpose of clinging to the plant from which it derives its food.

Before the Mexican cochineal, or *Coccus cacti*, was discovered, inferior species were known in other parts of the world. One species is found in Poland and Russia—*Coccus polonicus*—and another in India, *Coccus lacca*. From the latter is obtained a coloring matter known as the lac dye. Resinous lac is found in commerce under four forms—the stick-lac, which

bark; or, as some naturalists declare, it is a secretion of the insect itself, though this is probably a mistake, its red tint being probably acquired by the dead bodies which become imbedded in it.

Besides the species already mentioned, there is the *Coccus ilicis*, which lives by preference upon the ever-green oak; and the *Coccus manipurus*, which lives on the shrubs of Mount Sinai, and which causes a sort of manna to exude from the branches it has



THE COCHINEAL INSECT (*Coccus cacti*).

is still unseparated from the twigs upon which it is found; the seed-lac, picked off the branches and pounded; the shell-lac, which is the same melted and run in scales; and the thread-lac, resembling reddish threads, prepared thus in India. This lac is originally found upon the trees and plants which have been the homes of the cochineal (*Coccus lacca*). These insects gather together in great numbers, and the bodies of the females are often united together by the gum which exudes where they have pierced the

pierced. The *Coccus sinensis* is found in China, and produces a sort of wax, which is used in the manufacture of candles.

THE foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

SNAKE-CHARMERS.

OUR readers have all heard of the snake-charmers of India. Scarcely a traveller in that country who has not met with them, and told us something about them. They seem to form a class of people by themselves, and to have made the charming of snakes a profession or trade. They are often hired by the people of India to rid their houses of snakes. This they do by playing on a kind of pipe or flageolet, the music of which *charms* the reptiles from their holes, when they are at once killed.

The snakes most commonly used by these "jugglers" are called hooded snakes, a kind of viper met

with in Eastern countries. In these snakes the skin about the neck is loose, and can be raised at will by the serpent into something resembling a hood. There are several varieties of these snakes. That most common is the Cobra di Capello—that is, Adder of the Hood, a name given to it by the Portuguese. The French call it *Serpent à lunettes*, or Spectacle-snake, from its being marked on the back of the neck with a figure resembling a pair of spectacles. It is a lively, active snake, and its bite is very poisonous. The Hindoos have many superstitious notions about this serpent, and even believe that God sometimes takes on its form. In some of the temples they worship it, the priests feeding it carefully with milk and sugar.

A French traveller says: "Madras is famous throughout all India for its jugglers and serpent-charmers. I had been there but a few hours when several troops came to me to show off their skill. Those who did nothing but feats of strength I took no interest in. The sleight-of-hand performers were a little more attractive. These men, almost naked, with a plain strip of linen cloth about their bodies, were really very adroit. Some of their tricks were wonderful. In one of the most curious they took the seed of a plant and put it in a little pot of earth, right in plain view of the spectators. After a few moments the seed seemed to take life, shooting up

stalks and putting on leaves in proper order. A few minutes later we had under our eyes a perfect plant more than a foot high.

"These people always have with them a few cobras, with which they amuse the curious. The bite of these serpents is fatal in nearly every instance. It has been said that the jugglers take out their poison-fangs, but this is not so. When well fed these reptiles are timid and sluggish, and rarely make use of their murderous weapons. The boldness with which the jugglers handle them I think to be based upon a knowledge of this fact. Any one who has handled living serpents knows that light

passes made along the body easily subdue them. They seem as if magnetized, and no longer try to bite or to escape. The first passes only are dangerous.

"I have frequently played with cobras, and no accident has ever happened to me.

"There are some Hindoos who amuse themselves by domesticating these serpents, suffering them to range at will in their gardens, where they serve as scare-crows in keeping away the birds. I have never heard of their doing any harm to their owners.

"The serpent-charmers, to render themselves proof against the fangs of the cobras, make use of the roots of a species of plant, the common birthwort, with which they describe circles around the head of the reptile, in



the belief that they thus take away from it the power of hurting. Of course, this is a mere superstitious notion. There are some who, to cure the bite itself, use a blackish stone of a very porous texture, which, on being laid upon the wound, adheres there strongly and absorbs the poisonous fluid."

If you would not be thought a fool in others' conceit, be not wise in your own; he that trusts to his own wisdom, proclaims his own folly; he is truly wise that shall appear so, that hath folly enough to be thought not worldly wise, or wisdom enough to see his own folly.

THE ASWAIL, OR SLOTH BEAR.

FROM REV. J. G. WOOD'S "ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY."

UNWIELDY in its movements, and grotesque in its form, the Aswail, or Sloth Bear is one of the most curious members of this group of animals. It is found in the mountainous parts of India, and is equally dreaded and admired by the natives of the same country.

Although a sufficiently harmless creature, if permitted to roam unmolested among the congenial scenery of mountain and precipice, it is at the same time an extremely dangerous foe if its slumbering passions are aroused by wounds or bodily pain of any kind. It needs, however, that the wound be tolerably severe to induce the animal to turn upon the person that inflicted the injury; for should it be only slightly wounded it runs forward in a straight line, as if it were actuated by the one idea of getting as far as possible away from the object which had caused it so much bodily suffering, and can seldom be finally captured.

As a general rule, the Aswail remains within its sheltered den during the hot hours of the day, as its feet seem to be extremely sensitive to heat and suffer greatly from the bare rocks and stones which have been subjected to the burning rays of that glowing India sun.

On one or two occasions, however, where the wounded bear had been successfully tracked and killed, the soles of the poor animal's feet were found to be horribly scorched and blistered, by the effects of the heated rocks, over which the creature had recklessly passed in its haste to escape from its enemies. On account of this extreme sensitiveness of the Aswail's foot it is very seldom seen by daylight, and is generally captured or killed by hunters who track it to its sleeping place, and then attack their drowsy prey.

The Aswail is said never to eat vertebrate animals except on very rare occasions when it is severely pressed by hunger. Its usual diet consists of various roots, bees' nests, together with their honey, and young bees, grubs, snails, slugs and ants, of which insects it is extremely fond and which it eats in very great numbers. Probably on account of its mode of feeding, its flesh is in much favor as an article of diet, and though rather coarse in texture, it is said by those who have practical experience of its qualities to be extremely good.

The fat of this bear is very highly valued among the natives and the European residents, being used chiefly for the lubrication of the delicate steelwork, that is employed in the interior of gunlocks. For this purpose the fat is prepared in a similar manner to that of the tiger, being cut into long strips, forced into closely-stoppered bottles, and placed during the entire day in the blazing ray of the sun. The powerful sunbeams soon melt the fat into a homogeneous mass, and when the evening begins to draw on, the contents of the bottle are found to settle into a firm and white substance, which has the property

of remaining untainted even in that heated climate, where, if no such precaution were taken, it would become a mass of putrescent abomination.

The prepared fat is especially valuable for gunlocks, as it preserves the bright steel from rust, and does not clog by constant service, as is the case with most other animal oil.

Very little is known of the habits of this bear, while in its wild state, but it would appear from the conduct of two young animals that inhabited the same cage in the Zoological Garden, that it must be a gentle and affectionate creature. It is, at all events, known that the maternal Aswail is in the habit of carrying on her back those of her offspring that are not able to make use of their own means of progression. The two animals that were kept in the Zoological Gardens were accustomed to lie close to each other, and while in that position used to suck their paws after the usual ursine fashion, uttering at the same time a kind of bearish purr, as an expression of contentment. This sound, although it partakes of the nature of a whine mixed with a purr, is not without a musical intonation, and may be heard at some little distance. Indeed, it has not unfrequently happened that the bear has been betrayed to its pursuers by the continuous sound it utters while lying half asleep within its den.

The hair which covers the body and limbs is of singular length, especially upon the back of the neck and the head, imparting a strange and grotesque appearance to the animal. The color of the fur is a deep black, interspersed here and there with hair of a brownish hue. Upon the breast a forked patch of whitish hairs is distinctly visible. When it walks, its fore-feet cross over each other like those of an accomplished skater when accomplishing the cross-roll, but when it remains in a standing attitude its feet are planted at some distance from each other.

These bears seem to be very liable to the loss of their incisor teeth, and even in the skulls of very young animals the teeth have been so long missing that their sockets have been filled up by nature as if no teeth had ever grown there. On account of this curious deficiency, the first specimen which was brought to England was thought to be a gigantic sloth, and was classed among those animals under the name of *Bradypus Ursinus*, or Ursine Sloth. In one work it was candidly described as the Anonymous Animal. Other names by which it is known are the Jungle Bear and the Labiated or Lipped Bear.

This last-mentioned title has been given to the animal in consequence of the extreme mobility of its long and flexible lips, which it can protrude or retract in a very singular manner, and with which it contorts its countenance into the strangest imaginable grimaces, especially when excited by the exhibition of a piece of bun, an apple or other similar dainty. It is fond of sitting in a semi-erect position and twisting its nose and lips about in a peculiarly rapid manner, in order to attract the attention of the bystanders, and ever and anon, when it fails to attract

the eyes of its visitors, it slaps the lips smartly together, in hope to strike their sense of hearing. When captured young, it is easily tamed, and can be taught to perform many curious antics at the bid of

ciations with these wandering exhibitors, it has been called by the French naturalist "*Ours Jongleur*." Whether owing to the natural docility of the animal, or to the superior powers of its instructor, it per-



SLOTH, OR LABIATED BEAR.

its master. For this purpose it is often caught by the native mountebanks, who earn an easy subsistence by leading their shaggy pupil through the country, and demanding small sums of money for the exhibition of its qualities. On account of its asso-

forms feats which are more curious and remarkable than the ordinary run of performance that are achieved by the learned bear of our streets.

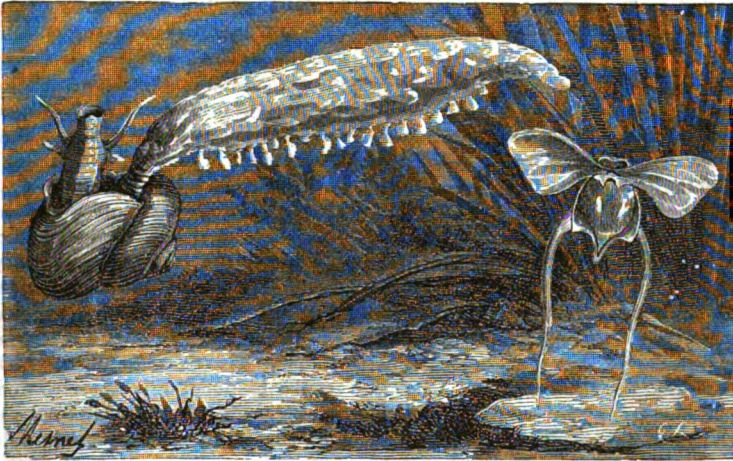
In either case it is always a saddening sight, for however ingenious may be the instructor or however

docile the pupil, the unnatural performances of the poor animal always seem to be out of place. We have no right to attempt to humanise a bear, or any other animal; for in so doing we are preventing it from working the task which it was placed in the world to fulfil. The bear—as may be said of every animal—is the result of a divine idea in the mind of the Creator, and it ought to be our business to aid the creature in developing that idea as far as possible, and not to check its development by substituting some other idea of our own, which, with all we can do, must necessarily be a false one. Even the imprisoned bears which mount a tall pole for the purpose of obtaining cakes and fruit from their visitors, are performing their mission much more truly than the most accomplished bear that ever traversed the country, and are in consequence much more agreeable to the eye of any one who values the animal creation on account of the moral qualities

CURIOS THINGS IN THE SEA.

AMONG the innumerable forms of animal life encountered in the waters of the sea, there are few more curious than those presented by the sea-snail and the sea-butterfly, a very correct idea of which is given in our engraving. There are several species of ocean shell-fish bearing the name of sea-snail—the one here represented belonging to the family of the *Ianthinidae*. It is a carnivorous animal, and lives only in the ocean. Its shell is almost exactly like those of the land-snail. It is met with in vast numbers in the Atlantic Ocean, and myriads of this species are sometimes driven by storms upon the British coasts. The same happens also on our own shores, vast numbers of them having been washed upon the beach of Nantucket during a severe tempest in 1839. A French traveller says of the sea-snail :

“The mollusk resembles, as its common name indicates, a floating snail. Two long tentacles, per-



SEA-SNAIL AND SEA-BUTTERFLY.

which are implanted in them from their birth, for us to develop to their highest extent, and in which we may read an ever-living word proceeding from the ever-creating hand of God.

Moreover, all those who in studying natural history, desire to look deeper than the surface, and direct their attention rather to the inward being of the various animals, than to their outward forms, will find that every creature in which is the breath of life, has a physical, moral, and sometimes a spiritual analogy, with the most expanded organisms of humanity, and owes its position among created things to that very analogy. In every human being are comprised all the mental characteristics that are outwardly embodied in the various members of the animal kingdom, and it is impossible to mark any attribute of the lower animals which does not find a further and a higher development in the human existence in one or other of its manifestations.

forming the office of horns, arm it in front. The body is a fleshy disk, covered with a spiral-shaped shell of a transparent, glassy substance, colored a most beautiful violet. But what renders this animal curious, is that it floats on the surface of the water by means of a vesicle filled with air, and appended to its body. This vesicle, or bladder, too bulky to admit of the animal's dragging it along, seems to reduce it to helplessness, and to condemn it to become, without any chance of escape, the prey of fish and of aquatic birds. But Providence, as admirable in the protection given to infinitely small things, as in the organization of man and the superior animals, has furnished this humble mollusk with an apparatus, by means of which it secretes in the water, on the approach of an enemy, a violet-colored liquid of a penetrating odor, which conceals it for some moments, while it cuts off with the horny plates of its mouth the threads attaching the vesicle to its body

It then sinks to the bottom, thus escaping the threatened destruction.

"Curious to see the manner in which the sea-snails secrete this fluid, I put a score of them in a cask, where I was keeping some fish alive. Touching them one after another with a rod, I remarked that at the expiration of some moments the entire twenty were lying in a heap on the bottom of the cask, separated from their bladders, which floated on the surface; but, most marvellous of all, on the next morning I found them every one floating again. During the night they had secreted new bladders, to replace those of which they had voluntarily deprived themselves."

The sea-butterfly belongs to a class of small animals, called *Pteropoda*, from the Greek *pteron*, wing, and *pous*, foot, in allusion to the pair of broad, flat, tened fins at the sides of the head, by means of which they are enabled to swim with tolerable rapidity through the open sea, which is their favorite abode. They seldom approach the shore, unless driven thither by the winds. They often crowd the sea in such inconceivable numbers as to color the surface for many miles.

There are two orders of pteropoda, characterized by the presence or absence of a shell. It is to the first of these orders that the sea butterfly belongs. Great flocks of them are met with among the floating sea-weeds, where they pursue the microscopic larvae feeding upon this vegetation.

They are very active, and extremely difficult to catch, at the slightest strange noises folding up their wings and dropping to the bottom. This curious little mollusk is divided into parts by a deep notch or furrow. The posterior part or abdomen is covered by a globular, transparent shell; the anterior part comprises the thorax, the head, and two tentacles. The wings and fins are placed tolerably near together on each side of the mouth. Along with the sea-snails, they are favorite bait for anglers, being greedily sought after by fish. The student of natural history in search of novelties and curiosities will find in Wallace's "Malay Archipelago" a volume that will richly repay examination.

ALMOST DESPAIR.

O H, God! Thou seest—Thou knowest the anguish that I feel;

Why then delay so long, so long to heal?

Why hidest Thou Thy face?

My load grows heavier day by day;

In vain (it seems) I stretch my hands and pray

For comfort from Thy grace.

Ah! sore and bitter is my need,

And wilt Thou break a bruised reed,

Trembling 'neath Thy rod?

I try in vain to lift my eyes

Up to the ever-frowning skies.

Have pity, oh, my God!

In mercy, grant a balm to heal

And ease my aching breast;

And make me see and know and feel,

That what Thou deest is best.

MARAH.

VIENNA.

THE present exhibition of art and industry, which will probably surpass all former ones in splendor, and in the number and character of its visitors, is now the great centre of attraction at this ancient capital. Vienna, on the banks of the Danube, is the resort of emperors and princes, of the rich, the learned and the industrious, of the lovers of pleasure, of improvement and of travel—all assemble there to participate in the splendid show. There the skill of the artisan and the mechanic will excite emulation, and the influence of the industrious classes will increase in the esteem of all the advocates of progress, and give to the nations lessons in the labors of peace. This meeting of people from all civilized countries has the sympathy and best wishes of all the friends of industry and advancement.

There are few places that stand connected with a train of more interesting associations than Vienna. It is situated about two miles from the main stream of the Danube, though a branch of that river extends to the city. It is the capital of the Austrian Empire, and is a celebrated city of Europe. With the exception of two suburbs, all the buildings are on the right bank of this branch of the Danube; they rise from it on terraces, so that many of the streets have a considerable declivity. Vienna stands near the centre of a basin, which is rich in fossil shells. It consists of the town proper and more than thirty suburbs. Its whole circuit is about sixteen miles, and it is almost surrounded by walls, which are twelve feet high, with twelve gates; it is also provided with a ditch. The *Innere-Stadt*, as it is called, which was the original town, forms a circle near its centre, and except on the side of the river, is surrounded by ramparts from thirty to fifty feet high, and has eleven regular bastions; it is separated from the suburbs by an esplanade about six hundred yards wide, which furnishes space for extensive walks. This inner town contains about one-tenth of the city lands, and one-seventh of the people. The population of Vienna is about 500,000. The social aspect is different from other large cities, where the nobility shun the confined, old-fashioned streets; for here the old town is the court-end and centre of gayety and fashion. Near the centre of the inner town is the Graben, a street five hundred and forty feet long, and one hundred and sixty wide, which contains some of the finest and best stores. The dwellings are usually four or five stories high, and very large, being occupied by a number of families. There are many palaces, churches and monuments, remarkable for their beauty and magnificence; also, museums, picture-galleries and libraries, that are all that could be desired for amusement and instruction. The things that are well worth seeing are numerous, and would require much time to describe.

Vienna is one of the most salubrious cities in Europe; the atmosphere is remarkably pure and healthy; the inhabitants enjoy robust health, and spend much time in the open air.

DUNELLEN, NEW JERSEY.



TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOTHER AND SON."

"IT'S a shame!" said Mrs. Fogg, as she hurried away, after the funeral of Mrs. Grant, escaping from the poor, desolate room where two children, almost babes, were sleeping, unconscious that they were motherless. "It's a shame that nobody'll take them."

"Yes—a bitter shame!" replied a neighbor, who was also getting off as fast as she could, so as to shift responsibility on some other shoulders.

"There's Mrs. Grove; she might take them as well as not. But they'll go to the poor-house, for all she cares."

"Well, somebody'll have to answer for it," said Mrs. Fogg. "As for me, I've got young ones enough of my own."

"We left Mrs. Cole in the room. She has only one child, and her husband is well-to-do. I can't believe she'll have the heart to turn away from them."

"She's got the heart for anything. But we'll see."

Mrs. Cole did turn away from the sleeping babes, sighing aloud, with a forced sigh that others might hear, and give her credit for a sympathy and concern she did not feel.

At last all were gone—all but a man named Wheaton, and a poor woman, not able to take care of herself.

"What's to become of these children?" said Wheaton.

"Don't know. Poor-house, I s'pose," answered the woman.

"Poor-house!"

"Yes. Nobody wants 'em, and there's no place else for 'em."

"Mamma, mamma!" cried a plaintive voice, and a flaxen-haired child, not much over a year old, rose up in the bed, and looked piteously about the room. "I want mamma."

A great, choking sob came into the man's throat.

Then the other child awoke, and said, "Don't cry, sissy. Mamma's gone away."

At this the little one began crying bitterly.

"I can't stand this, nohow," said the man, speaking in a kind of desperate way; and, going to the bed, he gathered the two children in his arms, hushing and comforting them with soothing words.

"What on earth have you got there?" exclaimed Mrs. Wheaton, as her husband came striding into the room, where she sat mending one of his well-worn garments.

"Two babies!" he answered, in a voice so unusual that Mrs. Wheaton dropped her work on the floor, and rose up in amazement.

"What?"

"Mrs. Cole's two babies. I've been over to the funeral; and I tell you, Jane, it wasn't in me to see these little things carted off to the almshouse. There wasn't a woman to look after them—no, not one. Every soul sneaked off but Polly Jones, and she's of

no account, you know. Just look at their dear little faces!" And he held them up in his arms, and let their tender, tearful, half-frightened, half-wondering eyes plead their cause with his wife, and they did not plead in vain.

Surprised as she was, and with an instant protest in her heart, Mrs. Wheaton could not, in the presence of these motherless little ones, utter a word of remonstrance. She took the youngest one from the arms of her husband, and spoke to it tenderly. The child sobbed two or three times, and then laid its head against her bosom. There was an influx of mother-love into the heart of this woman, who had never been a mother, the instant her breast felt the pressure of the baby's head, and the arm that drew it closer with an involuntary impulse was moved by this new love.

Not many words passed between the husband and wife—at least, not then, though thought was very busy with both of them. Mrs. Wheaton's manner toward the children was kind even to tenderness, and this manner won their confidence, and drew from them such looks and ways and little expressions of satisfaction as touched her heart, and filled it with a loving interest.

After nightfall, when supper was over, and the children asleep, Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton sat down together, each showing a little reserve and embarrassment. Mrs. Wheaton was the first to speak.

"What were you thinkin' about, John?" said she, almost sharply. "I can't have these children."

Wheaton did not lift his eyes, nor answer, but there was a certain dogged and resolute air about him that his wife noticed as unusual.

"Somebody else must take them," she said.

"The county will do it," Wheaton replied.

"The county!"

"Yes. There's room for them at the almshouse, and nowhere else, that I know of, unless they stay here."

"Unless they stay here!" Mrs. Wheaton's voice rose a little. "It's easy enough to say that—but who's to take the care of them?"

"It's a great undertaking, I know," answered the husband, meekly, yet with a new quality in his voice that did not escape the quick ear of his wife, "and the burden must fall on you."

"I wouldn't mind that so much, but—"

She kept back the sentence that was on her tongue.

"But what?" asked her husband.

"John," said Mrs. Wheaton, drawing herself up in a resolute manner, and looking steadily into her husband's face, "as things are going on—"

"Things shall go on differently," interrupted Wheaton. "I've thought that all over."

"How differently, John?"

"Oh! in every way. I'll turn over a new leaf."

Wheaton saw a light flash into his wife's face.

"First and foremost, I'm not going to lose any more days. Last month I had six days docked from my wages."

"Why, John?"

"It's true—more's the shame for me. That was

eighteen dollars, you see, not counting the money I fooled away in idle company—enough to pay for all these babies would eat and wear twice over."

"Oh, John!" There was something eager and hopeful in his wife's face as she leaned toward him.

"I'm in downright earnest, Jane," he answered. "If you'll take the babies, I'll do my part. I'll turn over a new leaf. There shall be no more lost days; no more foolish wasting of money; no spending of evenings at McBride's."

"Oh, John!" In her surprise and delight, she could only repeat the exclamation. As she did so this time, she rose, and putting her hands on his shoulders, bent and kissed him on the forehead.

"You'll take the babies?" said he.

"Yes, and twenty more, if you keep to this and say so," answered Jane, laughing through tears.

"All right, then. It's a bargain." And Wheaton caught his wife's hand and shook it by way of confirmation.

From that time Wheaton turned over a new leaf. Neighbors expressed surprise when it was told that Jane Wheaton had adopted the two orphan children. Fellow-workmen taunted John, calling him soft-hearted, and a fool, for "taking other men's brats."

One said to him: "Are four mouths easier to fill than two?"

Another: "You'll be sick of all this before the year's out."

And another: "I'll see you sold out by the constable in less than six months."

But John had little to say in reply—only maintaining an air of quiet good humor, and exhibiting more interest in his work.

For three weeks John Wheaton had not lost a day—something very unusual; and not one evening during that time had he spent at McBride's drinking-saloon. His poor little home, which had come to have a neglected look, was putting on a new appearance. The gate that for months had hobbled on one hinge, now swung smoothly, and the mended latch held it shut. Rank weeds no longer filled the door-yard; the broken steps were mended, and clean panes of glass filled many a place in the sashes where had been unsightly rags and sheets of paper. A neglected running rose was trimmed, and trained to its proper place over the doorway, and was now pushing out young green leaves and buds.

Within, pleasant changes were also apparent. Various new but inexpensive articles of furniture were to be found. Old things were mended, polished up and wonderfully improved. With all this, marvellous to relate, Wheaton's earnings had not only been equal to the increased expenditure, but there was an actual surplus of ten dollars in hand.

"I never would have believed it," said John, as he and his wife sat one evening talking over their improved condition after the babies—loved now almost as if their own—were asleep. "It's just as old Brown used to say—'Waste takes more than want.' I declare I've got heart in me again. I thought we should have to let the place go; that I'd

never be able to pay off the mortgage. But here we are, ten dollars ahead in less than a month; and going on at this rate, we'll have all clear in eighteen months."

Next day a fellow-workman said to Wheaton, half in banter: "Didn't I see the constable down your way yesterday?"

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Wheaton, with more gravity of manner than his questioner had expected.

"I thought I saw him looking around after things, and counting his fees on his fingers."

"Likely as not," said Wheaton. "I know of a good many rents not paid up last quarter. Money gone to McBride's, instead of to the landlord—eh?"

The man winced a little.

"How are the babies?" he asked.

"First-rate," Wheaton answered, and with a smile so real that his fellow-workman could not pursue his banter.

Time went on, and, to the surprise of all, Wheaton's circumstances kept improving. The babies had brought a blessing to his house. In less than eighteen months he had paid off the light mortgage that for years rested on his little home; and not only this, had improved it in various ways, even to the putting up of a small addition, so as to give them a neat breakfast-room.

The children grew finely—there were three of them now, for their hearts and home had opened to another orphan baby—and, being carefully trained by Mrs. Wheaton, were a light and joy to the house.

At the end of five years we will introduce them briefly to the reader. Wheaton is a master workman, and employs ten men. He has enlarged his house, and made it one of the neatest in the village. Among his men is the very one who bantered him most about the children, and prophesied that he would soon be sold out by the constable. Poor man! it was not long before the constable had him in charge. He had wasted his money at McBride's, instead of paying it to the landlord.

Walking homeward, one evening after work was over, Wheaton and his journeyman took the same way. They were silent until they came near the former's pretty dwelling, when the journeyman said, half in jest, yet with undignified bitterness: "I guess we'll have to take a baby or two."

"Why?" asked Wheaton, not perceiving what was in the man's thought.

"For good luck," said the journeyman.

"Oh!"

"You've had nothing but good luck since you took poor Mrs. Grant's orphan children."

"Only such good luck as every one may have if he will," answered Wheaton.

"I can't see it," returned the man. "Your wages were no better than mine. I had one child, and you saddled yourself with two, and not long after added a third. And how is it to day? You have a nice house, and your wife and children are well dressed, while I have never been able to make both ends

meet, and my boy looks like a ragamuffin half the time."

"Do you see that house over there—the largest and the handsomest in the place?" said Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Who owns it?"

"Jimmy McBride."

"How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Me?"—in surprise.

"Yes, you! How much did you pay toward building it?"

"Why, nothing. Why should I help pay for his house?"

"Sure enough! Why should your hard earnings go to build and furnish an elegant house for a man who would rather sell liquor, and so ruin his neighbors, body and soul, than support himself in a useful calling, as you and I are trying to do?"

"I can't see what you're driving at," said the journeyman.

"How much a week do you spend at McBride's saloon?"

The man stood still, with a blank look on his face.

"A dollar a week?" asked Wheaton.

"Yes."

"Say a dollar and a half."

"Well, say as much."

"Do you know what that amounts to in a year?"

"Never counted it up."

"Seventy-eight dollars."

"No!"

"Yes, to a dollar. So, in five years, at this rate, you have contributed nearly four hundred dollars toward McBride's handsome house, without getting anything but harm in return, and haven't a shingle over your head that you can call your own. Now, it's my advice, in a friendly way, that you stop helping McBride, and begin to help yourself. He's comfortable enough, and can do without your dollar and a half a week. Take a baby, if you will, for good luck. You'll find one over at the poor-house; it won't cost you half as much as helping McBride, and I don't think he needs your aid any longer. But here we are at home, and I see wife and children waiting for me. Come in, won't you?"

"No, thank you. I'll go home and talk to Ellen about taking a baby for good luck." And he tried to smile, but it was in anything but a cheerful way. He passed onward, but called back after going a few steps, "If you see anything of my Jack about your place, just send him home, will you?"

Jack was there, meanly dressed and dirty, and in striking contrast with Wheaton's three adopted children, who, with the only mother they knew, gave the happy man a joyful welcome home.

"I've turned over a new leaf," said the journeyman, when he came to work on the next morning.

"Indeed! I'm glad to hear it," returned Wheaton.

"Ellen and I talked it over last night. I'm done helping saloon-keepers build fine houses. Glad you put it to me just in that way. Never looked at it so

before. But it's just the hard truth. What fools we are!"

"Going to take a baby?" said Wheaton, smiling.

"Well, we haven't just settled that. But Ellen heard, yesterday, of a poor little thing that'll have to go on the county if some one don't take it; and I shouldn't wonder, now, if she opened her heart, for she's a motherly body."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Wheaton.

"Down at the Woodbury Mills."

Wheaton reflected a few moments, and then said: "Look here, Frank; take my advice, and put this baby between you and McBride's—between you and lost days—between you and idle thriftlessness, and, my word for it, in less than two years you'll have your own roof over your head."

Only for a little while did the man hesitate, then, with an emphatic manner, he exclaimed—"I'll do it."

"Do it at once, then," said Wheaton. "Put on your coat, and go over to the Mills and get the baby. It will be an angel in your house, that will help and bless you in every hour of temptation. Go at once. God has opened for you this way of safety, and if you walk therein all will be well."

He did walk therein, and all was well. Wheaton's prophecy was fulfilled. In less than two years the journeyman had his own roof over his head, and it covered a happy home.

WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN READ?

A BAD book, magazine or newspaper, is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind, and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body.

Many of these papers have attained large circulations, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as at this time; and every father and mother should be on guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child.

Our mental companions—the thoughts and feelings that dwell with us when alone, and influence our actions—these are what lift us up or drag us down. If your child has pure and good mental companions, he is safe; but if, through corrupt books and papers, evil thoughts and impure imaginings get into his mind, his danger is imminent.

Look to it, then, that your children are kept as free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing-up boys.



OH, flowers, but ye are wonderful!
 I speak not of your dyes;
 Not for your beauty now I cull
 Your bright varieties.
 'Tis at your scents I marvel more,
 So manifold and true;
 More separate their fragrant store
 Than hue distinct from hue.

Though in each kind the color change,
 One odor still is there;
 The tints through all the scale may range,
 Each tint than each more fair;
 But violet blue and violet white,
 And lilac dark or pale,
 The same sweet breath for our delight
 With constant truth exhale.

The stock and wall-flower side by side
 On garden-bed shall grow;
 From the same soil their sap supplied,
 In the same air they blow;
 But whence, that perfume all its own
 Does each loved flower obtain?
 Scents, to my earliest childhood known,
 Ye bring those hours again!

Sweet pea, sweet-briar, and mignonette,
 Words cannot tell your power
 My thoughts in some dim scene to set,
 In some far-distant hour,
 Beyond the baffled memory's reach,
 In life's just dawning day,
 When not as yet I lisped in speech,
 And Heaven about me lay!

Yet not your hue nor form, methinks,
 Thus in my heart remain;
 Your matchless odors are the links
 Which weave the pleasing chain.

These take me back I know not where,
 Revive the infant dream,
 And wake the thought of climes more fair,
 And light of purer beam.

And then I marvel not that He
 Who made us, flowers and men,
 Proclaimed that who His Heaven would see,
 Must be as babes again;
 Must from the heights of pride return,
 From self's and passion's sway,
 And at his feet in meekness learn
 To love Him and obey!

Awake, oh, North Wind! come, thou South!
 And on my garden blow;
 Come, rain and dew! and break the drouth,
 And bid the spices flow;
 And bring, oh, Sharon's Rose Divine!
 Thy peerless fragrance pure;
 Though sweets of all the earth were mine,
 Thy royal right is sure!

"Relics of Eden!" types ye are
 Of better things to come;
 Pledges of joys His hands prepare
 For our eternal home;
 Alas! the reek of flame and death
 Our earthly breezes fills;
 Oh, for the air the blessed breathe
 On yon celestial hills!

But we shall breathe it soon; and while
 We wait that crowning day,
 Your fragrance shall our toil beguile,
 Your beauty cheer our way;
 'Twas sweetly sung—"We might have had
 For every want of ours
 Enough, enough"—to make us glad,
 Our Father gave us flowers!

HENRY DOWNTON.





A DAY OF DAYS.

BY MRS. E. E. DUFFY.

He was here but a moment ago;
 I yet, in the tree-shaded path, hear the tread of his feet;
 He left me a rose in whose heart is a deep crimson glow;
 Ah, the rose is so sweet!
 His words they were few,
 But he said to me wonderful, wonderful things with his
 eyes—
 His eyes, that are like the skies over us, cloudless and blue;
 Ah, how I love the skies!
 Must I tell what they said—
 Those soft, azure eyes of his? No! 'tis a secret I'll keep,

Keep close in the heart of my heart, be I living or dead,
 Awake or asleep.

Oh, how bright is the day!
 There never dawned one so bright since the long ago
 have run—
 Never one half so bright since the earth took her dreary
 way

Round her lover, the sun.
 I could worship the sun
 As he beams on his mistress, the earth, in the fulness of
 love;
 For love is so worshipful! Tell me, sweet rose, am I one
 All its blessings to prove?

OUR CLUB.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

VI.

PECULIARITIES AND PROPENSITIES.

JEANNETTE had just been reading in the *Atlantic* for March, James's mournful but exquisitely-told story of "The Madonna of the Future," and a silence had fallen upon our little group—a silence in which the soul of each, withdrawn into the vast solitude of the Divine presence, looked in upon itself with regrets and longings that could not be uttered.

It was the Professor who spoke first.

"Well, well. It is no fanciful creation," he said, with a sigh. "Could we look into the heart of this great surging sea of humanity, moaning and toiling, and toiling about us, we should find many a poor Theobald wearing out his days in fruitless worship of a fair, gracious ideal which he is always meaning to catch and fix in visible and enduring form, planning enthusiastically, and always getting ready to do some grand, glorious, marvellous thing that shall astonish and bless the unbelieving world; but while he works, and dreams, and waits, and waits, and dreams, and works in his slow, careful, cautious, conscientious way, the years go over him, one by one, in noiseless, unnoticed flight, and, shocked and startled by the rude friendliness that would strip away his delusions, death strikes him at last, cowering in the awful desolation of despair before the blank, cracked, discolored and decaying canvas of his life, which he had thought to make glow and radiate with a wonderful, divine, immortal beauty and significance, but which his palsied hand may never more touch with the power that, dumb and unexpressed, racks his lone, lost, feverish, suffering, sinking soul."

"And it is enough to make one curse the world," burst forth Jeannette, with that stormy vehemence of hers, born of her keen sense of wrong and injustice; "the world so fitly represented in Mrs. Coventry at the cemetery gate with her knowing smirk and cunning leer, asking maliciously: 'And the great Madonna—have you seen her after all?' No tender thought of the struggles, the aspirations, the impassioned yearnings and reachings after the beautiful ideal—no soft veil of pity dropping over the blighted powers, the lost opportunities, the sad failures, which, if spoken of at all, should be treated at least with sympathy and compassion. More sweet, human and wholesome is the charity of the Signora Serafina for her blind adorer, and one forgets her coarseness, her age, her total unlikeness to the divine creature that he worshipped and devoutly studied in the kindly appreciation with which she regards him. Even the faith that exhales in her full, rich sigh, 'He was a magnificent genius!' is better and closer to the truth of things than the cold,

carping skepticism that vents itself in sneers and ridicule over a fate so mournfully sad and tragic."

"But, Jean, my dear friend, we don't really want to encourage this sort of genius, if you will suffer us to confess it," said Templeton, soothingly. "The world calls for genius, power, talent—whatever you name it—that is bold, active, forceful, aggressive, persevering, if it is not so fine, and with the dreams, fancies, visions, yearnings and fruitless strivings of the cloudy-brained idealist it has very little sympathy and less patience. It demands something real and tangible, something it can see, and touch, and utilize, to sustain its faith, and without such material support its favor will most certainly be withdrawn."

"That is just enough, I suppose," Jeannette returned. "Undeserved favor is not what I would urge or ask in behalf of these unfortunate souls who never arrive at the results at which they aim. But it is the unfair, unreasonable, unwise and utterly childish way in which professedly sensible people regard the failures and mistakes of this irregular and ill-balanced order of minds that excites my indignation, as if the condition from which spring these errors so ridiculed were any more under their control than would be the abnormal action of a diseased organ of the body for which no one would think of holding them responsible. Here is the injustice of which I complain. If anybody happens to come into the world—if anybody ever does 'happen' to come, which I question—with any physical infirmity or deficiency whatsoever, there is a wide-spread sympathy for the unhappy victim, a universal outcry and clamor of condolence for the victim's friends, and no human means are left untried that promise a removal, or even a mitigation, of the lamented evil. To ridicule one so afflicted is accounted rightly the mark of a vulgar mind, and an ostentatious pity is considerably avoided, lest it should wound the sensitive and possibly morbid nature of the sufferer. But for the dwarfed, misformed and unequally-developed spirits tempted in bodies symmetrical and beautiful, who has any charity or compassion? A character thrown out of balance by an exaggerated or a missing faculty, excites less interest and less sympathy than the lucky possessor of a hand with an excess or deficiency of fingers. An inherited mental or moral defect, for which one is no more responsible than for a deformed foot, a distorted shape, a disfiguring feature, is treated as though it were a punishable offence. Even those who, if not in the same, are in other virtues equally lacking, adding their disdainful breath to the storm of censure and condemnation, beating on the luckless individual doomed to suffer for faults—sins, if you please—not strictly his own; a born criminal, if there can be such. There seems no pity,

no charity, no fellowship, no generous, kindly oversight of unloveliness, no tender, fraternal hand outstretched to help, but, like the lower orders of creation, we turn savagely upon the weak and unfortunate, and worry and persecute and hound them to the death."

"I'm afraid there is too much truth in your observations, Miss Mariott," said Dr. Osgood, gravely. "I have remarked the same irrational propensity of human nature very often, and not always with the entire equanimity and composure becoming a philosopher. My profession ostensibly deals with these outward and physical forms of disease, but my practice must go back to anterior causes, finding them frequently hidden in the mental peculiarities for which the world has so little charity, while it overflows with pity and tenderness for the effects, casting about in its blind, foolish fashion for means to mitigate the evil of these, with that curious wisdom which pegs away at the outmost branches of a poisonous tree and leaves the root undisturbed. When our pathology goes deeper, and can more properly be called a science, it will teach us that all diseases are spiritual in their origin, and that our remedial measures instead of being directed to the mere outward phases of a morbid and disordered condition, should apply at the outset to the hidden, interior sources of the ills we aim to remove."

"In that day, Doctor, we shall not find you with a case of potent and magical vials in your pocket," said Templeton, dubiously. "Gone will be the business of the pharmacy, vain all its laboriously-acquired wisdom, for what will avail its purgatives, and resolvents, and soporifics, and pain-killers, and counter-irritants in ministering 'to a mind diseased'?"

"What, indeed?" echoed the Doctor. "Their inefficacy in the case of bodies diseased might well suggest a doubt as to their power in reaching down to the heart of the difficulty at which we tinker superficially."

Dell Falconer, who had apparently dropped into a profound study over the Doctor's philosophy, here glanced up at him with a serio-comic expression. "Dr. Osgood," she said, in a spirit of railleury, "I have been trying to make out to what spiritual source I may attribute the incipient bunion on my right foot."

"Why, to laziness and vanity, beyond question, Miss Dell," retorted the Doctor, quick to repel this needle thrust at his theory. "Mortify the one by proper attention to the bath, and crucify the other by putting your foot into a covering adjusted to its form and proportioned to its size, and you will be in a fair way to annihilate cause and effect together."

Dell lifted her hands and opened her eyes and mouth in affectation of wonder. "I am astonished—dumbfounded at such profundity of knowledge," said she, after a moment's breathless silence.

"But, Doc," struck in Roy Sherwood, unwarned by the discomfiture of his bright and not easily daunted coadjutrix, "how will you account for the excruciating and distracting pain I am suffering from

the irritated and inflamed nerve of a decaying tooth?"

"Easiest thing in the world, you cynical dog," returned the un baffled Doctor. "You are always snarling and snapping and striking your spiteful fangs into the weak, tender places of other people, and it is simple justice that the penalty should work out in the corresponding externals of your natural man."

"But," reminded Jeannette, who was too deeply in earnest to relish these side sallies, "we were speaking of those involuntary sufferers, those misjudged and unhappy souls who walk the whole dreary length of their mortal days—God knows how far beyond—under the burden and shadow of spiritual infirmities which they had no share in incurring, which were thrust upon them with the life that they had no choice to accept or refuse—a weary, wretched heritage that they have no more power to throw off than the leopard to change his spots, the Ethiopian his skin."

There was one who had come into our midst—a still, gentle-mannered, thoughtful-browed woman, of whom we knew nothing beyond her name and calling—Mara Dunbar, a teacher of drawing in the young ladies' seminary, which had sprung up airily under the frowning shadow, and dauntlessly facing the haughty front of the college buildings.

She drew a quick breath and turned about at the touch of Jeannette's words with a look in her face which bore eloquent witness of sympathy, possibly kinship with the class to whose woes the speaker's pathetic voice gave a new and thrilling interest; but, as if fearful of attracting attention, or of betraying, perhaps, a hidden pain, she settled back in her seat again, drooped her expressive eyes, and went on in her quiet, repressed way with the sketch which somebody had laughingly asked her to make of the Professor and Jeannette, in the felicitous character of Darby and Joan.

Dr. Osgood studied her intently—in fact, the Doctor was always studying Miss Dunbar, explaining, when some of us playfully rallied him upon the habit, that she was the first woman he had ever seen who talked, and talked eloquently, with her face instead of her tongue, and defending himself on the ground of scientific interest in all natural phenomena.

"Yes, ah, yes?" he said, slowly, with a deep-drawn sigh, breaking at last the silence that had followed Jean's pitying observation. "There are many fine spirits that struggle in perpetual eclipse with the nature to which they were linked in mortal birth—fine, high, generous, heroic, sensitive souls, goaded and tortured to the last point of endurance, and crippled in every movement by the galling fetter of an inherited vice or failing; and not the least of their sufferings is the consciousness that they are judged by the alien quality, that all their aspirations, their strivings, their sacrifices and martyrdoms count for nothing with their careless on-looking fellows, who measure but the surface, and leave the deeper

treasures of life unexplored. I know a man of splendid mental gifts, of grand moral virtues, of high social endowments, who, if free to live out his beautiful conceptions, and develop the rich, native resources of his character, would command the reverent attention and loving admiration of the world. But the rust and canker of self-distrust palsies all his powers, holding him in hopeless bondage; while his soul burns within him for action—action; and all his being cries and faints for possession of the faculties, which are like a fair heritage, into the use and enjoyment of which he may not enter. What, think you, were the sufferings and torments of Tantalus compared to his? Moved by warm, generous impulses; by sweet, human charities; by great aspirations and noble resolves, he reaches forth his hand instinctively to appropriate and diffuse his own, but the sharp, responding goad of the forgotten shackle brings him shuddering and sickening to the dust again, and the graces and triumphs of a life that is his, and yet not his, lie ever beyond his grasp. He cannot tell how it is. His kindred are a free people; they run their chosen ways unfettered, and have no sympathy with or understanding of his bonds. To them he is simply 'peculiar'—and he smiles bitterly at the sad significance of the word when he hears it, knowing the crucifixion it is to bear it. What so distinguished him from his fellows whether some ante-natal influence, or some fatal bent in the impressionable days of childhood—it does not matter; his life, so far as he can see, so far, perhaps, as any of us can see, is an utter failure, and his only comfort is in the hope, the faith that, somehow, in the wide sweep of the eternities the wise God, the good Father will make all right at last.

"I know a woman, with heart alive and thrilling with love for all human kind, with brain ever busy in devising schemes for conferring pleasure and happiness on others, and hands always occupied in carrying out benevolent designs; yet she is subject, at times, to furious outbursts of temper, that, like the eruptions of a volcano, lay in waste all the beautiful life that had budded and blossomed as the rose in her palmy days of peace. No words can describe her anguish, when the storm is spent and she sees, realizes the evil she has wrought, the good she has undone, knowing, from bitter experience, that all her passionate resolves will not save her from the shock of the recurring tempest, for she is powerless as a babe in the relentless grasp of this alien force of her nature, which, like those sins that are visited unto the third and fourth generations, is her wretched birth-right, or, more properly, her birth-wrong. I can think of nothing when I see her but a soft, white dove struggling hopelessly with a ruthless kite, which does but loose its clutch only to bury its cruel talons more torturously in the quivering flesh again.

"I recall another, who is a ceaseless prey to the green-eyed monster jealousy—(one may not speak of jealousy, you know, without reference to the 'green-eyed monster'). And yet another, who carries about

with her the grievous thorn of a peevish, rasping, impatient disposition, keenly sensitive to little irritations, which a more equable temper would never perceive. And still another, who, from earliest recollection, has been overshadowed by passing clouds of inexplicable sadness, gloom and melancholy that chill and darken all the atmosphere about the unhappy victim of inherited and uncomprehended sorrows.

"And so we might go on, each of us, enumerating and multiplying instances more marked and more lamentable than these, of people who, through no fault of their own, are miserable and sinful and offensive—wretched heirs of vices, that fill the earth with moral pestilence—poor, shackled slaves of moods, of tempers, of frensies, of greeds and weaknesses and sensual appetites, that sweep them onward and downward like a swollen, mad-rushing current, which we make no effort to help them stem; on the contrary, standing coldly aside to watch them whirling, sinking, to criticise them, to condemn them, to point the finger of scorn at them, to hold them up to derision and abhorrence, to hurl obloquy and reproach at them, forgetful of our own soul-sicknesses, our own moral deformities, which, at least, should make us humble, if not helpful."

"But, my dear Doctor," said Templeton, after a thoughtful pause, wherein each, it is probable, had been meditating on his or her guiltiness of the matter charged, "are evils any less evils because they are transmitted and not acquired? Are we to wink at a man's sins because they were his father's or his father's father's, or because he was the passive subject of unhappy pre-natal impressions? Is he any the less to be judged by the law because he was born with a propensity to break it?"

The Doctor had risen from his seat and gone over to Miss Dunbar, standing behind her chair with the pretence, or, perhaps, with the real desire—one could never riddle the Doctor—of inspecting the sketch that lay before her, but which her trembling fingers for some minutes had not essayed to touch. Seeming not to note her agitation, and again, perhaps, not actually perceiving it—who could tell?—he made a laughing suggestion regarding the turn of the Professor's eyes, complimented the sidewise droop of Jeannette's head, recommended a wilder rumpling of the Professor's stormy hair, and having set the faltering pencil again at work, turned and walked two or three times in silence up and down the floor.

"First of all," he said, in acknowledgment of Templeton's remarks, "we should consider that we deal with a man spiritually diseased and deformed, and try to do for him what we try to do for the physically sick and infirm—restore him to right conditions. But, of remedies for the evils discussed, my duties will not give me space to talk to-night. Another time—to-morrow, if I chance to come in—we will bring what light we have to bear on this dark subject."

And, with a parting look at Mara Dunbar, he passed out in his abrupt, unceremonious fashion.

"IN THE BEGINNING."

BY MRS. E. E. DUFFY.

(See Engraving.)

GEOLOGISTS divide the ages of the world before the creation of man into four periods or epochs, which, for convenience, they denominate Primary, Secondary, Tertiary and Quaternary Epochs.

Proceeding the Primary period was a time of chaos, so to speak, "when the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep." During this time there were sublime and mysterious convulsions of nature. The earth may even, at the beginning, according to some philosophers, have been an immense gaseous mass existing at an excessively high temperature. As it slowly cooled, it assumed its flattened spheroidal shape, and beds of concrete substances were formed, the heaviest necessarily sinking lowest, only, perhaps, to be forced to the surface again by the boiling and bubbling up of the burning mass within. We see even yet slight exhibitions of this phenomena in the earthquakes and volcanoes which shake the solid ground, and send up fire and sulphurous vapor from the depths of the earth.

Says a writer, describing this early period in the world's existence: "The first terrestrial crust formed would be incapable of resisting the waves of the ocean of internal fire, which would be depressed and raised up at its daily flux and reflux in obedience to the attraction of the sun and moon. Who can trace, even in imagination, the fearful rendings, the gigantic inundations, which would result from these movements? Who would dare to paint the sublime horrors of these first mysterious convulsions of the globe? Amid torrents of molten matter, mixed with gases, upheaving and piercing the scarcely consolidated crust, large crevices would be opened, and through these gaping cracks waves of liquid granite would be ejected, and there left to cool and consolidate on the surface. In this manner would the first mountains be formed. In this way, also, might some metallic veins be ejected through the smaller openings, true injections of the irruptive matter produced from the interior of the globe, traversing the primitive rocks and constituting the precious depository of metals, such as copper, zinc, antimony and lead."

When the active warring of the elements had ceased; when land and water had each been assigned their especial localities; when the atmosphere which enveloped the globe had become sufficiently solidified to transmit the rays of the sun, and thus God's mandate, "Let there be light!" obeyed; then for the first time was organic life possible. Now began the primary period of which geologists speak. It must ever remain a mystery how that first life originated, and theologians and scientists will probably find it a fruitful theme for dispute to the end of time. Again, at this day it seems impossible to decide whether

animal or vegetable life had the precedence in the order of creation. Darwinians will maintain that vegetation, as representing the lowest order of life, came first, in accordance with their theory of development, which demands a beginning at the very lowest and crudest forms, but a single remove from inanimate objects. We can only judge from the evidences of geology that the two orders of existence—the vegetable and the animal—were nearly or quite coeval, with perhaps a slight balance of testimony in favor of the Darwinians.

The Primary epoch is divided by geologists into a number of periods. The first of these, the Cambrian period, is so named from the rocks in which occur the traces of the earliest life. These rocks are found specially in England, Wales and Ireland. They have markings of a peculiar character, and abound in fossils. They are filled with worm-tracks or burrows, and the fossils represent the earliest inhabitants of the ocean.

Next in order comes the Silurian period, indicated by a system of rocks overspreading the whole earth. The name Silurian is given from a large tract of country in England and Wales formed of this system of rocks, and formerly peopled by the Silures, a Celtic race.

The characteristics of the Silurian period are supposed to have been shallow seas, with barren reefs and rocks rising out of the water. The fossil remains of this period indicate various mollusca and articulated animals, and a class of flowerless plants, called *Alga*, which bore a strong resemblance in their form to sea-weed of the present time. The *Algae* were succeeded by the *Lycopodeaceae*, displaying a little higher order of development. The seeds of these plants are found sparingly in the Silurian rocks.

The animal life of the Silurian seas was predacious in its habits. Their organisms were in some respects, rudimentary. The *Trilobites*, a remarkable group of *Crustacea*, possessed simple and reticulated compound eyes. Of these *Crustacea* there were nearly two thousand species. Nearly ten thousand species of fossil remains of the Silurian period have been discovered and noted, while probably ten times as much still lies buried in the rocks. The *Crustaceans* predominated at that day; but they differed much in appearance from the lobsters and crabs which represent that order in our day. The *Trilobites* became extinct at the end of the Carboniferous epoch. The head was protected by an oval buckler, and the covering of the body was jointed or articulated, sometimes in rings and sometimes in plates.

The Silurian system of rocks is the one the most disturbed, showing that immediately following this age the crust of the globe was subject to numerous

violent changes and upheavals. Beds of rock originally horizontal were turned up, contorted, folded over and sometimes even set vertical. The bottom of the sea was frequently upheaved and left a mountain side or top.

The Old Red Sandstone or Devonian period is the name given to the third division of the Primary epoch. The rocks of the Devonian period exhibit fossils and plants of a more complex order than those of the subsequent period. Vertebrated animals, represented by numerous fishes, succeeded the *Zoophytes*, *Trilobites* and *Mollusks*. The ocean still vastly predominated over the land, though here and there were islands covered with plants which resembled mosses. There were yet no trees, though certain plants rose to a considerable height on tall and slender stems. *Cryptogams*, to which the mushrooms of the present day bear the nearest resemblance, were plentiful.

The fishes of the Old Red Sandstone period were more or less encased in armor, and some of them were beautiful and curious in form.

The Carboniferous period succeeds the Devonian, and this period is subdivided into the coal-measures, and the carboniferous limestone. The first gave rise to great deposits of coal, and the second to marine deposits frequently underlying the coal-fields.

The limestone mountains which form the base of the whole system, attain to a great thickness, and are of marine origin, being composed of the remains and filled with the fossils of *Zoophytes*, *Radiata*, *Cephalopoda* and fishes. The thickness of this limestone formation is in some places 2,500 feet, and attests to an almost inconceivable amount of animal life during the previous period.

Now, for the first time, do we find indications of forests. The vegetation of this period must have been profuse and luxuriant. The *Sigillaria* and *Stigmara*, and other fern-like plants, grew to the altitude of trees, and were left undisturbed; for there yet seemed no terrestrial life. The Carboniferous period was one of vast duration, as it has been estimated that it would require 122,400 years to produce only sixty feet of coal. Coal is composed of the mineralized remains of vegetation which flourished in some remote age of the world—the age which we are describing as the Carboniferous period. The duration of this period and the vast amount of vegetation which sprung into life and then fell into decay can be perceived by the apparently inexhaustible supplies of coal which exist in all portions of the world. These coal deposits are buried underneath immense rocks and thick layers of earth, indicating violent convulsions of nature and a great lapse of time since their deposit.

When we regard this lapse of time, it makes the present and the narrow period of the world's history covered by record and tradition, sink into contemptible nothingness. It is impossible to compute the time that has elapsed since these coal deposits were made. It is still less possible to measure the time of the growth and decay of vegetation which caused

them. Then, stretching far back of that age are two succeeding periods, each of, undoubtedly, immense duration; and we are not yet at the beginning of creation. Beyond that we have no data upon which to build up our theories. All is vague surmise; except that we begin to comprehend that time, even as we trace it backward, may be eternal.

Two characteristics of the Carboniferous period were excessive heat and excessive humidity of the atmosphere; and the fossils of vegetation remaining to us from that period prove that plants then attained enormous dimensions. The temperature of the whole globe seems to have been nearly the same in all latitudes. The same remains of plant life are found from Spitzbergen to Central Africa.

The *Lycopodiaceæ* of to-day are humble plants scarcely a yard in height; those of the ancient world measured eighty or ninety feet in height, and there were forests of *Lepidodendrons*. With all this wealth of verdure, there were yet seen no flowers, and the species of plants were few, all belonging to the lower types of vegetation. There were no terrestrial animals as yet. There may have been a few winged insects; and a few land-snails might have found their homes on the damp earth. Some of the forms of vegetable life then existing are now completely extinct; others still exist in greatly diminished proportions.

During the Carboniferous period, coral began to be formed in the sea, and the waters were alive with strange fish, though the *Crustaceans* seem rare in the Carboniferous limestone strata. During this period vegetation seemed to reach its maximum, while the animal kingdom was poorly represented.

In the picture is given an ideal view of a marshy forest during the Carboniferous period. On the right are seen the naked trunks of a *Lepidodendron* and a *Sigillaria*, an arborescent fern rising between the two trunks. At the foot of these great trees an herbaceous fern and a *Stigmara* appear, whose long ramification of roots, provided with reproductive spores, extend to the water. On the left is the naked trunk of another *Sigillaria*, a tree whose foliage is altogether unknown, a *Sphenophyllum* and a *Conifer*. It is difficult to describe with precision the species of this last family, the impressions of which are, nevertheless, very abundant in the coal measures. In front of this group we see two trunks broken and overthrown. These are a *Lepidodendron* and a *Sigillaria*, mingling with a heap of vegetable debris in course of decomposition. Some herbaceous ferns and buds of *Calamites* rise out of the waters of the marsh. A few fishes belonging to the period swim on the surface of the water, and the aquatic reptile *Achegeosaurus* shows its long and pointed head. A *Stigmara* extends its roots into the water, and the pretty *Asterophyllites*, with its finely-cut stems, rises above it in the foreground. A forest composed of *Lepidodendra* and *Calamites* forms the background to the picture.

Sir Roderick I. Murchison gave the name of "Permian" to certain peculiar deposits of rock found in

the province of Perm in Russia; and from these rocks the next period takes its name. "The Permian rocks," says a modern English geologist, "have of late years assumed great interest, particularly in England, in consequence of the evidence their correct determination affords with regard to the probable extent beneath them of the coal-bearing strata which they overlies and conceal, thus tending to throw a light upon the duration of our coal-fields, one of the most important questions of the day in connection with our industrial resources and national prosperity."

Although the climate during the Permian period was undoubtedly similar to that which prevailed during the Carboniferous period, there are yet strong indications of the existence of glaciers and icebergs. The flora and fauna of this period do not seem to differ greatly from those of the period which preceded it, though there are some new and more developed species of each. But vegetable and animal remains are both somewhat scarce in the Permian formation. The absence of these remains is accounted for by the probable fact that the deposition of the formation was in a great measure by solution. The ocean still claimed a large portion of the surface of the earth. Much of the Europe of to-day was then a

vast sea, with here and there an island rising out of its depths.

The Permian period constituted the last of the divisions of the Primary epoch. In reviewing the epoch, we have seen the earth take shape and become divided into land and water. We have beheld the appearance of vegetable and animal life in inferior forms.

At the close of this epoch, fishes were the highest order of beings in the organic world. There were no birds, and no mammals of any sort. The only living creatures we find upon land are a few marsh-frequenting reptiles of small size. There were then probably no seasons, no varieties of and no zones of temperature.

Hundreds of thousands and possibly millions of years have passed, as one period of the epoch has given place to another; and yet we are only at the beginning. Three more epochs, each equally great in duration, must pass away before we come to times whose history is written on other material than the rocks. The processes of creation form an interesting and a wonderful study, and the geologist revels amid the discovery of truths far more wonderful than fiction.

INSUBORDINATION;

OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER VII.

A SERENADE.

WHEN Anne retired to her bed that night, it was with a new feeling about her heart. The information which her little friend had conveyed to her respecting Mr. Illerton was unexpected, and yet pleasant in a degree that she could not account for. She had passed but half an hour with him, and had only been led to think of him since that time, it seemed to her, in consequence of her interview resulting in a serious rupture with Mrs. Hardamer and two of her daughters. But now to hear that he had expressed an interest in her, was strangely pleasing. The more she thought about the matter, the more confused became her perceptions, and the more excited her feelings.

"This is not right," she at length murmured to herself, and, with an effort, endeavored to throw her thoughts off of the too absorbing subject. But, like the needle to the pole, they would return, and continued to return, in spite of every effort, as often as she attempted to force them away. Sleep finally stole over her senses; but in slumber she thought of him still, and awoke more than once during the night from pleasant dreams, in which his presence had made the chief delight.

On the next evening Illerton again called. He had dropped in regularly almost every evening for over a week. Through a little management, Mrs.

Webster had thus far succeeded in preventing him from meeting with Anne, though she felt her desire to see them together daily increasing. She was fully satisfied of Anne's pure and noble character, and esteemed Illerton as one of the few in society who are above reproach.

"You said there was a very nice young lady here, I believe; did you not, Mrs. Webster?" he asked, soon after he came in.

"Indeed, Henry! Have you just remembered it?"

"I must confess a great want of gallantry on my part; but I suppose extra attentions to her will atone for past neglect," he replied, smiling.

"You've grown tired, then, in your chase after an unknown charmer? Well, that is encouraging. I shall soon expect to see you as rational as ever."

"No more tired, and twice as ardent as I was a week ago," he said, with animation. "But tell me the name of this young lady, with a sight of whom I have not yet been favored."

"You must promise first not to fall in love with her."

"I promise."

"Quite willing to commit yourself, I declare!"

"Now tell me her name, Mrs. Webster."

"Don't be so impatient, Henry. Why, what's the matter with you? You have grown very suddenly and very strangely interested in this unknown lady."

You don't think, surely, that she is your pretty sewing girl?"

"Well, I do think so—and I know so!" said Illerton, in a positive tone.

This was more than Mrs. Webster had expected, and she looked surprised and confused.

Illerton continued: "How could you hold me in suspense so long, Mrs. Webster, when you knew that I was half crazy to find her? But is she not all I have described her?"

"Yes, Henry; and more, too. You know not half her worth." Mrs. Webster spoke with feeling.

"Heaven bless you for saying so!" exclaimed the young man, seizing the hand of his maternal friend. "But I am impatient to see her. In mercy relieve my suspense."

"Be calm, Henry," returned Mrs. Webster, seriously. "Remember that all this enthusiasm is on one side. She has not been so much interested as you have; and, if I have read her aright, thinks rarely of you, and with no feeling. You were to her an intruding stranger, and caused her much pain of mind. Except for this pain, I am inclined to think that she would hardly have thought of you again. You have got to win her, if you would wear her."

"And win her I will!" said the young man, with enthusiasm.

"Be not so sure, Henry. Unless she can see in you the beauty of moral excellence, she will never yield you her hand."

"Do you think I have anything to hope, then, Mrs. Webster?" he said, in a more serious and concerned tone of voice.

"There is no one I would rather see the husband of Miss Earnest than yourself, Henry; and no one whom I think so worthy of her. Even already I love her as a daughter, and if you win her, and your mother approves the choice, I shall have a double claim on your regard."

"You make me too happy, Mrs. Webster. But does she know of my visit here? Is she aware that I am now in the house?"

"She has not the least suspicion of it, Henry. I have carefully concealed from her, for good reasons, the fact that I knew you."

"Well, this need be no longer," he said. "I am impatient to see her face again, and end more to hear the music of her voice."

Mrs. Webster rung the bell, and, to the servant who entered, said: "Tell Anne that I would like to see her in the parlor."

In a brief space Anne entered.

"Let me introduce you to Mr. Illerton, the son of one of my best and oldest friends," said Mrs. Webster, taking her hand and advancing with her.

Anne started a little when she heard the name, and there was a slight exhibition of internal agitation; but in a moment she was calm, and received him with the easy politeness that was so natural to her.

It is needless to detail the particulars of this interview. Illerton, of course, continued to be a constant

visitor, and soon awoke a deep and trembling interest in the heart of Anne Earnest. She no longer held toward Mrs. Webster the relation of one whose services were given for hire. That lady had dissolved this connection, and had elevated her to the position of a daughter and a companion. Anne attended her when she went into company, and was thus introduced into a select and valued circle of friends, whose rank in society was fixed upon the basis of real worth. And she soon became known as the choice of Illerton, a young man universally esteemed for his high moral principles. He was the only male representative of an old and wealthy family.

"Who do you think I met in Market Street today?" said Genevra Hardamer to her sister, coming in from an idle stroll, with an expression of astonishment upon her countenance.

"How should I know, I wonder?" said Gertrude, moodily; for, as usual, she was in no very amiable humor.

"Well, you'd like to know, I'm thinking."

"Who was it, then?" asked Gertrude, brightening up a little. "Was it Mr. Illerton?"

"Yes. But there was somebody else with him."

"And who was it?" asked Gertrude, with an expression of lively interest.

"You wouldn't guess in a dog's age, and so I'll tell you. It was Anne Earnest."

"Who?" exclaimed Gertrude, jumping up from her chair.

"Why, that trollop we sent off for not knowing how to keep her place," said Genevra, indignantly.

"You must be mistaken, surely."

"Indeed, and then I am not, Gertrude. The insolent thing looked at me with an impudent grin, and made a motion as if she were going to speak, but I turned up my nose at her, the forward minx!"

"But what in the world is the meaning of her being in the street with Mr. Illerton?" asked Gertrude, greatly disconcerted.

"I've got my own thoughts about that," said Genevra. "I never had much opinion of him, and as for her, I don't believe she's too good for anything."

But this insinuation by no means quieted the feelings of Gertrude. A cloud settled upon her brow, and she sat, for some time, in gloomy silence.

"He needn't think to come here again, after having been seen in Market Street with a hired girl! I'll insist him if ever he sets his foot in this house, or speaks to me! I vow I will!" This last elegant expression for a lady's tongue was stimulated by Genevra with peculiar energy, while her face warmed with accumulating passion.

"Don't make yourself a fool about it, Genevra," responded Gertrude, testily, for she could not make up her mind to relinquish all hope of Illerton.

This direct thrust called into active play the unruly member of each of the young ladies, which continued for half an hour or more, until one of them was driven from the field.

There happened to be some unusual attraction at

Peale's Museum, in Holiday Street, on that same evening, and Gertrude and Geneva attended, accompanied by a couple of young storekeepers. The museum was well filled. Gertrude and Geneva were quite conspicuous by their loud laughing and talking, and their excessive show of finery. Excepting themselves, there were few who were not plainly attired, and few whose manners and carriage did not stamp them as superior.

"I declare, I never saw such a company of common people together in my life," remarked Geneva to her spruce attendant. "I should really think there were none here but journeymen mechanics' wives, if some of the men did not look so elegant. Now ain't that too common a looking body to be allowed admission here?" she continued, half aloud, indicating with a toss of her reticule a very plain but neatly-dressed lady, who was gracefully leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, and examining with him some beautiful entomological specimens.

"That lady?" replied her attendant, in a tone of surprise. "Why that is the accomplished Mrs. H——!"

"It can't be possible!" responded Geneva, incredulously.

"It is certainly none other, Miss Hardamer, for she is frequently in our store, and is every inch a lady. If pleasant manners, a perfect freedom from all affected airs, and a gentle and amiable disposition, are any indications of a lady, then is she one. I never see her in the store that I do not find my admiration of her character increasing."

The young man spoke with warmth, and Geneva was silent for a short time, and seemed offended.

"If there ain't Mr. Illerton, with that sweet girl on his arm again!" exclaimed Gertrude's young companion, thrown off his guard in his admiration of the face and form of Anne Earnest. "I wonder who she can be? As I live, the other lady on his arm is the rich and accomplished widow of the late Mr. Webster!"

While yet addressing his companion, Illerton, with the two ladies, advanced toward the lady and gentleman, Mr. and Mrs. H——, just mentioned as examining a case of entomological preparations, and, after a friendly greeting between them, Anne was introduced, and received with a cordial smile from Mr. H——, and a warm pressure of the hand and a welcome word from his lady.

Upon all this both Gertrude and Geneva looked with the liveliest astonishment and chagrin. The former was, however, speedily aroused from her state of surprise by her companion, who again said: "I wonder who she can be?"

"I can tell you," said Gertrude, with a sneer upon her lip.

"Who is she, then?—for I should like of all things to know."

"Why, she is no other than our cast-off hired girl," replied Gertrude, maliciously.

"Impossible!" said the young man.

"I tell you it is possible," said Gertrude, in a low

but excited tone; "and her name is Anne Earnest. We turned her out of the house for improper conduct. She's an artful, insinuating piece of goods, and has no doubt imposed upon Mrs. Webster, who will get herself into trouble with her." All this was uttered in a tone expressive of the strongest dislike and enmity toward Anne.

Just at this moment Anne turned her face toward them, and the young man read its pure and lovely expression.

"You must be in error, surely," he said. "An evil mind could never give so innocent an expression as that now beaming upon her face!"

"Let me show you some of these beautiful specimens, Miss Earnest," said Mrs. H—— at this moment, in a voice distinctly heard by both Gertrude and her companion; and placing the arm she had disengaged from that of her husband at the moment of introduction within that of Anne, she drew her toward the case of insects, and was soon busy in pointing out to her the rarest and most beautiful.

"So you see that I know her!" said Gertrude, with an expression of contempt.

The young man was silent, for he could not understand it. From that moment, it so happened that neither Gertrude nor Geneva could go in any direction without being thrown near Illerton and Anne, and finding the latter in familiar association with those in the best society. Mortified and irritated, they left the museum at an early hour, and returned home.

"I shall go crazy!" exclaimed Ike, bounding into the garret on the same night, and turning three or four summersaults on and off of his bed. "I've seen enough to last me for a year!—ha! ha! ha!—whoop! hold me, Tom, or I shall die!"

"You're crazy already, I believe! But what in the name of old Clats is the matter, Ike? Come, out with it!" said Tom.

"Give me half an hour to breathe in, Tom!"

"Nonsense! What is in the wind?"

"I'm afraid it will kill me!" exclaimed Ike, again giving way to a loud explosion of laughter, and rolling from side to side of the bed upon which he had thrown himself.

"Don't be a fool, Ike!" broke in Bill, impatiently. "Let us hear what all this is about."

"Well, I'll try and tell you," said Ike, rising up, and endeavoring to command himself; "but you must let me laugh every now and then, or I shall burst. I went to the museum to-night, and lo! and behold! our beauties down stairs were there, all dressed up to kill, with a couple of counter jumpers dangling at their elbows. Didn't they cut a swath, though? They couldn't see me, no how. But there was somebody else there, too; and who do you think it was? Why, Anne Earnest, with her sweet face, looking more beautiful than ever; and she was hanging on the arm of Mr. Illerton, who was all attention to her!"

"You must be joking, Ike," said Tom, incredulously.

"No, I'm not, though I'm in dead earnest!"

"And did our living beauties see them?"

"See them! Of course they did!"

"And how did they take it? Do say, Ike!"

"Just wait a bit, till I get that far, will you? And there was somebody else along with them, too—Mrs. Webster, the rich lady that she lives with; and she would lean forward toward Anne, every now and then, so kind; and look her in the face when she was speaking, with an expression that said, as plain as words, 'But you are a dear, good girl, Anne, and I love you!'"

"The devil!" ejaculated Bill.

"It's all as true as death, boys! And that ain't all! Mrs. Webster, you know, is tip-top here, and she would every now and then introduce Anne to some lady or gentleman as much above our girls, as the sun is above the moon; and they would treat her as polite, and seem so glad to make her acquaintance!"

"Oh, but that is good!" exclaimed Tom.

"If you'd only seen the grand Mrs. H——," continued Ike, "draw her arm through Anne's, and walk about the museum with her, showing her all the pretty things; and then 'a' seen how struck down in the mouth Gertrude was, and how mad Geneva looked, it would have been something to remember as long as you live. I wouldn't have begrudged five dollars to have seen the show."

"That is elegant!" said Bill.

"I never saw anybody so out," continued Ike. "They were all down in the mouth. And wasn't I glad to see it!"

"Did Anne see you?" asked Tom.

"Once—but I kept out of her way."

"Did she speak to you?" said Bill.

"I wasn't very near; but when she saw me she nodded her head, and smiled so sweetly. It wasn't a sneaking nod and stolen smile, but all earnest and above board."

"It is the best thing that has ever happened!" said Tom. "Our old Queen of Sheba, you know, boys, goes her death on people's finding their level, and keeping it," remarked Ike. "Anne's found her level at last, and I should like to know how many miles it is above the platform upon which she and her young jay-birds stand!"

"It's so high that they'll never reach it, that's certain," said Bill.

So excited were the boys that they sat up until after one o'clock talking over the matter. About this time they were attracted by a sudden burst of music in the street.

"Somebody's serenading our girls, as sure as I'm alive!" said Ike, jumping up and going to the window.

"It seems that all the fools ain't dead yet," quietly remarked Tom, rising more slowly, and taking his station alongside of Ike.

"It's as free for us as for anybody, that's one consolation," added Bill, crowding in between his two worthy associates.

"That's too good music for them," said Ike, after they had all listened, in silence, to a well-played air on three or four instruments; "too good, by half! I could do the business in the right style for them."

"You? Why, you can't play?" said Bill.

"Can't I?" responded Ike. "You've forgotten the sweet music I discoursed for them one night on the lapstone."

"True, true! I had forgotten that," said Bill. "Suppose, Ike, we give 'em a touch one of these dark nights, any how. We could do it, couldn't we?"

"To a charm!" replied Ike, slapping the last speaker upon the shoulder. "That's a grand idea, Bill. Why didn't we think of it before?"

"What instrument can you play on, Ike?" asked Bill.

"Me! Why, I'm hard to beat with the brush and scraper. I used to practise with the chimney-sweeps when I was only knee-high to a dock. I got so I could play almost any tune. Dick, up the alley, will lend me his instruments; and then I'll do my part in all sorts of style. Bet what can you play on, Bill?"

"I've no particular skill in this way; but I think I could manage to do a little on the old saw, with a good new file."

"Capital! But what are you worth, Tom?—are you at all musical?"

In answer to this, the garret was filled with the gruntings of a hog and the squealing of pigs in swinish accompaniment.

"You see I can do a little in the line," remarked Tom, quietly, as the discordant, ear-piercing noise subsided.

"So I should think. You shall lead the orchestra, Tom. But three of us won't make a full band. How shall we fill the vacancies? We want, at least, double our number."

"Leave that to me," said Bill. "I am acquainted with several amateurs, who will cheerfully lend us their valuable aid. For instance, there is Tom Dunn, who is quite *catagorical*, as they say; and Sandy Patterson, who, as a living trombone, is superior to any bloody-noun I ever heard in Stricker's dam. John Neal is a dabster on the conch; and, if others are wanted, I can count three or four more."

"The fuller the band, the better," responded Ike.

"If a good large bull-dog would add anything to the harmony of the music, Sam Miller can bark to any tune."

"Prime, now ain't it?" said Ike, warmly. "When shall we do the thing?"

"The sooner the better," replied Tom.

"Let it be some dark night, about one o'clock, then," said Ike.

"Agreed!" responded the two associates.

The serenade being arranged, the boys retired to bed; but it was a long time before their senses were locked in sleep, for their minds were too actively occupied with their intended exhibition of musical skill.

In about a week they had everything ready to begin. The night was dark and cloudy, and in every

way favorable for the new serenade. They had found four boys besides themselves, as ripe for fun and frolic as they were. To avoid suspicion, our three chaps went up-stairs, talking loud enough to be heard, at ten o'clock, the usual hour of retiring. In the garret they made a clatter of shoes, etc., and then threw themselves upon the beds and rolled about there, that the noise of the rickety bedsteads might be distinctly heard below. It was twelve before they thought it safe to descend from their attic, which was accomplished in a way peculiar to themselves. A long back building was connected with the main building, and from this they could descend to a lower range, connecting with the house below; and from this again to a high wall shutting in the yard of that house from an alley that ran immediately in the rear. In this way they could readily get out and in, without any suspicion being excited in the family, and in this way the three companions in mischief escaped from the house.

Joining their four associates, all armed with their several instruments of music, they held a consultation, and after arranging all preliminaries, and being certain, from his warning cry to all equester and mischief plotters, that the watchman was making the best of his way to the other end of his beat, and would not pass there again for the next hour, they stole quietly around in front, and arranged themselves before the house. It was by this time nigh on to one o'clock, and as it was a very dark and cloudy night, there were no persons in the street.

"One at a time, to prepare for the full chorus of instruments," said Ike. "Strike up, Tom!"

Instantly the air was filled with a combination of grunting and squealing, that seemed to come from half a dozen alarmed swinish mothers and their hungry offspring. Then came half a dozen musical sounds from Ike's brush and straper, clear and distinct.

"Now, Bill!" said the leader.

And Bill's saw and file set every dog's teeth in the whole neighborhood on edge, and waked them up just enough to answer promptly Sam Miller's real bull-dog bark, that was responded to by Tom Dunn in a caterwaul, that seemed like the dying confession of some old roof-scrambler.

"Bloody now! bloody now! bloody now! chip!" rose clear and fall, as the last note of feline distress died away in the distance. This was succeeded by three or four blasts from John Neal's conch shell.

Bill's new-fangled violin, as he called it, startled every sleeper in the house, and before the final blast on the conch, preparatory to the full chorus, several windows were thrown open, and half a dozen old and young Hardamers were straining their eyes into the darkness.

"Now give it to 'em, free and easy, boys!" said Ike, and away they went, making a most diabolical combination of sounds. Clear and distinct above the whole, and at regular intervals, would come in "bloody now! bloody now!" always accompanied with the deep-toned bull-dog bark, and winding off

with a most ear-piercing feline scream. Steadily, and with a most unmusical, nerve-thrilling screech, did Bill work away upon his old saw, but by all his efforts he could not drown the ringing noise of Ike's brush and straper. For full ten minutes they continued their serenade, without a moment's cessation. At the end of that time, Hardamer sallied out of his front door, armed with an old musket. This apparition brought on the *finale*, and then there was a separation, in different ways, of the whole band of serenaders, who scampered off in double quick time.

Hurrying around the square and up the alley, as fast as they could, our three young rebels scrambled up the roofs of the different houses, in their way to their garret, and made an entrance there in three minutes from the time Hardamer had dispersed the band. Rapidly disrobing themselves, they beat a quick retreat to bed, and were, to all appearances, sound asleep, when their master, whose suspicions had been aroused, came up into the garret. His finding them all stowed snugly away puzzled him a good deal, but their presence there was conclusive of their innocence, and so he withdrew without a word. "Old Lignumvite was just too late," whispered Ike.

"We've made a narrow escape, I'm thinking," said Tom.

"Wouldn't we have had a tea-party, though, if old Lignumvite'd got here before us?" added Bill. "He'd never forgiven that. But I wonder how the Misses Hardamer were pleased? I hope they didn't faint under the operation."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHANGES OF A YEAR.

WE change the scene now to a farm-house in Virginia. It is small and neat, and stands on a slight eminence, overlooking on either side a well-cultivated farm of some five hundred acres. A negro quarter stands at the distance of about a hundred yards, in and about which are a dozen blacks—men, women and children. An elderly man is walking backward and forward before the door of the dwelling, in the cool of the evening, and by his side is a young man, in earnest conversation with him. Sometimes the elder of the two walks forward rapidly, and sometimes pauses and looks into the face of his companion with an expression of painful surprise. Both are dressed in the ordinary, coarse, everyday clothing of working farmers. Let us approach them. The old man is speaking.

"How could you keep this so long from me, William?"

"I have not had the heart to mention it, father. My wrong-doings so distressed you, that I dared not mention them, with an oppressive sense of duty forced from me the unwilling confession."

"And you have not heard from her during all the past year?"

"Never once. I left her without even an intimation of my intention to go away. She knows not

whether I am dead or alive. And I am as ignorant of her condition."

"Oh, my soul! how could you find it in your heart to act thus?"

"No one knows, father, how far from right principles he may be led, until he begins to allow his feet to diverge from the ways of rectitude. I wasted the money your labor procured for me; became involved in debt, and married to obtain money to extricate myself from my difficulties. The father of my wife, displeased with our marriage, which was a secret one, would have nothing to do with us; and, heartily disliking the woman I had married, I left her to her fate. No doubt her father received her as soon as he was sure I had left the city."

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated the old man, clasping his hands, and lifting his eyes upward.

"It was a wicked thing, father," responded the young man, in a subdued tone; "but, if not too late, I would gladly retrace some of my steps."

"It is never too late, my son, to make the effort to repair our wrong-doings. You must go at once to Baltimore, and bring home your wife."

"That is just what I wish to do. I cannot say that I ever had any affection for her; but duty, now, must take the place of love."

"Under any circumstances, we must do our duty," said the father. "I'm afraid this will almost break your mother's heart. In all your wandering from right, she never thought you capable of such an act. But I must break it to her this evening, for to-morrow you must leave for Baltimore. Not a day should be lost, for no one can tell what a day may bring forth."

Both now entered the house, and the mother met them at the door. Her eye had often turned toward them from the window, with an expression of concern, while they walked before she; hence, for she saw that they were conversing on some subject of painful interest; and now she looked into each face with a glance of earnest inquiry. The young man could not withstand that look, for the tears filled his eyes, and he passed her hurriedly.

"Let me know all, John," said the mother, looking into her husband's face with an appealing expression. "It is better that I should know all."

"Perhaps it is," said the old man. "Our William married more than a year ago, and deserted his young wife in a few weeks."

"Father of mercy!" she ejaculated, in a low, subdued tone of voice, lifting upward her aged eyes, and clasping her hands together. The young man saw the movement from the adjoining room, and understood its meaning too well. Covering his face with his hands, he leaned against the wall and groaned aloud. That groan of deep and heart-aching distress reached the mother's ears, and turned the tide of her feelings. Instantly she went in to him, and, taking his hand, said, in a broken voice, while the tears rained down her time-furrowed cheeks, "My son, the past cannot be recalled; but the present, must do all that can be done to atone for the

past. Who, or what is the woman you have married?"

"Not such a woman as I ought to have made the daughter of so good a mother. But, she is respectable, moves in good society, and her father is rich."

"Then, William, how could you desert her?"

"Because I married her like a villain—only for her money. Failing to get that from her prudent old father, who was displeased at the marriage, I left her."

"Oh, my son!" replied his mother, greatly moved, "what a world of trouble have you brought upon yourself. But, I trust it is not yet too late to repair, in some degree, the injury you have done. You must go for her, and bring her home, if she will return with you."

"That is just what I wish to do. But you will not find her, I fear, all that you could wish. She is the eldest of three grown-up sisters, who have been raised in idleness, are poorly educated in anything substantial, and full of false notions. They are proud and egotistical, and, of course, weak-minded."

"Let us hope that a year of painful disappointment may have greatly changed her. Troubles do wonders for us sometimes."

"True, mother, for I am a living witness of their efficacy."

"I think your father should go with you. You have deceived the family once, and her father would not wisely to put no further confidence in you," said the mother.

"She is right," responded the father. "But I cannot be ready for several days."

"Then I had better wait, father, for I fear to go alone, lest she refuses to return with me."

The reader, of course, recognizes in this family that of Anderson, who married Genevieve Hardamer. He had gone off to the South, and his money very soon becoming exhausted, he joined a club of gamblers, and lived upon the dishonest gains of his craft, for six or seven months, when he was taken down with a Southern fever. From this he recovered after great and protracted suffering, a changed man; at least, so far as intention was concerned. He immediately returned home, and joined his father in the honest toil of a farmer. Gradually his better feelings gained strength, and he continued to bring out into action what he saw to be right, at the same time steadily resisting his strong desires. Finally, he saw it to be his duty to return to his wife, and, acting out the principle of obedience, he made known to his father the painful secret that was weighing upon his mind.

A single year will often work wonderful changes. We have advanced the reader a full twelvemonth in the history of Anderson—let us go back and bring up the rest of our characters.

The novel astraddle which had been given for the benefit of Misses Gertrude and Geneva did not fall upon their ears alone. The knowledge of the circumstance spread, and soon became known far and near as an excellent piece of fun. Nor did they escape

the annoyance of its being known, for there are always in society those who delight in telling unpleasant news, and several of these individuals were among the young ladies' acquaintances, and took especial pains to let them know all that was said about it in connection with their names. The mortification was to them a terrible one.

Gertrude insisted upon it that Tom was one of the company, for it was a well-known fact, she urged, that he could imitate the squealing of pigs to perfection.

"That may all be true enough," her father would reply, who had his own suspicions and his own reasons for not wishing them confirmed; "but I found Tom in bed when I went up into the garret directly after. How could he have been there and in the street at the same time?"

"But Millie says," she replied, one day, after this oft-repeated answer, "that Tom and the other boys are out until twelve o'clock almost every night, and that they climb up on the roof of the back building, and get into the garret-window when they come home. I have no doubt but that he came in that way after his outrageous conduct, and got into bed before you thought of going into the garret."

"Does Milly say that?" asked her father, quickly.

"Yes, indeed, she does."

"Call her up!" he said.

Millie soon made her appearance.

"Did you say that the boys were out almost every night until twelve and one o'clock, and that they get in by climbing up over the back building?" said Hardamer, sternly.

Millie looked at Gertrude and hesitated.

"Do you hear, you black wench?" he said, angrily.

"I believe or did say so," replied Millie.

"You believe you did! Don't you know that you did, he?"

"Perhaps I did. But I only thought so," said Millie, who had no wish to become an informer against the boys.

"What right had you to think so, he?" said her master.

"I don't, sir," responded Millie, with a most milly expression and tone.

"Clear out into the kitchen, you stupid hussy, you!" said Hardamer, in a loud, passionate voice, assuming, at the same time, a threatening attitude.

Millie retreated in confusion to her own part of the house.

"I don't make anything out of this," resumed Hardamer; "but I'll catch 'em at their capture, if they cut any."

And so saying, he went down stairs into the shop. It was just about half-past three o'clock, and as he entered the back door another entered the front door of his shop, and presented him with a protest. It was a note of five thousand dollars, which he had indorsed for a large shoe-dealer up town, and was the first of five, all of which would mature in the course of the next sixty days.

"Have you heard the news?" asked a neighbor, stepping in at the moment. "Mr. —, the large shoe-dealer, has failed; and it is said to be a desperate bad one, too. He won't be able to pay over fifty cents in the dollar."

"Then I'm a ruined man!" exclaimed Hardamer, sinking back upon a chair.

The rumor was too true. Within the next two months Hardamer's property was thrown into market, and forced sales effected at ruinous prices. His credit was saved, but it was at the expense of nearly all he was worth. Common estimation had named his property far above its real value. His daughters had looked upon it as almost inexhaustible. But a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars, or rather, a sacrifice of property, valued at forty thousand dollars, took nearly everything he was worth.

To be thrown back thus, at his age, with a large family, tended in no degree to soothe a temper naturally overbearing and irritable. All he now had left was the house in which was his shop and dwelling, his stock of boots, shoes, leather, etc., and about one thousand dollars in turnpike-road stock, twenty per cent. below par. To this scrip he had been holding on for the last three years, in hopes that it would rise to par, but now a pressing demand for money in his business required him to sell, just as there was some indication of an improvement—and eight hundred dollars were received for what originally cost him one thousand.

Before selling, however, he made an effort to raise a few hundred dollars, in hopes that the stock would go up speedily. Waiting upon an old friend, between whom and himself had passed numerous business favors during the ten years previous, he asked him for the loan of a note of five hundred dollars.

"H-h-ham, Mr. Hardamer! What sec—" and the old friend paused as if unwilling to utter the word.

"Security, did you mean to say, sir?" asked Hardamer, his face flushed and his eyes sparkling.

"Ye-ye-yes, Mr. Hardamer, that is what I meant to say. Things have changed a little of late. We have to be cautious, you know."

"I want to know, sir, if you mean to say, that because I am unfortunate, I am no longer honest?" said Hardamer, placing himself before his old friend, and looking him squarely in the face.

"No, I did not mean to say any such thing," he replied, much embarrassed. "But you are too sensitive; you cannot, reasonably, expect to get favors, now you are reduced, such as were readily extended to you before the failure that stripped you of nearly everything."

Hardamer looked him a moment in the face with a strong expression of contempt, and turning upon his heel, left the store without uttering a word in reply.

Returning to his shop, he determined to sell his scrip at once. But the necessity for losing two hundred dollars on it, was by no means a pleasant idea, and he finally concluded to wait upon a certain in-

dividual who could always procure a loan, on good security, for a consideration.

"I want five hundred dollars," said Hardamer, entering the office of this certain individual, in the neighborhood of the Exchange.

"I don't know what to say, Mr. Hardamer; money's dreadful tight just now," replied the broker, who knew the real strength of every business man in town.

"Well, what if it is tight?" said the applicant, pettishly; "I've good security to offer."

"Whose note is it?" asked the broker, in an indifferent tone.

"It's to be my own note, with collateral in the shape of ten shares of — Turnpike Road Stock."

"That stock's poor stuff!" remarked the broker, in a calm, indifferent tone.

"It is worth eighty dollars now, and is rising," said Hardamer.

"You couldn't force a sale at seventy," replied the broker.

"Why, it's quoted at eighty-one this morning."

The broker compressed his lips, turned up his nasal protuberance a little, and gave his head a knowing toss.

"What do you mean by that?" asked Hardamer, a little irritated.

"It's all a gull!" said the broker. "There isn't a particle of rise—in fact, the market has a downward tendency."

"Well, up or down, Mr. Centum, will you lend me five hundred dollars for sixty days on this security?" said Hardamer, decidedly.

"I'm afraid of it," replied Mr. Centum.

"Then I must bid you good-morning," said Hardamer, rising.

As he was about leaving the door, the broker, who had walked out with him, remarked, in a quiet, careless tone, that he knew a man who might, probably, loan on it; and that if he was particularly in want of the money, he would try and make the negotiation for him as a personal favor.

The bait took. Hardamer expressed his gratitude for the kind offer, and promised to call in an hour. In an hour he was again at the office of Mr. Centum.

"Well, what was the result of your application?" he asked, with evident anxiety.

"He didn't seem much inclined," replied the broker, coldly. "Has no confidence in the security."

"Why, I am sure the security is safe and ample."

"You may think so, but he don't," replied Mr. Centum. "However, I saw an old chap who does things in this line whenever he can make a good operation. He's willing to make the loan, but I'm afraid the terms are too hard. The old fellow hasn't much conscience left."

"Well, what does he ask?" inquired Hardamer, with nervous impatience.

"I almost hate to name it," said the broker. "He offers to let you have four hundred and fifty dollars for sixty days, for your note of five hundred dollars, secured by a provisional transfer of the stock."

"That's five per cent. a month! You are not in earnest, certainly!" exclaimed Hardamer, in indignant astonishment.

"Yes, I am, I do assure you. That is the best I can do for you; but it is a ruinous discount," said Mr. Centum, sympathisingly.

"I'll sell my stock first!" responded Hardamer, warmly. "I'm not going to be swindled in that way!"

"Perhaps, in the course of to-morrow, I might be able to do something better for you," said the broker, who found that he had attempted to go rather too deep into his customer.

On the next day Hardamer called on him again.

"Do things look any brighter to-day?" he said, putting on as cheerful a countenance as possible.

"I've seen several persons since yesterday," replied Mr. Centum, "and the best I can do for you is four per cent. a month, besides my commissions."

Hardamer turned on his heel and left the office. That day he sold his stock for eight hundred dollars. The money realized on this sale was soon exhausted in the payment of sundry regular business notes. Others were still out. To meet these now became a serious matter; for, although his business continued good, his expenses were very heavy, causing a constant and large drain of money. His ledger showed a fair balance of "good accounts;" but every tradesman knows how much to calculate upon "good accounts" in a time of need.

It was about two months from the time of his first interview with the broker, that Hardamer found the due-day of a note drawn for three hundred dollars approaching with unwelcome rapidity. All that he could do in the way of pushing collections among his numerous good customers, availed but little in making up the desired amount. His attempt to borrow a note from an old business friend had convinced him that his fair reputation had departed with his money, and his proud spirit turned from the idea of again asking a favor of any one, and running the risk of refusal and insult. But time rolled on, even until the day of payment, and he was still short about one hundred and fifty dollars. All attempts to force collections farther for that day were abandoned about twelve o'clock, and still the amount wanted was no less. Having always managed his business with great prudence, he had rarely been required to raise funds when a note fell due, and in the few instances that it had occurred he was at no loss to find plenty of persons to accommodate him. Of course he was now in a state of great uneasiness. Restless and excited, he paced the narrow avenue behind his counter, backward and forward, laboring in thought for some expedient by which he could rescue his note from its threatened danger. Suddenly passing, he leaned upon the counter, with his head between his hands, and remained in that position for nearly ten minutes.

"It must be done!" he said, in a low, sad voice; and turning to his desk, he drew a check for one hundred and seventy dollars, dated fifteen days

ahead, and putting it into his pocket-book, went out, and proceeded to the office of Mr. Centum.

That individual he found sitting in his office, with his legs upon the table, and a newspaper held before his face, as if reading; but his eyes were with his thoughts, and they had more to do with the omnipotent dollar than with the news of the day.

"How are you to-day, Hardamer?" he said, with an air of importance, not even rising from his chair, or changing his position.

"Pretty well, I thank you," replied Hardamer, somewhat meekly. "Can you do anything with this for me?" presenting his check.

The broker looked at it a moment, and shook his head.

"I'm afraid not," he said, indifferently. "If it was a good business note, I could get it done for you easily, at the rate of two per cent. a month. But people are afraid of checks. Besides, you know, your credit is not what it used to be. There was a time when anything with your name on it was as good as gold; but now it is very different. Do you want the money badly?"

"Indeed, I do!" replied Hardamer, earnestly. "If I don't get it before three it'll be all over with me."

This communication was particularly gratifying to the broker.

"Don't you think you can get it for me?" asked Hardamer, appealingly. "You don't know how much you will oblige me!"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," replied Mr. Centum. "But I am somewhat doubtful. I am willing to try, however, and will do my best. Leave me the check, and call at half-past one."

"I will be here to the minute," said Hardamer, handing over the check. "Do your very best to get it for me, Mr. Centum."

"I will, most certainly. Good-morning, Mr. Hardamer."

As soon as his intended victim had departed, the broker took from the drawer a long, narrow piece of paper, dated upon that day, upon which were two columns of figures and a column of names. The names indicated the drawers or indorsers of notes; the first column the "face" of the notes, and the last column the amount of "share" or surplus interest, obtained upon them. Without hesitation, he added the name of Hardamer, entered the check, one hundred and seventy dollars, fifteen days, and in the last column extended ten dollars. Then, scanning up this last column rapidly, he ascertained its amount to be fifty dollars.

"Pretty fair, that, by twelve o'clock!" he soliloquized; "forty of it in hand, and old Hardamer's as sure as if I had it in my fingers. Let me see how my bank account holds out!"

Turning to his check-book, he entered the last check on the margin, and subtracting it from the preceding amount, closed the book with a smile of satisfaction.

"Twenty thousand all safe!" he said, meaningly, "and five thousand sure to be paid in before three

o'clock. I shall be flush to-morrow. Old Hardamer's getting into trouble; but he's honest to the back-bone, and owns the property he occupies, all in fee simple. He'd sell his coat before he'd wrong any one out of a dollar. I must keep my eye on him. If I manage him rightly, he'll be worth to me a cool thousand, before he's all done for. I must turn him round gently until I get him completely into my power, and then go it on him strong. It takes me to do the thing neatly!" and he laughed to himself, with a low, peculiar, chuckling laugh.

At half-past one precisely, Hardamer entered the broker's office. Just five minutes before that time Mr. Centum stepped out, and circling the square at a quick pace, returned as Hardamer entered.

"Well, what's the word?" asked Hardamer, affecting an air of indifference, while his heart beat violently, and he felt a slight tremor all over.

"I've been running about ever since for you," said the broker, panting as naturally, and wiping off the perspiration as earnestly as if he were in a great heat from over-exertion and fatigue, "and found a man at last who has a little money by him. He says he will do it for you. He was somewhat fearful at first, but I told him you were as good as gold, and he got to the back-bone!"

"Thank you! thank you!" responded Hardamer, warmly. "How much did he charge?"

"Ten dollars. It's a good deal, I know; but the man who took it never will enter into any operation for less than ten dollars. I can't charge my commission on this—it would be too hard upon you."

"I can do no better now, of course," said Hardamer, who gladly accepted of one hundred and sixty dollars for his check, although the rate of discount was over one hundred per cent. per annum. Still, it was only a single transaction, and the loss was but ten dollars. "And who wouldn't sacrifice ten dollars," he said to himself, as he walked toward the bank, "to have his note safely out, and his mind at ease."

(To be continued.)

OCCUPATION.—What a glorious thing for the human heart! Those who work hard seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own fears, wearing the thin shadow that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When trouble flows upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves, and wrestle not with the torrent, rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threatened to overwhelm you with a thousand channels, which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers, that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow-man.

THE POLICY DRUNKARD.

FROM "CAST ADRIET," BY T. S. ARTHUR.

ON leaving the room of this professional receiver of stolen goods, Pinky and her friend descended to the second story, and by a door which had been cut through into the adjoining property passed to the rear building of the house next door. They found themselves on a landing, or little square hall, with a stairway passing down to the lower story and another leading to the room above. A number of persons were going up and coming down—a forlorn set, for the most part, of all sexes, ages and colors. Those who were going up appeared eager and hopeful, while those who were coming down looked disappointed, sorrowful, angry or desperate. There was a "policy-shop" in one of the rooms above, and these were some of its miserable customers. It was the hour when the morning drawings of the lotteries were received at the office, or "shop," and the poor infatuated dupes who had bet on their favorite "rows" were crowding in to learn the result.

Poor old men and women in scant or wretched clothing, young girls with faces marred by evil, blotched and bloated creatures of both sexes, with little that was human in their countenances, except the bare features, boys and girls not yet in their teens, but old in vice and crime, and drunkards with shaking nerves,—all these were going up in hope and coming down in disappointment. Here and there was one of a different quality, a scantily-dressed woman with a thin, wasted face and hollow eyes, who had been fighting the wolf and keeping fast hold of her integrity, or a tender, innocent-looking girl, the messenger of a weak and shiftless mother, or a pale, bright-eyed boy whose much-worn but clean and well-kept garments gave sad evidence of a home out of which prop and stay had been removed. The strong and the weak, the pure and the defiled, were there. A poor washerwoman who in a moment of weakness has pawned the garments entrusted to her care, that she might venture upon a "row" of which she had dreamed, comes shrinking down with a pale, frightened face, and the bitterness of despair in her heart. She has lost. What then? She has no friend from whom she can borrow enough money to redeem the clothing, and if it is not taken home, she may be arrested as a thief and sent to prison. She goes away, and temptation lies close at her feet. It is her extremity and the evil one's opportunity. So far she has kept herself pure, but the disgrace of a public prosecution and a sentence to prison are terrible things to contemplate. She is in peril of her soul. God help her!

Who is this dressed in rusty black garments and closely veiled, who comes up from the restaurant, one of the convenient and unsuspected entrances to this robber's den?—for a "policy-shop" is simply a robbery shop, and is so regarded by the law, which sets a penalty upon the "writer" and the "backer"

as upon other criminals. But who is this veiled woman in faded mourning garments who comes gliding as noiselessly as a ghost out from one of the rooms of the restaurant, and along the narrow entry leading to the stairway, now so thronged with visitors? Every day she comes and goes, no one seeing her face, and every day, with rare exceptions, her steps are slower and her form visibly more shrunken when she goes out than when she comes in. She is a broken-down gentlewoman, the widow of an officer, who left her at his death a moderate fortune, and quite sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of herself and two nearly grown-up daughters. But she had lived at the South, and there acquired a taste for lottery gambling. During her husband's lifetime she wasted considerable money in lottery tickets, once or twice drawing small prizes, but like all lottery dupes spending a hundred dollars for one gained. The thing had become a sort of mania with her. She thought so much of prizes and drawn numbers through the day that she dreamed of them all night. She had a memorandum-book in which were all the combinations she had ever heard of as taking prizes. It contained page after page of lucky numbers and fancy "rows," and was oftener in her hand than any other book.

There being no public sale of lottery tickets in Northern cities, this weak and infatuated woman found out where some of the "policy-shops" were kept, and instead of buying tickets, as before, risked her money on numbers that might or might not come out of the wheel in lotteries said to be drawn in certain Southern States, but chiefly in Kentucky. The numbers rarely if ever came out. The chances were too remote. After her husband's death she began fretting over the smallness of her income. It was not sufficient to give her daughters the advantages she desired them to have, and she knew of but one way to increase it. That way was through the policy-shops. So she gave her whole mind to this business, with as much earnestness and self-absorption as a merchant gives himself to trade. She had a dream-book, gotten up especially for policy buyers, and consulted it as regularly as a merchant does his price-current or a broker the sales of stock. Every day she bet on some "row" or series of "rows," rarely venturing less than five dollars, and sometimes, when she felt more than usually confident, laying down a twenty-dollar bill, for the "hit" when made gave from fifty to two hundred dollars for each dollar put down, varying according to the nature of the combinations. So the more faith a policy buyer had in his "row," the larger the venture he would feel inclined to make.

Usually it went all one way with the infatuated lady. Day after day she ventured, and day after day she lost, until from hundreds the sums she was

spending had aggregated themselves into thousands. She changed from one policy-shop to another, hoping for better luck. It was her business to find them out, and this she was able to do by questioning some of those whom she met at the shops. One of these was in a building on a principal street, the second story of which was occupied by a milliner. It was visited mostly by ladies, who could pass in from the street, no one suspecting their errand. Another was in the attic of a house in which were many offices and places of business, with people going in and coming out all the while, none but the initiated being in the secret; while another was to be found in the rear of a photograph gallery. Every day and often twice a day, as punctually as any man of business, did this lady make her calls at one and another of these policy-offices to get the drawings or make new ventures. At remote intervals she would make a "hit"; once she drew twenty dollars, and once fifty. But for these small gains she had paid thousands of dollars.

After a "hit" the betting on numbers would be bolder. Once she selected what was known as a "lucky row," and determined to double on it until it came out a prize. She began by putting down fifty cents. On the next day she put down a dollar upon the same combination, losing, of course. Two dollars were ventured on the next day; and so she went on doubling, until, in her desperate infatuation, she doubled for the ninth time, putting down two hundred and fifty-six dollars.

If successful now, she would draw over twenty-five thousand dollars. There was no sleep for the poor lady during the night that followed. She walked the floor of her chamber in a state of intense nervous excitement, sometimes in a condition of high hope and confidence and sometimes haunted by demons of despair. She sold five shares of stock on which she had been receiving an annual dividend of ten per cent., in order to get funds for this desperate gambling venture, in which over five hundred dollars had now been absorbed.

Pale and nervous, she made her appearance at the breakfast-table on the next morning, unable to take a mouthful of food. It was in vain that her anxious daughters urged her to eat.

A little after twelve o'clock she was at the policy-office. The drawn numbers for the morning were already in. Her combination was 4, 10, 40. With an eagerness that could not be repressed, she caught up the slip of paper containing the thirteen numbers out of seventy-five, which purported to have been drawn that morning somewhere in "Kentucky," and reported by telegraph—caught it up with hands that shook so violently that she could not read the figures. She had to lay the piece of paper down upon the little counter before which she stood, in order that it might be still, so that she could read her fate.

The first drawn number was 4. What a wild leap her heart gave! The next was 24; the next 8; the next 70; the next 41, and the next 39. Her heart

grew almost still; the pressure as of a great hand was on her bosom. 10 came next. Two numbers of her row were out. A quiver of excitement ran through her frame. She caught up the paper, but it shook as before, so that she could not see the figures. Dashing it back upon the counter, and holding it down almost violently, she bent over, with eyes starting from their sockets, and read the line of figures to the end, then sank over upon the counter with a groan, and lay there half fainting and too weak to lift herself up. If the 40 had been there, she would have made a hit of twenty-five thousand dollars. But the 40 was not there, and this made all the difference.

"Once more," said the policy-dealer, in a tone of encouragement, as he bent over the miserable woman. "Yesterday, 4 came out; to-day, 4, 10; to-morrow will be the lucky chance; 4, 10, 40 will surely be drawn. I never knew this order to fail. If it had been 10 first, and then 4, 10, or 10, 4, I would not advise you to go on. But 4, 10, 40 will be drawn to-morrow as sure as fate."

"What numbers did you say? 4, 10, 40?" asked an old man, ragged and bloated, who came shuffling in as the last remark was made.

"Yes," answered the dealer. "This lady has been doubling, and as the chances go, her row is certain to make a hit to-morrow."

"Ha! What's the row? 4, 10, 40?"

"Yes."

The old man fumbled in his pocket, and brought out ten cents.

"I'll go that on the row. Give me a piece."

The dealer took a narrow slip of paper and wrote on it the date, the sum risked and the combination of figures, and handed it to the old man, saying, "Come here to-morrow; and if the bottom of the world doesn't drop out, you'll find ten dollars waiting for you."

Two or three others were in by this time, eager to look over the list of drawn numbers and to make new bets.

"Glory!" cried one of them, a vile-looking young woman, and she commenced dancing about the room.

All was excitement now. "A hit! a hit!" was cried. "How much? how much?" and they gathered to the little counter and desk of the policy-dealer.

"1, 2, 3," cried the girl, dancing about and waving her little slip of paper over her head. "I knew it would come—dreamed of them numbers three nights hand running! Hand over the money, old chap! Fifteen dollars for fifteen cents! That's the go!"

The policy-dealer took the girl's "piece," and after comparing it with the record of drawn numbers, said, in a pleased voice, "All right! A hit, sure enough. You're in luck to-day."

The girl took the money, that was promptly paid down, and as she counted it over, the dealer remarked, "There's a doubling game going on, and it's to be up to-morrow, sure."

"What's the row?" inquired the girl.

"4, 10, 40," said the dealer.

"Then count me in," and she laid down five dollars on the counter.

"Take my advice and go ten," urged the policy-dealer.

"No, thank you! I shouldn't know what to do with more than five hundred dollars. I'll only go five dollars this time."

The "writer," as a policy-seller is called, took the money and gave the usual written slip of paper containing the selected numbers; loudly proclaiming her good luck, the girl then went away. She was an accomplice to whom a "piece" had been secretly given after the drawn numbers were in.

Of course this hit was the sensation of the day among the policy-buyers at that office, and brought in large gains.

The wretched woman who had just seen five hundred dollars vanish into nothing instead of becoming as under the wand of an enchanter, a great heap of gold, listened in a kind of maze to what passed around her—listened and let the tempter get to her ear again. She went away, stooping in her gait as one bearing a heavy burden. Before an hour had passed hope had lifted her again into confidence. She had to make but one venture more, to double on the risk of the day previous, and secure a fortune that would make both herself and her daughters independent for life.

Another sale of good stocks, another gambling venture and another loss, swelling the aggregate in this wild and hopeless "doubling" experiment to over a thousand dollars.

But she was not cured. As regularly as a drunkard goes to the bar went she to the policy-shops, every day her fortune growing less. Poverty began to pinch. The house in which she lived with her daughters was sold, and the unhappy family shrunk into a single room in a third-rate boarding-house. But their income soon became insufficient to meet the weekly demand for board. Long before this the daughters had sought for something to do by which to earn a little money. Pride struggled hard with them, but necessity was stronger than pride.

We finish the story in a few words. In a moment of weakness, with want and hard work staring her in the face, one of the daughters married a man who broke her heart and buried her in less than two years. The other, a weak and sickly girl, got a situation as day governess in the family of an old friend of her father's, where she was kindly treated, but she lived only a short time after her sister's death.

And still there was no abatement of the mother's infatuation. She was more than half insane on the subject of policy gambling, and confident of yet retrieving her fortunes.

At the time Pinky Swett and her friend in evil saw her come gliding up from the restaurant in faded mourning garments and closely veiled, she was living

alone in a small, meagrely-furnished room, and cooking her own food. Everything left to her at her husband's death was gone. She earned a dollar or two each week by making shirts and drawers for the slop-shops, spending every cent of this in policies. A few old friends who pitied her, but did not know of the vice in which she indulged, paid her rent and made occasional contributions for her support. All of these contributions, beyond the amount required for a very limited supply of food, went to the policy-shops. It was a mystery to her friends how she had managed to waste the handsome property left by her husband, but no one suspected the truth.

"Who's that, I wonder?" asked Nell Peter as the dark, closely-veiled figure glided past them on the stairs.

"Oh, she's a policy-drunkard," answered Pinky, loud enough to be heard by the woman, who, as if surprised or alarmed, stopped and turned her head, her veil falling partly away, and disclosing features so pale and wasted that she looked more like a ghost than living flesh and blood. There was a strange gleam in her eyes. She paused only for an instant, but her steps were slower as she went on climbing the steep and narrow stairs that led to the policy-office.

"Good gracious, Pinky! did you ever see such a face?" exclaimed Nell Peter. "It's a walking ghost, I should say, and no woman at all."

"Oh, I've seen lots of 'em," answered Pinky. "She's a policy-drunkard. Bad as drinking when it once gets hold of 'em. They tiddle all the time, sell anything, beg, borrow, steal or starve themselves to get money to buy policies. She's one of 'em that's starving."

By this time they had reached the policy-office. It was in a small room on the third floor of the back building, yet as well known to the police of the district as if had been on the front street. One of these public guardians soon after his appointment through political influence, and while some wholesome sense of duty and moral responsibility yet remained, caused the "writer" in this particular office to be arrested. He thought that he had done a good thing, and looked for approval and encouragement. But to his surprise and chagrin he found that he had blundered. The case got no farther than the alderman's. Just how it was managed he did not know, but it was managed, and the business of the office went on as before.

A little light came to him soon after, on meeting a prominent politician to whom he was chiefly indebted for his appointment. Said this individual, with a look of warning and a threat in his voice, "See here, my good fellow; I'm told that you've been going out of your way and meddling with the policy-dealers. Take my advice, and mind your own business. If you don't, it will be all day with you. There isn't a man in town strong enough to fight this thing, so you'd better let it alone."

And he did let it alone. He had a wife and

three little children, and couldn't afford to lose his place. So he minded his own business, and let it alone.

Pinky and her friend entered this small third-story back room. Behind a narrow, unpainted counter, having a desk at one end, stood a middle-aged man, with dark, restless eyes that rarely looked you in the face. He wore a thick but rather closely-cut beard and mustache. The police knew him very well; so did the criminal lawyers, when he happened to come in their way; so did the officials of two or three State prisons in which he had served out partial sentences. He was too valuable to political "rings" and associations antagonistic to moral and social well-being to be left idle in the cell of a penitentiary for the whole term of a commitment. Politicians have great influence, and governors are human.

On the walls of the room were pasted a few pictures cut from the illustrated papers, some of them portraits of leading politicians, and some of them portraits of noted pugilists and sporting-men. The picture of a certain judge, who had made himself obnoxious to the fraternity of criminals by his severe

sentences, was turned upside down. There was neither table nor chair in the room.

The woman in black had passed in just before the girls, and was waiting her turn to examine the drawn numbers. She had not tasted food since the day before, having ventured her only dime on a policy, and was feeling strangely faint and bewildered. She did not have to wait long. It was the old story. Her combination had not come out, and she was starving. As she moved back toward the door she staggered a little. Pinky, who had become curious about her, noticed this, and watched her as she went out.

"It's about up with the old lady, I guess," she said to her companion, with an unfeeling laugh.

And she was right. On the next morning the poor old woman was found dead in her room, and those who prepared her for burial said that she was wasted to a skeleton. She had, in fact, starved herself in her infatuation, spending day after day in policies what she should have spent for food. Pinky's strange remark was but too true. She had become a policy-drunkard—a vice almost as disastrous in its effects as its kindred vice, intemperance, though less brutalizing and less openly indulged.

THE TURKISH BATH.

WE have always had a latent suspicion that a Turkish bath was not all that it pretends to be, and our impression gains some strength from the testimony of two modern travellers who have given their personal experiences in relation thereto; the late Rev. Norman Macleod, in his charming book of travels, "Eastward;" and Mark Twain, in his "Innocents Abroad." There is a singular agreement in the two narratives. First, Mr. Macleod:

A Turkish bath seems to me to be a most fitting conclusion to sight-seeing like this, in such hot weather, too. I know not, as yet, what that institution may be in London, but having endeavored to enjoy the luxury in three places—Moscow, Cairo and Damascus—and all of them being much alike in their essential features, I frankly confess that I had no wish to try the experiment again in "foreign lands." The description of one—though I cannot quite separate in my memory some of the details of the Cairo and Damascus hot-water-and-soap establishments—will serve for all.

We inquired for the best bath in the city; and our intelligent guide, Hassan, the sheik of all donkey-boys about Shepherd's Hotel—a man who, from his intercourse with the English, is assumed to have some knowledge of Western civilisation—assured us, as we were about to enter one of those boiler-houses, that it was the best in Cairo, where "all de lords Ingleso go." We bowed and entered. The outside looked very shabby. The first room was a large apartment with an uneven floor, flagged with stone-marble, of a sort, I believe. It wore a singularly

liquid look, and had about it a general air of hazy, foggy damp. Hanging from the roof were innumerable long sheets drying. One end of the room was elevated, and was reached by a few steps; and on this upper floor were a series of couches, seemingly very clean, on which the half-bottled bathers reclined, smoking narghiles, and radiating forth their heat into space, thereby producing dew. To this dais we were led, and requested to undress. The genius of the place appeared in the form of an old man, evaporated into skin and bone, with a solitary tuft of hair on his head, a wet towel round his loins, and his whole body dripping. I started when I saw him—I did not know why, unless I recognized in him the image of Father Time, as pictured in tracts and almanacs, but fortunately wanting the scythe. Delivering our valuables to a patriarchal individual who sat cross-legged in a corner, we were wrapped in a sheet and led out by Time, accompanied by Leap Year. We put on wooden shoes, and passed over heated, slippery stones into another apartment, which was so hot that one felt a tendency to become browned like a toast, or to bubble over the skin. This sensation subsided gradually into a pleasing, dewy evaporation. We were then conducted to a large open vat full of water, which to us had two objections: one was that it was intolerably hot, the other that it seemed already full of donkey-boys and their friends—the head of Hassan in their midst, grinning above the surface. But, inspired by a determination to go through all the horrors of this sudoriferous dew, we clenched our teeth, tried to imagine ourselves chimney-sweeps, and jumped in.

In due time, when sufficiently saturated, we were (though, perhaps, this happened at Damascus) put in a hot chamber and laid on the floor, with cock-reaches, or what the Scotch call "clocks," crawling over it in dozens. There we lay, like turbot or eel about to be dressed for dinner.

By and by we were soaped from toe to head, lathered with soft palm-tree fibre, then had tepid, and afterward cold water poured over us, and then a monster began to crack our joints and shampoo us! He succeeded with my companion, who yelled, as the Egyptian, in fits of laughter, seemed to put every limb out of joint, and to dislocate his neck.

But when the same Pharaoh tried me, his arms fortunately could not meet around me, so after a violent struggle, in which I fought desperately and tumbled about on the floor like a salmon which a fisher tries in vain to seize around the body, he gave it up in despair, and, for the first time, probably, in his life, wiped his forehead from fatigue, as he exclaimed "Mushallah!" After sundry other minor appliances, having the same end in view—that of opening the pores of the skin—we returned to the apartment from whence we had originally started, and were there gently dried by a series of warm sheets being laid upon us. Hassan spread his carpet and said his prayers.

The sensation, after bathing, was very pleasant, no doubt, but not more so, nor calculated to do more good than what most cleanly-disposed people experience daily from the application of hot and then cold water, accompanied by the well-known substance, soap, in their quiet bath-room at home.

Doubtless I felt light and elevated when I got out, but as pleasant feelings can surely be produced without being scrubbed like a pig, rubbed down like a horse, boiled like a turkey, exhibited like a newborn infant to the curious, and without having a donkey-driver for your C. B.—all this with no other consolation than the assurance that the pores of your skin are open, forsooth—like the doors of a public institution! For my part, I prefer them closed—or, at least, ajar.

And now MARK TWAIN:

For years and years I have dreamed of the wonders of the Turkish bath; for years and years I have promised myself that I would yet enjoy one. Many and many a time, in fancy, I have lain in the marble bath, and breathed the alumberous fragrance of Eastern spices that filled the air; then passed through a weird and complicated system of pulling and hauling, and drenching and scrubbing, by a gang of naked savages who loomed vast and vaguely through the steaming mists, like demons; then rested for a while on a divan fit for a king; then passed through another complex ordeal, and one more fearful than the first; and, finally, swathed in soft fabrics, being conveyed to a princely saloon and laid on a bed of eider down, where eunuchs, gorgeous of costume, fanned me while I drowsed and dreamed, or contentedly gazed at the rich hangings of the apartment,

the soft carpets, the sumptuous furniture, the pictures, and drank delicious coffee, smoked the soothing narghile, and dropped, at the last, in a tranquil repose, lulled by sensuous odors from unseen censers, by the gentle influence of the narghile's Persian tobacco, and by the music of fountains that counterfeited the pattering of summer rain.

That was the picture, just as I got it from incendiary books of travel. It was a poor, miserable imposture. The reality is no more like it than the Five Points are like the Garden of Eden.

They received me in a great court, paved with marble slabs; around it were broad galleries, one above another, carpeted with seedy matting, railed with unpainted balustrades, and furnished with huge rickety chairs, cushioned with rusty old mattresses, indented with the impressions left by the forms of nine successive generations of men who had reposed upon them. The place was vast, naked, dreary; its court a barn, its galleries stalls for human horses. The cadaverous, half-nude varlets that served in the establishment had nothing of poetry in their appearance, nothing of romance, nothing of Oriental splendor. They shed no entrancing odors—just the contrary. Their hungry eyes and their lank forms continually suggested one glaring, unsentimental fact—they wanted what they term in California "a square meal."

I went into one of the racks and undressed. An unclean starveling wrapped a gaudy table-cloth about his loins, and hung a white rag over my shoulders. If I had had a tub then, it would have come naturally to me to take in washing. I was then conducted down-stairs into the wet, slippery court, and the first thing that attracted my attention were my heels. My fall excited no comment. They expected it, no doubt. It belonged in the list of softening, sensuous influences peculiar to this home of Eastern luxury. It was softening enough, certainly, but its application was not happy. They now gave me a pair of wooden clogs—benches in miniature, with leather straps over them to confine my feet (which they would have done, only I do not wear No. 13s.) These things dangled uncomfortably by the straps when I lifted up my feet, and came down in awkward and unexpected places when I put them on the floor again, and sometimes turned sideways and wrenched my ankles out of joint. However, it was all Oriental luxury, and I did what I could to enjoy it.

They put me in another part of the barn and laid me on a stuffy sort of pallet, which was not made of cloth of gold, or Persian shawls, but was merely the unpretending sort of thing I have seen in the negro quarters of Arkansas.

There was nothing whatever in this dim marble prison but five more of these biers. It was a very solemn place. I expected that the spiced odors of Araby were going to steal over my senses now, but they did not. A copper-colored skeleton, with a rag around him, brought me a glass decanter of water with a lighted tobacco-pipe in the top of it, and a

pliant stem a yard long, with a brass mouth-piece to it. It was the famous "narghile" of the East—the thing the Grand Turk smokes in the pictures. This began to look like luxury. I took one blast at it, and it was sufficient; the smoke went in a great volume down into my stomach, my lungs, even into the uttermost parts of my frame. I exploded one mighty cough, and it was as if Vesuvius had let go. For the next five minutes I smoked at every pore, like a frame house that is on fire on the inside. Not any more narghile for me. The smoke had a vile taste, and the taste of a thousand infidel tongues that remained on that brass mouth-piece was viler still. I was getting discouraged. Whenever, hereafter, I see the cross-legged Grand Turk smoking his narghile, in pretended bliss, on the outside of a paper of Connecticut tobacco, I shall know him for the shameless humbug he is.

This prison was filled with hot air. When I had got warmed up sufficiently to prepare me for a still warmer temperature, they took me where it was—into a marble room, wet, slippery and steamy, and laid me out on a raised platform in the centre. It was very warm. Presently my man set me down by a tank of hot water, drenched me well, gloved his hand with a coarse mitten, and began to polish me all over with it. I began to smell disagreeably. The more he polished the worse I smelt. It was alarming. I said to him: "I perceive that I am pretty far gone. It is plain that I ought to be buried without any unnecessary delay. Perhaps you had better go after my friends at once, because the weather is warm, and I cannot 'keep long.'"

He went on scrubbing, and paid no attention. I soon saw that he was reducing my size. He bore hard on his mitten, and from under it rolled little cylinders, like macaroni. It could not be dirt, for it was too white. He pared me down in this way for a long time. Finally I said: "It is a tedious process. It will take hours to trim me to the size you want me; I will wait; go and borrow a jack-plane."

He paid no attention at all.

After awhile he brought a basin, some soap and something that seemed to be the tail of a horse.

He made up a prodigious quantity of soap-suds, deluged me with them from head to foot, without warning me to shut my eyes, and then swabbed me viciously with the horse-tail. Then he left me there, a snowy statue of lather, and went away. When I got tired of waiting I went and hunted him up. He was propped against the wall, in another room, asleep. I woke him. He was not disconcerted. He took me back and flooded me with hot water, then turbaned my head, swathed me with dry table-cloths and conducted me to a latticed chicken-coop in one of the galleries, and pointed to one of those Arkansas beds. I mounted it, and vaguely expected the odors of Araby again. They did not come.

The blank, unornamented coop had nothing about it of that Oriental voluptuousness one reads of so much. It was more suggestive of the county hospital than anything else. The skinny servitor

brought a narghile, and I got him to take it out again without wasting any time about it. Then he brought the world-renowned Turkish coffee that poets have sung so rapturously for many generations, and I seized upon it as the last hope that was left of my old dreams of Eastern luxury. It was another fraud. Of all the unchristian beverages that ever passed my lips, Turkish coffee is the worst. The cup is small, it is smeared with grounds; the coffee is black, thick, unsavory of smell and execrable in taste. The bottom of the cup has a muddy sediment in it half an inch deep. This goes down your throat, and portions of it lodge by the way, and produce a tickling aggravation that keeps you barking and coughing for an hour.

Here endeth my experience of the celebrated Turkish bath, and here also endeth my dream of the bliss the mortal revels in who passes through it. It is a magnificent swindle. The man who enjoys it is qualified to enjoy anything that is repulsive to sight or sense, and he that can invest it with a charm of poetry is able to do the same with anything else in the world that is tedious, and wretched, dismal, and nasty.

If the reader is not satisfied with the testimony above given, he had better try the bath for himself, when opportunity offers.

BESSETTING SINS.—The good man daily acquires a delicacy of moral perception and feeling, before whose penetrating gaze his inmost imperfections are laid bare. His outward blemishes, his grosser faults, may be amended. But the sins which cling closest, which wind themselves subtly through the fibres of his nature—his pride, vanity, self-conceit, self-indulgence and, above all, the disloyalty of his self will to the will of the All-Good—these grow only more apparent. He finds that to purify the fountain-head of emotion in the soul, to cleanse its depths from all that defiles it, to drive out lurking ill from its recesses and to untwine the serpent coils of selfishness from his purposes and plans, his aims and interests, is a vastly harder work than building fair walls of outer decorum. Some powerful excitement, some unwonted trial, will rouse into action lawless impulses, over whose subjection he had sung songs of triumph. Long dormant evils, awakened by adverse temptations, by a rush of prosperity or a shock of adversity, by flattery and favor, or by persecution and peril, will burst forth from their hiding-places, with such violence as almost to make him doubt the reality of his religious life. At such trying seasons, a secret ejaculation, a cry of the soul for God's grace to rescue, brings home to the good man his instant dependence. With what grateful joy does he then hold fast to the assurance, that he is never alone, for the Father is with him, that the Living Source of all good is near to him as his own life, and ready to renew him with light and strength from Heaven.—*Channing's "Perfect Life."*

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.

PART IV.—MILLICENT'S ROMANCE, AND WHAT IT WAS MADE OF.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE DAY OF RECKONING.

WHEN Fergus reached the Harveys' cottage, he asked to speak with Miss Millicent alone. As the family were seated in the dining-room, he was shown into the little drawing-room, the same apartment, not much changed in character or detail, which had been "the parlor" of his first call years and years ago—the room which he had yearned to make the home of his heart. Nowadays, the value of one of Robina's brooches could have purchased the moneyworth of nearly all its simple decorations. But Fergus was still conscious of the old charm, albeit he now saw it with a qualification. "If there was only a Turkey carpet on the floor, and a little oak carving, and a few bits of rare china, I should wish nothing better than this." And then it flashed into his mind that, after all, he might stay in London, and might even come to live here. There could be a very feasible excuse for such a descent from the magnificence of Acre Hall, in "that Millicent was the last daughter at home, and wished to keep her mother with her, and Mrs. Harvey could not be induced to leave her old quiet way of life." It was not ignorance of the world that made Fergus ready to believe that people would accept the subterfuge—it was only an egotism which made him feel that if he himself could "make believe" to believe it, other people might surely do the same! Sitting in the quiet, shadowy room, as the fever of misery cooled down in poor Fergus's heart, the miserable old vanity and ambition rose again—no brave determination to face the worst, and make the best of it, but a cowardly resolve not to look at the worst, not to believe in it, nay, to stoutly deny it. So there have been commanders who have thought to turn defeat into victory by calling it such. Probably they have won very few real victories afterward.

Millicent did not keep him waiting long. Nay, the moment she heard his voice in the hall, she rose from the table where she was drawing. Yet she lingered in the dining-room to allow the servant to retire to the kitchen, before she crossed the hall. Nor did she go straight into the dining-room, but paused at the little hall window, and looked up at the darkening sky where the stars were just coming out. Her heart was leaping within her. Think not that it leaped with any sweet, wild fancies. She knew what he was come about, and why he wished to speak with her alone. But this friendship had been the very soul of her life, and the merest stirring among its drooped leaves was more to her than the

budding of any other flower. Millicent was not a woman to magnify trifles and flutter over small interests. But what is a trifle? Some faces that would not brighten at news of a fortune, would quiver and break into mingled smiles and tears over a found letter in a dead hand's writing. Some hearts that would bear with equanimity the smashing of old china, or the loss of gems and gold, would burn and break at the accidental destruction of some worn baby's shoe or old faded book. Ah, the veriest rag is priceless if a life is wrought into it! There was no thought of wooing between herself and Fergus Laurie, and Millicent never dreamed that the old friendship could ever again be more than a friendly way of doing business together. But in that very doing business, in curtest note, or driest transaction, would be concentrated the essence, not of what there was, or ever had been, but of that mighty "might have been" which lies around most lives as vaguely and as grandly as astronomical possibilities surround our little *terra firma*.

Then she went into the drawing-room, and the two sat down opposite each other. And Fergus asked after Mrs. Harvey and each member of the family, remarked on the weather, and commented on the public news, till Milly began to feel restless, and to say within herself that they need not sit there, *elle-dit-elle*, to say things which might have been shouted through a speaking-trumpet in the street. At last, with her old frankness, she herself led up to the subject in hand, by asking directly: "Did you get a letter from me this afternoon, Mr. Laurie?"

"Yes, I did," Fergus answered quickly, and gave her one swift glance, and let his eyes drop on the carpet. There was only a moment's pause, then he spoke again. "As to the matter it mentioned, I cannot accept the loan you offer. You see the sum is but small, and it would involve our firm in as much responsibility and obligation as if it was ever so large. You might want it back at junctures when it might be inconvenient to return it promptly. You would feel harassed and nervous when you heard of the fluctuations of business. Altogether, there are a hundred reasons, some not easy to put into words, why it would not be right or wise of me to accept the loan of a sum which, while very important to you, is too small for commercial uses."

"Be it as you please. I had no wish that it should be a trouble to you." Millicent's voice was cold, and it was not every ear that could detect its repressed pain.

"And so you manage all your affairs yourself," Fergus went on, feverishly. "I think that is too much, for however small one's affairs may be, they

are still one's affairs, and a great burden and responsibility. I wonder your brother does not insist upon relieving you."

"He knows me too well; he knows it would not matter if he did," said Millicent. "He has his own wife and boy to look after, and mother, too, would come upon him altogether in some events. I don't approve of single women hanging like millstones about their men-folk, and what I don't approve, I try not to do, Mr. Laurie."

There was no malice in her words. Only strong pride. She had no thought of Robina; nay, in such a case, she would have freely granted that a sister who was fulfilling some of a wife's duties had a just claim to some of a wife's rights.

"But the more you speak thus, and the more I think of your life, and feel how noble you are, the more I think how much better and happier it would be for you if there was some one whose right to love and care for you, you would not even wish to gain-say."

Millicent writhed too much under the implied pity of these words to reflect on any other possible meaning. She felt the color rush to her cheek, in no womanly flush, but in a hot spot on each cheek. But she had her ready answer.

"Almost every fact in life has its better. But it has also its worse; and the two chances often lie very near together."

"But the strong heart in all its strength craves love and care as much as the weakest," said Fergus Laurie, "and it values them far more, because it gets them so seldom. It values themselves. The weaker value them for what they get. I knew many a woman who thinks she loves a man because she loves the ease and shelter he gives her."

Millicent sat silent. She heard his words, but she scarcely connected them with him who spoke. They were like an echo, mocking through her emptied heart. Ah, so true! But she could love, Love. Ay, though it took from her such leisure and luxury as she had earned for herself, and made her a moiled, driven woman like this one or that one, whose prematurely old faces and bent gray heads rose before her mind's eye. But there remained a secret about this which Millicent did not know yet, and could not guess, or her eyes might have been as content, and her heart as full and satisfied, as are the eyes and heart of many a lonely woman.

Oh, Fergus—poor Fergus! there is another chance in life for you yet! Young reader, fearful lest there be no bright possibilities in your own path, take this fact from one who has seen much. For one life that is dwarfed for want of "a chance," a thousand are ruined by the waste of scores of chances. Shakespeare himself tells us of the tide in the affairs of men, and of the disastrous consequence of losing it. Is it presumption for me to add that the tide seldom fails to return again and again, only that the loss of it is likely to be repeated? If pride, or indolence, or anger, kept us prisoner ashore when the last flood of fortune came in, we may lament its ebb how we like,

but unless we set about building our harbor, we shall be no better off next tide.

Few of us poor, short-sighted creatures ever really blame ourselves. We sigh over our past—the domineering parent regrets his undutiful childhood, the lazy matron censures her gadding girlhood, the money-making man blames his money-spending youth. But the old tree of wilful selfishness is left still growing, be it in blossom or in fruit. We might all of us be very wise and good if the old events happened again. But they never do. In moral, as in intellectual schools, the habits are worth more than the lessons.

An over-weening vanity, an egotism that could be cold and cruel in its own assumed interest, had been the bane of Fergus Laurie's life. Looking back as he had looked back in the early part of this very evening, he had detected the wrong turns his career had taken. But the man who had put himself first in everything, who would be king before he had fought, and master before he had served, had not put himself in a way to be favored with a grand self-revelation which should show him that "before honor goeth humility."

He wanted Millicent to love him and to help him—to be friend and counsellor—to give his downfall a glory which his prosperity had never had; he wanted her to give him courage—to bear him up on the strong pinions of her independent spirit. It may not sound very noble or heroic. But it was human. And it was the plain truth. And it has an appeal to the chivalry of womanhood. Many "a ladye" has tended her knight through suffering not encountered in her cause, and then walked contentedly by his limping steps afterward. But Fergus Laurie shrank from this truth as he had shrank from many truths. There is a species of cowardice which hides itself in haunted chambers.

"Millicent," he said, using her unprefix name almost for the first time during all these years, "I don't want you to go on working for me as you have done; I don't want you to continue burdening yourself with money matters. I want you to have no more work and no more care but the happy work and cares of a sheltered wife. I want you to be my own wife, Millicent. Won't you trust me to take care of you?"

For Millicent had sprung up, and crossed the room away from him. Perhaps he had tried to take her hand. Perhaps he had not. She did not know, and she never knew. Only her heart was ablaze with what seemed to her the bitterest insult she could undergo. Had she been left free, through her bright youth, to be asked in marriage out of pity, in the mellow days of maturity? Was it to this that her honest desire of friendly independence had brought her? Could he only construe her offer of business-like service as a forlorn feeler of a life craving his munificent support and protection? Was it possible that he could even imagine that she had made it as a sort of appeal? Robina might have suggested this to him. Robina was just the woman to do so. Was

she not always imagining that every lady was angling for the glory of being the great manufacturer's wife, and hankering after the splendors of Acre Hall? But, never mind that! The bitterness, after all, lay between their two selves—Fergus and Millicent. It was quite impossible for him to regard her as anything but a mere lay figure on which to drape his bounties! And suddenly, in that moment of silence, it flashed upon her that this man was a vain and paltry man—a mere gilt image which only her own imagination had set up and hall-marked. Perhaps, in her pain she was scarcely just to him, and became too bitterly skeptical of all the possibilities of a nature that had so grievously disappointed her. We are all apt to rush to this extreme. The strongest faith in physiognomy can scarcely credit that all absconding parties are as ugly as they are described, else it must have been only fools who ever trusted them!

The end had come to Millicent's dream. It had held but half sway over her for a long time. She had been, as it were, in the hour between darkness and dawn, that state when we wonder which is true, our dream or our awakening. But now her eyes were quite open. And she knew that though the man Fergus Laurie was still alive, and that his life was nearer hers than it had ever been before, still her hero was lost and gone, sunk forever in that dark, silent sea of bitter waters which never gives up its dead.

Then she remembered that he sat gazing at her, and awaiting her answer.

"Mr. Laurie," she said, slowly and quietly, "I have no doubt you mean to be very kind. But as you are so candid in your kindness, you will let me be candid in return. I have tried the work and the care, and the struggle for which you pity me. And I know by experience that at their best they may be very happy, and at their worst they are very bearable. The only real sting I have ever had came from none of these things. It came from a professed kindness. There are kindnesses which are like a couch of nettles, whoever has once rested on such will rather sit upright for the rest of his days, than risk more of such repose! Do not mention marriage to me again, Mr. Laurie," she added, her manner softening a little. "Forget that you have ever mentioned it. As for our relations to each other, I have long felt that I was not giving you satisfaction, or, at least, that something was wrong. I am sorry you did not say so plainly to me, I am sure I could have borne it, and it would have relieved you and myself from a great deal of uneasiness. Your silence did not prevent me from feeling that I was burdensome, and though it may be ungracious for me to say this now, it was only a desire to be in some little way useful and business-like which prompted my unfortunate offer of my money. For I do not yet trouble myself much about the income from my savings. So long as I have something stored against a rainy day, I hope to earn—in one way if not another—all I need for many years yet to come. Your old firm re-

newed their many offers of work, oddly enough, this morning. I have not answered their note yet. I shall answer it favorably now. It will be best for both of us, Mr. Laurie," and she smiled sadly. "You see, there is a prosaic time when an offer of work is more acceptable than an offer of marriage."

"Ah, you will find it a very different thing to work for them," said Fergus, drearily.

"Shall I?" asked Millicent, with the chill returning to her voice. "On the contrary, had I been working for them for the last ten years, at the terms they offered me then, and which they renew and improve now, I might have had savings better worth your investing in your business—sixteen hundred pounds instead of eight hundred."

Fergus sprang up and walked hastily toward the door.

"I do not want to say these things," cried poor Milly. "I want to be friends—as much as we can!" (pathetic qualification). "I like to be grateful. It was awfully bitter when I began to doubt and wonder why I was so. Why should you want to set up your own self-respect on the ruins of other people's, Mr. Laurie? You have a great commercial name, and Acre Hall, and a grand circle of friends; will not all these content you without saying that even my wage is the dole of your charity?"

Fergus stood still. He wondered mistily how it would be if he threw himself at her feet, and owned that his prosperity had been but a gigantic sham, and that he was really a homeless, friendless, ruined man—far poorer than she herself was, not only in habit and courage, but even in purity—thrown upon her pitiful woman's heart for forgiveness and comfort and upholding. He might have done this an hour ago. But he said to himself that he could not do this now. It was too late.

Too late! And he turned and looked at Milly—one look, which she never forgot, though she did not understand it till afterward. And without a word, without a good-night, he went away.

Millicent went back to the family room for a moment, and excused herself on the score of a headache, and crept away to her own chamber. She lay down in the darkness, but she did not think. People never do think when their hearts are bruised by the fall of an idol, or broken up by the digging of a grave. Only picture after picture arose before her mind.

The first picture that rose was that sunny road where she had walked with David Maxwell that morning when he found she was something nearer to Fergus than he was himself. But memory repeated that picture as copies are made—somehow the faces were turned the other way.

Then she saw the great chestnut trees that overhung the walls of Acre Hall, and she seemed to look through the great gates and see the cool green lawn, and the fresh hyacinths and primulas planted out in the flower beds. But it did not seem to rise before her as Fergus Laurie's home—as a house where she had been a familiar guest. Rather it was invested with the sleepy, scented mystery that it had for her

in the days when she first came to Hackney, when it was inhabited by two old maiden ladies, whose peacocks she used to feed through the railings on Saturday afternoons.

Then her brother's figure came. But not as the well-to-do author, with a beautiful wife and a tall son of his own. The successful books and the wife and the son, all floated dimly round, like the phantasmagoria of a half-developed dream. The reality seemed those old, old days, when they all had to plan so cleverly to make him look nice for his evening parties and when they watched so sharply for reviews and were so indignant over the naughty ones! Ah me, ah me, while we sleep we blend real sounds with the music of our dreams, and when we awake all seem alike unreal.

And through each of the strange disjointed pictures, there seemed to walk a shadowy, nameless figure, whose face she never saw.

The mind has its fevers apart from the body.

Millicent did not pray that night. Unless there was a prayer in the words, which she caught herself repeating, half aloud, again and again,—“God knows—but I could not help it—God knows.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DAY OF REVEALING.

THE common daylight brought back the simple prose of life. Millicent had to take her accustomed place at the breakfast-table, to profess enjoyment of the omelet which was their little servant's latest and highest work of culinary art, and to feign interest in the royal marriage of which the newspaper was full. Nay, heedless and indifferent in her self-absorption, she had often done these things less carefully than she did them to-day. We all of us forget and fail in our duties sometimes, but it is at bottom a sound heart which remembers them in the day of its calamity, and takes the broken spars of its wrecked hope to build up the household fire.

Only Millicent could not settle to any work. She went away to her studio, and toyed with paper and pencils. She wrote a note in answer of the old firm's offer, saying that she would call at their office in a few days and enter into negotiations. Then she sat down in what she called her “resting chair,” and folded her hands and wondered, “Was it all over, or was it not? And what would come next? Was it really true?” She hardly believed anything yet. She would scarcely have wondered if she had woken up and found it was all only a dream; that she was a girl still, and Fergus a poor clerk as he used to be. It was like the first day after a death.

A knock at the street door roused her. It was a knock she knew, and yet it was strange. With haste and earnestness, she went to the stair-head, and listened to the voices in the hall.

It was she who was wanted again, asked for almost in the same words that had been used the night before. “Is Miss Harvey within? Can I speak to

her alone? Tell her I will not detain her long, but my business is very urgent.”

This time it was David Maxwell's voice, and Millicent having heard his request, made no pretence of awaiting a summons, but went straight down-stairs, and followed David into the drawing-room. She did not give herself time to wonder what had brought him. Looking back afterward upon the stunned bewilderment of that morning, she compared it to the pause between the first rumble of an earthquake, and the final crash.

She held out her hand to Mr. Maxwell, and he took it, but instead of the usual commonplace words of greeting, he said, eagerly: “Has Fergus Laurie been here?”

“Yes,” said Millicent, amazed; “he was here last evening.”

“Ah, last evening, according to the arrangement he made before he left the counting-house. About what time was he here, Miss Milly?”

“He was not here more than half an hour. It must have been nearly nine when he went away,” answered the bewildered Millicent, with that judicial precision which is natural to all of us when replying to questions whose drift we do not understand. “But why? what is the matter?”

“He has not been home all night; he has not come to the office this morning,” David explained. “His visit to you is the last trace we have of him, unless, indeed, you can give us a clue.”

Millicent was silent. And her womanly heart stood still. Had there been real love masked in Fergus's fantastic vanity, and had she wounded it to the quick by her sharp, stern words? A woman does not hate a man whose honest suit she has refused. Nay, often after her fiat has gone forth, there comes a spell of relenting and self-distrust, when a renewed appeal would be very dangerous to her firmness. And even when this could not be the case, when there stands between them a something which cannot be set aside, there will always be a latent tenderness in even her bitterest censure.

“No doubt he felt very deeply the necessity for speaking to you on such a subject,” said David. “But he was quite calm when he talked it over with me. Did he show any excitement to you?”

Millicent looked up blankly into David's face. What could it all mean? Had he actually confided to his coadjutor that he was going to make her an offer of marriage to console her for the loss of the work he considered she was no longer fit for? Or had he only consulted about the loan she had proffered? Perhaps it was David who had advised him not to accept it. But there could be no particular cause for excitement over anything relating to that.

David thought he understood her silence. That she did not know how far Fergus had spoken to him in confidence, and was anxious to keep his counsel.

“I only ask you what his manner was, and whether he gave any hint as to where he was going?”

he asked, gently. "I will not ask what he said about his affairs. I know all that is urgent on that point. But these other questions I must press for his sake. They concern his well-being—perhaps his very life!"

"His life!" Millicent echoed, and sat down on the nearest chair.

"Will you not tell me what he said to you?" pleaded David.

"No, I cannot," she answered. "It would not be right for me to do so. But you can tell what you expected he would say, and I will tell you if you are wrong."

"Yesterday afternoon," said David, "we agreed that he was to call upon you, and tell you that in the present precarious condition of the firm, it would be to your advantage to seek an engagement elsewhere, and that you should be immediately paid up the sum that is owing to you. The firm cannot be carried on any longer under its present management. You should not have had such a sudden notice, but that Fergus has struggled on and hoped against hope. But he felt it would be all taken out of his hands by his creditors, after one of them had gone so far as to put a man in possession of Acre Hall. But Fergus seemed at once to take it calmly, and I thought he would find it rather a comfort than otherwise to talk it over to a tried old friend like you."

Millicent's face had grown gray while he spoke.

"He spoke to me as a prosperous man," she cried, "and I answered him as such. I thought no other. Fergus Laurie is a dishonorable man!"

David sat silent for a few minutes, and then he asked softly, "Did he say nothing to you of what I have related? Nothing about the money?"

"Only that he would not take it. He said it was not worth while," said Millicent.

"Would not take it—not worth while!" David repeated, astonished in his turn. "What money is this?"

"The eight hundred pounds I offered to lend him yesterday," Millicent answered, helplessly.

She did not feel like a middle-aged, responsible woman—a woman who had done piles of work, who had saved money. She felt like a girl again, in the pitiful sense of the phrase, with a girlish sense of outsideness, a girlish belief that men must be different, after all, and nearer to each other, much as she had fancied on that old day, that if she, a nobody, knew something, David, friend and fellow-man, must know so much more.

"I knew nothing of that," David said, gravely. "The only money mentioned between us was the sum the firm owes you. As you did not call for it this morning, I have brought it with me now," and he laid upon the table, not a check, but notes for the full amount.

"He said nothing of that," Millicent replied. "He spoke of my not doing any more work. I thought nothing of the debt, I knew it would be paid sooner or later. And then the subject was changed, and not a word was said about anything you have mentioned

to-day. Only it was quite settled I was not to work for him any more."

"Did you press the loan of your money?" David asked.

"No; he said it was too small a sum to be troubled with. I had thought that perhaps it might be serviceable using money, for I knew the firm must have great expenses, though I never dreamed it was not splendidly prosperous. I never did! If I had, I should not have chosen this time to speak as I did. But Fergus Laurie is a dishonorable man!"

David Maxwell sat before her with a secret and sorrowful guess as to what else his friend had said to her, and as to how she had answered. He thought of her patient, laborious life—of her many brave responsibilities, but though he thought within himself that he was glad she had not offered her money till it was too late for Fergus to hope anything by grasping it, what he said, was, "I am glad, at least, that he did not accept your loan."

"Do you think I care so much for that?" she cried, scornfully. "I would freely give all that I have that this should never have happened."

"God forgive him, and keep all of us," said David, sadly. "Think what his sin is costing him. Poor Fergus! How different he might have been!"

"I doubt it," she laughed bitterly.

But at that moment there rose before her that first evening with the Lauries, and her outburst of girlish heat, and Fergus's quiet remark, "I can believe you would." And she covered her face with her hands, and two hot tears came, hard, as if drawn heavily up from the depths of her whole nature.

"Does anybody else know anything of last evening's interview?" David pleaded again. "I must ask, for we must find him."

"Nobody knows anything," she said, drearily. "I supposed he was going straight home. He was quite cool. But I thought he looked at me strangely; and now I remember, he did not say good-night."

"Then, in fact, the simplest truth does not require that I should alter anything that I have already told Miss Robina, namely, that I believed her brother had arranged to come here on business—in fact, to tell you that your connection with his firm had better cease."

Millicent's face colored hotly.

"That is all that is to be told," she said. "If you like, you can add that I spoke rather sharply—about business!"

David drew a long breath, and rose from his seat.

"What are you going to do?" Millicent asked, rising also. "What does Robina think? What does his mother say?"

"They are both excited," David answered. "And they speak so. It is hard for them now, with this terror and suspense added to the misery of the man in possession, and the ruin of everything."

"They have brought most of it upon themselves," said Millicent, sharply.

"Does not that add to the agony?" asked David, gently. "Ay, whether they own it to themselves or

no. Isn't that all the difference between the crown of martyrdom and the blot of capital punishment? As for your inquiry, what am I going to do? I scarcely know. Every moment may bring us some clue that we cannot dream of now. We must deal as gently with him as we can, we must leave him hope that there is a way up again even yet, poor fellow!"

Softer tears were gathering in Milly's eyes. She did not dream that it was the patient face and holy words of the man before her that were touching the sweeter springs of her nature. She had not yet had leisure so utterly to abolish her old idol worship; she only thought the gentler mood came from the old tender memories, even from a little remorse for the righteous judgment that she had dealt out at so unsuitable a time.

"I spoke to him last night as I should never have spoken to a failed and chagrined man," she said. "If I can do anything to help you, I am ready. Do you think it would be any comfort to the Lauries to see me, as I was the last person who saw him?"

She asked it humbly, for Milly was a magnanimous woman, who would humiliate herself an ell for every inch that she sinned, and who wanted to do this so much that she would even do it at the peril of laying herself open to the old sore accusation of coming to spy out the barrenness of the land. Perhaps she was more magnanimous than wise. If one does chance to tread on a serpent, that is no reason why one should take it up and warm it in one's bosom.

David stood thoughtful. He knew that Mrs. and Miss Laurie had been ready to say hard things of Millicent during his interview with them that morning. But he thought that was because they believed her cold and calculating in this their day of adversity. He thought of his own hard time of anguish, long years ago now, and how Christian's note of invitation had come to him like a burst of sunshine. He forgot that he rose from his knees to see that burst of sunshine. He thought that it would do those two poor desolate women good to see a familiar face that had some share of its own in their trouble. It would surely soften them and save them from that spirit of hard defiance which is the deadly mortification of sorrow. They might writhe and cry out, and be petulant and reproachful; he could fancy that, but he could trust Millicent's patience now; it would never be fallen pride that she would humble, it would not be stung hands that she would smite. He had rather she had gone without asking his advice, but as this was done, he would give what seemed to him right for her and for them. If, as he half feared, Fergus already lay a dead man somewhere among the rushes by the river side, it would be a comfort for her to know that she had laid the bitterness in her heart, and forgiven him and his before she knew it. Therefore he said: "I think you could be a great comfort to them. I cannot quite understand them. They are much excited in one way, but in another they are strangely cool. That is often one feature in

great excitement. Of course, they will know that you know, and you will speak with them as knowing all. I can understand their wishing to keep everything as quiet as possible, but they are making such efforts to set forth that everything is quite right. I suppose the very servants imagine that their master has gone away about business. Miss Robina went with the cook to market this morning, and I heard her tell the parlor-maid which flower they will have for their table decoration to-day. It is like setting up one's will to keep out the coming ocean-tide. It must be a terrible state of mind. But a little friendly sympathy will bring about a more natural feeling. I tell you all this, only that you may be prepared. If you will get ready now, I will take you with me as I go back."

Millicent made no delay. She went into the parlor and told her mother and Miss Brook that there was great trouble in Acre Hall, adding frankly that she was not at liberty to tell them any more then, and that they need not mention even this meagre fact to anybody else. The two ladies asked questions in a breath.

"Is anybody ill?" inquired Mrs. Harvey. "Because, if so, I ought to go instead of you. You are not strong enough for nursing or sitting up, and you will not lay by when you are done, but will go straight back to your work."

"Is he in difficulties at last?" asked Miss Brook. "I always knew you'd gain a loss by him some day, but he need not have failed when he was owing you so much, as I feel certain he does just now."

"Nobody is ill," said Millicent; "and as for any money due to me, it is sent to me in full this morning; and as I am not to do any more work for the firm, your evil prophecies are not true, Miss Brook?"

"Then you've come off better than some folk will," were the parting words which Miss Brook threw behind her as Millicent left the room. But her mother followed her up-stairs and sat down opposite her as she hastily put on her bonnet and wraps.

"I wish you could say something else to me, Milly," she pleaded, wistfully.

Millicent put her arms round her mother's neck. She had not done so for years and years. "Oh, mother, mother!" she wailed, "don't you remember you didn't love your mother less when you couldn't tell her everything?"

"God be with you, my darling!" said Mrs. Harvey. "There's many a meaning to the text, 'When father and mother forsake, then the Lord taketh us up.'" And she let her go.

David and Millicent did not speak much to each other as they walked to Acre Hall. David opened the great gates himself, and as they went up to the carriage sweep he said to Millicent: "I will send in word that you are here, and then Miss Laurie can choose which room she will receive you in, as she prefers to keep all out of hearing of the servants."

The parlor-maid admitted them—a smart, saucy girl, who had caught the habit of the house, and had one manner for grand strange visitors, and another

for familiar connected comers, especially such as Miss Harvey, whose dresses did not cost so much as her own Sunday best.

• Millicent sat down wearily while the girl scornfully took in their message. The great, fair house, with its rich scents and its soft coloring, seemed so like a haunted palace—ay, haunted for her, not yet with disembodied ghosts astray from their spiritual homes, however soon that, too, was to be—but with wailing ghosts that had never found bodies, and had no abiding place above earth, or below it.

She was so shocked and stunned that she did not notice how long the girl was away, till she heard her mincing steps returning along the corridor. She had a conscious simper on her face.

"Please, ma'am, but Miss Laurie is very sorry that, as it is not yet visiting hours, she happens to be engaged and unprepared to receive visitors, and so cannot have the pleasure of seeing you to-day, as she could not think of asking you to wait. But if Mr. Maxwell will step into the library, she says she will see him in a few minutes, as she knows he is on business, and that mustn't be trifled with."

"Very well, I will return presently," responded David, offering his arm to Millicent, who said not one word, but rose up, white and stony, and followed him.

The servant shut the door behind them, and went back to the kitchen, where she put her own version on the incident.

"I shouldn't wonder but master is keeping that Miss Harvey out of her money, as well as other people, and that missis knows it. Lawks, but here's the new damask drawing-room curtains been put down in damp, and all stained. Well, how can anybody think of everything with a strange man about, and such a deal of changing and worry? I'm a doing my best, an' as for character, I reckon I'll have to go back on my old-school certificate, and my aunt's good word, for a character from this house won't be worth much, I'm thinking."

Whether or not David believed that Robina, behind all her subterfuge, was anxiously waiting for news of her brother—he did not return to her till he had seen Millicent safe back in her own home.

He spoke to her as they went along.

"Never mind," he said, "you don't need any pity. She does, poor thing, most of all for this."

"What is the use of forgiving, if the forgiveness is rejected?" cried Millicent; "why need we make a missile to be flung back at ourselves?"

"Hush, hush," he pleaded. "The forgiveness is our part, the other is not. If people will not have our loving-kindness, I think God takes care of it. He looks after all wasted things."

"Why doesn't He look after them before they are wasted?" said Millicent, hardly. "Is not a full heart and life better worthy Him than empty ones?"

"Not always," David answered, quietly. "For perhaps there is something in them which will not

let Him wholly in, and He empties them that He may fill them better."

"But can affection—can friendship keep out God?" asked Millicent. "Are not all good things of Him?"

"Yes," said David. "All good things. But nothing ever takes those away. We can no more be separated from them than we can from the love of God itself."

"Was not your love for Fergus a good thing?" she asked. "And have you got it still?" she added, bitterly.

David drew a long sigh. "Yes, I think I have," he said. "A great deal of something has gone away from it. God can't endure mistakes or falsities of any kind. They must go; they are not the love."

"Can anybody love a creature from whom they can expect nothing that is good?" Millicent asked again.

"Thank God, yes! God does. Christ knew the evil that was in human nature, and yet loved it well enough to die for it. And He did not say, 'I am willing to die for men, but not by their hands.' We could all of us make sacrifices in our own way—the burnt-offerings that God does not delight in, but we have to make them in God's way, even though they be but our own troubled spirit and broken heart."

Millicent walked silent till she came to her own door, and then she turned to him and said: "If you think again that I can be of any use anyhow, do not fail to let me know. I will be ready. I can but try, and I will."

"I know it," he answered. "Do not imagine for a moment that I doubt it."

And she disappeared in her mother's cottage, and he went back to Acre Hall.

CHAPTER XIX.

D. M. AND M. H.

IN less than two hours David returned to Millicent.

He had news. An "Eastern Counties" railway porter had brought a letter to Robina. It had been given him by a gentleman in the station early that morning. The man described the gentleman as "a short gentleman, quiet enough in manner, but snappy-like. Didn't know what train he went by, or whether he went by any. Guessed he did though, as it was the Harwich train guard that called him to wait upon him. Reckoned the guard would know all about that."

Robina had shown David the letter, which said nothing more than this:—

"The creditors may do their worst; it won't hurt me now. I will not see D. M. or M. H. again. It is too bad."

David only hastened to follow up the railway porter's information. The morning's train to Harwich must be just about its destination. So David telegraphed to the guard, if possible to detain the

traveller who had called for the porter, and, if not possible, to telegraph at what station he got out, and what he did.

The answer had come speedily: "Passengers had all cleared off before message arrived. Gentleman got out at Harwich, and called a boy to carry his great-coat. Don't know which way he went. Don't know the boy; but have seen him at the station before."

David had rapidly come to the conclusion that he must go down to Harwich and pursue the search himself. It did not matter in the least that he felt he was the "D. M.," whom the poor wanderer did not wish to meet again; nay, that was the more reason that such meeting should be swiftly made an accomplished fact, will he, nill he. He could understand and pity Fergus, in his physical and moral humiliation, hiding away from the two pairs of eyes that had been used to regard him with such proud trustfulness. But in this state of cowering misery, repentance was likely to be only useless remorse—a stone about his soul to sink it, not a staff to help it up. Therefore Fergus must be brought to stand upright in his altered position, and to bear to see affectionate faces with forgiveness and patience in them instead of pride.

This was what he came to say to Millicent Harvey, and this was what she said to him:

"Go at once; and in case I could be of any use in reassuring him—in case it would be well for me to soften some of the hard things I said last night, I will follow you in the course of the evening, if possible; if not, I will be there early to-morrow morning. I will invite one of my nephews to come with me, and then my sudden absence at the seaside will not provoke any comment out of my own family circle."

"I could not have asked you to do so much," said David, warmly. "But the very fact that you, who, I am quite sure, know so much more than I know, will do this, will surely be his salvation, for earth and for Heaven."

It was characteristic of Millicent that she instructed David. "Do not take rooms for us; we will take them when we arrive. I could not stay at any hotel. Let me choose my own place."

Millicent knew what was due to her mother. Though she was a middle-aged, independent, and somewhat unconfiding spinster, she would not take a step like this, leaving Mrs. Harvey wholly in the dark. Her sense of justice and mercy, too, revolted from the over-common practice of treading down the feelings of a dozen true hearts, to spare those of a perverted one, which is a species of humanity that might possibly prescribe a bath of innocent blood to refresh the weariness of a satiated debauchee. Millicent had felt, though she had scarcely noticed, this same consideration in David Maxwell. In all his eager pity for the Lauries, he had never in one iota attempted to sacrifice her feelings or comfort for theirs. He had asked her to do nothing; he had left all to her own free will. If we have a right in this world, it is the right to sacrifice ourselves. But

so many people think their right is rather to sacrifice others!

While she hastily packed up her clothes, Millicent told her mother about it all. She did not tell her all about it. She told of Fergus's gradual fall, of their conversation on the previous night, and of her own severity and his flight. She did not tell of the offer of marriage. But reading between the lines, Mrs. Harvey felt it was there, though she could not tell where—no, not whether it was years ago or only yesterday.

Millicent's proposed escort did not fail her. "Grandmamma" went to invite him, and it must have been a strange request of "grandmamma's" that George and Christian did not instantly grant. The boy himself was glad of the holiday, and the glimpse of the ocean, without much thought of his companion; but when grandmamma, who herself went to the station to see them off, drew him aside and told him to take particular care of "Aunt Millicent," then the boy felt that she was in some way a charge of his, and tried to fulfil his duties by carefully adjusting the railway carriage windows, by pressing her to eat biscuits, and pointing out the noticeable houses and churches on the road.

There could not have been a more unromantic-seeming pair of travellers. Of the two, superficial eyes would have seen more possibilities of pathos in the bright-looking lad with his merry chatter, than in the prim woman, who looked quite elderly as the deepening twilight made shadows on her face. Though she answered him cheerily, Robert Harvey soon felt that she wanted to be undisturbed, and let her sit in silence, watching the sunset, one of those sad spring sunsets, which seem like the last good-bye of a young life, that yet has lasted long enough for its own happiness.

They reached Harwich at last, and found David on the platform, having come there for the chance of meeting them. Though he had obeyed Millicent's orders not to take rooms for her, he had reconnoitred the place, and discovered two or three houses that he could particularly recommend to her notice. And while young Robert Harvey started a British boy's eager talk to the briny lad who volunteered to carry their luggage, David and Millicent dropped behind to hear and to tell the latest news.

"He cannot be far off," David informed her. "I have found the boy that he employed at the railway station, and he took him to the principal hotel here, where he lunched. He left soon after. No steamer has left Harwich to-day, since the hour when he came in, and nobody of his description has gone away in any coach. From his coming here, I fancy he must mean to leave by the German boat, and will probably stay in some quiet lodging till its time for starting. Very likely he will wander about after dark. I mean to wander too. There are not so many ways here, that we are very likely to miss each other. And I shall take care to see all the passengers go on board the steamer. You see, Miss Harvey, the question is not merely one of finding him, but of

finding him quietly, and bringing him to a calm state of mind. Therefore we must resort to no means likely to defeat this end."

Millicent assented, but her heart felt sick within her, and her face looked so gray and worn that David was glad that she was satisfied with the first lodging to which he conducted her. So, with an assurance that he would see her early in the morning, he committed her to the care of the motherly landlady whose neatness and cheerfulness had attracted his attention to her very humble house.

"Now, you're just dead tired, miss," the good woman chattered; "an' if you'll take my advice you'll go straight off to your own room and stay there, an' I'll bring you up a cup o' tea and a bite of nice fish. Don't you trouble about the young gentleman, miss, I'll lay you my best china pot, he'll soon find his way into the kitchen to my old man, and then he won't want for yarning. They'll make up to each other, easy, miss, for our dog Gill has got her pups down under the dresser, and dogs, and pups especial, is a fine subject to begin talk upon."

Millicent was too tired in heart and limbs to rebel. Nay, she felt it a pleasure to be ordered—a gratification which, like most strong-willed people, she was little likely to get from those who knew her best.

Nor had she any occasion to regret exchanging the little tawdry parlor for the sleeping apartment. This was a long, low room running the whole length of the old house. It did not look like a room carelessly furnished for shifting inmates. There were two or three really good prints on the walls, and a lounging chair stood between the window and the fire-place, with an occasional table, and a bracket with books placed near it. Millicent noted all this half unconsciously. This would be her home for a piece of her life that could never fail to be memorable.

"Ah, it's a nice room, isn't it?" said the chatty landlady, going to a cupboard in the wall, and rattling out a little tea service. "These cups go with this room, and I always keep them and wash 'em up on the shelf outside—they never go into the kitchen to be knocked up against the pewters and willow-patterns. This was my dear lady's room, and these were her cups, and this is how she left everything. Them's her books. Dear, dear, she were a blessed woman if ever were—though I didn't dare say so to her, it made her that sad. 'I'm no better than the worst of the girls in the town,' she would say to me, so softly, 'and there's few of those poor things that have had thoughts of murder as I had once,' she would say. 'It's a wonder I didn't rush before God with my hands red with my fellow-sinner's blood.' I never knew the story rightly, miss, only she'd gone wrong in her young days—most likely been awfully deceived—for, anyhow, something cast up that made her hate the man she'd loved too well—maybe she found out he'd been married all along, and she started off on a long journey, with a knife in her pocket to stab him. And then she said, 'God met her.' You should have seen her

face, miss, when she said that! It was kind as if she saw Him before her. She never said a word more about it, no more than Moses talked much o' whatever he saw on the top o' the mountain. She turned off on her journey and came here. She was a fine-brought-up lady that could paint, and sing, and speak the languages, but there was no work to be had for the likes of her but a common servant's place at a little eating-house. And there she lived, and slaved, and by and by, she took to going among them poor bad girls that is always about where there's sailors, and many a good word she spoke, and many a good deed she did, unbeknown, while she was earning her bread—cooking and washing up. At last, a minister heard of her, and got her a little salary to give her more time for doing good. She didn't have it very long, but in the meantime she got into the way of getting the fine sorts of needlework, and she did as much, and earned as much as if she'd done nothing else, but every evening she was out, and many an one she's saved, and many an one she's snatched out the fire. She lived in this room, and she died in it; and whoever she was, and whatever she'd been, a saint went to glory when she was taken. She was mighty fond of her books, and I hope you'll amuse yourself with them, miss, for they used to sound very grand when she read bits to me, being as I don't know an A from a B myself."

Millicent turned to the "bracket" as the landlady retired. She had not given much heed to her story, though she would have been interested enough by it at another time. Nor did it even interest her very much to find among that slender store of books an old worn copy of her brother's early work, "Talks and Meditations." She saw that book often enough in many places. The terrible review had not laughed it down to nothing, and George's only pleasant regret was that in those guileless days he had parted wholly with its copyright.

Millicent had never heard of the incident of her sister-in-law Christian's long-ago journey to London. It is a way of breaking in halves that stories have in this world. And so Christian missed a happy satisfaction, and George lost a solemn delight. Only for a little while. Every kindly doer, and every faithful worker will find many such satisfactions and delights in Heaven.

"What is that noise?" Millicent asked, listening, as her landlady returned with the tea and toast.

"It's the rain agen the windows, miss. You've got safe under shelter none too soon. It's blowing great guns from the nor'-east, and the skipper says it'll be an awful night," replied the sailor's wife.

(To be continued.)

ARGUE not with a man whom you knew to be of an obstinate temper; for when he is once contradicted, his mind is barred up against all light and information: arguments, though never so well grounded, do but provoke him, and make even him afraid to be convinced of the truth.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE HIRAM POWERS.

HIRAM POWERS, the eminent American sculptor, whose recent death in Florence has caused deep regret to all lovers of art, was born in Woodstock, Vermont, in 1805. The son of a farmer, and far removed from influences calculated to foster his artistic tastes, he yet early developed the bent of his genius. Removing with his father's family, while yet a child, to Ohio, he turned his hand to a great variety of employments in Cincinnati, showing in all shrewd sense and inventive faculty. He was at various times a clock-maker, a manufacturer of reed organs and a director of a wax-work show. He invented a jew's-harp with two tongues, and later in life constructed machinery to facilitate the process of modelling his works. If he had not been an artist, he might have achieved success as an engineer and mechanic.

The *Cincinnati Commercial* gives the following interesting reminiscences in regard to the great sculptor:

"In 1819, Hiram obtained employment in the clock and organ factory of Lowan Watson, on Seventh Street, between Main and Sycamore Streets, in Cincinnati. He was at first employed as collector for the establishment, but, acquiring a taste for mechanics, turned his attention to learning the trade, and made such rapid progress that in the course of a year he was regarded as an expert at the trade, and finished an organ for Dorfeuille's Museum, at the corner of Main and Pearl Streets, doing nearly all the work himself. This organ gave so much satisfaction that another order was given by some connections of the museum people, and Hiram did the designing and much of the work on the new instrument. The organ played twenty-six set tunes, and was arranged with twelve juvenile figures, six little boys with trumpets on one side, and six little girls with bells on the other, the trumpets blowing and the bells ringing at certain intervals during the performance, for air. While at the clock factory, Hiram became acquainted with a Mr. Eckstein, a Prussian artist and sculptor, who conceived a strong liking for him, and gave him lessons in modelling and casting busts. He remained at the clock factory, working on organs and making wax figures, which, it seems, was an important feature of the trade, until 1827, when the progress he had made in modelling, under his friend Eckstein's tuition, gained him more remunerative occupation in the museum. He made a number of figures of noted divines, celebrated philosophers, statesmen and historical criminals, for exhibition at the museum, and also constructed the 'Infernal Regions,' which formed the chief attraction of that place of entertainment for many years. While at the museum he also modelled busts of Dr. Bishop, President of the Oxford, Ohio, College, Nicholas Longworth and Amor Combs, who was then deceased, and whose features Mr. Powers reproduced chiefly from memory. All

of these busts were subsequently transferred to marble.

"Mr. Powers was engaged in the modelling of wax figures and plaster busts until 1835, when he went to Washington, D. C. His precision in reproducing forms and catching expression was remarkable even when he was struggling through the elementary stages of his profession. Old residents of the city will call to mind the wax figure he made of his old and fast friend, Aleck Drake, the actor. Aleck was running the old Columbia Street Theatre, was playing to the poorest of houses, had no new attractions in view, and was on bad terms with his banker. Powers, as an expedient for raising the wind, conceived the novel idea of putting two Aleck Drakes on the same stage at the same time, in the act of singing "Love and Sausages." In twelve days Powers executed a perfect image of Drake, which was dressed exactly like the great actor, at Platt Evans's tailor shop on Main Street, and on the appointed night the two Alecks appeared at opposite ends of the stage, grimoaced, saluted the audience, and sang "Love and Sausages" (to the best belief of the audience), like two Alecks indeed. Which was the real Aleck and which the counterfeit, nobody could tell, so exactly were they alike. One gentleman is remembered to have sung out from the gallery, pointing at one side of the stage, 'That's Drake over there; I saw him wink.' The real Aleck, from the other side, shouted out: 'No it ain't, I'm here,' however, when the audience was all at sea again. The two Alecks were a great success, and enjoyed a 'run' of eight or ten weeks, which restored Drake to a sound financial footing.

"On taking up his residence at Washington, Mr. Powers executed a bust of General Jackson, the general assigning him a room in the White House for a workshop. He also executed busts of Martin Van Buren, Alexander McComb, John C. Calhoun, Senator Preston, Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Burnett, Edward Everett, and a number of other distinguished statesmen and jurists.

"Returning to Cincinnati on a short visit, he left on August 29, 1837, for the East, expecting to proceed immediately to Italy. He received a commission for the execution of a bust of Daniel Webster, however, and remained at Marshfield long enough to complete his model. He arrived at Florence, Italy, some time in October of the year 1837.

"The first few years he passed in Italy were years of toil and discouragement, and it was fully four years before he could fairly regard his chisel as a trustworthy implement of defence against poverty. In the third year of his residence abroad he wrote to his brother here that his funds were nearly exhausted, and if he did not obtain temporary relief he would be compelled to return to his native country. The

announcement of this intelligence to some of the merchants and bankers of this city and Boston resulted in the placing to his credit immediately of five thousand dollars, which, as he had in the meantime sold his original 'Greek Slave,' Mr. Powers never had occasion to use, though ever grateful for the generous offer.

"The 'Greek Slave' found a purchaser in Captain Grant, of Her Majesty's Navy, who paid one thousand guineas for it. It is Mr. Powers's most celebrated work. The Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen visited Mr. Powers's studio soon after its completion, and gave it the highest praise. Thorwaldsen was then past his eightieth year, and the President of the Artists' Association, which was meeting at Florence. 'Is this your first ideal statue?' he asked of Powers. Hiram replied that it was the first one that he had completed.

"Any sculptor,' returned Thorwaldsen, 'might be proud of it as his last.'"

The *Portland Transcript*, speaking of Mr. Powers, says:

"He was a man not only of strong native genius, but of great conversational powers, fresh and original in his talk and full of ingenious ideas. Unlike other sculptors, he made no clay models—except in portrait busts—but modelled directly in the plaster, and he had many ingenious devices and machines, among which was one for punching holes through iron. In exhibiting these he would say to his friends, 'You see I am a bit of a Yankee.' He was also a sort of natural doctor, great in the invention of empirical remedies. He invented an apparatus for the cure of chest complaints, by inhalation, yet died of consumption in the end.

"Hawthorne, in his Italian Notes, bears frequent testimony to Mr. Powers's conversational ability. He says, 'his talk is full of bone and muscle, and I enjoy him much.' Again he adds, 'I have hardly ever before felt an impulse to write down a man's conversation as I do that of Mr. Powers. He is a very instructive man, and sweeps one's empty and dead notions out of the way with exceeding vigor. I am always glad to encounter the millstream of his talk.'

"Mr. Powers had a full appreciation of his own abilities, and was not slow to criticise the works of other artists. He pronounced the head of the Venus di Medici to be that of an idiot, and declared that the grand and mysterious effect of Michael Angelo's statue of Lorenzo di Medici was due to a trick. Hawthorne alludes to this trait of character in the following note:

"Powers is a great man, and also a tender and delicate one, massive and rude of surface as he looks; and it is rather absurd to feel how he impressed his auditor, for the time being, with his own evident idea that nobody else is worthy to touch marble. Mr. B—— told me that Powers has had many difficulties on professional grounds, as I understood him, and with his brother artists. No wonder! He has said enough in my hearing to put him at

swords' points with sculptors of every epoch and every degree between the two inclusive extremes of Phidias and Clarke Mills.'

"We remember an anecdote told us many years ago, illustrative of the ruling passion in Mr. Powers's mind. At the time of General Jackson's removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States, he approached a group of merchants in New York, who were excitedly discussing the matter. One of them turned to him and said, 'Mr. Powers, what do you think of this high-handed act?' 'I think,' said the artist, who had been critically regarding the figure of his questioner, 'that your arms are too long for your body!'

"Hawthorne records an anecdote of Mr. Powers's early life:

"Mr. Powers gave some amusing anecdotes of his early life, when he was a clerk in a store in Cincinnati. There was a museum opposite, the proprietor of which had a peculiar physiognomy that struck Powers, inasmuch that he felt impelled to make continual caricatures of it. He used to draw them upon the door of the museum, and became so familiar with the face, that he could draw them in the dark; so that, every morning, here was this absurd profile of himself, greeting the museum-man when he came to open his establishment. Often, too, it would reappear within an hour after it was rubbed out. The man was infinitely annoyed, and made all possible efforts to discover the unknown artist, but in vain; and finally concluded, I suppose, that the likeness broke out upon the door of its own accord, like the nettle-rash. Some years afterward, the proprietor of the museum engaged Powers himself as an assistant; and one day Powers asked him if he remembered this mysterious profile. "Yes," said he, "did you know who drew them?" Powers took a piece of chalk, and touched off the very profile again, before the man's eyes. "Ah," said he, "if I had known it at the time, I would have broken every bone in your body!"

"In another place Hawthorne gives an account of an evening spent with Powers on the terrace at the top of the latter's house, in Florence. There the romancer and the artist sat in the calm summer evening, until the moon rose behind the trees, and reasoned high about other states of being, and the beautiful shapes inhabiting the planets in the heavens above them. Hawthorne closes his account of this delightful intercourse with these half-humorous words:

"The atmosphere of Florence, at least when we ascend a little way into it, suggests planetary speculations. Galileo found it so, and Mr. Powers and I pervaded the whole universe; but finally crept down his garret-stairs, and parted, with a friendly pressure of the hand.'

"That was fifteen years ago, and the two friends have now both passed on to those other states and scenes of which they held so high discourse, there, perhaps, to meet again, and renew the discussion of that pleasant evening hour."

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSESIWAY POTTS.

No. IX.

OUR stove has an elevated oven with two grates in it, but I never could bake very well on the lower one, because the loaves would rise and crowd against the upper one, and the top crust would be cracked, and broken, and disfigured. Rather than be annoyed thus, I always baked three loaves at a time on the upper grate. My men folks tried to fix it for me, but they never hit on a plan that was satisfactory, and so all these twelve years I have done bakings of from eight to twenty-one loaves a week, baking three loaves only at a time. We had an outdoor oven a few years ago, but the wrinkles would come in the men's noses every time they had to split oven-wood, and I was rejoiced one morning to find it a crumbled heap of brick and mortar. But in my eagerness to facilitate business in the kitchen this summer, I contrived how I could arrange the stove oven for baking six loaves instead of three.

I took four railroad spikes, and with soft copper wire fastened them securely to the four corners of the upper grate, on the under side. That lifted it up just high enough to be out of the way of touching the bread on the lower grate, and now I bake six loaves at a time with no trouble at all, only to change the upper loaves to the lower parts, and to be careful not to place one directly under the other.

Ida and Lily were away visiting yesterday in the afternoon, and that gave me a good opportunity to write. If they are at home, no matter how firmly we resolve not to speak to each other, and how determined they are not to hinder Pipsey, the first thing we know we are all firing away as earnestly as though we had not seen each other for a week. Father said he woke from his noon nap the other day and heard us talking, and for an instant he thought a clan of Irish had taken possession of our sitting-room—that perhaps Paddy and Mike had just come over from Cork and met with the Flannaghans and the McCartys. Heh! he didn't make us ashamed. I said: "Oh, that's better than to quarrel, or disagree, or sulk, and go moping about with no desire to talk at all;" and so it is.

I improved the time while the girls were gone yesterday. Before we went to bed last night, Ida complained of not feeling well; and knowing her general health was good, I immediately inquired what she ate at supper where she was visiting.

"I didn't mean to tell you at all, Pipsey," said she, looking ashamed; "but maybe if I confess I'll feel better in my mind, any how. We had cabbage for supper, and I knew I ought not to touch it, and that you didn't allow of it; but it looked so good, and was so nicely cooked, I took two spoonfuls of it. I do wish I hadn't tasted it! I'll not yield to temptation so weakly another time."

I was sorry she had partaken of the cabbage, but I knew there was a remedy, though I didn't tell her of it, for fear she would be tempted to take cabbage and remedy another time.

After she had gone to bed I put half a teaspoonful of soda in half a cup of water, stirred it until it was thoroughly dissolved, and gave her to drink, and made her curl up snugly in bed.

She felt no more the effects of her unwise supper. She said the cabbage was made into warm slaw, and was so nice she asked Cousin Laura for the recipe.

For one head of cabbage, chopped very fine; to make the dressing, put into a kettle about half a pint of vinegar—less if it is very strong—set it on the fire to boil, add one pint of rich cream, one table-spoonful of dry mustard, two well-beaten eggs, one even teaspoonful of pepper, two of salt; stir briskly, and as soon as it boils put in the cabbage; stir well with a large fork until the dressing is mixed through, then pour out as soon as possible, or it will make the dressing too thick. This is good either warm or cold.

Don't forget at this season of the year to make a few glasses of green grape jelly. It is very pretty, and is made like any other kind.

In gathering cucumbers to save for pickles, use small ones, they will make such firm, crisp pickles. Examine your vines once a day, and don't wait until you have gathered three or four times before you put them in the brine. They should not be allowed to wilt or have yellow specks come on them before they are cared for. Let everything be done in season.

Tomatoes should be canned the same day they are picked, and not be permitted to grow over-ripe; if they are stale, or too ripe, they will be found either insipid or having a bitter taste when the cans are opened. A friend of ours keeps tomatoes all winter. She dissolves about one teacupful of salt to every gallon of water, putting this weak brine in a small keg made for the purpose. She plucks the tomatoes as soon as they are barely ripe, and leaves a little of the stem on. They must be kept well covered with the brine, and a light weight on top. She keeps tomatoes thus until spring. It is a treat to eat them sliced in sweetened vinegar in the months of March and April.

Sometimes as I sit writing these things for my sister-women to read, I stop and think of all the requirements of a good housewife. One who will "look well to the ways of her household," who will manage and economize, and "take time by the forelock," who uses strategy, and shrewdness, and wisdom, why such a woman is more than a general!

And yet she'll pass through a long, toilsome life, and be laid in an out-of-the-way grave, and the briars will grow viciously over the neglected spot, and the heart-wounds will heal, and she will be to this work-a-day life what the hill-side plough or the worn-out sugar evaporator has been in its day—a useful tool that served its time, and has been left in the furrow, or outside a roofless shed, to the mercy of the sun and the storm and the rust.

These are sad thoughts that will come to us, struggle as we may against the unwelcome truth. They pain us, and we shrink from them as we would from the surgeon's knife or the merciless cauterizer, and our tears fall—wherefor? Sometimes the pen drops from my hand, and I lean my head on my desk, and in tears my thoughts go out, reaching for something to say to such women that will be to them like a tonic, something that will raise them up to a higher atmosphere, and give them clearer vision and a more permanent spiritual strength. I would say something that would abide with them. I would lift up their hands, and gladden their hearts, and do them good. But my own wings are broken, my vision clouded, and my poor thoughts earthy.

A day will dawn, too, which no night will succeed; then the weary hearts and the working hands and the aching heads will be at rest, and a "light that is not of sea or land," will make plain all those dark things over which we stumble now, and rising, fall again.

I saw a very pretty thing yesterday at a neighbor's—a long-trained vine of nasturtium, full of buds and flowers and young seed-clusters—broken close off down to the ground, and the stem set in water, in which were a few lumps of charcoal. It stood in a sunny sitting-room, between two windows, and was trained up to run around a picture, and up over the top of one of the windows, and hang down lavishly then. I clapped my hands over the sight. It had been rejoicing the inmates of the house nearly a fortnight, and was just as fresh and sweet as its other half, which was trained over a shrub in the door-yard.

Meadow lilies can be broken off and the stalks set in water, and they will open new flowers the same as though they were out in the life-giving atmosphere.

This is a good time to gather leaves and swamp-grasses, and all kinds of pretty things.

I have told you this before, but I so want your homes to be beautified in the winter with drooping bouquets and grasses, that I am tempted to remind you of it again. After gathering your material for bouquets, arrange them in small bunches to suit your taste, the tallest in the centre, then put them safely in a dark room to dry.

Some of you women who have leisure would be glad perhaps to know how to make frosted fruit. I think it is nice, and I would have told you long ago; only I was afraid the fathers and grandfathers wouldn't like me for it, and would say, "I r'a'y did

think better o' Pipeey than that; I thought she had more sense than to be a foolin' 'round in that sort o' style, puttin' mischief in yer heads, an' leadin' ye into all sorts o' nonsense." That's the reason I didn't tell you long ago. The old men always liked me, ever since I was a little girl, and I don't want to lose their good-will, bless them! good old hard-handed, sunburnt fathers and grandfathers.

That was all I had to feel good over when I was young. Little girls would coax me to go home with them from school, and stay all night, by saying, "Papa, he likes you so! He never talks or reads to any other little girl but you!" or, "Do come, daddy says you're so stiddy an' old-fashioned, he likes you!" This long-ago praise has made me walk pretty straight. Sometimes it did me good, those homely terms of encouragement; and so, to this day, I care very materially for what the fathers and grandfathers think of me. I guess I do like them, too!

Well, we'll hold our heads down, and "speak low, good woman," while I tell you this thing that the kings might dub as frivolous.

To prepare frosted fruit, take ripe plums, grapes or cherries; leave part of the stem on; have in one dish some white of egg beaten, and in another some powdered loaf-sugar; take up the fruit, one at a time, and roll them first in the egg and then in the sugar, lay them on a sheet of white paper, in a sieve, and set it on top of a stove or near a fire till the icing is hard. To crystallize plums, take out the seeds and put one pound of plums to a half-pound of sugar, cook them to a pulp, then spread on broad dishes to dry; pack them away in glass jars. When wanted to serve, take a little and roll in powdered sugar, the shape of plums. Very nice, but trifling business, I think. (I add this latter clause to conciliate the dads.)

There is nothing hurts me worse than to see a child whipped—to hear the shrill "You little brat!" and the thud! thud! of an angry hand on the poor little writhing body. We have always held to the belief that though a small child, rebellious and wilful, does have to be punished sometimes, this warfare should end as soon as a child is old enough to understand, say at the age of two or three years.

The stubborn will should be subdued by that time, and if it has been judiciously trained—carefully and lovingly and wisely and prayerfully trained, from that time it can be easily managed.

At the very age that I, Pipeey Potts, would be breaking the will of a child, bending the pliant little twig, parents are generally hiding their mouths behind their hands, and grinning most egregiously over the pat sayings and doings, the awkward oaths, and the pert, irreverent answers of the "cute little darlings." That is the time the bad seed is sown. I have no patience with such foolish blindness.

I was visiting, a few years ago, at the pretty house of kind relatives, who had adopted a little boy. He waxed fat under the euphonious name of Elmer

Ellsworth. He sat at table between his proud parents, swigging his two cups of strong coffee, and issuing orders in a loud voice, to the right and the left, with all the pomp and dignity of a superior officer. No matter what we were conversing about, he paid no attention, but talked on, as though he must be heard, at least. His father would have to drop the conversation and turn to Ellsworth. He would make pert replies to his parents, and the weak mother would tell him what to say to his father; perhaps make a fist and say, "smell your master;" or, "you dry up;" or, "we've heard enough out o' you!"

I could hardly endure it. I took occasion to tell them that they were most surely "sowing the wind, and sometime, maybe when they were bent with age, they would reap the whirlwind."

They only laughed and said, "he'll get over that! he's so cute; he can't stand a cross word, it nearly kills him!"

Last summer those relatives paid us a visit. I said: "Does Elly make a manly little boy?"

"Manly! I think he is! See, he's goin' on twelve year old, now. He don't incline to study, though he'll be a real business man—money-making and sharp. I gave him a two-year-old colt last spring, and he rides it every where he goes. It's not much walkin' he does now. He rides off sometimes and will be gone all day, and comes galloping home in the evening, always in time to do up his chores."

And here the relative smiled, as though he thought that was a clincher in proving the boy's good character.

"Sometimes," said the mother, "he does give Jim (the father) the cutest answers. Now, the evening before we left home, Jim, he was sitting smoking after tea, and he asked Elly if he had fed the pigs. Elly said no. After while Jim said, 'come, you tend to the pigs, son.' I do wish you could have seen the look he gave his father as he answered, just as cute, 'why, you're not doing anything yourself, Jim.' I had to turn away and laugh, and it did take Jim down so. Any one who gets ahead of Elmer Ellsworth will have to rise before the lark, that's so." And the poor, blind, misguided man and woman shook themselves, like wet dogs, with real jolly laughter.

It did no good to talk to them of the peril that surely lies before them and theirs. Alas, for the whirlwind they must reap!

I am almost ashamed to tell it, but it is the truth, that I was so worried with their utter blindness, their stupidity on this momentous theme, that I became sick while they were here, and was not able to wait on them, or help make their visit a pleasant one. I had a spell of nervous headache, that for two days was as much as my physical system could endure.

When I see parents in the full possession of sound minds laying the foundation for the utter ruin of their innocent, God-given children, I feel like tearing away from all restraint and endeavoring, with

the zeal of a monomaniac, to convince them of their great mistake. And yet, of all people who labor under a delusion, a blind, mistaken, over-loving parent is the most dogmatic and egotistical and absurd. They won't be convinced, they know you are in error and they are right. What a pity that such a reckoning must come as does.

One evening last summer I sat propped up in the rocking-chair, weak and debilitated, recovering from a severe attack of headache.

I was sitting alone in the twilight, when a hesitating step came up to the door. I coughed to let the visitor know that the room had an occupant, and said, "Come in; feel just at the left side of the door and you will find a chair. Never mind ceremony, who ever you may be, come in. I do not recognize your voice; I am Miss Potts."

"No; you don't know my voice—you never heard it but once; I was ten years old then, I am a man now;" said the strong, full voice, rich and musical.

Just then lights were brought in, and in the stranger I saw a fine-looking man, tall and bronzed and graceful. I was reassured, and said: "Tell me when we met, and where."

"Why, you were visiting at Julia Sherman's, in the little village of Lynde, twenty years ago; you stayed there three days. There were not more than six or eight houses in the village, and one sunny afternoon you and Julia were going to visit Cedar Falls and the Point, and you invited all the boys and girls in the village to join you. We little folks were made as happy as we could hold; invited by two young ladies to accompany them in an afternoon ramble, filled our cups full to the brim. I never spent a happier time; we didn't have to behave—one was just as good as another, and we all had the most perfect liberty to run and jump, and hallo, and 'cut up' as much as we wanted to. I remember how you fired up that afternoon, how you climbed from one rock to another, and crept into inaccessible places, and leaped from crag to crag like a wild cat. We all explored caves, and gathered specimens, and selected the finest mosses, and then in the pretty moonlight evening we all went to Centre Hall to a country singing-school. I have never forgotten that enjoyable adventure of my childhood, it often comes up before me, and I resolved, if I ever came to Pottsville, that I would call and look upon your face, and thank you for the pleasure of that long-ago afternoon and evening. I was a poor, ragged little boy, then," and his voice faltered. "I have always read your stories and your 'Windows,' and I seemed to see you as you were then. I couldn't think of you only as the plump, rosy, romping girl, not the thin, pale woman on whose brow the vicissitudes of twenty added years have set their seal."

I said, "Have the years dealt kindly with you?"

"I have been blest and prospered, and am happy," was his answer.

The next day I chanced to remark to an acquaint-

ance that Mr. — had called here, and we were pleased with him.

The friend said, hesitatingly, "Yes, I used to attend school where he did," and here he puckered up his mouth wisely, as much as to say, "Oh, if you only knew what I do!"

Now I meant "to spike his gun" by pretending that I had not observed this ungentlemanly insinuation at all; that's the way to manage such people. But the deacon, the dear, unsophisticated old lamb, he didn't know, and he laid the way open immediately by saying, very unwisely: "Was he the right sort of a boy?"

"Perhaps he was, and perhaps he wasn't," said our immaculate friend, Mullethead, and he looked as sanctimonious as though he thought the heavens might open any minute, and a chariot come down to escort him up just as he was in the flesh.

Oh, that deacon! that deacon! I coughed, and hemmed, and touched his shank with the toe of my gaiter softly down under the table, but it was of no use. His poor human curiosity was excited, and he was in the pursuit of that knowledge which enlightens the darkened understanding, and he didn't mind a hint at all.

"Was he quarrelsome?" queried the deacon, leaning over and smiling.

"Well—no; he wasn't exactly quarrelsome, but he felt most mighty big. While was other boys would be out enjoying a good lively game, that fellow'd sit in the house and study, and study; he'd hardly allow himself time to eat his dinner. He was selfish, too, and carried his head up as though he thought he was made of better stuff than common boys."

"Did he use profane language, or had he any bad habits that made him unfit for an associate?" said I, warmly.

"Well, no, can't say that he had; none of us wanted to 'sociate with him, though—he felt too important."

"Was that all you had against the poor boy? If it was, it is very easy to account for that little peculiarity. You know they were very poor people, he had no advantages in his childhood, and his father was a man of intemperate habits. Now it is the easiest thing in the world for a poor boy, situated thus, to grow morbid. He stands well in good society to-day; he has fought his way up through adverse circumstances, little by little, step by step; he stands a brave, reliant, self-made man; his influence is felt in society; he is doing a good work. And now, Mr. Mullethead, don't you throw out any vague hints, don't you insinuate by word, or look, or a significant sniff of your nose, that you know something about the poor fellow that you could tell if you would. It is unkind; you are not doing as you would be done by. What you set down against his young manhood as a fault, an evil, really is the very opposite. Don't you know that conscious worth makes its possessor dignified? That he cannot help it? If he had no desire to play with you boys at school, if he felt that

time was all too short for the work he had to do, the ends he had to attain, then he wouldn't feel like leaving his books for the recreation he didn't need. His aim was doubtless to acquire all the education he could before his trade was learned; he wanted to improve the fleeting moments."

It is so easy, by look, or word, or deed, to prejudice other minds, that we cannot be careful enough. See how much injury an idle insinuation may inflict upon a stranger, or one who comes into our vicinity with no predilections in his favor. Watch, and see and hear the idle hints thoughtlessly spoken, seed dropped by the wayside that will spring up and bear an hundred fold.

I remember two instances now that happened in a good family—a family who would scorn to wrong any one.

A young physician came to Pottsville; he was a stranger; no one knew aught against him. His deportment was gentlemanly; he attended church, and Sabbath-school, and the literary society, and seemed to be the very man to fill a niche that had long been vacant in Pottsville. At old Father Bell's anniversary party, the young doctor was discussed, or rather dissected.

"What did you say his name was?"

"Carpenter."

"Oh, I do wonder if he's any connection of old Jethro Carpenter, who was hung in the Illinois for horse-stealing?" said one of the good old busybodies.

"Why Jethro is this man's name," said another, dropping knife and fork, and rolling up his eyes horror-stricken.

"I'll bet it's a son o' hisen!"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder. Old Jethro had a very big Roman nose," said the first speaker.

"So has this 'un! Eh-heh!"

The story spread, it gained, it grew into wonderful proportions; people stared at the young doctor; they peeped round corners at him, they leered, they curled their lips after a wise fashion, they cast prying glances sideways; and at last the poor fellow, lacking the vim to stay and live down the aspersion, as a positive man would have done, yielded weakly, and bowed, and broken, and humiliated, returned to the place of his nativity, wounded for life.

And all this came of one idle word—a word induced by no provocation, no spite, just carelessly dropped in thoughtless, aimless conversation.

Another instance. A poor widow rented an out-of-the-way cabin, and took in spinning, and did washings, and worked bravely to keep her family of three from want. Her name was Maria Warner. After while a story was going the rounds. When Maria was first married, she had stolen a blue tea-cup from a sick neighbor; her own set was spoiled because one of the cups was broken, and she fretted about it; and this neighbor's set was just like her own. She couldn't stand the temptation that assailed her; she slipped the cup into her pocket in a weak moment, and took it home with her. But that night she couldn't sleep, nor the next night, her conscience

troubled her so, and then she carried the cup back, and honestly confessed her fault to her injured neighbor.

This was the story—the truth—only the neighbor didn't keep the secret, as she was in sacred duty bound to do. She told it with sundry blinks, and winks and grimaces. Wherever the poor family moved the tale followed after. Oh, it was such a pity! We should all pray, saying—

"The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

Ill-disposed children cast this pitiful thing into the faces of the widow's little ones at school; wealthy farmers' wives curled their lips, saying, "I want no one about my house whose coming shakes me and watch and count my teacups."

Many years ago, three young men, in daring bravado, and under the maddening influence of strong drink, waylaid and gagged a drover and tried to rob him. None of the young men were vicious, or really wicked or reckless. Under proper restraint, and a wise, humane, loving, Christian influence, each

one would have made a good man, and been a blessing to the world. They were sorry, and essayed to live down the grave crime they had committed. Lately, when the name of one of them was mentioned at a dinner-table as being in the neighborhood, engaged in an honorable and lucrative employment, the father of the family said, "Carl Lanning! in our vicinity! Why, isn't that the name of one of the young would-be murderers of a few years ago? Surely, it is," and then followed a particular relation of the whole affair in the presence of a table full of men and women, who had never heard it before.

How wicked and wilful and uncalled for! Why should people, praying, peace-loving people, be so willing and anxious to retail gossip that blights, and sometimes kills another, and does no one any good.

Let us look well, then, to the idle words that fall heedlessly from our lips. Let us ponder before we speak, and see that we say nothing to injure another. Let us not deal in arrows tipped with poison; let us seal our lips in sacred silence, if we cannot speak well and kindly of others.

MARY STUART.

ACROSS THE SOLWAY, AND ON THE SCAFFOLD.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

THE battle of Langside was over. The beautiful Scotch May-day had been fouled with the smell of powder and darkened with solid lines of spears, and through the clear, sweet northern air had rung all day the sounds of the deadly encounter—the spears crossing and locking—the sharp, thick pistol-shots, the crash of the field-pieces, the clatter of cavalry, and the moans of the wounded and dying.

That battle had settled the fate of the young queen, Mary Stuart, and ended her reign in Scotland. She had watched it, with only three or four attendants, from a hill half a mile distant. She knew that crown and throne hung on the issue of that battle, in the soft spring day, on the long, straggling hill, which made the village of Langside. Only two miles off was old Glasgow, and the cool breezes from the banks of the Clyde must have wandered across the face of the beautiful woman, as, mounted on her horse, she watched the way the battle went; she knew that on it hung tremendous issues for herself. Yet she could not look up the next twenty years as we can, and see that they were to take their whole shape and coloring from that day at Langside.

Mary Stuart's half-brother, the regent, James Murray, was at the head of the enemy's forces. They were better armed and better appointed, and they outnumbered the queen's. It is true, that most of the nobility, "the chivalry, the sentiment of Scotland," were on her side. On Murray's were the Protestant lords, the middle classes, the farmers and yeomanry, the bold riders of the border, around whom Scott has thrown the spell of his genius.

When Murray's proclamation went ringing among the hills and along the banks of the Clyde, they had flown to arms. It took short warning for that. The stern Northern men had only to "buckle their sword-belts, put on their steel caps and breast-plates, strap a wallet, stuffed with cold meat and bread, behind their saddles," and they were ready for a week's fight.

Mary's army, composed chiefly of the nobility and their retainers, was full of the old national feuds, factions and ambitions. Each nobleman had his private schemes and animosities, and no single, passionate purpose fired them as one man, into a great unity of action on that day at Langside.

They fought like brave men, it is true; but they lacked a leader with those supreme qualities of head and heart, which would have commanded the obedience of the whole army. Every little while some old fierce jealousy flamed out among the proud Northern nobles. "The followers of one lord would not obey another."

So they had come up the long lane, which made the village street, "horse and foot together, a mere huddling crowd, till they were between the houses, when the arquebuse-men, at close quarters, poured in their fire from behind the walls. Still they struggled forward. The leading companies, though desperately cut up, forced their way at last through the village to the open ground above, where they were faced by Murray's solid lines—and there, for three-quarters of an hour, they stood and fought."

The fate of the battle, however, hung upon the

squadron of horse which Lord Herries, the queen's protector, brought up the hill, sweeping round from the left.

For awhile he had carried all before him, but when Murray's warriors burst in suddenly to the rescue, the tide of battle was turned.

A panic seized the queen's lines. They broke up, scattered, and ran. The Highlanders, who had hovered on the outskirts of the fight, now burst with fierce cries upon the demoralized troops, and would have made short work of them if Murray's stern commands had not stayed the carnage.

And Mary Stuart, watching on the hill, in the pleasant May sunshine, knew that the battle of Langside was lost.

She was a woman brave as she was beautiful. Whatever were the faults of Mary Stuart, her splendid courage was unquestionable. It seemed as though no peril could shake the nerves of that delicate, graceful figure.

And all the courage, the tact, the prompt energies to meet the occasion, which she had inherited from Tudor and Guise and Stuart, were needed after that battle of Langside.

She turned swiftly—in all Scotland there was probably no finer horsewoman in that year, fifteen hundred and sixty-eight—what a musty scent seems to cling to the old syllables as we speak them—and galloped off, with the three or four followers who had watched with her on the hill, to see how the battle went at Langside.

Only a few days before she had escaped in the twilight from Lochleven. All the long, dreary months of her captivity in the round-tower of the Castle of Lochleven, with the long, narrow slits of windows, and the blue sky overhead and the blue waters below, must have risen up before the queen, who had just lost crown and throne, with a sickening dread.

She loved liberty, like the eagles of her Northern mountains; though the Scotch queen had come back to her native home with a foreign heart, and the prospect of a second imprisonment must have lent fresh speed for her flight, as she struck her spurs into her horse, and bore away straight for Dumbarton. She had been eager to reach it ever since that swift midnight-flight from Lochleven.

But the fates were against her. She had watched the tide of battle too long on the hill half a mile away.

"The country had risen, and all the roads were beset. Along the by-paths the peasants cut at her with reaping-hooks. The highway was occupied by Murray's horse," and Mary Stuart knew that if she fell this time into the hands of those stern Scottish lords, even her brother could not save her life.

At that moment, if ever, a throb of terror shook the heart of the woman. Perplexed and harassed, she turned her horse's head southward, and made for Galloway by the sea. The way of escape would be open there from the land of her birth, and the kingdom of which she had been crowned queen.

She had only six attendants in that wild flight across the country, and one was the little foundling page, who, in the dim twilight, had swept the keys from his master's plate at Lochleven, and unlocked the castle gates, out of which Mary Stuart went to her short-lived freedom, and to the long captivity, which was to end at last on the scaffold.

It was a long, terrible gallop across the wild Scotch country, over its fens and heathery moors, and through its wildernesses, green with the fresh beauty of the May—night and day she bore on, as if death was behind her. Ninety-two miles she rode, and when she slept at all, it was to stretch the delicate limbs, which had been used to the fine linens and the soft royal couches of France, on the bare ground. She had oatmeal and buttermilk for her food—she, whose dainty lips had sipped from golden goblets the choicest wines of the world.

On the third day after the battle the long, breathless race was over, and Mary Stuart drew rein at Dundrennan Abbey, on the banks of the Solway.

Let us stop a moment and look at her, as she stands there in the spring twilight. In all history there is hardly a more tragic figure than that of the young queen. She is only a little past the boundary of her twenty-third birthday. Born of a long line of Scotch kings, receiving with almost her first infant cry the crown which dropped from her dead father's brow, bred at the French court, and married in the earliest bloom of her girlhood to the Dauphin, she had mounted the throne, and for two years that young forehead had shone fair under the Scotch thistles and the lilies of France.

When her boy-husband died, she came in her fresh loveliness across the summer seas to the old Scotch home and the throne of her fathers.

Everybody knows what followed—the state marriage with the mean, miserable Darnley, and all the wretchedness that came of it, until all was ended in the awful tragedy at Kirk-a-Field. Then there was the birth of her child, and the swift marriage with Bothwell in the early sunrise, and all the scandal and shame and misery that came of it.

This is not the place to open the question of Mary Stuart's guilt or innocence. We all know that one class of historians lays to her charge the foulest of crimes, and that another, with passionate eloquence, draws her portrait as the saint, sweetest and most wronged of modern history. Through the centuries the battle has gone on over her memory, and it has not ceased with our own time.

But, however historians may differ as to the real character of the woman, none can fail to look at her with interest, as she stands on the Solway in the spring evening and listens to the stormy dash of the waves on the sands, and looks far across to the green banks on the other side, and thinks that there is England. Whether in that long, breathless gallop across the country, or whether in looking over the Solway to the pleasant English shores, the thought first entered Mary Stuart's soul that she would turn there for rescue and protection no historian, so far

as I know, has ever told us. Perhaps she could not herself.

Yet, if we take into consideration for a moment her position at that time, and all the circumstances which surrounded her; remembering, too, the kind of woman she was herself, the dash, the romance, the impetuosity of her temperament, there will be nothing surprising that this course should have suggested itself to Mary Stuart's mind, and that the more she turned it over in her thoughts the more attractive it seemed to her.

Her fortunes in Scotland were at that moment at the lowest ebb. She had witnessed, three days before, the utter defeat of her army on the hill at Langside, and she knew that, broken and scattered as the royal forces were, it would be a long time before they could rally again under her banners.

Indeed, Mary Stuart may have received a new impression of Scotch character, and it may have dawned on her, for the first time, during that long flight from Langside that her case, without foreign aid, was hopeless in Scotland.

The discrowned, dethroned queen must have looked to the armies of France or of England to restore her to her place and state.

But in the meantime where was she to go? Look at her, standing there in the old gown, torn with her long scramble over bush and brier; remember that she was the daughter of one king, the widow of another, the great granddaughter of a third, and that she was so young still, only twenty-three, and held her own fate for the last time in her hands, as she stood on the banks of the Solway.

There was France. The widow of her dead king had claims on his mother and his brothers, which they could hardly ignore, when she, who had worn the crown, stood a beautiful suppliant at the foot of the throne; but Mary Stuart knew the dark, subtle, vindictive nature of her Italian mother-in-law, Catherine de Medici.

The two women had never loved each other. The queen-mother's deepest humiliations had come from the proud Guise race of whom Mary sprung.

The keen and crafty Italian woman might find her day of vengeance when her daughter-in-law, driven from her own kingdom, went to Catherine de Medici for protection and help.

There were cloisters in France, whence escape might not be so easy as Mary had found it from the thick castle walls of Lochleven. Yet the long confinement there must have given her a terrible dread of captivity.

Of the six uncles who had virtually governed France when, less than four years before, Mary Stuart came sailing, in her lovely young widowhood, over the summer seas to Scotland, three were dead now; and the boy-king on the French throne was governed by his crafty mother.

Mary Stuart was brave enough, but plainly, when the question came home to her, she did not quite dare to go to France.

Behind her was Scotland, stern, fierce and stormy with passions and vengeance.

It was Mary Stuart's misfortune that her French education and her own temperament both prevented her from seeing how the murder of Darnley and the marriage with Bothwell clung to her like a dark fate in the minds of the common people.

She had been bred in the most corrupt court atmosphere of Europe. The absolute irresponsibility of sovereigns had been the first article of her creed. She held it to her death. She was above all human tribunals. No outrage on right, justice or humanity authorized any mortal to pass judgment on the conduct of one who came to the royal line.

The most heinous charges might be brought against her, but when she denied them "on the word of a queen," no mortal voice must be raised in dissent. Sovereigns were only responsible to God for their deeds.

Monstrous as this doctrine is in the eighth decade of the nineteenth century, there was not a court in Europe where this creed was not held in the sixteenth.

Mary Stuart never comprehended the new movement of the age in which she was born, nor how the teachings of the Reformers had awakened a new sensitiveness in the national conscience. The murder of Darnley, the marriage with Bothwell—these were the plague spots which clung to her. With all her youth and beauty, with many generous and lovable qualities, these two acts had outraged the national instincts, and were at the bottom of her lost throne and crown, and of the defeat at Langside.

That Mary Stuart, when she stood that night on the banks of the Solway, had a large party still in Scotland, devoted to her cause, nobody familiar with the history of the times can doubt.

But the stern, rugged heart of the Scotch nation was not with her; and it was the common people, in their steel bonnets and breastplates, who decided matters when it came to the field of battle.

But Mary Stuart could not comprehend this. In France the people were little better than slaves or beasts of burden. That these should dare to pronounce a verdict on the conduct of their sovereign was, in her eyes, simply monstrous. She was a queen; she never forgot that; from her cradle to her scaffold.

She was a woman of no ordinary acuteness, however, and she must have seen the perils which awaited her if she remained in Scotland in the present condition of the national temper.

Her own party, as we have seen, was full of factions and rivalries. She must inevitably be more or less hampered and harassed by these, and the very air was full of treason. She could not be certain of many of her followers; nor what mine might spring up beneath her feet at any moment.

And there, just across the Solway, lay the green, English coast, of which Mary Stuart believed herself the rightful queen. From her cradle the grandchild of Margaret, the eldest of the daughters of Henry

VII., had been taught that the English crown was her birthright.

It is true that Elizabeth Tudor sat on the throne and that the daughter of Anne Boleyn had many wrongs to complain of. Had not Mary Stuart usurped the English queen's title and her arms when wife of the Dauphin? Had not the French king prepared his army and navy to descend upon the English coast, harry the land with fire and sword, hurl the daughter of the king's mistress from her throne, and place on it the rightful heir, his own beautiful daughter-in-law?

And Elizabeth Tudor knew all this better than any other; "knew that her crown had been claimed, her policy thwarted, her subjects tampered with; and that the most passionate desire of Mary Stuart's heart had been to humble her rival into the dust."

Yet, with all the world before her to choose, Mary Stuart finally concluded to throw herself on the hospitality of her English kinswoman. There were many reasons which inclined her to this decision. She knew that she numbered her friends in England by thousands; that a large party of Elizabeth's subjects believed that the crown which rested on the brow of Anne Boleyn's daughter belonged of right to Mary Stuart.

The Scotch queen had naturally a very high estimate of her personal fascinations, and perhaps she did them no more than justice. She had always been desirous of showing herself at the English court, and throwing around the nobles the spell of her personal charms—fair daughter of the Guises, her education at the French court had not been in vain!—and she probably expected to exert a powerful influence over her kinswoman. And Elizabeth, with her constitutional vacillation, had not shone to good advantage in her relations with her cousin.

This bold movement was precisely what suited the ardent temper of Mary's genius.

"She saw herself, in imagination, kneeling at Elizabeth's feet before the assembled barons of England, an injured and beautiful suppliant flying for protection against her rebellious subjects. A few passionate words would dispel the calumnies which clouded her fame. A thousand swords would leap from their scabbards to avenge her, and she would return in triumph to Scotland, escorted by the English chivalry."

This seems to have been the picture which glowed in Mary's imagination. If her cooler judgment suggested that there might be another side to the picture, she must have thought it could not fail to be brighter than the dark, stormy, uncertain present. In England, at least, her life would not be in peril; and, at the worst, if Elizabeth would not receive her, she must allow her kinswoman to pass unmolested to the continent.

Then Mary Stuart could not probably quite shake herself free from the contempt with which she had been brought up to regard the younger daughter of Henry VIII.

Mary knew that she was an anointed queen, and

she did not imagine that Elizabeth would dare, if she desired, to restrict her cousin's movements.

With Mary Stuart to decide was to act. Lord Herries, who had followed her on her long ride from Langside to the Solway, attempted to expostulate with her. He could hardly share Mary's security regarding her reception in England. He was uneasy about this sudden movement, and wanted her to consider the opposing possibilities.

But Mary was resolute. During the long captivity whose remembrance chafed and maddened her, Elizabeth had been her friend, espoused her cause, pitied her condition, and sent her the kindest messages and promises of protection; sincere enough at the time, no doubt. And Mary Stuart, rash and confident, was going now to prove them.

On Sunday morning she stood on the banks of the Solway. It was the sixteenth of May. She had given herself but a solitary night's rest after that long, terrible ride; but, despite her grace and luxurious habits, she could endure an amount of fatigue and excitement which would have strained the nerves of the stoutest border-trooper.

An open fishing-boat was rocking on the waves; and Mary stood on the sands in the very dress in which she had made her escape from Langside. Yet the beautiful face and the queenly air shone through all disguises. Her small train, about sixteen persons in all, stood around her. If she could have seen, if they could, to what she was going in that pleasant May morning, with the English shores smiling green in the distance! How the dark years and the darker end loom up before the woman, who stands there a moment on the sands in her youth and loveliness and rash confidence! Does she think of the pleasant home at Stirling, of the boy—poor Darnley's boy!—she is leaving behind? What dreams of ambition, what hopes of vengeance crowded the thoughts of the woman, as she stood there on the Solway sands, one of the fairest, saddest figures of history! But the signal is given, and she steps into the open fishing-boat, and Mary Stuart has stood for the last time on Scottish soil.

Her train follows, and the boat, with its royal freight, goes rocking over the Solway in the soft May day, and in the evening it lands at Workington, and Mary Stuart steps out for the first time on English soil. Nineteen years later she will leave it, not by the Solway, but by the harder way of the scaffold.

Yet, at the first, Mary Stuart's most sanguine expectations were realized. Her coming could not be kept a secret; and the northern counties went half wild with joyful excitement when the post-riders clattered in among the pleasant towns and villages with the marvellous tidings that the heiress of the crown, the true queen, as many of the Catholics regarded her, was in their midst.

She held a little court among the northern noblemen and squires during those first days when she remained in Carlisle, and all the country came pouring in to see the beautiful woman and listen to her

story, and go away half-frenzied between wrath and pity over her wrongs.

The first shadow which fell upon Mary Stuart after her entrance into England must have been the news which came from court, taking her by surprise, that Elizabeth declined for the present to see her kinswoman.

We cannot follow the long story which has been told so often and so well—the story of disappointments, and hopes deferred, of broken promises, of plots and treasons which spread their meshes not over England alone but over all Europe.

Yet, in those long, dreary years of her captivity, nobody ever came to the help of the Scotch queen against the English one; not the son who grew to his young manhood, and sat on his mother's throne; not the slow Philip, in whose armies she fondly trusted to deliver her; not her own relatives, the proud Guises, who governed France, and bent the king and the crafty queen-mother, more or less, to their wills; not any of the royal house of Valois, among whose lilies she had twined the thistles of Scotland. Some of these, at least, burned to rescue Mary Stuart from her long captivity; but a spell, a mysterious evil fate, seemed to hang on every effort which was made in her behalf.

Many a gallant young knight, fired with enthusiasm, laid his head on the scaffold, branded with a traitor's name, for her sake.

All kinds of plans for her rescue were laid through those long nineteen years; but they all failed. No matter how secretly the threads were spun, the mine was laid, the plot was sure to miscarry at some fatal moment. In vain kings conspired for her sake, and nobles hazarded their lives for her deliverance.

The years went on, and no armies landed on English soil, and Mary Stuart still pined in captivity, though it was for the most part an easy and honorable one. And in all those years the two queens and kinswomen never looked in each other's face.

The end came at last. It was a dreary winter afternoon, February 16th, 1587, when Kent and Shrewsbury, two of Elizabeth's trusted nobles, rode down to old Fotheringay Castle, charged with their awful message to Mary Stuart. The next morning she was to die on the scaffold.

She tried to take the dreadful tidings like a queen, but once or twice her human heart gave way, and she broke down, and they left her with a "fear that the next morning it might be necessary to drag her to the scaffold by violence."

They did their work with stern thoroughness in those old, cruel days, three centuries ago.

But when the morning looked through the tall, high windows of old Fotheringay Hall, Mary Stuart was ready; and so was the fire blazing brightly in the big chimney; and so a little way beyond was the great scaffold draped with black; and so was the masked headman on one side.

About three hundred people of quality had assembled in the great hall to witness the execution; and Mary Stuart came in among them, calm and proudly,

most like a queen. She walked up the long hall, in the breathless silence, in her robe of black satin and her veil of snowy lawn. Nineteen years had passed since she came in the pleasant May morning, with her young, high hopes and her glowing dreams, across the rough Solway. Yet the wonderful grace and charm of look and manner still clung to her as she laid down her head, in the prime of her womanhood, on the scaffold.

No tremor of fear shook her at the last. She said the prayers of the church with no tremble in her clear, solemn tones, and laid down, as though she were going to sleep, the head which had carried in its proud, beautiful youth the lilies of France and the thistles of Scotland.

And that was the end; and Mary Stuart, who came in the May morning over the Solway to England, went out of it in the winter one, nineteen years later, by the hard, swift way of the scaffold.

THE LORD OF THE LILIES.

BY MRS. L. M. BLINN.

A S I sit 'mid the bloom of lilies fair—
White lilies, given in trust to me—
A shadowy influence, strange and rare,
Floating and trembling along the air,
Sweet as the breath of the penitent's prayer,
Heralds the Lord of the lilies to see
If they thrive beneath my care!

Odors of sandal and spices fine,
Breathings from Lebanon's gardens sweet,
Rich as the breath of the dying vine
When its life is given to the ruddy wine;
And borne on the fragrance a voice divine:
"I come to my garden with hurrying feet;
Have ye cared for these sweets of mine?"

"Alas for my lilies, and woe to thee,
Faithless and blind to the holy trust!
In thy selfish love thou hast failed to see
How thy hot breath dimmed their purity—
Thou hast shut them away from the sunlight free,
And their whiteness is gathering mould and rust;
Could'st thou do no work for me?"

"Oh, faithless and blind! I take my own
Back to the gardens of spices fine!
In the cleansing waters of Lebanon
They shall put a beautiful freshness on,
And the light that shines from the Great White Throne
Shall gild their petals with bloom divine;
Henceforth they are mine alone!"

The floating fragrance and incense fine
Of sandal, and myrrh, and spices sweet,
Went softly on—and the voice divine
Melted, like echoes that rise and twine
With the zephyr's breath through the whispering pine,
As the Lord of the Lilies, with hurrying feet,
Took home what I thought was mine!

HE who refuses forgiveness, breaks the bridge over which he must himself pass.

OUR FRIENDS' CLOSETS.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

EVERY one's closet holds and hides a skeleton. Some are very repulsive, some hideous, while others are merely dead things and cold, closely covered away from the glare of day and the prying eyes of the over-curious.

Oh, I think of the hidden skeletons until my soul grows sick in pity for the keepers who hold the keys of the closets!

One incident of years ago comes up to me often.

A young graduate from a theological seminary was on his way to an appointment, on the shores of the Pacific, and he called to pay us a last visit. His trunks were not brought up from the depot, and several times he had occasion to unlock them. One morning he came up from the depot with some books under his arm, the choicest selections from his library.

He laid them down, flung himself on a sofa, and sighed, saying, "It is strange how selfish some people are! I tried to be courteous toward Mr. Wellington, the agent at the depot, but he paid no attention to me. His eyes seemed to be looking beyond me, and his thoughts—if he had any—were far away. He should not be forgetful of the courtesy one gentleman owes another, and especially a servant of the public, as he is. I nodded to him, but I might as well have bowed to the dummy in the paper-muslin polonaise. And when I asked him about the new time-table, he looked at me as blankly as a catfish. I don't like your agent very well."

"Yes you do like him, very much, and you pity him most sincerely," said I, divining the truth. "He bears a great sorrow—all the joy of this life is gone from him forever."

The young divine started, and the expression of his face was pained.

I continued: "Mr. Wellington's heart was all bound up in his children. He had three little boys, bright, beautiful boys; and the babies were twin girls. He was as happy as a father could be—he was prospered and beloved and trusted, and life was full of enjoyment to him and his.

"One day last spring his little boys were playing in the upper story of the warehouse. The men about the building were filling cars with grain—they were in the lower story. The children were playing in the large hopper, from the bottom of which was a spout that conducted the wheat into the cars.

While the grain was pouring into the hopper, it was slowly running out. They knew not of the danger, those two little ones—the eldest and the youngest—and in merry play they lay on the treacherous surface and slowly sank; and then, when they tried to escape, it was impossible. They flung up their arms and cried, and their playmates reached out their hands and drew them, but the effort was vain, they could not rise, and with upreached arms and stifled cries, they slowly sank, and

were covered. The other children were all small, and did not realize the danger until it was too late. They called, but the noise of machinery deafened their cries. They ran down the stairs and made the men understand. They hurried up to the choking hopper; the little boys were buried out of sight, except a dear little white hand or two. There was no way of releasing them, except to throw out the grain with shovels, and that was a tedious work. They were taken out, and every effort made to restore them, but the beautiful little boys, whom we all loved so tenderly, would never meet us any more with their sweet, frank faces, and their brave, bright ways.

"This sorrow fell upon the proud young father crushingly—it was a terrible blow, and time never healed the wound or brought happiness to him afterward. They were buried in one grave, and in that dark grave all the hopes of his life went down, and the same green sod that covered the cold, white faces of his beloved dead shut out from him all the sunshine this earth held henceforth. He walks as if in a maze, a dream—his eyes scarcely see the things that greet our earthly vision; the sounds of trade and speculation, and the bustle and hurry of business seem to fall upon deaf ears.

"Do you wonder, now, that he hardly saw you—that he scarcely heard your voice?"

"I am sorry that I judged the poor man so unkindly," said my friend; "but we cannot see the skeletons that are hidden from our sight. Our words may often fall into breaking hearts like drops of acrid poison, when we would be glad to speak the sentence that would soothe and help and heal. I am very, very sorry that I tossed my head and treated the poor father so indifferently. With that love drawing him from earth, like a magnet of threefold power, he cannot long wear the shackles that fetter the earth-born."

We two sat in the summer twilight alone, and our thoughts went out to the stricken father, and the terrible death that robbed him of his treasures. The mournful song of the night-bird—the trill of the frogs in the pond, among the willows—the whirring of insect wings on the balmy air of the even—the piping music in the pines and cedars about the door, and the plaintive song of the whippoorwill on the gray eaves of the old house, all added a sadness to the memory of the story, and followed it like a mournful interlude.

This incident reminded the young divine of a similar one.

He said: "I filled an appointment once for a minister of my acquaintance. It was a dozen miles away from home, and I spent one night and a part of the day with one of the wealthiest and most influential families in the church. They were very kind people, but I could see that there was something

wrong—there seemed to be a painful degree of restraint—their thoughts were not with their words.

"The lady would sigh and look away, and start at every noise, and her hands would jerk and twitch nervously.

"I went from there feeling that I had been an unwelcome visitor in the deacon's family.

"But the cause of this strange trepidation was known to me in less than a week. There was a horrible skeleton hidden in their closet, and in trembling, and with the most abject fear they had been striving to keep it covered away from the prying gaze of the world.

"It would have been a luscious morsel for the whetted appetite of the curious public.

"Their son, a promising young man in the full flush and pride of his young years, had fallen a victim to the allurements of the wine cup and the gaming-table. He had gone down low before his fond parents awoke to the truth. The delusion was no delusion to them until the whole reality was upon them with crushing weight.

"The night before I stayed there the poor victim had writhed and fought with that demoniac power, delirium tremens. No wonder the mother had started at every sound, and that her voice was weak and broken, and her eyes staring and sunken. It was as if she stood on a thin incrustation that might break through any instant and precipitate her into liquid fire.

"In a few days the wretched young man died. The cause and manner of his death were known only to a few tried friends.

"I was grieved when I heard of this. I had thought the family cold and selfish and meanly aristocratic at the time of my visit.

"This sad story of yours revives the half-forgotten circumstance.

"What a pity it is that we associate day after day with those who carry keys of skeleton closets, and we know it not, we know not the weight of the word or hint or insinuation that we drop carelessly—we may uncover wounds long hidden, or tear them open afresh, or probe them pitilessly."

Since the above incidents were written the last one of the three little brothers died; he grew strangely quiet and seemed to walk alone, then he pined slowly and grew pale and shadowy and fell asleep in the peace of death. A few months after, and the father of three little ones, "gone before," joined them, we trust, in a land of immortal freshness and beauty.

He never recovered from the terrible blow of seeing his darlings lying side by side, plump, and rosy, and dimpled, in that sleep that knows no waking.

While he lived he bore his sorrow weakly. At times it overwhelmed him, and he was as feeble as a child. Though he walked in our midst, and mingled in our plans, and gave us strong words of good cheer, there were no words of cheer for him, the arrow had entered his heart, and his steps were going down into the valley of death.

We cannot be careful enough in our judgment of those with whom we meet. We know not the thorns that beset the hidden path—the broken wings that are concealed, the wounded sides that are covered, the tears that bedew the midnight pillow, or the light words of mockery that disguise the wails of hopeless sorrow and agony.

Alas, for the calm, white faces that wear the mask of content, and only lay it aside in the closet that holds the sacred grief and the skeleton!

THE SCHOOL OF EXPERIENCE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

"YOU remember Mrs. Weaver, who was so much admired, a few years ago, in Bristol; it was said she had made such a splendid match—she has separated from her husband. I have just returned from Brunswick, from a visit to the Gordons; they, too, live apart, though residing in the same house; neither of them are willing to bear the stigma of an open separation. Our friends, the Forsyths, middle-aged people though they are, have decided, within the past year, that they cannot live longer together. So it is. Complicated and delicate in its relations, you often find examples of the marriage state where all does not work smoothly. What wonder! Two people decide to live together in the closest relation all the years of their lives, without taking into account their separate individuality, which, unless remembered, will keep up continual friction, in one way or other, stirring up antagonism and separateness of existence.

"It is not true marriage. Bating exceptional cases

of real affinity and consequent harmony, I am convinced that the people who get along well together, either lack sensitiveness, or they must have taken the difficulties into consideration, and met them with real wisdom."

These quotations are from Aunt Cinda's letter, in answer to a troubled one from her niece.

Two years before Lucy Reyne had entered into marriage with Paul Dean, in some respects as one would form a business copartnership. She was to have all her rights, she premised. It is true, she said this with a pretty toss of her head, that looked very charming to Paul—but she meant every bit of it. She had always had her way, and that was what she called having her rights. It was easy enough promising to such a bright-faced woman as Lucy, not understanding all the promise must cover, so Paul said that none of her rights should be infringed upon.

Well, they were married, and went to housekeep-

ing in the cosiest way, and for the first few months were as happy as happy could be. But, at last, something went wrong.

One Friday night Lucy told her husband she was going home to Bristol, and asked him to come down Saturday night, and they would return together Monday on the morning train. He promised in good faith, but Saturday night he thought himself unusually tired, and without considering that his wife would be anxiously watching for him, he concluded not to go. Sunday was a blue day with him. He felt punished, and thought he would tell Lucy so when she came home.

He met her at the station, glad to see her; but when she learned that nothing of a serious nature had detained him, and that she had suffered unnecessary alarm, she was filled with indignation.

This was the first infringement of Lucy's rights. It obtruded itself on all occasions. She could not surmount that mountain, consequently other elevations continually succeeded. A single peep into the loom would have been sufficient. The carpet was certainly wrong side out.

Some tradition says that the thread which drew the angels from Paradise into evil, was, at first, as fine as a cobweb, but they did not resist it, and it grew as strong as a cable.

These were not bad-hearted young people, but they had entered into a compact which they thought was to be carried out on a sunshiny and always pleasant road. They had made no allowance for clouds, or an occasional shower, so each fastened themselves to a rigid platform, which their uncompromising natures had built under them.

In her dilemma, Lucy wrote to Aunt Cinda for advice. How she replied, I have already told you; but it was all Hebrew to Lucy. "It might be very fine in theory, but, dear me, how was a mortal to put it into practice, especially with injustice and injured feelings to contend with?"

They had begun wrong. Neither could concede that the other was injured, and so the tangle could not be made straight. Paul proposed separation, he thought it sinful to go on in the way they were living. Lucy had to suffer a great deal before she could consent to this. She waited to see if matters would not get into a better state. But they were to come into this improved condition, without any yielding on either part. "A little endured, a little tolerated as a foible; and, lo, the jagged atoms fit like smooth mosaic." But there was no concession here.

Lucy, at last, went home, feeling that there was no chance for happiness now in the wide world. She had been defrauded. Paul was the ruthless man who had taken her daily bread from her lips, and left her starving.

Paul felt dissatisfied. At night inexpressible weariness came over him, and he often longed for the light, soft fingers at his temples to soothe it away. Men never bear such stings patiently; they must find some means to dissipate the thoughts of them.

Paul went to Europe.

Lucy stayed at home with an eating fire at her heart, consuming her.

Wandering over the storied lands of the East Paul Dean was led to much thought—he became a reflecting man. He never for an hour forgot Lucy. His affections were not of the transferable order, and he had truly loved his wife.

He stayed away a whole year, and when he returned, it was with the intention of seeking her and proposing an alliance on a new basis—that of mutual forbearance and tolerance.

In the meantime, Lucy, of the two, had changed most. She had secluded herself from society, and literally went about doing good. It was the only thing that brought her alleviation.

"Oh, if she had been less exacting," was the burden of her cry. If Paul would only come for her again she would be different, but she knew he never would. She had not once heard from him, nor did she ever expect to.

Paul Dean arrived at Bristol in the night. Morning found him on his way to the house of Lucy's father. It was a long walk, but he thought he needed it to fortify him for the coming interview, for he feared that he might find Lucy still unforgiving. Walking toward that point, hoping and fearing, he saw a span of bays running in his direction, at the top of their speed. The driver's seat was vacant. The carriage was occupied by a lady. Paul was, by nature, a manly man. The lady must be saved. He was no mean athlete; nature and practice had made him powerful in strength, and now he meant to test it. He fixed himself, and sprang forward, caught the horses by the bits and shouted. They reared and plunged, but they were arrested, and other help was at hand. He turned to the carriage, then; the lady was lying back, white and helpless. He took her out and carried her to the nearest dwelling, it was Aunt Cinda's, and laying her on a couch he still had her enfolded in his arms.

"My wife!" he breathed—then there was a long silence.

"Are you come for me, Paul?"

"Yes."

Another moment of quiet.

"We will live together all the years of our lives, will we not, Paul, forgiving and loving?"

"Yes, darling, we belong to each other now, we will try to forget self, entirely."

Long suffering had worked them good. A life of harmony lay open before them. The domestic loom they would, now, look well to, and the carpet be kept right side out.

SOCRATES, passing through the market, cried out, How much is here I do not need! Nature is content with little—grace with less: poverty lies in opinion; what is needful is soon provided, and enough is as good as a feast; we are worth what we do not want; our occasions being supplied, what would we do with more?

RELIGIOUS READING.

[The following selections are made from a new volume by Rev. Henry B. Browning, a minister of the Church of England, just published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is entitled "The New Theology; or, Advanced Truths on Spiritual Subjects."]

RIGHT VIEWS OF GOD.

THE very first and most important of all things for our spiritual welfare is that we should get and keep just and right views of God. Many, not only in heathen lands, but even in this country of Christian light, live under entire delusion as to what God is, and as to how God feels toward us, His poor sinful creatures—delusion which affects all their views, all their conduct, all their life. Oh! then how precious an attainment, how great a blessing it will be if we are enabled, by the light of God's Word and by the teachings of His Spirit savingly to know God.

"If ye, then, being evil," said our Lord, "knew how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in Heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" What is the great principle that is involved in these words? It is *this*: that the way to judge of God, and of God's feelings toward us, and of what God will do for us, is to look at the best, and purest, and kindest feelings of human parents, and to think that God is like all *that*; only that He is infinitely purer, kinder and better. *That* is the way to arrive at some faint notion of what God is, and of how God feels.

Such is the picture we should have in our minds of the Christian's God! Not the grim tyrant, not the rigorous and inflexible punisher, that some misguided and gloomy religionists worship and terrify their children with; not a being all severity, and wrath, and cursing, and woe; not a being hard and cold; not a being that damns little children, and then asks us to thank Him for doing it; not a being that made millions for sin and misery, and looks on in gloomy satisfaction as His poor creatures are consigned to hell, all for His glory. Call that black vision, conjured up by heartless logicians, as though they longed to drive man away from his Maker—call it Moloch or Juggernaut, if you will—but never dream that in *that* you see the Christian's God—the God revealed to our love and hope in the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ. No: our God is one who, while hating the sin, pities and loves the sinner; one who wills not that any should perish; one who would that His glory should be vindicated by our bliss and salvation; who "sent His Son into the world that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

NEARNESS OF THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

Every man has spiritual senses by virtue of being born an immortal spirit. They are the senses which come into operation the moment the physical body is laid aside and man enters the spiritual world. They are the senses by which he then holds intercourse with his fellow-beings, by which he sees, hears, touches and converses with spirits in the world, as he formerly held intercourse and conversed with men in the world. They are the eyes, the ears and the hands of his spiritual body; which spiritual body is within the mortal body while he lives on the earth.

Now these inward senses, which every one possesses, are capable of being opened or brought into conscious exercise whenever it pleases the Lord that they shall be; whenever any heavenly or divine purpose can be accomplished by it. And whenever they are thus brought into exercise in any one, then the spiritual world around us immediately becomes visible to that individual; he sees some of its inhabitants and hears them speak.

In early ages this open intercourse with the spiritual world was common. Such is the state that all the prophets of the Old Testament were in when they had their visions. They were said to be in holy vision. They conversed with angels and had many heavenly things shewn to them. A vision, as applied to them, and in its real sense, means something that is distinctly seen. A vision is not a mere dream, as some may be apt to fancy, but a visible reality actually seen; as we are told concerning the women at the sepulchre, that they had seen a *vision of angels* who had told them that the Lord had risen from the dead. And John, in the Revelation, declares over and over again, in relation to the things there described, that he *saw and heard* them: "I, John, saw these things and heard them"—a declaration which is repeated many times in this book and in other parts of the Bible.

Hence, in ancient times, the prophets were called "seers," because there was opened in them the capacity of seeing what to other men is invisible—the spiritual world and its inhabitants.

In the 24th chapter of Numbers we read of Balaam, the Syrian prophet, who foretold the grandeur of Israel: "The man *whose eyes were opened* hath said."

Another striking instance is found in the 6th chapter of the 2d Kings, where the Syrian army had come down against Dothan, where the prophet Elias was, to take him prisoner: "And when the servant of the man of God had risen early and gone forth, behold a host encompassed the city, both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, 'Alas, my master, how shall we do?' And he answered, 'Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.' And Elisha prayed, and said, 'Lord, I pray Thee, open *his eyes* that he may see.' And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he saw: and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots round about Elisha."

That was the angelic host encamped around about the man of God to deliver him. They were invisible at first to the young man; but when his spiritual eyes were opened, he saw what was before invisible to him in his ordinary state of vision. For a time he became a seer as Elisha was.

Elisha's young man did not have to be transported to a great distance through space to have those things shewn him; the ancient prophets did not have to be transported; nor did John, in the Isle of Patmos, have to be so carried, in order to have Heaven opened to him. They each remained in their place and saw all by the spiritual degree of vision being opened within themselves.

All these things show us that the spiritual world is not locally remote but spiritually near, and hidden from our sight only by the veil which hangs over our spiritual eyes.

GOD IN CHRIST.

If we would have clear, correct and comfortable views of God, we must view Him in Jesus. God was manifested in the manhood of Christ. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. Christ alone fully reveals the Father. What Jesus was, God is: what Jesus spake, God dictated: what Jesus did, God wrought. I am not to look on creation to find God, though to those who can read creation aright He is there revealed: I am not to go to Mount Sinai to learn what God is, though to those who can read the divine law aright, He is there, too, revealed: but I am to go to Jesus. Here are no

terrors to make me afraid. Here is nothing to repel or keep me at a distance. But here is God, saying, "Come, weary one, I will give you rest; come, guilty one, I will pardon your sins; come, wandering one, I will receive you graciously; come, lost one, I will save you with an everlasting salvation." Sweet view of God this; how encouraging to the timid and the guilty! Precious view of Jesus this; how calculated to endear Him to the heart! If you are ever tempted to indulge harsh or hard thoughts of God, if you are ever prompted slavishly to fear Him, go direct to Jesus, and see God as He is revealed there, and you will behold that God is love.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

THE heat of the summer months obliges one to cease from any great amount of active work in the flower-garden. There may have been a little weeding before breakfast or after tea. Cuttings may have been taken and attended to in the proper season; and other necessary or desirable duties performed. But what the garden has been during the summer—whether it has displayed a rich succession of bloom, or been a wilderness of weeds and plants past their maturity—has depended upon how faithfully and well the spring work has been done.

But now the time for labor begins. Upon September depends the bloom of the succeeding May; and according as the labor is well or slightly done during this and the following month, will the operations of gardening be light or heavy in the spring.

The beds of autumn bloomers—Asters, Balsams, Zinnias, Marigolds, Cockscombs, Petunias, etc.—must be cleared of all weeds and flowers which are past blooming, and left to make the best display possible. The rubbish should be cleared from all the beds, and those found empty should be immediately spaded and prepared for the next year's blossoms. Many flowers can be sown to better advantage this month than in the spring. Phlox, Candytuft, Poppies, Larkspurs, Eschscholtzia, and many others, make an earlier and more profuse bloom by being sown in the fall, with the winter and early spring to grow in. Nearly all the Biennials and Perennials, such as Pinks of the different varieties, including all the Dianthus, Hollyhocks, etc., are better put in the ground now than in the spring.

The spring-blooming bulbs, including Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Crocus and Snowdrop, should be set out either this month or early in the next. The summer and autumn flowering bulbs, now in bloom, including Gladioluses and Tuberose, and others, must be kept tied to stakes, and when their blooming season is over the flower stalk must be cut off.

Let Dahlias be carefully staked to keep them from breaking, and as fast as a blossom is past its prime let it be removed. This will serve the double purpose of keeping the plant always in a neat condition, and of preserving all its strength and vigor toward sending out new blossoms, instead of wasting them in the perfection of seeds.

Those who wish to preserve their own flower seeds instead of depending on dealers for them, will have to look well to them now. Seed should be gathered and carefully labeled, in order to save trouble and confusion in the spring. My way has been to provide myself with a num-

ber of old letter envelopes which have been cut at the end instead of being torn open. With these, and a pencil in the pocket, such seeds as do not need drying, or too much clearing from husks or dried petals, can be at once put up and labeled. When the seeds are in the envelopes, the cut ends are turned over two or three times, and the seed is secure enough for practical purposes. Some seeds it is necessary to dry before they can be put away.

The lawn must be kept clear of weeds, and the grass still occasionally cut. If there are bare places in it, grass-seed may now be sown with advantage in time to receive the benefit from the autumn rains.

Chrysanthemums should now receive some attention, to make sure that they are in condition to give perfect bloom next month. A good variety of Chrysanthemums well cared for, and the different varieties not placed sufficiently near each other to allow them to mix, will secure beauty and attractiveness to a garden until nearly Christmas, unless one lives much nearer the north pole than the writer of this article.

It is well to decide in September, before the early frosts come, what plants it is desirable to save over for winter flowering. These plants should be potted at once, and their bloom checked. A Petunia cut down now will send out new shoots, and be in condition to bloom beautifully during the whole of the winter.

Callas may now be divided and re-potted, giving them a rich soil.

Cuttings from greenhouse plants, such as Geraniums, Heliotropes, etc., should now be taken in order to supply early bedding plants for next spring. All tender greenhouse bulbs, such as the Oxalis, Cyclamen, etc., must be potted so that they may be removed to the house before the nights get too cool. All plants which are standing out of doors in pots or tubs had better be removed to sheltered situations to avoid injury by unexpected frost.

It is too commonly the case that, even after a garden has presented an attractive appearance during the spring and summer, when fall comes it is allowed to fall into neglect, the near approach of winter seeming to render further care superfluous. But there is no reason why it should not retain its beauty to the last. Some of our shrubbery and trees are never so beautiful as in their autumn dress, and the autumn flowers are among the most brilliant. The prompt removal of dead and dying plants, an occasional raking of fallen leaves, and a little looking after plants in their prime, will insure such pleasing results as will well repay the gardener for her trouble.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE WHITE ROSE.

A WHITE rose that grew far up on a trellis felt very lonely, and sighed to be down in the garden where the children were at play.

"I am of no use away up here," she said. "Nobody sees me; and when I breathe out my sweet odors, the wind bears them off among the tree-tops, and they are lost.

But even as she sighed her complaint, a soft hand reached down from the window and took her gently from the stem that bore her, and she heard a voice say: "How pure and sweet!—pure as my patient lily."

Then the hand that held her tenderly bore her to an inner chamber, where a sick child lay upon a bed.

"This beautiful white rose," said the voice that had sounded so sweetly, "came up from the garden and grew close by the window. It has breathed the purest air and drank the warmest sunshine. Its heart is full of sweetness."

And the hand held her close to the sick child, who was refreshed by her beauty and fragrance.

Then the rose quivered with delight, and breathing out her very heart upon the air, filled the chamber with a rich perfume.

"I am content," said the rose, a little while afterward, as she lay on the pillow beside the sick child, her soft white leaves touching the cheek that was almost as soft and white as themselves.

"SUITED TO A T"

"HOW did your wristbands suit you, Frank?" said Fanny Grey to her brother Frank, a young man just home for his vacation. "I stitched them every bit myself, on the machine. Did they fit?"

"They were splendid, Fan. I told the fellows they were done by an old lady of seven years. Fit? I guess they did. Fit to a T. Thank you!"

And Frank Gordon pulled his coat-sleeve up a little and showed the shining linen, fitting his wrist, much to his little sister's admiration.

"Frank," said Fanny, a few moments after, "may I ask you something?"

"Of course you may, little one; I'll answer if I can."

And Frank clasped his hands over his head, tilted back his chair, and looked down into his sister's eyes that were

saying just then, "As if there was anything you didn't know, you splendid fellow!"

"What do you mean by 'fitting to a T'?" she asked.

"Whew!" whistled the young man. "What do I mean, sure enough! Well, I mean suited exactly—fitted perfectly, I suppose."

"Yes," said the little girl; "I know that; but I thought, perhaps, it came from something. I don't see the sense of it, I'm sure. 'Suited to a T.' It meant something else in the first place, I know."

"Well, I suppose it did, pet," said Frank. "I'll look it up for you, sometime."

"He'll never think of it again," said Fanny to herself; "but I do wish I knew. 'Suited to a T.' It is so funny."

The next day Frank came in with a strange sort of ruler in his hand. It had a cross-piece at one end, which gave it the shape of a capital T.

"See here, Fanny," he said, "I've been to the carpenter's shop in your behalf. I hope I'll get you 'suited to a T' this time. I failed to satisfy you yesterday, you know."

So Frank placed the cross-piece against a perpendicular line which he had drawn, and laid the arm along a horizontal line that formed the right angle.

"You see," said he, "this ruler is called a

T-square, and is often used to test the accuracy of lines and angles, as I have just tested mine. For a wonder, it fits exactly. I never did hit it so well before. And so you see it is fitted, or 'suited to a T.' And I suppose that 'suited to a T' came from the use of this kind of ruler."

"Oh, Frank, how much you do know! I'm so glad I asked you! I can see the sense of it now," said little Fan.

Frank looked as wise as an owl, but he didn't "let out" that he couldn't have told till he asked somebody else to explain it to him.

THE money you earn yourself is much brighter and sweeter than any you get out of dead men's coffers.

A SCANT breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day.

A HARD-WORKING young man, with his wits about him, will make money while others lose it.



SUN COMES, MOON COMES.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON.

Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Allegro molto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p molto leggiero.

Ped.

Sun comes,

moon comes, Time slips a - way.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Sun sets, moon sets, Love, fix a day, "A

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

year hence, a year hence, We shall both be gray; A

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

month hence, a month hence," Far, far a - way. *con fuoco.*

p *dim.* *p* *colla voce.*

Ped. * *Ped.* *



EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

THE HERITAGE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
 And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
 And he inherits soft, white hands,
 And tender flesh that fears the cold,
 Nor dares to wear a garment old;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
 The bank may break, the factory burn,
 A breath may burst his bubble shares,
 And soft, white hand could hardly earn
 A living that would serve his turn;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits want;
 His stomach craves for dainty fare;
 With sated heart he hears the pant
 Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
 And wearies in his easy-chair;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Stout muscles and a sinewy heart;
 A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
 King of two hands, he does his part
 In every useful toil and art;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
 A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
 Content that from employment springs
 A heart that in its labor sings;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
 A patience learned of being poor;
 Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
 A fellow-feeling that is sure
 To make the outcast bless his dear;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 A king might wish to hold in fee.

Oh, rich man's son! there is a toil,
 That with all others level stands;
 Large charity doth never soil,
 But only whiten soft, white hands—
 This is the best crop for thy lands;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being rich to hold in fee.

Oh, poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
 There is worse weariness than thine,
 In merely being rich and great;
 Toil only gives the soul to shine,
 And makes rest fragrant and benign;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs of some six feet of sod,
 Are equal in the earth at last;
 Both children of the same dear God,
 Prove title to your heirship vast,
 By record of a well-filled past;
 A heritage, it seems to me,
 Well worth a life to hold in fee.

AT THE GATE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

FAIN'T and trembling, tired and late,
 I approach the bolted gate;
 And with humbleness sincere,
 Knock, and crave admittance here—
 Worn with wanderings long and sore:
 Open the door!

Asking neither alms nor food,
 Only rest and quietude;
 Hear, I pray, my humble plaint—
 Never soul so tired and faint
 Craved compassion here before—
 Open the door!

Oh, how soft the couch will be!
 Folded down so peacefully;
 Pillows fair and dainty white,
 Shaded from the tiresome light,
 By dim angels hevering o'er;
 Open the door!

Never on an earthly bed
 Was so dainty drapery spread,
 Spangled bright with buds and bees,
 'Broidered with anemones;
 Hear me, angel, I implore:
 Open the door!

Once I longed for Wealth and Place,
 Happiness, and Love's sweet grace;
 Now there lives within my breast
 Only this one wish—for Rest—
 Only Rest—I ask no more:
 Open the door!

MY BABY.

BY HESTER A. BENEDIOT.

COME to my arms, my baby!
 My bonnie, beautiful girl!
 My little white lamb with the restless feet,
 My blossom of blossoms, dainty and sweet,
 My lily, my rose, my pearl!

Come to my arms, my baby!
 The dew is over the grass,
 That nod to the buttercups, gold as your hair,
 And the hands of the shadows, purple and bare,
 Are parted to let you pass.

Whither away, my baby!
 Kissing your wee white hand,
 And tossing it back like a flake of snow,
 Toward the roses, clustering low,
 By the terrace where I stand?

Whither away my baby!
 After the humble-bee,
 When the little brown bird that taught you to sing
 Is asleep with her bright head under her wing,
 High in the sycamore-tree?

Oh, your white feet over the grasses,
 My darling, are fleet as the fawn's,
 And your face is fairer than days in June,
 And your song is sweeter than any tune
 Of robins in roseate dawns.

Come to my arms, my baby!
 My bonnie, beautiful girl!
 For my lips are heavy with kisses sweet
 For your dimpled face and your dimpled feet,
 My lily, my rose, my pearl!

Ah, I have you! I have you, darling!
 Sweet shall your slumber be,
 The long, bright night, while the starbeams hold
 Their hands with mine in your locks of gold,
 And shadows are over the sea.

THE RUINED HOUSE.

"For we know that if our earthly *house* of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a *house* not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

I KNOW a beauteous dwelling
 Of workmanship most rare,
 Adorned with all the graces
 That loveliness can wear.

'Twas a templed shrine of innocence
 Illumined from above,
 A palace rendered brilliant
 By Childhood's trusting love.

The windows were of crystal,
 Than diamonds more bright;
 Yet often softly shaded
 With a pensive, holy light—

Where images of mystery
 Entranced the gazer's view,
 Bright forms of love and beauty
 That Thought, the artist, drew.

Between the opening portals
 Bright pearls was just discerned,
 Where thin and snowy curtains
 Their rosy linings turned;

And forth came sounds of friendship,
 And laughter's merry din,
 And strains of choral music,
 From singing-birds within.

Oh, how you loved that dwelling
 As something most divine;
 The soul that dwelt within it
 Was closely linked with mine.

You gazed upon the windows
 And learned their mystic lore;
 You lingered round the portal;
 You kissed the pearly door.

But now, alas! it's ruined,
 The grass has o'er it grown;
 And she who dwelt within it
 On angel wings has flown.

She veiled the pictured windows,
 She shut the pearly door;
 She crossed the rapid river,
 And reached the shining shore.

Free from the earthly fetters,
 From earthly cares at rest,
 Another seraph's singing
 'Mid the regions of the blest—

Singing the song of triumph,
 Whose echo speaks to thee:
 "I've found a brighter dwelling-place,
 Father; come and see!"

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

WHERE did you come from, baby dear?
 Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
 Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
 Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
 I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
 A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
 I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
 Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
 God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
 Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
 From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
 God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
 God thought about you, and so I am here.

WORDS AND TONES.

IT is not so much what you say,
 As the manner in which you say it;
 It is not so much the language you use,
 As the tones in which you convey it.

The words may be mild and fair,
 And the tones may pierce like a dart;
 The words may be soft as the summer air,
 And the tones may break the heart.

A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

PULL up the moment you find you are out of the road, and take the nearest way back at once.

EVERY time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain we miss a blessing.

NEVER promise a child and then fail to perform, whether you promise him a bun or a beating.

He who does a base thing in seal for his friend, burns the golden thread that binds their hearts together.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross is in our composition.

"BLESSED are they that hear the Word of God and keep it." It is all in the keeping, so far as we are concerned.

It is of no advantage to have a lively mind if we are not just. The perfection of the pendulum is not to go fast, but to be regular.

NEVER chase a lie. Let it alone, and it will run itself to death. I can work out a good character much faster than any one can lie me out of it.

MANY lose the opportunity of saying a kind thing by waiting to weigh the matter too long. Our best impulses are too delicate to endure much handling.

DIOSGENES, being asked which beast's bite was the most dangerous, replied: "If you mean wild beasts, it's the slanderer's; if tame ones, the flatterer's."

DEBT is so degrading, that if I owed a man a penny I would walk twenty miles, in the depth of winter, to pay him, sooner than feel I was under an obligation.

THE truly beneficent man is the happiest man. He derives a purer and deeper joy from the luxury of giving to make others happy, than he does in receiving from others.

HONESTY is the best policy. If the lion's skin does not do, never try the fox's. Let your face and hands, like the church clock, always tell how your inner works are going.

LAY a substantial foundation for the character in noble, manly, generous principles, and your boy will not fail to succeed in life. Guide and counsel him wisely, but do not attempt to force him into a calling for which his tastes and talents totally unfit him.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS.

STRIPS of zinc, tin and magnesium foil will burn very prettily if lighted, the ash falling in fantastic coruscations.

CURIOUS FACT.—Smooth, clean surfaces will always adhere. Take a bullet and cut it fairly in two; the surfaces, if pressed together again, will be difficult to separate.

MAGNETIC EXPERIMENT.—Take a small magnet and cover it with a sheet of thin paper; strew upon this some fine iron filings; they will immediately be arranged in curves, showing the lines of magnetic force.

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT.—Take a pennyworth of sulphate of copper and dissolve it in a little water; if the clean blade of a steel knife be immersed in the solution for a few minutes, it will be coated with copper when removed.

THE ELASTIC EGG.—Take a good sound egg and soak it in strong vinegar for twelve hours; it will then become soft and elastic; now introduce it into a bottle and fill up with lime water. The egg will become quite hard, and create some astonishment as to how it got in.

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PHILOSOPHER'S WOOL.—When oxide of zinc is heated, say on an iron spoon in a gas flame, it becomes canary yellow, the color fading as it cools; if the heating is continued, it sublimes in woolly flakes, which in olden times received the name of "Philosopher's Wool."

TO OBTAIN A SOLID BY MIXING TWO LIQUIDS.—Dissolve as much chloride of calcium as the water will take up in a small glass; and in another perform the same operation with carbonate of potash. These two clear liquids, mixed together in a larger glass, will produce a solid.

"INVISIBLE" WRITING.—A solution of cobalt nitrate may be used to write with upon unglazed paper, and the characters will be invisible. Hold it before a fire, and the characters will become distinct. A solution of sulphate of copper will also be invisible, if weak enough, and may be plainly seen if washed with a little ammonia.

CHLOROPHYLL.—If some grass or leaves of any description be taken and boiled with some spirits of wine in a test tube over a spirit-lamp or gas-burner, the color will be extracted and be imparted to the spirit. If this solution be held up to the light, it appears green; if looked at against the light, it appears red. This coloring matter is called leaf-green or chlorophyll.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

WHICH is of greater value, pray these, say
The bride or bridegroom? Must the truth be told?
Alas, it must! The bride is given away,
The bridegroom often regularly sold.

A YANKEE editor remarks that he has lately seen a couple of sisters who had to be told everything together, for they were so much alike that they could not be told apart.

A CHESTER county farmer sent an order to Boston lately for a clock. He said he should prefer one made by Tempus Fugit, as all the best clocks in his neighborhood had that name on the face.

"HAVEN'T you mistaken the pew, sir?" blandly asked a Sunday Chesterfield to a stranger as he entered it. "I beg your pardon," replied the individual, rising to go out, "I fear I have; I thought it was a Christian's."

A MAN out West has moved so often that it is said whenever a covered wagon comes near his house, his chickens all march up, and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, ready to be tied up and carried to the next stopping-place.

A GENTLEMAN inquired of a carpenter's boy: "My lad, when will this job you have on hand be done?" "I can't tell, sir," replied the honest boy, artlessly. "It's a day job, and it will depend upon how soon the governor has another order."

AN Irish gentleman, building a house, ordered a pit to be dug to contain the heaps of rubbish left by the workmen. His steward asked what they should do with the earth dug out of the pit. "Make it large enough to hold both the rubbish and the earth, to be sure," said he.

Two Hibernians were passing a stable which had a rooster on it for a weather-vane, when one addressed the other thus: "Pat, what's the reason they didn't put a hin up there instead of a rooster?" "An' sure," replied Pat, "that's say enough; don't ye see it would be inconvenient to go for the eggs?"

"You shouldn't be glutinous, Isaac," said Mrs. Partridge, as, with an anxious expression, she marked the strong, convulsive effort that young gentleman was making to bolt the last quarter of a mince pie. "You shouldn't be so glutinous, dear. You must be very careful or you will get something in your elementary canal or sarcoophagus, one of these days, that will kill you, Isaac."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The New Theology; or, Advanced Truths on Spiritual Subjects. Edited by Henry B. Browning, Rector of St. George with St. Paul, Stamford, England, Author of "Words in Season." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. As in science and philosophy, so in religion, men are questioning the old formulas and dogmas. The best and purest minds of the age are subjecting mediæval theology to the severest tests, and breaking away from that blind submission to mere man-made authority in spiritual things, which wrought, in the centuries past, such disasters in the church. From these advanced Christian thinkers, Mr. Browning, who is a clergyman of the Church of England, has gathered, in a compact volume of nearly two hundred pages, some of their best and clearest utterances on spiritual things. The "New Theology" of this volume is as old as the New Testament, and in harmony with its teachings. As a contribution to religious literature, it is timely and valuable.

Bachelor's Illustrated Tourist's Guide of the United States. By John B. Bachelor. Boston: John B. Bachelor, Publisher. More than half this volume is devoted to a description of Gettysburg, and to historical incidents which have given interest to various localities surrounding the town. The balance of the book describes the

various localities frequented by tourists, and gives much useful information in regard to means of traveling, hotels, etc. The illustrations are numerous and exceedingly beautiful.

Fairmount Park. Sketches of its Scenery, Waters and History. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Philadelphia has reason to be proud of her Park, and we are pleased to see that a Philadelphia publishing firm has seen fit to describe its beauties in a book. The Park has rare natural advantages of scenery, while many of its localities are rich in historic interest. This volume contains a map of the Park, and numerous beautiful engravings of views on the Schuylkill and Wissahickon, and of objects and places of interest. As it is in this Park that the approaching Centennial Exhibition is to be held, no doubt the people throughout the country who purpose visiting that exhibition will find this book attractive reading.

Must it Be? A Romance. Translated from the German of Carl Detlef. By M. S., Translator of "By His Own Might," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. A pleasant story, which takes the reader into the midst of Russian life, and shows him the characters, manners and customs of the Russian people. The volume is handsomely illustrated.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

A NEW TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

WE take from a Vevay, Indiana, paper, the following account of a new temperance movement recently inaugurated in that town, which has so far been remarkably successful:

"The most formidable organization upon a temperance basis in this part of the country, is the 'Workingmen's Friendly Society,' headquarters at Vevay, with branches in other parts of the county. Its meetings are held weekly, open to the public, and its pledge simply requires its members to abstain from the use of liquors for one year, the penalty for violation being the publication of the names in the papers. The Vevay branch has a membership of over two hundred and fifty, all being men over twenty-one years of age. It was organized by drinking men, and hence it derives the name of 'Red Noses,' the title by which the society is generally known and recognized by the public. Repeated efforts have been made to allow females to unite with the society, but owing to the fact that many of the old drinkers have heretofore been ashamed to meet the women face to face, it has been deemed advisable not to enlarge the test of membership at present.

"Nearly every Sunday they hold a public meeting in the Court House, where they have vocal and instrumental music, and an address from public or amateur speakers. They have purchased an organ for their use on these occasions. Heretofore, the music has been by volunteers; but this method having failed to secure music on one or two occasions, the society have adopted the novel plan of inviting the Sunday-schools, and other organizations, to furnish music, alternating each week; each school, or other society, coming with their books, singers and organ players, and leading the exercises of the day. Last Sunday the M. E. School officiated, next Sunday the Presbyterian School will lead, and so on until every school and other organization has been invited to go through with the musical exercises.

"This plan succeeds admirably; there is just emulation enough to secure the best results—the public becomes more and more interested, and the whole meeting proves a grand success. Long may it wave!"

A subscriber to the HOME MAGAZINE writes us from Vevay, under date 4th of July, 1873:

"T. S. ARTHUR: As a friend of temperance, wish us 'God speed.' This day the wives, sisters and friends of two hundred and fifty men in this town thank God that they will return to their homes this evening free, sober men! Sixty mothers of sons from fifteen to twenty-one also add their voices to that 'Hymn of Thanksgiving.'"

"HOME'S SUBSCRIBER."

Is there a reader of our magazine whose heart does not

give a quicker and warmer throb as he takes in the full meaning of this brief letter? "God speed" the good work, we say fervently! May "Workingmen's Friendly Societies" spring up everywhere over the land. We welcome with gladness all efforts and all agencies directed against the monster evil of our day.

THE CAPTURE OF KHIVA.

WE have received from the East the news of the capture of Khiva by the Russians. Concerned, as little as we are, with the affairs of the Russian Empire, it seems at the first glance as though this were a matter of small importance to us, or to the world at large, beyond the parties immediately concerned. We even read with indifference that Russia contemplates extending her possessions to the very foot of the Himalayas, and we reflect, as we read, that if she have an eye upon India itself, it concerns England rather than us. Nevertheless, the capture of this comparatively unimportant province of Western Asia has an important effect upon civilization. As a result attendant upon it, slavery has been abolished forever throughout the province. Despatches have been sent to Teheran, notifying the Persian Government to make preparations for the reception of ten thousand Persian slaves now liberated.

This is not the first time the present administration of Russia has declared itself in favor of freedom and civilization. One of its first acts upon coming into power was the abolishment of serfdom throughout the empire.

The abolition of slavery in the Khanate of Khiva is of more significance than was the abolition of slavery in the United States, although the number of slaves in the latter country far exceeded those in the former. In America slavery, bad as it was, was attended by certain mitigations. The slaves were often comfortable and happy, and frequently a degree of confidence and affection was felt between the masters and their servants. In Khiva slavery existed in its worst and most brutal forms. The slaves were frequently prisoners of war. Of these prisoners, the younger were preserved in a state of wretched servitude; the elder were put to death after being subjected to the most cruel tortures.

Vampyry, who travelled disguised as an Oriental all through Central Asia, gives most heartrending accounts of

the treatment of the slaves at the hands of their masters. He mentions, in one instance, a Persian slave who implored him for a drop of water, "as, according to his tale, they had for two entire days given him dried salt fish instead of bread; and, although he had been forced to work the whole day in the melon fields, they had denied him even a drop of water. Luckily," says Vambéry, "I was alone in the tent; the sight of the bearded man bathed in tears made me forget all risks—I handed him my water-skin, and he satisfied his thirst while I kept watch at the door." It is considered the duty and privilege of every one to maltreat a slave.

The Persians were not the only sufferers from this terrible system of slavery. All strangers in the province upon whom they could lay their hands were liable to be seized and held for ransom; or, failing this, to be sent to Khiva, the capital, for public sale. Once sold in this manner, they were, in all probability, taken beyond reach of their friends, and generally soon succumbed under the terrible hardships of their lot.

Vambéry tells of two Russian sailors who were thus captured and condemned to slavery, they failing to obtain the high ransom demanded of the Russian Government. One had already died, and the other was likely soon to be freed in the same manner from his troubles. The Russian Government pleaded in extenuation of their conduct in the matter that they did not wish to accustom the Turkomans to such exorbitant ransoms; for that, with any encouragement, these bold robbers would devote themselves night and day to their profitable depredations.

We cannot wonder that Russia has desired to conquer this country; and, though war and bloodshed are always terrible things to contemplate, we cannot but rejoice that she has been successful in her undertaking, and that such good results have already sprung from this success.

SUNDAY LIQUOR-SELLING IN THE PARK.

THERE is a law of Pennsylvania which prohibits the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday, and makes the penalty of violation both fine and imprisonment. Our Park Commissioners cannot possibly be ignorant of the existence of this law; and yet, under their permission and sanction, liquor is dealt out openly to crowds of people at Belmont every Sunday! It is bad enough for them to sell to an individual the right to make a drinking centre of Belmont, one of the loveliest spots in our beautiful Park; but worse beyond measure to become a party with him in the Sunday desecration of the place, in violation of one of the plainest laws on our statute book.

The people should look to this matter. It concerns every good and true man in our community. If the Park Commissioners have no more regard for good citizenship than to become parties to so shameful a violation of law, they should be held up to public odium, and so be driven to some decent regard for the honor and well-being of the community.

It is amazing that men of such character, standing and influence as our Park Commissioners should have ranged themselves on the side of an enemy to the public weal, whose frightful desolations are cursing the land in length and breadth thereof. It would have been so easy for them to have taken the other side. They stand before the people without excuse.

ITALIAN SLAVES.

EVERY one in our larger cities must have noticed the great increase within a year or two of Italian street musicians, mostly boys, and many of them very young. These children are virtually slaves, their service having been bought from their parents in Italy. Agents go out from this country, and by false representation induce the miserably poor peasants to sell the services of their young children, who are brought over to the United States, where they are sent into the streets with harps, violins, etc., to get money honestly or dishonestly. Recent facts have come to light showing a system of cruelty and oppression, as practiced toward these children, frightful to think of. They are half-starved, and beaten if they do not make the required return of money every day. In New Haven, recently, an Italian named Gilone, who held four of these boys in servitude, was arrested and committed to prison, in default of four

thousand dollars bail, and will be tried, and we hope severely punished.

The boys testified that they had been in this country for twenty-one months, and had been kept in the Crosby Street den in New York, until they were brought to New Haven; that they were beaten and kicked, unless they brought in a prescribed sum of money every night, and were told by Gilone to steal if they could not earn the money.

We trust that the authorities of all our larger towns and cities will take this matter promptly in hand, and at once stop the cruel slave trade now carried on between our country and Italy. The headquarters of this infamous traffic is in New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS.—Infection may come in false hair; and we think it not at all improbable that in occasional instances serious diseases have been contracted from hair which had been cut from the head of a person who died of a malignant disease. A great deal of the false hair worn in such mountain-heaps by American women, comes from Germany, and a large part of it is cut from the heads of peasant women after death. No matter from what cause a peasant woman dies—whether from small-pox, cholera or malignant fever—her hair is, in most cases, cut off before burial, and sold. How far any one is safe in attaching such hair to the head, and wearing it for hours at a time in close contact with the skin and its innumerable absorbents, is a question to be seriously considered. And no one who buys false hair can possibly know from whence it came.

D.S.—Paints and powders for the complexion are in nearly all cases hurtful to the skin, and often injurious to the health. In regard to "pearl powder," an authority says: "Of all cosmetics, pearl powder, though seemingly the most simple and harmless, is one of the most hurtful; and this, independently of its component parts, is owing to the large quantity used, and the extent of surface usually covered with it. The ingredients of pearl powder are the white oxide of bismuth reduced to an impalpable powder. French chalk, and a small proportion of carmine to take off the dead white of the powder and give a kind of bloom to the complexion."

L.—"The game not worth the candle," originated, we believe, in the West. In hunting for deer at night a candle would be lighted and set at the edge of a wood, or any other place selected, and the hunter would stand a little out of the illuminated circle. If there was a deer in the neighborhood, he would soon be attracted by the light, and on coming near the hunter would discover him by the reflection of the light from his eyes, at which he would direct his aim. Sometimes straying cattle were killed in this way, and sometimes wild animals of no use to the hunter. The game was said to be "Not worth the candle," in cases where it proved valueless.

MRS. MARY D. GIBBONS, of Quincy, Mass., a lady seventy years old, has used a Grover & Baker Machine for the last twelve years. Her daughter, who uses a Wilcox & Gibbs Machine, after every week's wash brings her work to be repaired on the Grover & Baker.

ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.

WANAMAKER & BROWN, the popular clothiers at Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, have at present an unusually large stock of summer garments for gentlemen and boys' wear. To speedily clear counters, they have reduced the prices on all their goods, and offer inducements to purchasers not to be met with elsewhere.

DREKA'S NEW "DICTIONARY BLOTTER."

—This is an ingenious and most useful device just introduced by Mr. Louis Dreka, the well-known stationer and engraver, No. 1033 Chestnut Street. It consists of a convenient portfolio, containing a number of blotting pads and the requisite pockets for paper, etc.; and in addition to this, in compact form, on pages of fine paper just the size of the pads, a complete dictionary of all the words in common use, so that a letter-writer need never misspell a word from the want of a ready help. And as in correspondence the prime essential—that, in fact, which renders it respectable or the reverse—is correct spelling, the sale of these blotting case dictionaries ought only to be limited by the necessity for their use on the part of the letter-writing world. The article is vastly more complete than the reader is likely to infer from this notice, and well deserves personal inspection.

"THE LADIES' FAVORITE."—The greatest of modern inventions for the purpose of lessening women's labor, is the Sewing Machine, and too much praise cannot be awarded to the truly great men who were the inventors and promoters. Prominent among these stands the name of Allen B. Wilson, the inventor of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, which is acknowledged by all those who are

best able to judge of the merits of the different machines made, to be "The Ladies' Favorite." So perfect was Mr. Wilson's original conception, that, although twenty years have elapsed since its first general introduction, and all the talent of the world has been brought to bear in the improvement of these machines, but slight modifications have been made in its construction, and it stands to-day foremost in the ranks of popularity. This fact is attested by the fact that there are more of these machines in actual use to-day than of any other make. The construction is at once simple, and yet beautiful, and although in its work using threads almost as delicate as cobwebs, its durability is greater than any other. Much more can be said in its praise, but our space will not allow it. The thousands of ladies using them will bear us out as true witnesses.

WINTER AND EARLY SPRING FLOWERS.

—What more lovely than a stand of hyacinths, narcissus, early tulips and other flowers in full bloom in January, when all without is snow and ice? At a trifling outlay, you can all enjoy this luxury. Mr. Dreeb has just issued his new catalogue of bulbs for planting in the autumn—for house culture as well as planting out of doors. Doubtless many of our readers remember the gorgeous display of hyacinths, tulips, etc., at Fairmount Park last spring. These were all obtained from his establishment. Send at once for a catalogue. His address is 714 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. See advertisement.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS.

For the engravings illustrative of the fashions, as given in our present number, we are under obligations to the house of E. Butterick & Co., 555 Broadway, New York, whose various publications, including the *Metropolitan Magazine*, are confessedly the leaders of the mode.

From the well and clearly-written explanations which accompany all patterns of that enterprising firm, the fullest comprehension may be derived as to every detail of a garment, including the cutting and fitting, economical making-up, and amount of material that goes to its fabrication.

Those who may desire patterns or illustrations, should ascertain if the firm has an agency in their neighborhood; and failing to find one, they may address the principal office, as named above, assured that every application, however modest, will receive prompt and respectful attention.

The "Butterick" system, in its essential nature, is free from the objections urged against the old-time fashion-plates. Adopting as its standard an average human creature—man, woman or child, as might be exacted—it enlarged, diminished and adapted its patterns upon a principle so sound, and with the aid of machinery so ingenious, that perfection in its kind was inevitable. Each garment was reproduced in patterns with such endless variations as to insure a fit to every form presented. With each pattern is a working description, so minute that the veriest apprentice of a country dressmaker could not fail to understand it, and bring properly together the several parts thus carefully shaped to her hands. In brief, no suggestion taught by experience and realizable by ingenuity and skill, was omitted in making these patterns at once practical, simple and infallible; and hence the wonderful success of the system, which is now familiar to every household in the country, and has its agencies in almost every village, town and city.

In the history of invention there has been no such rapid triumph. Scores of designers, artists, engravers and printers, with an editorial corps equalling in ability and numbers that of any periodical in the country, constitute the army of experts which Messrs. Butterick & Co. have enlisted in the dissemination of their new evangel of fashion, which may be said to have taken possession of the New World.

To the stranger, who may be interested in the progress of national industry, and curious to examine the manifold appliances and resources which can be brought to the promotion of elevated taste in dress and personal adornment, no pleasure can be greater than to visit such portions of Messrs. Butterick & Co.'s establishments as are open to inspection. From the broad front doors, to the arches through which loads of closely-packed publications and patterns are daily shipped to every portion of America, and even to Europe and Asia, every department is an interesting and instructive study, admirably repaying the investigation.

A Word to our Old and New Friends.

The season for club-getting and subscribing to periodical literature for 1874 is fast approaching, and we would take this early opportunity of saying a word to our friends throughout the country, to remind them that those earliest in the field get the largest clubs; and those who send their subscriptions in first get the earliest impressions of our beautiful premium plate. We are having engraved for 1874 a magnificent picture, surpassing anything we have thus far published. It will also be much larger than any premium we have yet given.

Say a word in time to your friends and neighbors, and get their promise to take "ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE" for next year, so that when you go round to make up your clubs you will find the work easy.

Our great American Family Magazine will have new attractions next year. We intend to make it the best and most desirable of its class. Mr. Arthur is now at work on a new serial story, which will be commenced in the coming January number.

Important to Agents in New England!

No reliable agent, no matter what engaged in, should fail to know the chance now offered for immediate and permanent employment in New England, where we have taken a "new departure" in earnest.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

Address D. L. MILLIKEN, at our New England Office, 21 Bromfield Street, Boston.
Full particulars free.

Mr. Arthur's New Books by Mail.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

CAST ADRIFF, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. S. Arthur, on receipt of the price.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and the "Man-Trap," or "Cast Adrift." For \$3.50 the "Man-Trap" and "Cast Adrift." For \$5.50, the three volumes will be sent.

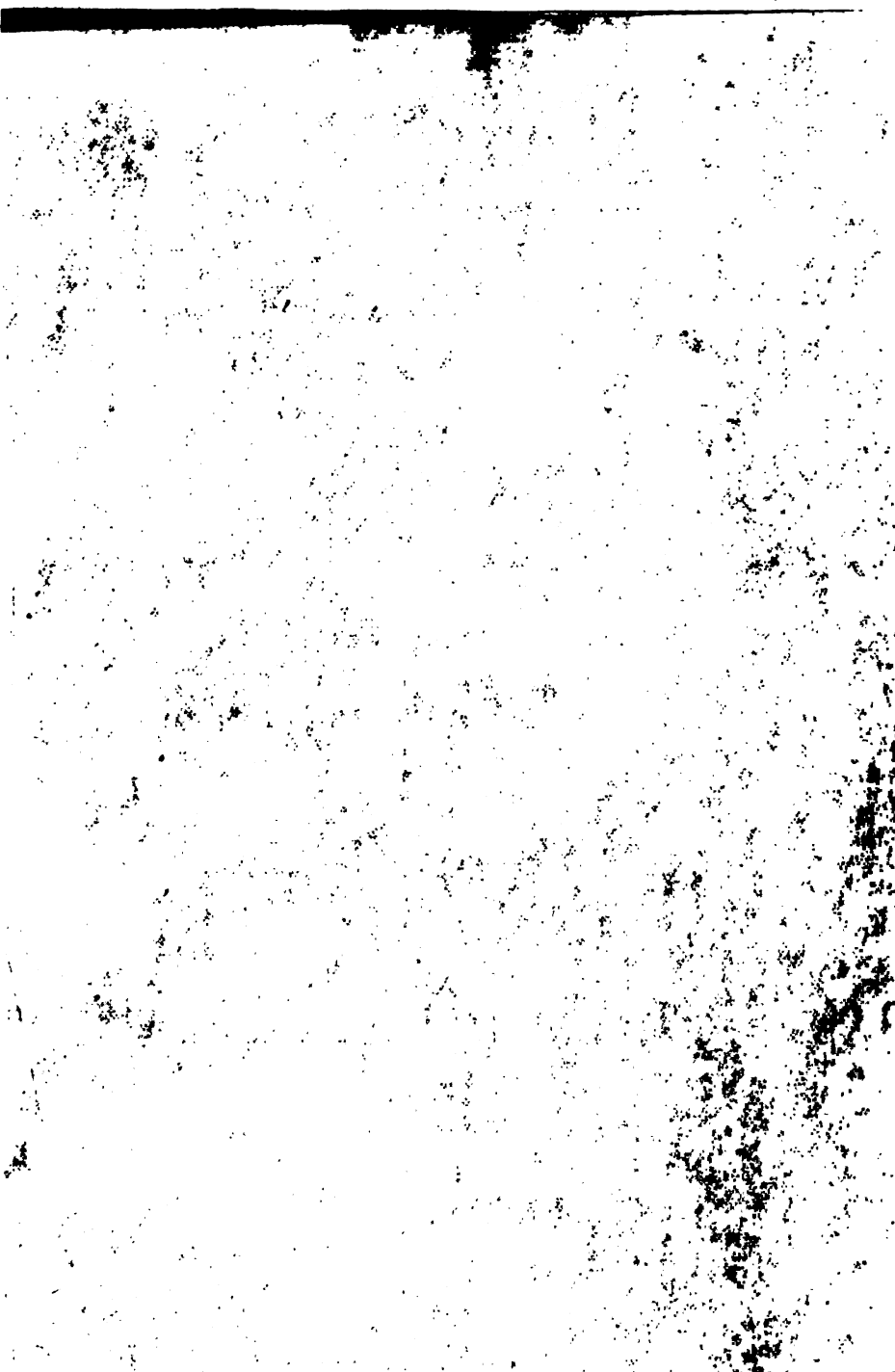
To Club-Getters.

Some of our club-getters have written to ask if "THE ANGEL OF PEACE," "BED-TIME," or "THE WREATH OF IMMORTALITY" would be sent free to subscribers, in place of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES," if desired. We answer yes. A choice of either of these pictures can be made.



HUNTING THE WILD ELEPHANT IN AFRICA.





ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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No. 10.



IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

GLORY to Him who bids the field
Its blessing to our toil to yield,
Who giveth much, who giveth more,
Till store and basket runneth o'er;
Thus, ere the golden skies grow dim,
Come, let us sing our Harvest Hymn.

His finger on the land doth lay
Its beauty, stretching far away;
His breath doth fill the opal skies
With grandeur dread to mortal eyes;
He gives man harvest from the wild,
And drops the daisies for the child.

But, oh, how shall we dare draw near?
Such power is veiled in mists of fear.
What can we be to One who fills
The awful silence of the hills,
Who knows the secrets of the sea,
The wild beasts in the forests free?

But, Lord, we know Thee otherwise—
A slighted man, with loving eyes,
Tolling along, with weary feet,
Such paths as these among the wheat;
Come from the light of Heaven's throne
To call no home on earth thine own.

Oh, Lord, Thou givest bounteous spoil
To the poor measure of our toil,
For our few gray dank sowing days
The glow of August's evening blaze;
And what can we give for the pain
With which Thou sowed immortal grain?

Nothing—for all we have is Thine,
Who need'st not corn, nor oil, nor wine;
Nothing—unless Thou make us meet
To follow thee through tares and wheat,
And from the storm of woe and sin
To help Thee bring Thy harvest in.

SUDDEN DEATHS.

BY J. E. M'C.

WHEN a person dies suddenly, it is customary to attribute his death to some latent disease he may have had long in his system. Heart disease is very commonly settled upon as a convenient and satisfactory explanation. But little account is made of mental and moral influences, which may have greatly hastened the event.

Yet history gives us many examples of those who have died from sudden grief, or joy, or chagrin, or some similar emotion. And in common diseases any observer will see how greatly the mental state affects the patient's condition.

Few people are so devoted to science as the Arabian grammarian, Sibouyah, who died of grief, because, in a discussion with another scholar of his time, the caliph did not agree with him in a disputed point.

A Spanish theologian, named Valentia, was reproached by the pope for something unsatisfactory in his writings, and died of grief, or mortification, in consequence of it.

So, too, a great French historian was killed by a printer's blunders. It is well such particular people do not write for the press now-a-days. If all authors were as sensitive, they would be a short-lived class.

No doubt there have been young men ever since Absalom's day who have prided themselves on their fine hair or beard, but few have ever set their heart on it, as did a certain bishop of Clermont, named Guillaume Duprat. Never in France had such a beautiful beard been seen, and the young man cultivated it as assiduously as if he had no other business in life. But his closely-shaven clerical brethren looked with a stern eye on such an innovation. One Easter day, as he presented himself at his cathedral to take part in its services, he found three grim-faced brethren awaiting him, with scissors and razor, prepared to put him into better ecclesiastical trim. He cried out in dismay: "Spare my beard, and I will renounce my bishopric!" and fled from his pursuers to his own chateau. Afterward, however, he was induced to submit to the rigorous canons of the church, and allow himself to be shaved. But so repulsive did his shorn face look to him, and so deep was his regret at the sacrifice he had been compelled to make, that he took to his bed and soon died. It

is not wise to make an idol of one's personal appearance, for a thousand accidents may mar it, and destroy the peace of its worshipper.

Disappointment has no doubt hurried thousands to their graves, who otherwise might have lived on for many years. An Italian writer, named Fonteguerri, had an appointment promised him, which he was very anxious to obtain. But when the time came it was given to another. The shock prostrated him, so that he never rallied from it.

A French architect died of grief because his royal master preferred the works of one Mansart to his own. If he was the author of our famous Mansard roofs, it might have consoled him some to hear the censures passed on the invention in our times.

Two famous painters are said to have died of jealousy, when they looked on the works of artists that surpassed their own. No doubt many an author, besides the youthful Keats, has had his days shortened by the sharp arrows of the critics.

Anger is a most wearing passion to indulge, and tears down the constitution like a fever. A woman who was subject to violent fits of this sort, was once beating a child in a most furious manner for neglecting her work. Pausing a moment to take breath, she dropped down dead. Happy release for the poor children of that household! But what of the mother thus summoned away?

Children, and sometimes older people, have died of sudden fright, where there was no just ground for fear. A young lady was met by a party of boys with a hideous "Jack-a-lantern" one evening, and was so terrified that she died a few minutes after she reached her home.

A celebrated French marshal was so superstitious that, when a saltcellar was once overturned in his lap at dinner, he was thrown into a frenzy of terror, exclaiming, "I am a dead man!" He never recovered from the fright, and his prediction was soon verified.

A sound mind and an even, quiet spirit have often enabled a feeble body to outlast many which had far greater prospects of a long life. When we are cultivating evil, selfish dispositions, when we are inordinately setting our hearts upon anything below the skies, we may know that we are sowing for ourselves the seeds of death.

A RECIPE for perpetual youth is to study God's book of nature. Never be idle. See the good in mankind, pass by the evil. Love yourself least. Strive to do some good every day of your life. Speak only kind words. Thus your heart will ever be young, and your friends will not notice the wrinkles of age.

If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky clearer, the ground has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foliage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars all appear more beautiful.

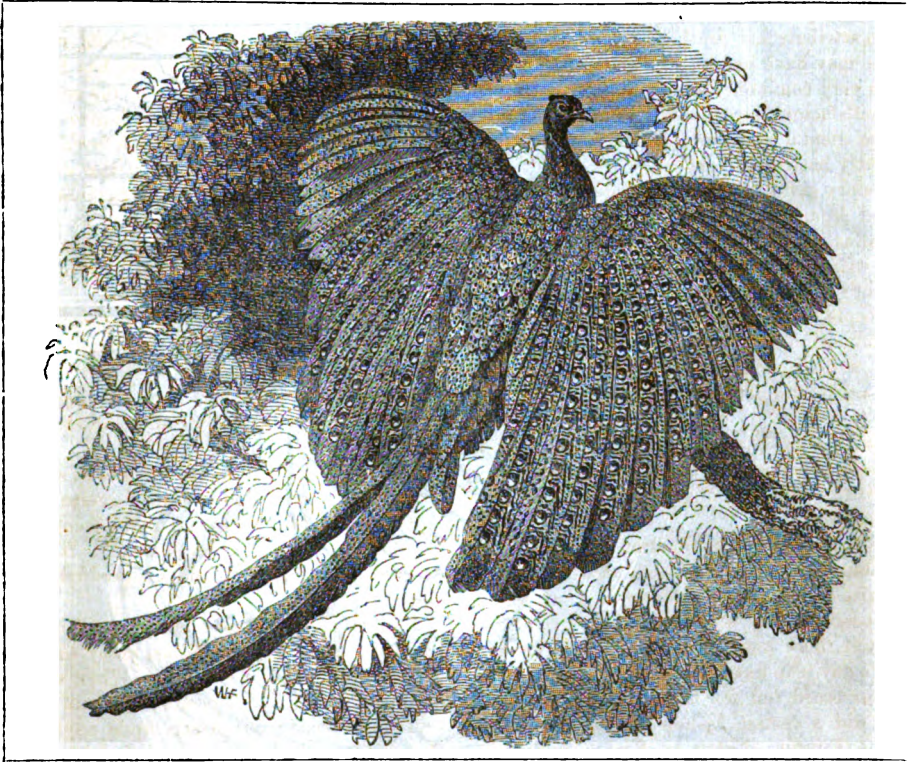
THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

THE Argus Pheasant of Sumatra and neighboring localities is the most imposing of this group of birds, although many others surpass it in brilliant colors. It is named in reference to the ill-fated Argus, whose hundred eyes never slept simultaneously until charmed by the magic lyre of Mercury.

This magnificent bird is remarkable for the very great length of its tail-feathers, and the extraordinary development of the secondary feathers of the wings. While walking on the ground, or sitting on a bough, the singular length of the feathers is not very striking, but when the bird spreads its wings they come out in all their beauty. The bird is not a

of plumage, and would require many pages to describe them fully. Suffice it to say that the gradations of jetty black, deep rich brown, orange, fawn, olive and white, are so justly and boldly arranged as to form admirable studies for the artist, and totally to baffle description.

"In one feather now before me," says Rev. J. G. Wood, "there are seventeen large 'eyes' on the outer web, each being surrounded with a ring of jetty black, then with a dash of chocolate within the ring, then olive, with the least possible tinge of purple, and lastly with a spot of pure white near the tip, fading imperceptibly into the olive on one side and the chocolate on the other. Between these 'eyes' some leopard like mottlings diversify the rich fawn



good flier, and when it takes to the air only goes for a short distance. In running, its wings are said to be efficient aids.

Although the Argus Pheasant is scarcely larger than an ordinary fowl, the plumage is so greatly developed that its total length is more than five feet. The head and back of the neck are covered with short brown feathers, and the neck and upper part of the breast are warm chestnut-brown, covered with spots of yellow and black, and similar tints are formed on the back. The tail is a deep chestnut, covered with white spots, each spot being surrounded with a black ring. When the bird chooses, it can raise the tail so that it stands boldly in the air between the wings, and is partly spread. The secondaries of the wings are most wonderful examples

of the ground color, and outside of them four wavy bands of dark brown run along the feather toward the edge, breaking up into spots about an inch before they reach the edge. The inner web is pale fawn, covered with black spots, surrounded with buff, and the tip of the whole feather is deep brown, spotted profusely with white. The shaft is black at the base, and yellow toward its termination.

"In another feather both webs are marked just like a leopard, with dark spots on a fawn ground, only the spots are arranged in diagonal rows. But along the shaft runs a band, about three-quarters of an inch wide, of rich chocolate, profusely speckled with the tiniest white spots, also arranged in rows. This band does not quite extend to the end of the feather, which at its tip is pale fawn very sparingly

studded with deep brown rosettes, surrounded with chestnut. These are but two feathers, and I might take twenty as wonderful. In the female, the secondary feathers, instead of measuring nearly a yard in length, are little more than a foot, and the eyes are much more obscure."

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

ONE neighbor dropped in upon another. "Are you sick, Mrs. Carson?" asked the friend, on meeting a pale, troubled face. "Sick at heart, Mary," was answered, gloomily. Not even the ghost of a smile became visible.

Mrs. Carson sighed heavily. There was a leaden weight on her bosom. Reason assented to her neighbor's suggestions, but oppressed feeling held her in painful bondage.

"What troubles you to-day? Why are you so much cast down?" asked the visitor. "But this may be an intrusion."

Mrs. Carson did not answer immediately. Her dreary eyes rested on the floor; her hands lay idly in her lap; she was the picture of despondency. At length she said: "Owing to changes in business, my husband must give up his situation. A dissolution in the firm throws him out. To-morrow he leaves his place, with no prospect of another. What are we



"Is that all?" The friend's countenance brightened. Mrs. Carson looked half-surprised and half-offended.

"I don't know any worse sickness," she said, rather fretfully.

"That depends on the origin and nature of the disease," was replied. "There is a heart-sickness, which is unto death; but I take it that yours is of a milder type, having its origin among life's petty annoyances, or it may be in its more sober disappointments; in things common to us all, yet borne in so many different ways."

to do? We've saved nothing. How could we, on so light an income."

"I'm sorry to hear that," answered the lady. "Very sorry."

"Could anything be more gloomy or discouraging? Can you wonder that I am in trouble?"

"I do not wonder that you are concerned about the future, Mrs. Carson. That is a natural result. But I cannot see, in the event, any reason why you should sit down with folded hands, and make yourself miserable. Mr. Carson is, of course, troubled?"

"You may well say that. He took scarcely a mouthful of breakfast this morning."

"On him rests the heaviest part of this burden. He must provide and maintain a home for his wife and children. I sympathise with him from my heart."

"It's seeing him so cast down that makes me so wretched" said Mrs. Carson. "If he were cheerful and hopeful, I could take heart."

"Perhaps, in thought, he is saying the same thing of you."

A flash of surprise came into Mrs. Carson's face. The suggestion of her friend went home.

"When did he tell you of this?"

"Last night. I saw that something was troubling him, and urged him to say what it was. Then he told me."

"How did you receive the announcement?"

Mrs. Carson was silent.

"Bravely, as a wife should, when she sees trouble approaching her husband, or in weakness and tears?"

"In weakness and tears. I make you this confession."

"Did that help him any? Did that make his trouble lighter?"

"No, no, my friend. While telling me of the change, he mingled hopeful words in his sentences. But, afterward, he sat silent and gloomy through all the evening."

"And you?"

"Cried myself almost sick."

"And sat opposite to him, at breakfast-time this morning, with a rueful visage. No wonder he had no appetite."

"No wonder," said Mrs. Carson, repeating the words to herself. "That was not well, at least."

"And should not be repeated."

"It shall not be repeated, Mary. Poor man! He has enough to bear, without the dead weight of my despondency."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Mrs. Carson. Now you are coming toward the right way of thinking. We have only to-day, and in every to-day we shall find the elements of peace, if we will search for them; and the elements of disquietude as well. To accept the one, and reject the other, is to be wise. Last evening you cast aside your husband's hopeful words, and drew around both his heart and yours a pall of despondency. This morning your state was unchanged, and you let him go forth for the day doubly weighted. My friend, this was not well. Now, I pray you, limit thought and duty, as far as in you lies, to this one day which, in God's providence, is yours. You have a pleasant home, children, a husband. There is not a single external element, in all appertaining to your *to-day*, that is not favorable to peace of mind. When *to-morrow* becomes *to-day*, will the change be marked? I think not. You will still, I trust, have your home, food, raiment, your children and your husband, and God's promise to those who do their duty in singleness of heart. What if your husband's hands are idle for a short time? What if the way, looking weeks or months in advance, does not seem clear? Your *to-day* is all

bright, if you will but have it so. The sun shines, the heart beats, God's providence is not hindered. You may be in peace, if you will do your best to secure peace."

The neighbor departed, leaving Mrs. Carson in a better frame of mind, and with her thoughts flowing in the right direction. "One day at a time. One day at a time," she said to herself, as her hands took hold upon the duties of the hour. "Ah! if we could so live, how tranquil all might be. Even in this feeble effort, my heart has a calmer beat. I did not believe in the possibility of a change such as I feel. One day at a time!"

She lingered on the suggestion drawing out more and more distinctly many of the things it involved, and seeing more and more clearly how it lay at the basis of all right living and true enjoyment.

Relieved, in a great measure, from its burden of despondency, the mind of Mrs. Carson lifted itself into a region of clearer light, and became busy with ways and means adapted to the change which had taken place in their circumstances. Instead of remaining with folded hands, in terror of approaching ill, or dwelling in vague apprehensions, she let hope gain entrance; and hope had good words to say.

Slowly, in the dimly-closing twilight, a man walked, with eyes upon the pavement—walks with bowed head and stooping shoulders; he was bending under a heavy weight. One week ago the same man walked in the twilight, with head erect, and quickly-falling footsteps, almost impatient to reach his home. Then he looked for a smiling welcome and loving words; now, as thought reached forward, he saw only clouds and tears. His heart was cheerful then, but heavy now. Suddenly his path had been crossed by a mountain range that looked impassable. For himself, he might gird his loins, and bravely move to the ascent; but, she who must walk by his side through smiling landscapes, or amid toilsome acclivities, had sunk down, overcome by weak terrors; and with this added, how was he to advance? Brave enough to face the mountain, with its sky-reaching cliffs and snowy summits, if his way must be over its barrier, and strong enough to support his companion, if she put forth what strength was given, he was not able to carry her as a dead-weight. And this it was that bowed his head and saddened his spirit, as he lingered, with slow steps, in the falling shadows, and dreaded the arrival at home.

Mr. Carson's hand rested for some moments on the door before he found heart to push it open. Night had fallen without; but a darker night seemed waiting for him within—a night, the blackness of which no lamp rays could penetrate. Usually he shut the door after him with a quick, strong hand, that announced his entrance in echoes from the farthest chambers, and made the stairs musical with the patter of little feet; now it was closed so noiselessly, that only the alert ears of Mrs. Carson noted his coming.

"There's your father," she said to three little ones who had gathered about the centre-table, under a gas

lamp, one with her doll, and two with picture-books, and then there was a scampering down-stairs, and a jangling of young voices sweet if discordant. The mother heard only the sound of kisses in response. The father's voice, lately so full of glad welcomes, as he opened his arms for his babies, was silent now. What a change! And yet so far as every external element of happiness was concerned, no new condition existed. There was no evil in the present. Food and raiment, light and warmth, health—all that they could appropriate was in equal abundance now as before. It was the shadow of some imagined evil in the future, which might never come, that shut the sunlight from their hearts—which might never come, or, coming, change to good in the day of its advent.

Mr. Carson entered the room where his wife sat, bearing one child in his arms while two clung to him, in laughing efforts to impede his progress. The old welcoming smile was on her face, not so bright nor so happy, but fuller of tenderness. How like a flash its reflected rays drank up the shadows from his eyes and brow. He could not help stooping over and kissing her with unwonted fervor. She felt it, in a sweet thrill, down to her heart. They were drawing closer together.

"You have changed since morning," said Mr. Carson, soon after, as the children resumed their toys and picture books, laying his hand on his wife's head as he spoke, and looking into her calm eyes almost wonderingly.

"Have I?"

"Yes. What has brought this change?"

"Right thinking, perhaps."

"What have been your thoughts?"

"To-day is ours, and only to-day."

"Only to-day," said Mr. Carson, echoing the words of his wife.

"Is it wise to throw aside the good things of to-day, because in doubt as to the future? To shut our windows, and refuse to let to-day's sunshine enter our dwellings, because there are signs of a storm to-morrow?"

"No, it is not wise," answered the husband.

"So I have thought; and, so thinking, I have been striving to keep myself in the present, and amid the duties and blessings that crowd the passing hours. All is well with us to-day—all has been well with us so far in life; and if changes and trials are to come, will not strength as we need be given?"

"Surely it will, dear wife!" said Mr. Carson. "I cannot express the feeling of relief your language gives. Yes, yes. Let us take, in all our to-days, the good things God has provided. Hitherto they have been in full measure. If diminished from this time, as to what is external and material, may we not have an increase of our internal pleasures? I do not think we have been a great deal happier since a better income enabled us to rent this larger house, and to possess costlier furniture."

"Just the conclusion of my own mind," answered the wife. "I know we were as happy—sometimes I

have thought, happier—in that cozy little house where the first six years of our wedded lives were spent. And now that you have alluded to this humble condition, I will say what further has been in my thoughts. Let us go back to the same condition, and thus reduce our expenses to the old rate. In a smaller house I can get along well enough with a single servant, and not have to work any harder than I do now. This will be acting right in the present—doing to-day what seemeth best—and I think we shall find the way before us growing smooth to our feet, though it looks so rough and so thorny in prospective."

"Comforter!—consoler!—strengtheners!" said Mr. Carson, giving way to a gush of feeling. His voice was half-choked and his eyes glistened. "One hour ago I was wretched. Now I am hopeful, resigned, peaceful. The high mountain across my path, that seemed impassable, has sunk to a little hill. When our feet begin the ascent, we shall not find the way so very difficult; and strength will come in the hour of need."

And it came as he had prophesied. The lesson and the experience of that day and evening to Mr. and Mrs. Carson were so full of instruction that they could not be forgotten. In present right thinking and acting—in taking each day as it came, and accepting the good it had to offer—they found tranquility of mind; but, in all variations from this rule of life—in all weak yieldings to doubt and fear—in all helpless broodings over coming ill—they were led into darkness, self-torments, wretchedness. One day at a time—taking and using the good it had to offer, and bearing patiently its ill—this was the better life they sought to live; and though, for some years afterward, their way in the world was through obscure places, where the humbler move, they found as sweet flowers to give the air perfume, and as soft and green a turf for their feet, as had ever delighted them in more prosperous seasons.

HOW LONG ANIMALS LIVE.

ACCORDING to some naturalists the length of the life of animals is as follows, though it is rather puzzling to see how they can know all this, especially about those that live a hundred years or more:

The rabbit lives from 6 to 7 years.

The squirrel from 7 to 8 years.

The fox from 14 to 15 years.

The cat from 15 to 16 years.

The dog from 16 to 18 years.

The bear and the wolf from 18 to 20 years.

The rhinoceros from 20 to 22 years.

The horse from 22 to 25 years.

The hen from 25 to 28 years.

The porpoise from 28 to 30 years.

The crow and the camel 100 years.

The tortoise 110 years.

The eagle 120 years.

The swan 140 years.

The elephant 400 years.

The whale, according to Cuvier, 1000 years.

MY FIRST LITERARY VENTURE.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I HAD always wanted to do something to help my husband; he was poor, and his health was not good, and he had a family of four to provide for. I could churn and sell the butter for a good price, and I could raise chickens, and sell eggs; and the product of the garden was no small item, but I didn't like slavish toil, I didn't want a freckled face and sunburnt hands and a stout waist.

It was easy work to write stories, surely; anybody could do that; love stories were always read with a relish, and, judging from the abundance of them, they were marketable enough.

I consulted no one. I wanted to surprise my husband some day; I wanted he should find himself famous as the husband of the distinguished Mrs. —, the new star that had arisen in the literary horizon.

My children were very troublesome, the baby was teething; I found that I could not write love-stories and hear them crying, and fighting, and falling and bumping their heads. I baked a jar full of sugar cakes, and made some molasses taffy, and drove a spike in the joists overhead and put up a swing on it, and did everything I could one day that I might commence my literary career on the following morning. I likewise sent to a neighbor's to borrow her little poor house girl to tend the children and be company for them.

In the morning I went to my bedroom up-stairs to begin my work. I had laid the plot of my story in the night, while my husband was snoring obliviously by my side.

My plot was beautiful. Gustavus Le Claire, a runner for a city firm, was to fall in love with a lovely girl, an orphan, Melissa Melsina, the niece of the landlady at the village hotel, where Gustavus had stopped for a few days. His friends were to oppose the marriage, and use all their influence against the proposed union. She was to pine, and be sent away to her grandmother's; letters were to be intercepted; he was to cut his throat with a razor, and be discovered in time to be restored to life. A tobacco firm was to employ him as a runner on a new route that would carry him away in an opposite direction. In time he was to forget her and marry another, and, at the close of a long life, fall into abject poverty, and be assisted by his former sweetheart. He was to recognize her by a mark on her wrist, and she was to recognize him by a lock of red hair that grew on the side of his head. He was to die in her sheltering arms, murmuring: "Thine—thine only!"

I knew if I could grow inspired while writing, that this plot would work a thrilling tale, and my humble name would become a household word in my native land, and my fertile pen would be a resource of pleasure and of profit.

I wrote two days, stopping to cook the three meals, rising early, churning after the family were abed, baking biscuit to save baking bread, spreading up the beds instead of making them, sweeping in a tem-

porary manner, and cuffing the children instead of coaxing them. All this I did with my brows drawn in a thoughtful mood, and my pencil sticking above my ear.

The third day I wrote, Harry, my baby fell down-stairs and struck his forehead on the rough stone wall, and cut a gash through to the skull. An Italian was in the kitchen with his little shoulder-stand full of gay nick-nacks, and Harry was hurrying down to see them. After he had cried himself to sleep, and I had recovered from my faint and my fright, I resumed the pen.

When he awoke he was unusually fretful, and I tried to keep him with me. I gave him my slippers, and my comb and brush, and a little silver bell, and everything that could possibly amuse him for even a minute at a time.

Just when my story was reaching its acme, the baby wearied of all things, and kicked and cried most piteously.

How could I come down from the delectable heights of fancy and tend a mortal child, when the children of my brain, my immortal darlings, clamored for my undivided attention? The thought was mortifying, aggravating—how could I soar with all these human ties tugging at my heart?

I looked all around me to devise a newer plaything. A small mirror seemed to recommend itself. I held it before the baby, and he laughed aloud, while the tears like dewdrops hung on his long lashes.

"See a baby!" I said, "see a baby!" I sat him down on the floor and placed the mirror before him, so he could bend forward and look into it. He shouted in his rare glee. I resumed my story, occasionally peeping over my shoulder and saying: "He sees a baby! sees a baby!"

After while I looked round, thankful I had found a plaything that pleased Harry, and I discovered him very deliberately sitting on it, peeping over first at one side then the other, to see how nearly it adapted itself to his ample proportions. The glass was broken into a thousand pieces, and he sat there as delighted as a boy who has mounted a fractious colt for the first time. He crowed, he tried to tip up his heels into the air, and he threw back his head as though he was tossing a flowing mane. I really believe the little human baby, with a touch of the bully spirit that often comes with mature growth, thought he had that other fellow down, and that after some fashion or manner he was a little man victorious.

At last, after much tribulation, my tender love-story was written, revised, copied, punctuated carefully, put into an envelope without rolling or folding and sent off. Because it was a first attempt, I affixed to it the modest price of fifteen dollars.

Elated by the success that I was sure would attend my first effort, I wrote another story, called "My Grandmother's Prophecy." The grandmother was a superstitious old lady, and, following the bent of her whims, she prophesied over every event that

transpired. One of her granddaughters came suddenly upon a nest of eggs under the lilacs, and the old lady said that it was an infallible sign that she would receive an offer of marriage unexpectedly. The offer did come in a very droll, dry, business-like way from a renovated old widower in a blue silk cravat. I thought I made a splendid story of the incident.

Oh, I seemed to feel the cool chaplet of fame on my heated brow, and to hear the chink of the yellow twenty-dollar gold pieces in my humble little black velvet wallet.

Life was very sweet to me in those summer mornings and noons and nights. I waited patiently until I thought it was time for replies to come, and for the newspapers to shout out the name of the new star, already in the zenith.

Hadn't I for years felt the burning desire to write! Hadn't I felt that I was one of the anointed!—one of the few set apart!

I don't like to be laughed at, and yet I always enjoy a joke on myself as well as on others. I'll put my hands over my face while I tell it.

A peddler came along with a fine assortment of Irish poplins. Now, I always had a weakness for lustrous poplins. I am tall and slender. I knew a dress of dark-green poplin would fall in such magnificent folds from my waist down to my feet, that I would be the admiration of all Lenox and vicinity.

I had felt a desire to help my poor husband. Fudge! Wouldn't that be inverting the order of marriage?—wouldn't that be making of myself the strong oak, and of him the clinging vine? I, a free woman, able to earn my own living by my pen, would none of this.

I bought the beautiful pattern, and promised to pay for it as soon as I heard from "my publishers." I said this with a great deal of zest and satisfaction.

The dress was twenty dollars. I could pay for that easily, and have money left—and how nice that would be. Not another woman in Lenox could do such things as that, they were all burdens to their husbands. They leaned on them.

Well, well, no Italian sunsets were finer than ours in Lenox; no sunrise in the tropics softer, or mellower, or more delightful.

In a few weeks came a bulky envelope, accompanied by a letter. My beautiful love-story of "Augustus the Runner, and Melissa Melsina the Orphan" came back to me, and the letter read:

"MADAM: We shall not be able to use your story of 'Augustus the True Hero.' We return you the MSS., etc., etc."

Why wouldn't they use it? Perhaps an ill-disposed clerk had sent it back to me; or, maybe, they had organized rings, and favored no new contributors. I wrote back immediately, and asked why they refused it. I wanted they should point out the errors, and if it was not worth fifteen dollars, perhaps they would pay me twelve for it; and, rather than miss a sale, and because it was my first attempt, I was will-

ing to sell it for ten dollars. I didn't mind making a little sacrifice. I could afford to be generous. I received no reply. I wrote again with a like result.

I hoped a better fate for the "Grandmother's Prophecy;" but though I waited long and patiently, I never heard a word from it. I presume it was consigned to the waste basket.

The days were not so beautiful then. My star of hope had gone down—the sunsets and sunrises were very common. I wondered wherein had ever lain the burnished glow and the tender shimmer on the hazy hill-tops, and the soft, caressing touch that seemed to come to my glad face in the twilight breeze that dallied on the billowy meadows, and shook the over-ripe roses until their pale petals fell like fragrant flakes at my feet.

I took up the burden of life again; it was a little heavy at first; its tasks were often performed in tears, that fell freely when I thought of my great mistake. Though I shrank from facing the truth, I could call my error by no other name.

How I hated the sight of my green poplin dress! It brought up such painful memories; and then it did not harmonize with my shawl or hat or veil. What a mountain loomed up before me when I tried to pay for it myself.

I sold butter and eggs, chickens and berries and cucumbers and radishes, and took in washings and boarded the music-teacher, but I couldn't pay for it all myself, and I couldn't trade it off. It haunted me like the dead body haunted Eugene Aram.

At last, in a fit of despair, I cried right out one night, and owned up to the whole thing. I was very miserable; I hid my face in Joey's bosom, and with sobs that shook me like an ague fit, I confessed the whole truth. It was very humiliating, but Joey said it only made me dearer to him than ever, and that I must never play the strong oak again, and keep secrets from him any more. He said the public should never have the opportunity of criticizing his dear wife's pretty stories, that they couldn't appreciate them; a greedy gourmand of a public never should tear from the sanctity of home her precious name, and flaunt it in the papers.

He paid for the ugly green dress willingly, and the tender love-light in his blue eyes, as he did it, was worth more to me than all the huzzas and noisy plaudits of a hollow-hearted public.

I never recovered from the humiliation. My soul is sick yet, when I think of the bright dreams that for a few months dazzled my eyes, and bewildered and biased my better judgment.

RICHES, honor, power and the like, which owe all their worth to our false opinion of them, are too apt to draw the heart from virtue. We know not how to prize them; they are not to be judged of by the common vogue, but by their own nature. They have nothing to attract our esteem, but that we are used to admire them; they are not cried up because they are things that ought to be desired, but they are desired because they are generally cried up.

THE FLOWERS OF THE SEA.

BY E. CHARDON.

THE dweller upon land is accustomed to regard the sea as a vast waste of waters, resting upon rocks and sand, and abounding, perhaps, with a numerous, curious and predacious animal life, with a flora of sea weeds and mosses, with perhaps beautiful shells and brilliant scaled fish. But, flowers! who would look for them in the sea? Nevertheless, they are there, as beautiful as those upon land, and far more wonderful in their structures and functions.

The flowers of the sea are living flowers, animated not with the passive life of vegetation, not with the active life that feels and moves and suffers hunger, and gratifies it sometimes voraciously.

These sea flowers are zoophytic in their character, being merely polypes. Among the polypes, the sea-anemone is the most beautiful and the most curious.

It seems, indeed, a strange compound of the animal and the vegetable kingdoms—bearing a striking resemblance to the latter in its appearance, while it is allied to the former in its functions.

The body of the sea-anemone is in the form of a column, of more or less thickness, which flattens out into a disc at the summit, around which are many rows of tentacles, resembling the narrow petals of a daisy. In the centre of this disc, in the midst of these tentacles or petals, is the creature's mouth. The tentacles vary in form and number greatly in the different species. Sometimes they are round, sometimes flat, and again they are pointed. As many as one hundred and fifty tentacles have been counted on a single anemone.

The sea-anemones present the most brilliant and varied colors. The stem, disc and tentacles are not always of the same color, but frequently display every

combination of pink, gray green, white-purple, orange, lilac, yellow, blue, fawn and white.

The lower end of the column-like body is flattened at the will of the polype, and attached firmly to the rock upon which it takes up its abode. They are usually stationary, though they can make a slow progress when they wish to do so. When one of

these creatures desires to change its place, it almost imperceptibly contracts one side of its base, and as imperceptibly expands or stretches forward the other side. Sometimes it will drag itself along by the aid of its tentacles.

When the season of winter approaches, the anemones who inhabit the ocean at a high latitude, relax their hold upon the rocks and allow themselves to be passively borne by the waves into deep water, out of the reach of the cold.

The appearance of the anemone, when it is open to the sunlight, has been likened to that of an English daisy. The petals or tentacles of this sea-flower

are, however, endowed with life and motion. They move about, and expand and contract, and open and close themselves at the animal's pleasure. If they are touched, or if the water around it is agitated, they seem to shrivel up and draw themselves in. When the tentacles are closed naturally, they meet at a point above the mouth of the animal, and present the exact appearance of a bud of a flower just ready to bloom.

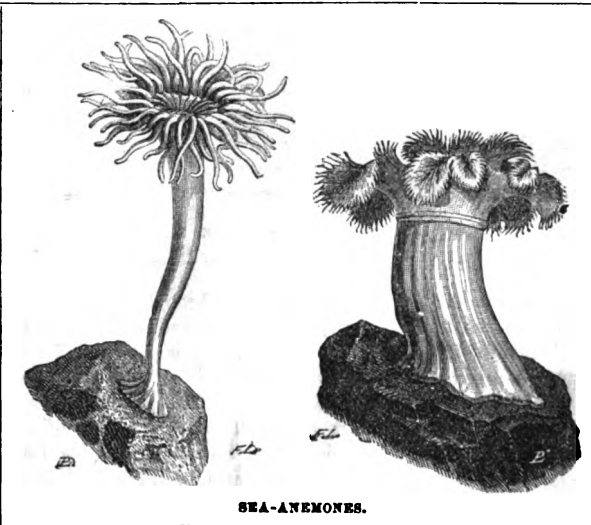
The sea-anemone is most voracious in its appetite, seizing anything that comes within its reach. Its tentacles emit a venomous fluid, by which means small fish, which fall within its clutches, are

readily overcome, and fall an easy prey. The touch of a tentacle will produce a stinging smart, and for more than an hour afterward the hand will remain red and painful.

Having swallowed its dinner, it closes its tentacles



SEA ANEMONES.

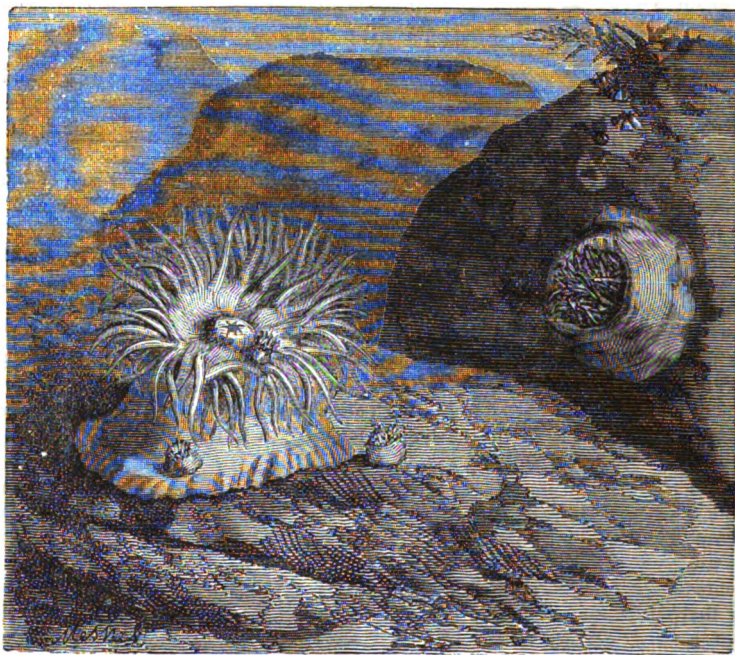


SEA-ANEMONES.

and remains in a state of torpor during the process of digestion. It is not, however, always permitted to remain in quiet. Its digestive apparatus is exceedingly simple. Indeed, all there is of the animal beside its tentacles, are a stomach and a mouth. The latter opens directly upon the former, without any intermediate canal. In consequence of this, it sometimes happens that the animal which has been seized and swallowed alive and whole is able to force its way out again, and make its escape uninjured. Or a shrimp which has witnessed the wholesale devouring of the prey from a distance will throw himself upon the anemone, with his small feet prevent the closing of the tentacles, and, thrusting its claws into the creature's stomach, will draw the recently-swallowed food forth for his own use. Sometimes a battle takes place

fuse. These embryo anemones attach themselves to some solid substance, soon throw out little rows of tentacles, and finally become miniature anemones.

The most curious trait of these wonderful sea-flowers is their tenacity of life. If a tentacle is amputated, another one speedily grows in its place. If an anemone is torn forcibly from the rock, leaving small fragments adhering, each one of these fragments will develop rows of tentacles, then a mouth and a stomach, and become in time a complete animal. If an anemone is cut in two, the lower half of the body throws out its fringe of tentacles, and develops a digestive apparatus. The upper half will go on catching and swallowing its prey, apparently entirely oblivious to the fact that the food passes out



BIRTH OF THE ANEMONE.

on these occasions, in which the shrimp gets the worst of it, and finds himself, when too late, on the wrong side of the creature's mouth.

As the anemone cannot go in quest of food, but must wait for it to come within his reach, nature has wisely ordered that he shall be enabled to endure a long fast without inconvenience. Thus anemones have been known to live for two or three years without food.

The germs and embryos of the anemones are borne within the arms or tentacles. The former are motionless, the latter exhibit a sort of rotary motion. From the tentacles they pass into the stomach, where they remain uninjured amid the digesting food, and are at last ejected through the mouth with the re-

at once through the lower opening. This opening, however, gradually closes, a crown of tentacles appears, a new mouth is formed, and the creature has gained, rather than lost, by its mutilation, for it now possesses the faculty of double enjoyment in being able to eat with two mouths at once. This is not for long, however. In due time the double anemone separates in the middle, producing two single anemones; and thus three perfectly independent creatures have been formed from one.

If an anemone is cut in two lengthwise, each half will finally unite, and the result will be two anemones just like the original one, except of somewhat slimmer proportions. If one of these curious creatures is cut up into more than two fragments, the result is

still the same—at least, one living anemone for each fragment.

The Abbé Dicoquemare, who experimented in various ways with these zoophytes, remarked: "Perhaps I may be accused of cruelty, but from what I have seen from my experiments, I believe that the happiness of the creatures was increased; for, not only did I augment the duration of their lives, but I renewed the term of their youth." He might have added that in multiplying their existences he multiplied their capacity for enjoyment.

The *Lucernaria* differ from the anemones in their form, and in the texture of their skin. They attach



TWO BELL LUCERNARIAE UPON A PIECE OF SEA-WEED.

themselves to sea-weeds and other marine bodies. The tentacles, instead of proceeding in a regular fringe around the whole disc, appear in clusters from a number of hornlike protuberances.

The *Bell Lucernaria* is one of the most beautiful of the species. It is bell shaped, an inch in depth, of a uniform dark-brown, while each of the eight lobes of the corolla is terminated by a glandular rose colored bud. Its mouth is small and square, and in the centre.

The anemones are used for food in certain countries, and are even considered delicacies.

"IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS."

"IT'S none of my business," said Peter Martin, as he passed Farmer Hyde's orchard and saw one of his neighbor's sons stealing apples. "Let Ryder look after his own boys."

And he trudged on home, meeting Mr. Ryder by the way. His first impulse was to tell the neighbor about his son, but he checked the impulse, saying in his mind: "Let him find it out for himself; it's none of my business. I'd get his ill-will, instead of his thanks, most likely."

It so happened that this was Jim Ryder's first offence, and if Martin had told his father, the reproof or punishment that would have followed might have saved the boy from further crime. But, escaping detection and punishment, he was encouraged to go on in evil.

But it was Martin's business, even in the narrow

and selfish sense in which he had expressed himself. He would have made it his business if some one had introduced a fever-breeding nuisance into the neighborhood, to the serious peril of his family.

On that very evening Jim Ryder met Martin's son Edward, a lad three years younger, and gave him a couple of nice red apples.

"Where did you get them?" asked Edward, as he ate the spicy fruit.

"You'll not tell?"

"Oh, no indeed."

"Well, then, I got them down at Mr. Hyde's orchard. I was going along there, and the apples looked so tempting I could not resist. Mr. Hyde's got bushels and bushels, and he'll never miss them."

The boys talked it over, and the older one persuaded the younger that there was no great harm in taking a few apples. The only thing was not to be found out. And they agreed to go round together, on the next afternoon, and help themselves to as many as they could carry.

Peter Martin was returning home on the next day, and just as he got near Farmer Hyde's orchard, he heard a great outcry and barking of dogs. And soon after he saw Jim Ryder leap over the fence and run swiftly down the road.

"Ah, you young rascal!" he said to himself. "Been stealing apples again."

He was moving on, when he heard himself called. Looking round he saw Farmer Hyde—and he saw something else that made his heart sink like lead in his bosom. He saw his little boy Edward in the tight grip of the angry farmer's hand.

"Been stealing my apples!" said the farmer.

At a single bound Peter Martin was over the fence, and, standing with pale lips before the farmer and his frightened boy, he cried: "Oh, Ned! Ned!" in sorrow and shame. "To think that you could have done a mean and wicked thing like this!"

"I wouldn't have thought of it, father," answered the trembling, white faced child, "if it hadn't been for Jim Ryder. He said he got some yesterday, and that it wasn't any harm."

"The greatest rogue has got off, as is usual in such cases," said Farmer Hyde, the anger going out of his heart at sight of the father's pain. "But there is harm, my boy," speaking gravely but kindly to Edward, "in taking what don't belong to you. It is stealing."

Peter Martin went home that day a wiser man; and with some clearer notions of his responsibility in the life around him.

It is an ill thing for a man not to know the gauge of his own stomach, nor to consider that men do many things in their drink that they are ashamed of when sober; drunkenness being nothing but a voluntary madness, it emboldens men to undertake all sorts of mischief; it both irritates wickedness and discovers it; it does not only make men vicious, but shows them to be so; and the end of it is either shame or repentance.

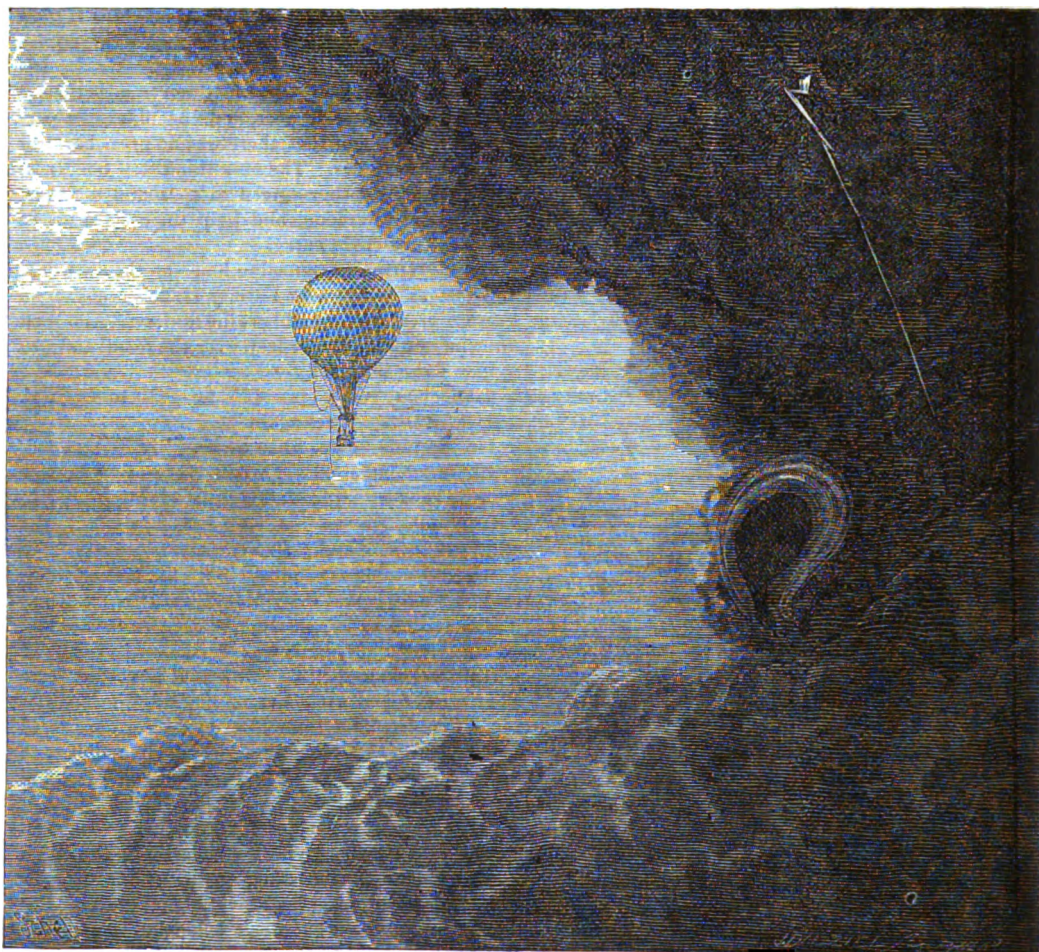
IN A THUNDER-CLOUD WITH A BALLOON.*

BY PROF. JOHN WISE.

THE first time I was ever swallowed up in a storm cloud, it happened to be in a suddenly generated hail-storm nimbus during an ascension from Carlisle, Pa. A hail storm is not a very large meteor, but it is very violent in its gyratory action; and when it sucks a balloon into its vortical air-hopper, the aeronaut may look out for a little rough usage, and not the least of his troubles will be a nausea similar to that of sea-sickness, following

the distance it is by the course of the river, but thunder storms have a penchant to trail their watery drapery along river channels.

The ascension was made in the afternoon, between four and five o'clock, and right in the face of an approaching thunder-gust coming from the northwest. On attaining a height of three-quarters of a mile, I discovered a second thunder-gust coming along from the southwest. My balloon was situated on the apex of the two lines of the approaching storms, and already gave indications of being gobbled up in the



"I GAZED UPON IT WITH ADMIRATION AND AMAZEMENT."

the swinging to and fro, compounded with gyrations, of the air-ship. I will, however, for the present, describe an experience of travelling inside of a thunder-gust for a distance of nearly a hundred miles along the Ohio River, in a balloon voyage from Portsmouth, Ohio, to Point Pleasant, about twelve miles below Gallipolis. Straight across the country from Portsmouth to Gallipolis is not much over half

vortex of centralizing air incident to storm-clouds. I made up my mind to go into the whale's belly, not entirely regardless of consequences; but being well provided with gas and ballast, I was consoled with the knowledge that I could escape from this leviathan of the air by using the means of gravitation in letting out gas, or of levitation by disposing of ballast.

The two storms were now approaching, as it were, in grand battle array, with thundering explosions. The discharges of lightning came vivid, sharp and frequent; and when the two storms clashed, they became terrific. It was a scene of awful grandeur. I

* We are indebted to the publishers of *To-Day* for the fine illustration accompanying this article, as well as for the very interesting article itself, which appeared originally in that paper.

had a mind to escape by one or the other of the means just mentioned, but, like Lot's wife, I was curious enough to look back—not to be turned into a pillar of salt, but certainly to be well shaken—hurled round and round as it were by the nape of the neck.

The intelligent reader may here be reminded that a thunder-storm is not an accidentally condensed, irregularly massed body of watery vapor, as viewed from the earth, but a geometrically formed and individualized meteor, and of mathematical precision in its motion and compensating balances. It is more or less governed in its onward progress by the undulations of the earth's surface—the channels of rivers, valleys and mountain gorges. These meteors often take short turns to pass into a deep valley. When they happen to plunge against a mountain-side that lies in their direct course, they often become tangled in the mountain-top, swaying to and fro like things of life, and this gives rise to those destructive mountain torrents known as "cloud bursts." The rain that would be otherwise spread over a great surface is by this stand-still of the meteor poured down against the immediately underneath surface of the mountain-side.

It requires no strained imagination to give interest to storm scenes as viewed from above them and in their midst; and when it is considered that a balloon is not in the predicament of a ship at sea as in a storm, the scene may be viewed with an assurance of safety that is never realized on the water. The sea-ship has two elements to contend with. The air whirling it around in the vortex of a storm, and the thousand times denser water holding it in its embrace, brings upon the sea-ship a leverage and strain that crashes and cracks it to pieces. The balloon has but one element to contend with, and it matters not whether the current is one mile an hour or one hundred miles; to the air-passenger it is all the same, for he knows not that he is moving at all unless he can see some landmarks to give him an idea of motion. In a thunder-cloud, however, there is a perceptible motion, not violent, but disagreeable. The motion is gyratory—a swinging to and fro and going round in a circle at the same time—and this motion produces nausea like sea-sickness. The huge black precipices of nimbi, or the brilliantly illuminated lava-looking cumuli, have not the terror-giving character to the air-passenger that the coral reefs and lee-shore rocks have to the sea-passenger. The reader is now better prepared to resume the thread of the narrative with composure, since dashing against an atmospheric boulder will not shock him.

These two storms merging into one having met at an angle in the course of the river where it trends off from a southwest to a northeast, direction of stream, it followed the course of the Ohio up to the mouth of the Kanawha River, and there it made a turn up that watercourse. Sailing in this meteor, I was constantly surrounded by electrical phenomena. While the discharges of lightning were almost incessant, thundering and crashing out of the thick vapor with

livid, zigzag bolts darting down toward the earth, they never seemed to explode near to the balloon. Most of the time the balloon was sailing in clear atmosphere between the upper and lower cloud, though right in front of it, and within a few hundred yards, the upper and lower clouds were joined in the form of a waterspout, and from this conjoined mass the discharges were mainly taking place, though occasionally a more distant explosion would occur. The central explosions were so frequent and terrific that I dare not let the balloon rock into the vortex, and, in order to avoid this, I had to pay out ballast and gas, causing the balloon to rise and fall, and by that means be thrown outward in the upper cloud, whenever the lower cloud had rocked it too near the central uprising air-shower. This kind of manœuvring has been learned from former experience in these meteors.

One time the balloon got so far to the rear of the centre of the vortex between the upper and the lower cloud that it fell into the rays of the sun. This produced one of the rarest spectacles of rainbow light in the form of a parhelion, or aureola, as it is technically termed, that my eyes ever rested on. It threw upon this black central cloud matter a beautiful prismatic arch of vari-colored light, not circular as a rainbow, but in the form of a twisted ellipse, caused, no doubt, by the difference of density of the watery particles acting as the screen. I gazed upon it with admiration and amazement. All this time the celestial fireworks continued in full blast, banging and booming like great guns, and the hissing of electrical streams of fire were truly appalling. It seemed to me like the crack of doom; and while it made my hair bristle and my heart beat quick time, it seemed still to say, "Stand from under," because the thunderbolts were all hurled downward. So far as my reason could direct, I felt it safer to look at it from above than from below; besides, the country below was mainly forest and river, as seen from an occasional glimpse through an open chasm of the lower cloud.

Once the balloon was totally involved in a mass of orange-colored flame. This was evidently "sheet lightning" playing between the upper and the lower cloud. I was for a moment paralyzed, not by an electric shock, but by a shudder of fright, as it seemed for the moment that my air-bubble was in a blaze. In an instant more I felt easier in mind, seeing that the fire had not harmed the balloon. The thought now occurred, Am I not venturing too far upon my philosophy of safety in a thunder-cloud? Besides, my ballast was pretty well exhausted, and I had been riding in a storm for more than an hour, so that I must be many miles from the place of departure.

The beautiful grotto of fire would appear and disappear as the balloon happened to fall in and out of the sunbeams blazing in between the upper and the lower cloud. The balloon refracting the rays of light passing through it caused the prismatic arch. The rain was discharged from the lower cloud, and

but seldom a few heavy drops would fall on to the balloon from the upper stratum. From the rushing noise of water, it was evident that the rain was descending to the earth in torrents, and this, with the heavy and constant discharges of thunderbolts and the remarkable beauty of the aureola illuminating the interior of the storm-cloud, gave it more the character of a scene of enchantment than one of reality. There was a fearful fascination in the grand phenomenon; and while it made one's heart beat with emotion and a feeling of awe, it still persisted in dragging one along as the soldier is dragged along in the thick smoke of the battle's cannon. It is impossible to fully and fairly portray with words the condition of mind and its surrounding phenomena when sailing in the midst of a good-sized thunder-storm. It is a sublimity not realizable on the surface of the earth, grand and majestic as these meteors present themselves to an observer on terra firma.

Having now sailed within the folds of this electrical meteor for over an hour, and for a distance of nearly a hundred miles by the course of the Ohio River, and viewed it from various positions, the limited amount of ballast remaining on hand admonished a preparation for descent. Before coming down, a dozen or more copies of the Portsmouth daily paper were thrown overboard, and they were soon drawn into the vortex of the storm. One of them fell into my hands again the next day, as will be explained in the conclusion of this narrative. I now commenced to descend slowly and cautiously, in order to look out for a safe landing-place. As this process was going on, the storm was moving forward and away from the balloon. On coming down through the lower cloud, I found the surface of Gallia County hereabouts covered with forest; but some distance ahead in my line of direction a log cabin peered out from a little "clearing," and I struck for this, and made a lodgment before the cabin door in the rain, greatly to the surprise of the family in the house. Seeing the suddenly-appearing apparition was nothing more than flesh and blood, the good housewife cautiously, with the door slightly ajar, ventured the question of, "Who are you?" In dripping garments and with the most gentle speech at my command, I answered, "A stranger, madam, in a strange land; will you please help me a little?" Still holding the door in her hand, she said, "What is that?" pointing at the air-craft as it was swaying over her head. "A balloon, madam, just come out of that cloud." The door immediately flew open, and at the same time she exclaimed, "Come out, Joe; here's a man in a balloon that you read about in the paper the other day."

The next morning I went to Small's Landing, a few miles off, to get on a Pittsburgh and Cincinnati packet to return to Portsmouth, and there I found one of the papers referred to above, and which they told me had fallen down from a black thunder-cloud that passed overhead the day before, much to their astonishment, until I had explained to them

by what kind of an express it had been carried to the distance of ninety miles two hours after it came from the press.

There are scenes in our lives that seem to become as indelibly impressed upon the tablet of the brain as is the image on the photographer's albuminoid membrane, and these storm scenes are of that character. The secret majesty of Nature therein asserts its superior divinity, and makes man shrink into the insignificance of a microscopic monad, with all his boasted intellectual powers, when compared to the intelligence of the great Ruler of the universe.

RETROSPECT.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

THE path of the day is trodden;
I sit by the milestone, night,
And backward glance at the winding road
As it gleams in the sunset light.

Over the hill and adown the plain
Where my feet were tired and sore,
But the thorns that wounded, the stones that bruised,
I see them again no more.

I see instead, by the highway side,
The flowers I might have strewn
For other feet more sorely tried,
In paths that were dark and lone.

I see instead the fountain cool,
With its rainbow-colored spray,
And the chalice I broke in my careless haste
As I turned from the water away,

Headless of those who waited there
For the draught I might have dipped,
Headless of blessings that had been mine,
From the weary and fever-lipped.

I see instead of the steep ascent
Where toiling, I wept and prayed,
The struggling, trembling ones, to whom
My hand vouchsafed no aid.

I see the light that crowned my road,
I see the dark unrest
That wrapped my soul as a murky cloud—
Father, Thou knowest best!

Oh, lead me in Thine own right paths,
Or smooth or rough the way,
And may I nearer walk to Thee,
To-morrow than to-day.

THE BEE.

BY L. S. HAGNER.

LANCER of the golden belt!
Errant knight in ladies' bower
I have caught thee fairly now,
Hid within this lotus flower.

Ivory prison meet for thee,
Boon companion of the light;
Drowned in nectar thou shalt be
Tiny Clarence of delight!

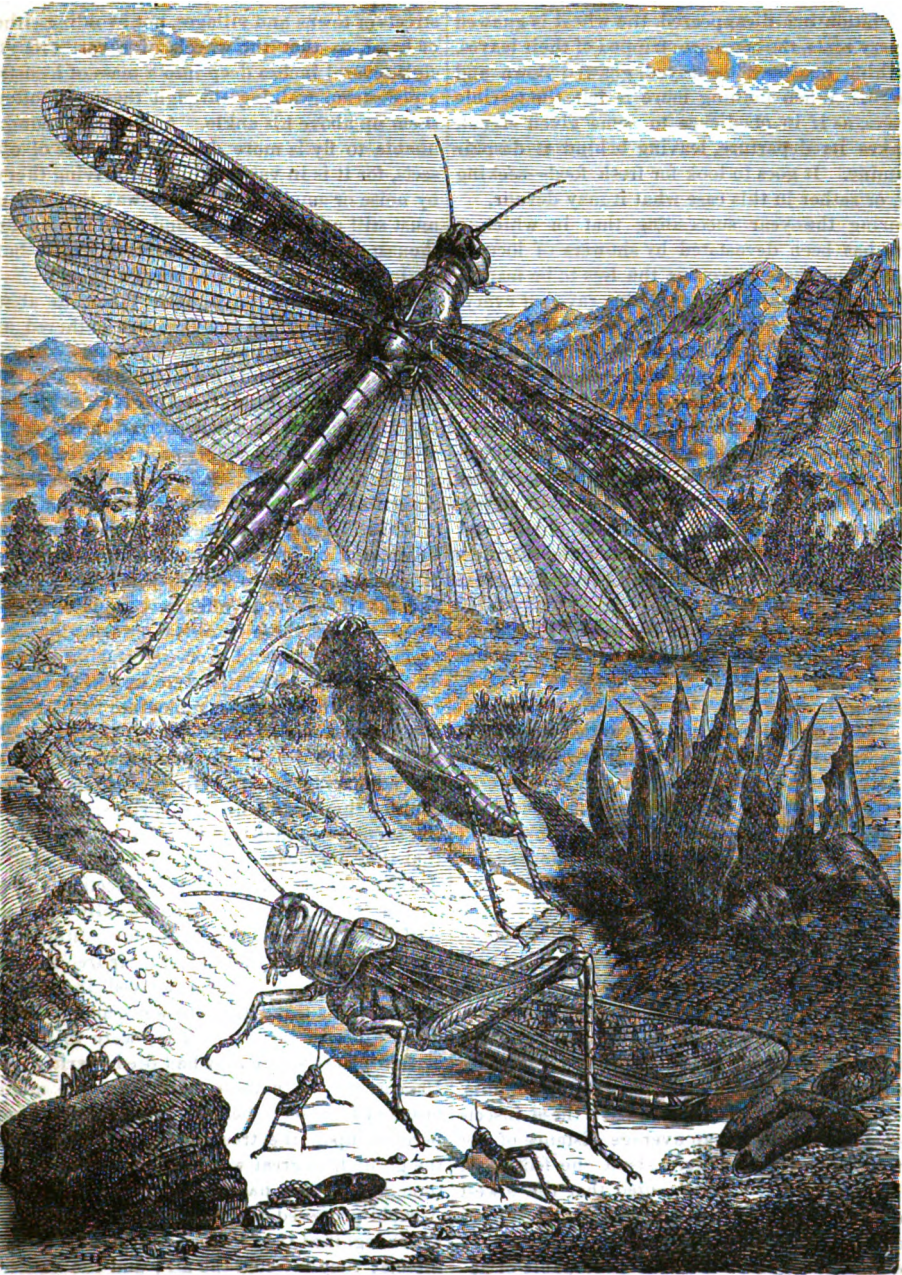
Golden youth; beware! beware!
Touch not, taste not, lest ye die.
Let this wandersome of the air
Teach forbidden sweets to fly.

MIGRATORY LOCUSTS.

THE locust is one of the little insects that at times inflicts upon man an amount of inconvenience and mischief wholly inconsistent with its dimen-

Louis Figuier, the well known French naturalist, thus describes their journeyings:

"It is especially in warm climates that they become such fearful pests to agriculture. Wherever



sions, and due principally to the power of its numbers. A swarm of locusts is one of the most fearful visitations to which the East is exposed, and is altogether extraordinary.

they alight, they change the most fertile country into an arid desert. They are seen coming in innumerable bands, which, from afar, have the appearance of stormy clouds, even hiding the sun. As far and

as wide as the eye can reach, the sky is black, and the soil is inundated with them. The noise of these millions of wings may be compared to the sound of a cataract. When this fearful army alights upon the ground, the branches of the trees break, and in a few hours, and over an extent of many leagues, all vegetation has disappeared, the wheat is gnawed to its very roots, the trees are stripped of their leaves. Everything has been destroyed, gnawed down and devoured. When nothing more is left, the terrible host rises, as if in obedience to some given signal, and takes its departure, leaving behind it despair and famine. It goes to look for fresh food—seeking whom, or rather in this case what it may devour.

"During the year succeeding that in which a country has been devastated by showers of locusts, damage from these insects is the less to be feared; for it happens often that after having ravaged everything, they die of hunger before the laying season begins. But their death becomes the cause of a greater evil. Their innumerable carcasses, lying in heaps and heated by the sun, are not long in entering into a state of putrefaction; epidemic diseases, caused by the poisonous gases emanating from them, soon break out, and decimate the populations. These locusts are bred in the deserts of Arabia and Tartary, and the east winds carry them into Africa and Europe. Ships in the eastern part of the Mediterranean are sometimes covered with them at a great distance from the land."

Captain Hall, in his second series of "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," gives the following account of a vast locust swarm:

"Captain Beaufort, with whose interesting and delightful book on Caramania every reader of travel is familiar, told me that when he lay at Smyrna, in 1811, he had an opportunity of forming a rude estimate of the magnitude of a flight of locusts which was drifting past from south to north. The consul had occasion to send a messenger, in a due easterly direction, to the bashaws of Sardis, in Asia Minor, that is, in a course at right angles to the flight of the locusts. This person rode forty miles before he got clear of the moving column of these ravenous animals. It was inferred, from observations made with a pocket telescope, that the height of the column could not be less than three hundred yards, and the rate at which it passed not slower than seven miles an hour. This continued for three days and nights, apparently without intermission. As these insects succeeded one another at an average distance of not more than three feet, and were about one foot apart above one another, it was computed that the lowest number of locusts in this enormous swarm must have exceeded 168,608,563,200,200."

After remarking that the mind is incapable of appreciating such numbers unless compared with some standard, Captain Hall proceeds: "Captain Beaufort determined that the locusts he saw, if formed into a heap, would have exceeded in magnitude more than a thousand and thirty times the largest pyramid of Egypt; or if they had been placed on the ground

close together, in a band of a mile and an eighth in width, it would have encircled the globe!"

The young locusts crawl until their wings are developed, and in their march they will overcome most obstacles. They climb over the roofs of the low houses, over fences and walls, march through the streets of towns and villages, not avoiding either man or beast, so that the wheels of a cart will at times sink several inches deep into a mass of locusts, while a pedestrian walking through them will often have them up above his ankle. A swarm of young locusts unable to fly is more dreaded than one of older insects, for it is in vain to think of driving them away by noise or smoke; whichever way they escape they must still go along the ground; and if a few hundred thousands of them be killed, this avails but little against the millions which form a swarm.

Various means have been taken to abate this plague. Sometimes the eggs are gathered and destroyed. At one time 3,000 quintals of eggs were buried or thrown into the Rhone. Counting 1,750,000 eggs per quintal, that will give us a total of 6,250,000,000 of locusts destroyed in the egg, which otherwise would have very soon renewed the ravages of which the country had so lately been the victim. Sometimes the locusts themselves are gathered and crushed. Again, all the inhabitants turn out, and by making a frightful din attempt to drive them off. It is said that smoke will disperse them. This expedient, however, is often a complete failure; for when one of these countless swarms has dropped upon the ground, and proceeds grazing along in the direction of the fire, the mere weight of the general mass forces the foremost ranks into the flames, where a few thousands of them perish perhaps, but their bodies extinguish the fire, and leave a free field for the advancing enemy. In their progress over the country they choke up the springs, the canals and the brooks—so that it is with a great deal of trouble that they are cleared—with their dead bodies, which, decaying in the water, produce infection.

The locust is not confined wholly to Asia and Africa. They frequently visit the countries of southern Europe. Pliny speaks of their frequent visits to Greece. In 1690, locusts arrived in Poland and Lithuania by three different ways, and, as it were, in three different bodies. "They were to be found in certain places where they had died," writes the Abbe Ussaria, an eye witness, "lying on one another in heaps of four feet in height. Those which were alive perched upon the trees, bending their branches to the ground, so great was their number. The people thought that they had Hebrew letters on their wings. A rabbi professed to be able to read on them words which signified God's wrath. The rains killed these insects; they infected the air; and the cattle which ate them in the grass died immediately."

In 1749, locusts stopped the army of Charles XII, King of Sweden, as it was retreating from Bessarabia, on its defeat at Pultowa. The king thought he was assailed by a hailstorm, when a host of these insects beat violently against his army. In 1763, Portugal

was attacked by them. In 1780, in Transylvania, their ravages assumed such gigantic proportions that it was found necessary to call in the assistance of the army in the attempt to exterminate them. Locusts showed themselves at the same time in the empire of Morocco, causing a fearful famine. In the years 1613, 1805, 1820, 1822, 1824, 1825, 1832 and 1834, their visits to the south of France were most formidable. Locusts are always to be found in Algeria, but it is only occasionally that they make great ravages. In the years 1845 and 1866, their most terrible invasions took place.

"According to General Dumas," says Figuier, "locusts, fresh or preserved, are good food for both men and camels. They are eaten grilled or boiled, or prepared in the *kous-koussou*, after their legs, wings and heads have been taken off. Sometimes they are dried in the sun and reduced to powder, which is mixed with milk, and made into cakes with flour, dripping or butter and salt. Camels are very

fond of them, and they are given to them after having been dried, or roasted between two layers of ashes. Dried and salted, they are in Asia and in Africa an article of commerce. At Bagdad they sometimes cause the price of meat to fall. The taste of their flesh may be compared to that of the crab. Eastern nations have eaten locusts from time immemorial. The Greek comic poet, Aristophanes, tells us that the Greeks sold them in the markets. Moses allowed to the Jews four species, which are mentioned in Leviticus. St. John the Baptist, following the example of the Prophet Amos, made them his food in the desert, where he found nothing but locusts and a little honey."

We frequently hear of the depredations of the seventeen-year locusts through the Western States, but these are not locusts proper. They are a species of grasshopper, which sometimes commit great havoc in crops, but the visitations of which will not compare with those of the Asiatic locusts.

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.

PART IV.—MILLICENT'S ROMANCE, AND WHAT IT WAS MADE OF.

CHAPTER XX.—ROUND AND LOST.

THERE was one who was out in the rain and the wind.

David Maxwell had not failed in his proposed twilight wandering about Harwich town. He had lingered in the principal street, he had haunted the quay. He had let the cheery fisher folk enter into talk with him, if happily some scrap of their chance information might give him a clue. He found what seemed one, at last. Standing in a shed, for shelter from the rain, when it was past midnight, his refuge happened to be shared by a man, who stated he had seen "a strange gentleman carrying a big coat, on the road far down below Dovercourt. The gentleman had stopped him, and asked whether there was any place near where he could stay for the night, and he had recommended the Stars Inn. The gentleman had remarked that he was a stranger, new in Harwich that morning."

David's further questions elicited that this Stars Inn was situate about seven miles out of Harwich.

There was no time to be wasted in an endeavor, almost sure to be fruitless, at such an hour and on such a night, to procure any conveyance. David knew himself to be a quick walker. There was just time for him to reach the Stars Inn on foot, see this gentleman, and if he were not his missing friend, get back to Harwich in time to watch the passengers go on board the early morning boat.

David was tired and wet, but the moment he got

this clue he forgot all about that, or remembered it only to dismiss it with the thought, "There will be plenty of time to rest when I have found him, and as for the bad weather, surely I can bear for once, what sailors and shepherds endure every month of their lives."

He had a long and dreary tramp. The road lay between hedgerows, sometimes stretching long and unbroken, sometimes dotted by a few houses; but the lights in these were all out, save where just once or twice, all the dreary seven miles, a winking taper was set to watch in a chamber of birth or death. The road passed through one village, with its tavern-sign creaking in the blast, and its old church standing back among its graves. Once or twice, struggling beneath his umbrella, David struck lucifer matches, to read finger posts by their fleeting light. He had started with oilskin as well as umbrella, but both were presently unavailing, and there was nothing to do but to face the storm in dogged defencelessness. Once or twice in the earlier miles of his walk, David thought longingly of his snug parlor in Hackney, and of Phoebe's faithful ministrations. But when he was thoroughly wet through, it seemed easier to go on so. It even seemed to lay his anxieties,—nothing could be done for the next two or three hours, but walk straight on even as he was doing. Once or twice he sang, scarcely noticing what he sang, or even that he sang at all. But in one of the little houses, a young mother watching through her first night with her child upon her breast, laid it up as a good omen for "baby," that she heard a voice pass in the tempest, singing,—

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

The "Stars" was reached at last, and after many knocks and shouts, the landlord's head was lifted off its pillow and thrust out of the window. The host was rather grumpy, but he could hardly refuse answers to David's rapid questions, not put without ample apology for their untimeliness.

"Yes, there was in the house a gentleman who had come from Harwich that day."

"Did not know his business."

"Did not know his name."

"Is it a matter of life or death?"

"Just ask him to let me see him," David answered. "It may be life or death to whom I am seeking, and unless I see him, I cannot tell whether this be he or no. And delay may be of terrible consequence."

Up went another window: the stranger had evidently been listening at his casement to the alarm, and thus appealed to, he responded, in broad Scotch, and a gruff voice, unmistakably not Fergus Laurie's: "I am Donald Gordon, traveller for Flockhart & Co., of Glasgow. If you winna believe it without seeing me, I'll away to the door and answer whatever you may speir."

"Thank you, I won't trouble you, I am quite convinced," said David. "Pardon me for disturbing you all."

"There ain't another house for miles," interrupted mine host; "hadn't you better come in and put up till morning? It ain't a night for a dog to be out."

"Many thanks," said David; "but it will take me all my speed to get back to Harwich by the time I must be there." And so he swiftly retraced his steps, not at all disheartened by the failure, for he had prepared himself for disappointment, and kept up a strong faith in the German boat.

The rain ceased and the wind went down before the first peep of dawn. But the raw, yellow calm seemed colder and damper and more cruel than the tempest. There is all difference between the wrestle for life in the shipwreck and the dull waiting for rescue on a desert island. While nature struggles, man struggles, too, and the contest seems equal. But when she sits down and bides her time, his heart drops within him like lead. Her time is so long, his days are so short! David did not sing on his way into Harwich town.

He hurried down to the quay. The German boat lay alongside, and there were several people standing about. Nobody had gone on board yet, the sailors said. There were very few passengers, they informed him, and as the steamer would soon be off he would not have to wait long.

Presently the first instalment settled themselves on board—a young lady and gentleman, palpably "a honeymoon pair." The next party was a German family, whose father wore spectacles, and whose mother presently began to knit. After that, the pas-

sengers went on thick and fast—tourists, commercial travellers, "Herr Professors," and scholastic "Frauleins," navvies and seafaring men. Then the cries and shouts grew deafening, and moorings began to slacken, and one more spectacled Herr Professor rushed breathlessly on board, and returned the captain an innocent "thank you," for the curse he bestowed upon him. And then the other mooring was loosened, and last words were shouted, and handkerchiefs began to wave. And the *Rhindland* went on her ocean way.

But no Fergus Laurie.

This was when David's heart began to sink, and he began to think to himself that within easy distance of the little easy-going town there must be many and many a little creek which might keep any ghostly secret committed to its care, for many and many a month—nay, for many a year. And his heart ached for Millicent—for one so tried, so long patient, ay, and so ready to forgive, yet deceived and goaded into a wrath that might be a life-long pain to her soul.

All that he could do was to go about the town again, renewing his inquiries at all the hotels and livery stables. A desperate sense of the puerility and feebleness of his endeavors grew upon him. He was tired within an inch of his life, he was wet through, he was hungry and comfortless, and yet he was unsuccessful, where a London detective would doubtless have succeeded, without the expenditure of a tithe of his vital force. He could only reassure himself by the recollection that a detective's success would probably have been more fatal to their real wishes than even his own failure.

The town fully woke up at last, the shops were opened, and other people besides fishers and passengers by early boats began to move about. Presently coming out of a large house in one of the quiet, old-fashioned streets, David saw a figure which made his heart leap. It was at some little distance from the spot where he stood, yet he could have been quite sure that it was Fergus, but for the fact—which seemed to him to throw doubt on it—that he was not alone, but in the company of an old gentleman, and a young lady in a severely elegant morning-costume. David hastily followed them at a discreet distance, every moment growing more convinced that it was really his missing man. The three walked together down two or three streets, then the old gentleman and the young lady shook hands very cordially with their companion, and went off in another direction, while he very leisurely took the road to the railway station. Now was David's time. He overtook him, and laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, asked breathlessly: "Where have you been, Laurie? We have been searching for you. Where are you going?"

The other gave his shoulder a hasty shrug, which did not shake off David's touch, and stood quite still. He stared at David for a moment, and answered coolly: "I have been taking a breathing time and a blow of salt air. I am going back to London now."

The train does not start for half an hour, so you needn't be afraid of hindering me."

David put his arm through his. "Why have you done this, Fergus?" he pleaded. "You might have explained yourself clearly. You have given every one a fearful shock."

"It is quite refreshing to hear that anything one does can do that," said Fergus, with a sneer. "It is really quite worth while to withdraw one's-self for a time to find out how one is valued."

"I don't think there is anything remarkable in one's sudden and accounted absence alarming one's mother and sister," said David, plainly.

"I have always had to take care of myself, and of them, too, ever since I was a boy," Fergus returned. "I should think they might trust me perfectly by this time. Is Robina in a fit?"

"No, indeed; at least, not that I know of," said David. "I thought she took it very calmly, wonderfully calmly in one way, for she was most assiduous in keeping appearances all right. But, oh, Fergus, when you knew how things were, and how agitated we might naturally suppose you to be, how could you go away like this?"

"I don't wonder that you should suppose I would be agitated," said Fergus, "seeing you knew how you had badgered and deserted me in my day of difficulty; but I am thankful to say I can rise superior to such treatment, and build new hopes on the old disappointments. Go and tell Miss Harvey so, if you like. Was it a fearful shock to her? I dare say she was very much afraid that something would happen to make a public story of her insulting ingratitude. It would not have made a pretty chapter in her life."

"God knows what passed between you and Millicent Harvey," pleaded David, "I do not. I only know the message you promised to carry her, and that you could have only carried half of it, for that she thought you still a prosperous man, and stung and passionate, spoke sharp words to you. What you said, and what she said, I do not know. But I do know that she is here now, Fergus—in this very town—watching an opportunity to tell you that she would not have spoken so, had she known the truth, and to ask you to let us be your friends again, as we used to be."

They had wandered on to the esplanade while they talked, and just here Fergus stood still and gazed out to sea. Not all his defiant self-command could control the spasm that passed over his face. She knew—the woman whose high opinion his better nature had valued above all other—she knew what a base, weak, mean man he was! In the face of that crowning ignominy, it did not much matter to him how close she kept her secret—nay, he hated her for doing it. He could deny to himself that he was base, or weak, or mean, but the very screen her pitiful silence threw over his fall showed how low she felt it to be.

"It is too bad—too bad!" he cried, passionately, struggling in the net of humiliation, where his own

sins had caught him. "Let her go her way, and leave me to go mine. I will not see her. I never wish to see her again."

"Oh, Fergus!" said David, "all these petty interests are so short and small, but Love and Life are forever and forever. Do not defile the immortal with the mire of a stormy hour."

"Love!" he said, with a sneer so false and bitter that David's face flushed as if he himself had uttered a lie. "What love was, is, or ever can be between me and Millicent Harvey? Let us go our different ways. I never want to see her again in this life or the next. Tell her so."

They were walking on again, and they were silent for awhile, then David said, "You are going back to town. What do you mean to do?"

"Oh, everything is settled very comfortably," Fergus answered, with a sudden return to that cool, light tone which made David's heart heavier even than the fiery outburst. "I am a man of too many resources to be easily ruined. I found that my chief creditor was staying down here, and I came away to consult him, and he is going to take everything off my hands. He sees quite well that by putting forth capital into my concern he will soon gain an immense return. He will pay everybody, and be his own sole creditor, and with his resources, that will soon be most profitable to him. We have never had an American agency—of course, with our means the idea was ridiculous—but I suggested it to him, and he grasped it eagerly. I am to be his agent out in New York. I can assure you I shall be very glad to get away from this worn-out old country, with its narrow ideas and sulky prejudices. You need not trouble yourself about me, Mr. Maxwell. I only hope that you may find yourself satisfied with the arrangements of your new masters. For the sake of old times, I have tried to forget your recent mistrustfulness, and have spoken up for you, and, I think, with some effect; still, it will be very different for you, from what it would have been if I had prospered. I am sorry for you. You will repent that you did not make your interests identical with mine, even in such a paltry matter as the money you preferred to pay to Miss Harvey."

"I did make my interests identical with yours," said David, quietly. "You will see it some day."

"It is time I went toward the station," Fergus remarked. "You need not come with me. I think we have nothing more to say to each other. Good-bye. I dare say we shall not meet again at the office, for I have business in all parts of London for the next day or two, and then I shall go to Liverpool. Of course, I shall take my household to America, but in the first instance I must go out and secure them a comfortable and suitable residence. I should not like them to be exposed to any hardship, or to have those wretched homeless feelings that any change brings to those who are not accustomed to it. So, I dare say I may not see you again. If you have any business communication to make, the best way will be to address a note to the firm formally, and

then it will get attended to in due course. Good-bye. Give my compliments to Miss Harvey."

"Good-bye, Fergus," said David, simply. He could add no word of blessing or commendation to God. Such would have sounded so like a curse.

And Fergus went one way and David took the other. And as he went along he looked out over the sea, and said to himself, "Oh, God! the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, have pity on that poor soul! Whither can it go from Thy Spirit?—whither can it flee from Thy presence? Though it say, Surely the darkness shall cover me, yet the darkness hidest not from Thee. And Thou remainest holy, oh, Thou worship of Israel—the Rock that standeth steadfast while the tide comes in and out."

CHAPTER XXI.

UNDER THE CLEMATIS.

MILlicENT was no fiery young girl, ready to snatch a flash of excitement from her anxieties like a bright foxglove from a covert of thorns. That night she went to the window for a moment and saw the rain beating on the pane, and heard the wind roaring outside in the darkness. But though she sat a little later than she used at home, she did not dream of spending the night in pacing her chamber, or voluntarily listening to the storm. She might not be able to sleep, but she would go to bed. She had gone past the age when life concentrates itself on points, and we see nothing beyond. Let not youth in its hasty scorn imagine this means that the fine power of suffering is lost. It is when the fever is over that the wound is felt.

She had a little sleep before the morning. And she dreamed that she and Hatty and Hatty's old lover, Harry Westbrook, were walking somewhere in a wood, and that Hatty suddenly began to sing the *Magnificat*. It seemed as if the singing awoke her. She had to make a strong effort to remember where she was, and what had brought her there. The room looked a little different since the night before; she felt sure that somebody had entered and gone out again, without awaking her. She rose quickly and drew up the blind. The sea was still high with the fury of the late storm, but the wind was down, and the sky was clear and bright, with a tender, tearful lustre.

She had neglected to wind her watch on the previous day, so that she could not guess the hour; but the number of people stirring on the shore below convinced her that it was late. While she was hastily dressing, she heard somebody open the door very softly. It was only the landlady.

"You'll excuse my boldness, miss," she said, "but I've been in before, and you were sleeping, and the gentleman bade me not disturb you till you woke of yourself. It's only the gentleman that brought you last night, and he's not been waiting more than half an hour. The young gentleman's all right, bless ye, miss, you needn't trouble about him. He

took his breakfast as ours was going in the kitchen, like the real gentleman he is, and went off with my master in the boat to the bathing. I've got your breakfast-tray outside, ready to bring in the minute you're ready, for the gentleman below said you were to take that before you were bothered about any business. He looks as if he had been sore worried himself, but as if it were kind of all over now."

Millicent felt that the best acknowledgment of David's thoughtfulness was to obey it, so hastily swallowed a cup of tea and a scrap of toast, and hurried down-stairs. David heard her step on the stairs, and came to the parlor door to meet her, and the moment she saw his eyes she knew that all was lost.

"He is not dead?" she cried.

"No, he is not dead; he is on his way back to London. We must give him up to God's patience, Miss Harvey."

"Why did he go away? Where has he been, and what has he been doing?" Millicent asked.

"He came here to make arrangements with his chief creditor, who is staying here. He spent last night in his house," said David.

"He is a selfish, heartless wretch!" cried Millicent.

"Ah, but you see he did not start for this till he had spent one dreadful unaccounted-for night," said David. "Good and bad angels fought over him that night, surely, and the wrong ones conquered."

"Because he was on their side," remarked Millicent, bitterly.

"If there had only been something to turn the scale!" said David; "such little things can do it. Such little things have done it for me sometimes."

"Did he speak of me?" Millicent forced herself to ask.

"Yes, he did; and he could not disguise that he felt very strongly about you. It was the only emotion he showed. I think it will be a witness within him which he will never silence. He knew you were here. Miss Milly, you were ready to forgive him. Forgive him still. He wants it more than ever. He wants it so much that he has gone past caring for it!"

"And what is to become of him?" Millicent asked without any response to David's pleading.

"He is going to America. His chief creditor seems to have consented to take the business with all its responsibilities and profits, and Fergus is to be his agent in the States. If he has only learned a few lessons, he may do well yet," said David.

"The better he does for this world, the worse he will do for the next," remarked Millicent. "If God means to let him alone, He will let him prosper."

"That is true so far; but we must not be too sure about outward prosperities," said David. "A life may lie in prosperity like a corpse in a cloth of gold. Men look at the money-bags, but God sees the heart. A man may prosper, and prosper, and prosper, till he reaches the summit, and sees all around but 'vanity of vanities,' and he may turn to God from it,

Miss Millicent. Some go home to the Father after eating husks among the swine; but others go after sitting appetiteless among dainties. But I think the Father is always waiting at the gate for either. And I think the elder brothers should be waiting there, too."

There was something in his tone which made Millicent look up at him, not as a mere messenger from Fergus, a lay figure in this tableau of her life, but as himself, David Maxwell. And the moment she did so, she was conscious of a loosening of the tension at her heart—that kind of relief from a great pain or a great care that is afforded by a smaller pang or a petty anxiety. Somebody else had been wounded beside herself.

It was only likely that he should look worn and weary. A good meal and a night's sleep might put all that away. But Millicent saw something more than that—a strange, new youthfulness about a face that had never lost its youth, a spiritual life as of one who, still standing in the temple's outer court, catches a glimpse of the Holy of Holies, it may be as another's desecrating hand disturbs the awful veil. Millicent felt this even instantly, as we all feel it sometimes, though we can only say, as Millicent said: "Mr. Maxwell, you have worn yourself out. Are you quite sure you have had a good breakfast?"

David started; as if he had to travel a long way back to recollection of himself.

"Oh, I had supper quite late last night," he said; "and the morning is not very far on yet."

"That means that you have had none at all!" she answered. "Oh, Mr. Maxwell, it was really wrong of you."

"I forgot all about it till you spoke," he said, with a smile. It was thoroughly true. There was nobody's sake for whom he was bound to remember himself.

"And yet remembered to have my breakfast sent up to me before you would see me," said Millicent, reproachfully, as she went off to give orders that the strongest of tea, and the most savory of steaks, should be sent in immediately.

Young Robert Harvey came in fresh and ruddy from his sea bath, and not at all unprepared for a supplemental breakfast. The three sat down together. It was a charmed meal for David. To be sitting with Millicent, cared for by her. To know that the gentleness in her voice, and the solicitude of eyes were actually for him, was enough. It did not matter that he knew quite well that his aching head and dazed manner explained her attentive kindness. That only seemed to make it sweeter. He thought within himself that it was like passing through a beautiful country, with a light mist hanging over it. Odder fancy still, for one tasting a brief happiness out of an old sorrow and a present pain, he thought that he felt something like one looking down from Heaven upon the fulfilment of an old wish! Poor fellow, was he feverish?

They made their plans while they sat at table. David would go back to town instantly—Millicent

and her nephew would follow later in the day. David suggested that they should stay awhile by the sea, and make holiday, and Robert Harvey was certain that would be an excellent plan. But Millicent would not hear of it.

"I want to be at home, and to settle to my work," she said. "I have lost so much time already." She spoke and thought of her wasted hours and days of late, but it was really with the weight of lost years that her heart was heavy.

Millicent could gather from such slight conversation as passed between her nephew and David Maxwell, that David had been out in the severe weather of the previous night, but that he had spent the whole night in the storm she did not guess. Still there was something about him which told of a severe strain—some mysterious hint of a coming change.

"Will you take a note from me to my sister-in-law?" she asked. "It is best to let her know that her boy will be home again to-day. You need not trouble to call on my mother. It is farther out of your way, and Christian will send her a message in her turn."

This was the note she wrote:—

"We shall be home this evening. We have done what we could, and our part has come to nothing, but all is right with Mr. Laurie. I am afraid Mr. Maxwell has nearly worn himself out. If he is ill, I shall know what caused it. I suppose somebody's wickedness is at the bottom of most illnesses."

And then David went away. And Millicent and Robert went out together, and had a walk on the esplanade, and about the town. They stayed there till evening. Robert did not find his aunt a dull companion. For Millicent had not now to learn how to be a brave woman and a proud one.

In the sunset, they again took their journey. And Millicent found that the change and the bitterness seemed harder to bear, when she passed out of sight of the broad, rich meadows and gray sea-line which had been the scene of the crisis, back into the rows of streets, and the reek of the great city where the old, easy, happy past had been lived. It grew harder and harder as the two walked into Hackney—past the end of Acre Way, past the old church—where it almost seemed as if the ghost of the old sweeper—her first model—was standing, so vividly did the old man's figure rise before her eye. Hardest of all, when she stood under her own clematis-covered porch, at just the same hour and in just the same light as on that evening when Fergus had stopped to tell her of the great discovery. The clock chimed half past nine as she stood there. It had chimed so then.

If Fergus Laurie's way of life had only gone apart from here, if he had died, nay, if having once loved him she could feel in her secret heart that she loved him still, Millicent knew that it would be better for her. Loss and pain are treasures, albeit they may strain the poor human hand that bears them. But what are waste and emptiness? Those

who have a past have a future, too; the dullest lake reflects the hills that stand around it. But poor Millicent had walked through her mirage, and there seemed only sands beyond.

"It is hard for David, too," she thought to herself, and drained the refreshment of that drop of sympathy, as a thirsty traveller drains the bitter water which he has procured at the cost of his last camel. It had been but a mirage, poor Millicent, but henceforth there would be no friend for her like him, who had seen the mirage, too! Each would have tones and turns of thought which each other would understand. The secret of many friendships lies just there.

It was Mrs. Harvey herself who opened the door. And she put her hand on her grandson's arm, as with one hasty kiss he turned to run off to "his own home."

"You are to stay here to-night, my dear," she said, "while Mr. Maxwell was calling at your house to-day, he was taken very ill. He will have to stay there—till—he is better."

"I thought there was something the matter," said Millicent. "Is he really very ill."

"Very ill," answered the old lady. "The doctors say—well, they told the truth, because they thought there was nobody who cared much, as he is a lonely man. It is a return of the old complaint he had when he was a teacher in his youth. They say they do not think he has enough strength to get over it now."

Like the doctors, Mrs. Harvey spoke plainly, because she thought he was a dearer friend to all the family than to Millicent.

"Fergus Laurie has killed him," said Millicent. And then her mother, looking into her face, knew that her daughter was desolate with a desolation beyond that of her own uncomfortable widowhood.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SECRET.

AND so it came to pass that David Maxwell laid him down to die, not—according to the sorrowful vision which had sometimes crossed even his cheerfulness—in his lonely house, with nobody near but his poor old faithful Phoebe. Nay, Phoebe was not even the watcher in his dying chamber. She could come in and smile brightly, and speak cheerfully, but then she had to rush out and hide her face in her apron and weep. She could not keep a serene countenance, as Christian Harvey could. Therefore, it was Christian who was the watcher.

Miss Brook was there to render what help she could. Old as she was, she was still a strong, spirited woman, one of those who are never "put out," and who hold that "what one's got to do one can do." She presided at George's table in his wife's absence, and guided the ticklish invalid-cooking ostensibly in Phoebe's eager but not too skilful hands. Christian knew that the secret of a peaceful, well-managed sick-room is efficient help from outside.

"One nurse within and two without," she said.

And so the queer old maid and the strong-tempered widow sat together over their peatles and pannikins. One called her companion "Ma'am," and the other addressed her as "Phoebe"—but the two were on that genuine equality where all sound hearts meet at such sacred times. And they talked and talked—yes, reader, as somebody will some day sit and talk about me and about you. Well, indeed, for us if they are such kindly talkers, and if they only have such kindly things to say!

"Says the chip of a milk gal to me this morning," Phoebe narrated, aggrieved, "'This about your master is a bad job for you. I don't wonder you're cut up—you are not very young for a new service.' I was cryin' when she said it, but that dried me up at onc't. You've no right to cry unless you've got your 'tificate of relationship."

"Ah," said Miss Brook, "it's my belief that in Heaven we'll be related according to how we love. The good Samaritan will be the fellow-countryman of the wounded Jew instead of the priest and the Levite."

"Well, there's likely to be a many things more wonderful than that," assented Phoebe. "And if so be, then-master David, that's belonged to nobody, as one may say, in this world, will be one in a rare large family there. Master David has been one of the quiet ones—nobody ever knew what he gave away and done, and he didn't know himself, an' he let it seem such a pleasure to him, that there were those that were not backward in coming forward to give him that same. There's some people that, I b'lieve, it's kindness when you give 'em a trifle, to make a mow, and tell 'em not to come again. Anyway, that was my mite toward Mr. David's charities, often an' often. There's some things I can't stand. I can't stand a great fat woman tellin' one she has't tasted a bite for two days, or that she's lived on three shillings a-week reg'lar for the last six months. Many an one that's told me that, I've answered that if they've thrived so well on it, I'd advise 'em to go on, an' I'd be glad o' their receipt myself. I know what clemming is. Many an' many a time I've set down to a dry bit o' pudding with two or three raisins in it, calling out to each other, 'Where are you? here am I.' I've had to save my appetite till I got my money a deal oftener than to save my money till I got my appetite; but there's folks in the world that can't save anything. I've lived on the fat o' the land these many years, now, and not been allowed to save anything 'cept my clothes; an' I've had to keep my hand in wi' them! Whenever Mr. David didn't dine at home, he always asked me what I'd had, for fear I'd put off with cheese or eggs. An' there never was a puddin' that a share didn't come back for me; an' if a visitor came unexpected, Mr. David 'ud leave his own. It wasn't the way in Blenheim House, where butter was always running short, an' me to finish up wi' dripping. 'It's as good as you get in any home of your own,' the missus would say, drat her! 'It's as good as I'd wish there,' I'd throw her back; 'but I ain't a-grumblin'—if I

choices to make you a present of half my keep, that's my own affair!"

"Phoebe, I think old servants could be as saucy as any young ones," said Miss Brook.

"I wasn't her servant; I'd engaged wi' the master, when she worn't in the bargain," Phoebe rejoined, triumphantly. "Of course you know she wasn't Mr. David's own mother. Reckon she won't be even his stepmother in the next world—if she gets there at all. She'd an immortal soul, I s'pose, but I dunno know what she'll do with it, where there's no eating or drinking or dress. Why, that woman would ha' been quite enough excuse for any other boy a-going straight to the bad. He's been a miracle, has Master David. What mightn't he ha' been, if he'd took after his father or his poor mother, too, for that matter."

"Ah, God's grace is not hereditary," said Miss Brook. "It's some little time since Esekial taught us that. And if it's a law of nature that we should take after somebody of our race, there are a few families that haven't a good wide pick of fools and sages, and saints and sinners. Did you know anything of Mr. David's own mother, Phoebe?"

"Well, yes," said Phoebe, almost evasively. "But I know nothing that it's much use saying, after the way she went off wi' that man. When a girl does that sort o' thing, it's poor talk, and seems half wicked, to say she were pretty, and lively, and obliging. She'd no mother, poor thing, an' she'd a sister that maybe wasn't the best kind of sister for her. She meant well but she were that foolish fond of July's pretty face and ways, that she'd be wiled into going without a good shawl for herself, that July might have a good bonnet; and yet she were half afraid for her, an' if she let her too loose at one time, she pulled her up real hard at others, and she'd a sharp, biting tongue. But July knowed her sister, good and bad. She knowed she might come back to her when she was sorry for the wrong she'd done. There was nobody to give her a nay, for her sister was a widow by that time, not that her husband would have had a hard word for poor July when once the sin was away and the sorrow left. And July come back—come through a snow-storm in an open wagon, though she were that far gone when she got there that she could only say, 'I'd have come long before, but for the boy.' And says her sister to her, 'July, I'll stick by your boy through thick and thin.' And, in her sister's arms, she looked up an' smiled. She knowed she could trust her old Phoebe! An' she died that night!"

Miss Brook looked up sharply as the secret of Phoebe's life dropped out. But Phoebe noticed neither her own slip nor her companion's glance. She was crying too bitterly.

"Well, I suppose Master David got a better bringing up, one way, than his poor mother's son had any right to," she went on. "But it wasn't his father that giv' him any start in life. He had to feel that out for himself, an' got some hard knocks while he was a-doing it. An' he might ha' had a nice pro-

fession of his own, and bin a doctor, an' a good one, for he's often near cured my toothache by just looking at me, if his father had been an ordinary decent man, and not put a nasty idea into people's heads, that shut his poor son out of the small beginnings that people has to make at first. It wasn't likely that doctors would take up wi' a lad whose father had evened himself with resurrection men. There isn't a secret thing that isn't laid open, that I do believe now, for if I thought anything was secret that was, and poor old Mr. Maxwell himself, he thought so, too, for he was always dreadful frightened of its coming out, as people as ain't frightened of doing things generally is."

"Then you knew it before his death, Phoebe?" asked Miss Brook.

"Yes, I knew it. That was how it was I could say my say in his house, an' no fear o' being turned out. I knew it years an' years before, but I thought he were done with it. He was an awful man, ma'am. I could tell you things that would make your hair stand up."

And poor old Phoebe, standing in that comfortable kitchen, carefully skimming beef-tea, had in her memory a scene tragic enough for poem or picture. A dimly moonlit church-yard and two men stealthily digging at a new-made grave, with a young surgeon who had directed their attention to the death and burial of one of his own patients standing by, out of his sheer, brutal inclination for wickedness, soiling the still night air with low, vile laughter and miserable jest. The poem of the tragedy lay in another figure—a woman's—her own—watching the dreadful scene, restraining her own boiling indignation, all that she might have a power over this degraded man—a power that should enable her to serve and save his infant son—her own sister's nameless orphan.

"You should have spoken out, Phoebe," said Miss Brook; "there's no kindness in hiding a sin that isn't repented of."

"Ay, ma'am, an' Master David said just so, though he didn't know the rights of what he was talking about, poor boy. I'm sure I did it for his own self's sake, God bless him, an' he did own he was a bit the better for me."

"Why, he could have been only a baby when you entered the Maxwell's service," Miss Brook observed, with interest, and not without intent to develop the knowledge she had acquired so accidentally.

"And can't you do ought for a baby's sake, ma'am?" said Phoebe. "Ah, you've never been married, miss, more's the pity for the man that's missed you. You've never had no baby crowing in your arms. No more ain't I, ma'am. But me and my husband, we had to bury a bit o' a wee wax angel that had never looked up at either of us. It was a rare cuttin' up for my poor man; and he laid it that it happened through some sore troubles I'd had. He seemed to feel it more than me at first. But it's queer—I've never seen a baby since that hasn't seemed as if my still-born beauty were some-

how in it. They may be fatter or thinner, or fairer or darker, but I always feel to myself, if it wasn't just for that difference, they would be her very picture! An' after that, ye'll own a baby's sake may be as much as any other body's, more especial one that was born the very day mine was buried—and that was—that was—" and here Phoebe threw her apron over her head, and sobbed outright—"that was like another baby that you'd nursed and dragged about when you were little more than a baby your self."

"I ain't a good one to make things plain," Phoebe went on, presently; "I can't speak right out; there's some things I won't say even while I want to, and I can't set it all plain while I'm a holding something back, as some folks can."

"Well, Phoebe," said Miss Brook, "keep some thing fresh to tell in Heaven. We needn't be afraid of having a secret, if it's one we shall be able to speak out there."

"Master David's taking one or two such secrets with him," said Phoebe, tearfully, "and maybe he'll hear one or two in his turn."

"Maybe he won't hear them just yet," Miss Brook interrupted, rather fiercely. "Maybe he's not going to die now, after all. I was given over by doctors twice before I was twenty, and here I am now, and believe I shall be till I'm a hundred."

"The Lord grant you're right," said poor Phoebe, "only I lose heart because he's grown so like—somebody—that I saw die years ago. I'd like to go first, and let him bury me. Many's the time I've told him so."

"Well, Phoebe," said Miss Brook, "if you are to stay behind, depend on't there's a reason for it. The withering leaves hold to the tree longer than the blossoms, that they may take care of them till the last."

"Ay, and that's so," Phoebe cried, with a light of battle kindling in her eye. "There's one or two things that I'll be even glad to stay behind just for to say! That impudent Betsey, the parlor girl at Acre Hall, had been telling over her lies to the landlady, who told me. Miss Devon was in calling at the Hall, an' she asked how Mr. Maxwell was, thinking they'd be sure to know; and says Miss Robina, 'Oh, we want to hear nothing about him now; my brother picked him out of the gutter, and he proved ungrateful; that is all our connection with him.' But I know who lent Mr. Fergus the first money he got hold of! The two young men talked as free as could be before me, coming in an' out o' Blenheim House parlor. If Miss Robina don't mind what she's saying, I'll astonish her! Phoebe Winter won't hide the truth and encourage the devil a second time in her life! Picked out of the gutter, indeed! For that matter, howsomever, her brother picked Miss Robina herself out o' the gutter, and she'll smell of it to the end of her days. But don't let them tell no lies about my master especially if he's taken, and can't any longer be a smoothing me down as he could and did. I'll die an old vinegar-

vixen yet, I believe, if I'm left to myself." And Phoebe carried the beef-tea up-stairs, and wept so bitterly that she had to leave it at David's chamber door, and lost one of her few remaining "sights" of him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE END OF MILLICENT'S ROMANCE.

HEARTS might be aching, and fierce passions still throbbing all around. But in the chamber of death there was peace—the peace that passeth all understanding.

David knew that he was dying. He said so himself, and only added in a whisper: "It is so strange!" And there came upon his face a look as of one who in a beautiful silence listens for a burst of still more beautiful music.

He named Fergus Laurie once—only once. And fearful lest he might be repressing a wish that he thought would not be approved, Christian forced herself to ask if he would like to see him.

"No," he said. "Don't send for him, for perhaps he would not come, and then he would be sorry afterward."

The nature of his illness, as well as its great weakness, forbade him speaking often or ever above whispers. He lay for hours with his eyes closed, and would then smilingly whisper to Christian that he was "dull company."

He liked her to read to him—especially from Isaiah, and the Psalms and Revelation. And as he lay with shut eyes, there were verses which she heard him saying softly to himself.

"They shall not hunger nor thirst; neither shall the heat nor sun smite them; for He that hath mercy on them shall lead them, even by the springs of water shall He guide them."

"And they shall build up the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

"Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desire of thy heart."

He said that twice, and then opened his eyes, and whispered: "Yes, He does, except when we desire a stone, and then He gives us bread."

Another time he said: "What a pity I didn't contrive to take better care of myself last week, and remember to eat my meals and to keep myself from worrying! Because this happening afterward makes Phoebe think things that make her bitter. I wish she would see that I did nothing but what thousands do every day, and that I am dying because I am not worth life."

"I knew I had a very uncertain life by the rate I had to pay to insure an annuity for Phoebe. She don't know I did it. She'd have made a fuss, and

opposed it. But when it's all over I think it will be a pleasant surprise to find it out.

"I made my will years and years ago, and there is now but little more than the definite sum that is definitely disposed of there. That little goes also to Phoebe, and so, of course, does my furniture. If she takes a boarder in my place, as it were, I think she may be very comfortable. You may recommend any one to her care. You may, really, on my word.

"But there are two or three little remembrances I should like to leave."

"I will write them down," said Christian, "and then your own words will go with them, and make them so much more precious."

"I want you to take my desk. It is only an old, old desk, that used to be in Blenheim House, but my hand had got so used to it that I never cared to get another. It is not worth giving, only there are a lot of papers inside, and you are so kind that I am sure you will look over them for me, and burn what ought to be burned. Will you?"

"I will," said Christian.

"I am afraid I have nothing fit to leave your husband, or even Robert. My watch is only silver, and I should like to give that to the lad who helped me in the laboratory. He has none at all, and it would be useful to him, for it keeps good time. Ah, but I have a little gold locket. You will find it in a drawer in my desk. I bought it years ago. I don't know what made me buy it. It has A. E. I. engraved on it. Give that to your husband, and tell him he is to put your portrait inside. Ay, and there is the engraving from that picture of the men who went into church to scoff, but 'remained to pray.' Give that to Robert, with my best wishes. It will be a contribution toward his own furnishing," added the dying man, playfully, thinking, with a smile, of the probable bright lines of the healthy young life that had touched his own so nearly just at its close.

"Give Mr. and Mrs. Webber that set of 'The Rake's Progress.' I remember hearing her say that she enjoyed Hogarth. So do I. One can dare to look at the gloom of the world, when one knows God sees it, too.

"I won't ask you to give anything to Fergus Laurie. He might fancy it was only a kind of reproach. It's no use showing good-will, when it is likely to raise bad will. Poor Fergus, he don't know himself just now. But if ever—if it should happen that you should see him, and that he should mention me as if he didn't quite hate me, I should like you to give him my Prayer Book, and to say that I asked you to do so whenever he should speak about me—but not before. Tell him I thought it might pain him to send him a dying gift in the middle of his angry thoughts. But that I wanted him to have this remembrance the moment he could think of me less bitterly, and forgive whatever he doesn't understand.

"And now"—and a pale, pale flush flitted over the sunken face, and there was a fall perceptible even in the almost voiceless voice—"and now I

should like to give my Bible to Miss Millicent. We have worked with each other so long, and been through so much together, you see. She won't mind my leaving it to her, do you think?"

"It will be a pleasure to Millicent—ay, and a blessing, too," said Christian, frankly.

"Then if you will hand me the book and a pen I think I can write her name in it."

Christian obeyed.

The weak hand was long in obeying the loving will, and as Christian took back the volume she glanced at its new inscription. It was only "Millicent Harvey." Nothing more. A life's love might lie between the failing letters, but only angels could read it.

"I have enjoyed nothing so much as those grapes Miss Millicent brought me," said David, faintly turning his face aside upon his pillow.

"I will tell her so," answered Christian, "and then she will bring some more."

For Millicent had called at her brother's house twice, and even thrice a day to ask after David. She had left clusters of grapes and bunches of flowers. That was all she could do. She had no right to do more. She had not been David's friend as Christian had. Nay, when without the slightest improvement, he still lingered till Christian needed a relief-guard for her watches by night, Hatty Webber had come. Even Hatty had been far more David's friend than Millicent Harvey.

After the exertion and excitement of expressing these last wishes, the dying man lay silent and motionless for hours. Christian did not know whether he slept. He did not stir when her tea was brought up to her. She, too, sat motionless, thinking and dreaming of those half-forgotten things which come back upon us in all their freshness when we watch in death chambers—looks, and smiles, and words of those who have gone before, and who seem not so far away then, but as though they had come down to their other shore to welcome the boat which we are watching drift away from ours, and perhaps to ask tidings of us.

The sunlight faded from the room, and the gray shadows of twilight had crept over it, before David spoke again. Then he startled his watcher from her reverie by a clearer tone than she had heard for days.

"I am getting so rested! I think I shall go into Heaven quite fresh. I've heard some people say that they hoped Heaven would give them a rest, and others that it would give them more strength for work. I think I understand now. Each will get what he is fit for. I think Jesus Christ will welcome each one—and to some He will say, 'Go first and take the sleep of my beloved,' and to others, 'Come at once and sit with me at our Father's table.' It will be just like going home after a long journey. If we had a rest by the way, we go in ready for work; but if not, we must take a slumber when we get there. But home is home, either way, and Heaven is Heaven."

"What a comfort it is to be sure that one is going to Heaven, because it is nothing to do with one's-self, but all with Jesus!"

"Dear friend, who have been so good to me! Has Miss Millicent been here yet this evening? If not, I want to see her when she comes, and Phoebe, too, please."

"It will be too much for you. You will have a bad night afterward," Christian reasoned.

"It will make no difference at all," he answered, and looked at her, with a strong light returned to his dim eyes, which told her he was right.

He did not speak again till Millicent came. Even when he heard her ring at the street door, he only silently turned his face to watch for her entrance.

She and Phoebe came in together. He stretched his thin hand toward them, and smiled. Voice was far too precious to be used in any common greeting.

"It is different since we parted," he gasped to Millicent.

"It is well to be you, and go away," she said, with one tearless sob.

"And it is as well to be you, and stay," he smiled. "I should like to stay—for some reasons. But it is best for me to go! You'll never say that it was not, Miss Millicent? I am so sorry about Fergus—so are you, aren't you? We shall be so glad when he comes to his right mind again, shan't we? That is one of the things I should like to stay to see!"

"I shall be glad for your sake," sobbed Millicent, whose tears were coming fast now.

"Ah, you'll really be more glad for his own sake, though you mayn't own it, or know it, till you are lying as I am now. Good-bye, Miss Millicent, and give my kindest remembrances to your mother.

"Good-bye, dear old Phoebe," he said, fondly. "But, oh, Phoebe! I do wish I'd heard something about my mother!"

"I'll tell you the best news you can hear of her now, Master David," cried the old woman. "She were a sinner that wanted pardon, and got it; and she'll tell you all the rest herself. She'd ha' told you herself if she'd lived, and I warn't agoin' to do it when she wasn't there to put in a word between, and kiss ye, an' take yer kiss at the end o' the story."

"Mother!" said the dying man, as he might have said it if he had seen her bending over him, with his image mirrored in her eyes. He kept hold of Phoebe's hand for a moment, and then let it drop, and Christian gently put the two weeping women from the chamber.

Millicent did not go home. She spent the night sitting in the parlor with Phoebe and Miss Brook, neither of whom went to bed.

When she left her brother's house next morning all the blinds were down, and she went home with David's Bible in her hand.

"He is just gone," she said to her mother, and went straight up to her own room, and sat down and wept as she had not wept for years and years; and cried to God as she had never before cried in her life.

"Father, forgive me that I am not able to forgive! O Father, Father, I do want to forgive! O Father, I am outside Thy kingdom still, but do not shut Thy door! Forgive us our sins, as we forgive those that sin against us! O Father, there is no entrance there for me! Unless Thou help me to forgive, I cannot. I have tried, and my forgiveness has been thrown back to me, and lies in my own heart till it corrupts to bitterer hatred."

And a voice came into her heart, and said, "I will help thee to forgive. See what a poor creature thou art. There was one of my saints beside thee, and thou didst not know him for a saint. There was self-righteousness in thy heart, which is the proof of unforgiven sin, yet thou thought thyself a Christian. It needed something to show thee these things. Thou seest them by the flaming ruin of another life. Henceforth thou owest something to that poor ruin. It has lit thee from a precipice—it has revealed to thee a hidden crystal. Canst not thou pity its own desolation?—canst not thou be prepared, if the day of its rebuilding comes, to carry a stone to its foundation, or a carving to its cornice? It might have been thy life instead of that life. Thou wast as far from God as that was. Who maketh thee to differ?"

And Millicent rose up and faced the emptied life in which she had found her Redeemer. As Hatty had met him in the spring morning sunlight of life, and George in the summer's noontide heat—so Millicent met him in the gray and sultry autumn afternoon. Nobody knew of the meeting. When the great Books of Life are opened, nothing will be more astonishing than some of the dates therein. Henceforth Millicent was not "her own," but "Christ's." And there was joy in Heaven over a sinner that repented. It is strange how that sweet sentence has grown distorted on the minds of men. They cannot understand Christ's beautiful irony. All must feel sinners, and repent, before they can be forgiven, and the "just persons who need no repentance" are simply those lost ones who cause that mysterious under-shade of divine sorrow which is cast by the yearning arms of divine love.

David was buried. They carried him out into the country, and laid him under an old Norman tower, in a grave that nobody else would ever share. And on his tombstone they did not carve the name that had darkened his life—that had been but the haunting ghost of sin and shame and sorrow—they simply put—

TO THE MEMORY OF
DAVID,
A SERVANT OF GOD.

And there they left him. And Millicent went back to her work and to her duties. Oh, how she wished that she had known him and loved him with a long, constant, familiar knowledge and love! Had it been so, her heart, now so poor, would have been rich with a treasure safe in Heaven. Instead of which she had stored where moth and rust had verily corrupted it, till at last a thief had entered and stolen even the last remains!

It so happened that the Sunday after David's funeral Millicent went to church alone. The weather was stormy, and her mother was not very strong, and Miss Brook had a cold. Even the sacred service was trying to the lonely heart, left with blighted fields in its harvest time. There was comfort in the chosen text, "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever." Yet it was stern comfort, which braced for endurance rather than soothed into hope. It made her leave the church, when all was over, feeling strong enough to bear her own sense of loss and waste, and to face the long sterile prospect of the future without fancying a single flower to soften it. She went lonely

down the churchyard path. There was no familiar group about her now to give sweet human meanings to the divine message. Brother and sister were now to other groups what her mother had been to them, and she had kept no place for herself in those groups, but they must be rent, as it were, however lovingly, to let her in. There was no Fergus watching to give greeting. There was no David marking the text for his Sunday-scholars, or holding the gate open for poor old women. No, of all MILLICENT'S ROMANCE, there remained but the Bible of the dead in her hand, and in her heart a burning pain of pity for the living.

(To be continued.)

INSUBORDINATION; OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER IX.

TROUBLE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE HOUSE.

"**O**LD Lignumvite's getting as cross as a bear," said Bill, on the afternoon of the day on which Hardamer had passed through his first shaving operation. "We'll have to check him again. It won't answer to let him have the upper hand of us; if we do, there'll be no living in the house with him."

"He mustn't hector me again, as he did a little while ago, I can tell him; or he'll get his own pretty quick! I've no notion of it," responded Ike.

"He talked about giving me the stirrup, yesterday," said Tom. "I should just like to see him try that game once; I'd show him how much more interesting it was when played by two instead of one. Since he's got to going down hill, there's no living with him. It's snarl and jaw all the while!"

"He's done one good thing, though," said Ike.

"What is that?"

"Why, he's set our beauties up-stairs to work. If I didn't see Gertrude trying to make a shirt yesterday, I wish I may be shot! Millie says all three are at it, but none of 'em, except Genevieve, who is now the best of the bunch, knows much about it. Whenever anybody calls in, Gertrude and Geneva hide their work away, and then sit with their hands in their laps until the visitor has departed."

"It isn't possible, Ike, that they are such fools?"

"How can you ask such a question, Tom? But, Millie says, and I say, too, that they'll not hold out long. They are both too proud and too lazy to work."

"That's a fact," said Bill, energetically.

"It's most time we gave 'em another serenade. Suppose we amuse them a little to-night?" said Ike.

"Agreed!" responded his two companions, heartily, and that night about twelve o'clock, the whole family were awakened by another full chorus of diabolical sounds. Instantly Hardamer seized his old musket,

which had been loaded some time before pretty plentifully with small shot, and throwing open the window, blazed away right in the midst of them. Not one of the young serenaders but had a taste of the shot, but it happened, fortunately, that none received any wound of consequence; the little messengers of punishment only penetrating the skin in unimportant parts of the body. It is needless to say, that there was a sudden cessation of the music, and a silent scampering of the young rascals. Putting down his gun, Hardamer proceeded at once to the garret, and lo! there was no one there but little Jimmy.

"Where are the boys?" he asked in a loud, quick voice.

"They're gone out, sir," replied the frightened lad.

"Gone out where?"

"They went out of the window, sir."

"When?"

"About half an hour ago, sir," said Jimmy, trembling from head to foot, he scarcely knew why.

Hardamer turned on his heel, and went down-stairs quickly, but returned in a minute with a cowhide in his hand. He did not wait long before the three boys came scrambling up the roof, smarting from the few small shot that had penetrated beneath the skin; and frightened, dreadfully, at the idea of being wounded. Ike jumped from the window-sill to the floor, first, and upon him was made the opening demonstration of his master's skill in using the cowhide. Heavily and with rapidity did the blows descend for the space of nearly a minute, by which time Bill and Tom were fairly at the scene of action. Ike had begun to recover a little from the surprise and confusion of the sudden attack, and, watching his opportunity, caught at the cowhide, and jerked it from his master's hand.

"Come on, boys!" he called out, "let's give the devil a taste of his own porridge." And flourishing the cowhide about his head, he brought it across the face of his master with tremendous force.

Quick as thought, Bill and Tom responded to the summons, and before Hardamer had recovered from the sudden attack, Bill struck him a heavy blow under the ear, with his fist, which brought him at full length upon the floor.

"Now slash it into him, Ike!" cried Bill, "and if he attempts to rise, I'll beat his brains out with this boot-jack!" picking up the article named, and brandishing it over the head of his master in a threatening manner.

Ike did not wait for a second invitation, but poured in the blows with the cowhide thick and fast.

But Hardamer was too much excited by this unexpected scene, to lay quietly upon the floor. Disregarding Bill's boot-jack, and not seeming to feel its force as it descended upon his head, Hardamer sprang to his feet, and catching Ike by the collar, dealt him two or three tremendous blows with his fist, which, in turn, brought that individual to the floor.

A new thought now struck him, and, retreating at once from the battle-ground, he called in the aid of three watchmen, who proceeded, mace in hand, to the garret. Suspecting the design of Hardamer, the boys barricaded the door, after driving a nail over the latch, by bringing their bedsteads against it. But this only served to embarrass the watchmen a little, not to keep them out. They quickly forced the door.

"Touch me at your peril!" said Ike, as the three rebels crowded together at the one end of the room, armed in no very offensive manner; their several weapons consisting of a boot-jack, a broom-handle and a heavy, knotted cane.

"You'd better give in at once, my lads," said one of the watchmen, brandishing his mace. "We're used to handling men." And so saying, he advanced upon them with his two associates. Each watchman singled his prize, and made his capture with an ease and quickness that showed him to be a perfect master of his trade.

That night our serenaders were quartered in the watch-house. On the next day they were committed by a magistrate, and on the third day were tried before the city court for an assault upon their master. Being indentured apprentices, and the assault proved, they were ordered ten lashes, each, by the court. Previous to this, however, a surgeon had examined their wounds, and removed about twenty small shot.

On the night after this flogging, the three boys bundled up their clothes, and, leaving the house by the garret window, took a final leave of their master. In this act was consummated the evils of improper discipline. Had Hardamer treated them, from the first, as he would have liked his own children treated, and carefully watched over them with other than exclusively selfish feelings, he would never have found them opposing and insulting his authority, nor have been deserted by them at a time when he more than ever stood in need of their services. Nor would he have been the cause of three stout lads, utterly unfit to govern themselves, breaking loose

upon the world, to add, in all probability, to its annals of misery and crime. Had he governed his own household aright, children and apprentices, the former would have been respected by the latter, and the latter kindly treated by the former. No such an act as the mock serenade could possibly have occurred. But Hardamer started wrong from the beginning, and the evils inherent in his family government increased, until they were consummated in open insubordination.

The loss of his three boys, just at this time, was, to Hardamer, a serious matter. It required him to seat three more journeymen, at ten dollars a week each; thus, in his embarrassed condition, adding to his cash expenses about twenty dollars per week; for, taking the year round, it had not cost him, in the way he fed and clothed the three boys, over ten dollars weekly. This additional cause of embarrassment, and consequent anxiety, tended to increase his despondency, and to irritate his feelings in a very great degree. Burdened with a large and helpless family, from whom he received no sympathy, he felt himself unequal to the task imposed upon him. All he could do to press sales and force collections, was of no avail in keeping him even, when the due-days of notes rolled around. Doing only a retail business, he rarely had a note of any consequence to offer for discount; and, therefore, whenever short of money, he had but one resource, and that was his friend Mr. Centum, who never failed him at the hour of extremity.

Six months rolled away, and during that time he had become more and more inextricably involved with his money-lending friend. Hardly a day passed that some operation was not required, either in taking up notes, renewing checks or extending loans, and, in every case where either of the latter were effected, it was at a ruinous sacrifice; for the broker, in extending a previous loan for a new term of twenty or thirty days, beyond which he rarely went, always made it the excuse for taking an exorbitant interest, screening himself, too, behind some pretended invisible wealthy individual, who would receive nothing less. During the first six months that Hardamer remained in the web of difficulties which the broker was weaving around him, and by which he was embarrassing his movements more and more every day, that individual succeeded in getting from him, in unreasonable discounts, about five hundred dollars, and was, at the end of that time, bleeding him at the rate of from thirty to forty dollars weekly; and yet, at the same time, did not risk in all over fifteen hundred dollars, to secure which he had obtained a mortgage on Hardamer's house, worth, at least, with the ground, five or six thousand dollars.

Amid all these increasing difficulties, Hardamer found no sympathy in his family, except from Genevieve, who saw from his manner that he had sore trials to contend with. What these really were, neither she nor the rest knew; but, as her own heart had been deeply tried, she had learned to feel for others. Her father failed not to perceive the differ-

once in her manner toward him, and her willingness to make herself useful; and gradually his feelings warmed toward her. As for Genevra and Gertrude, the more difficult it became to get money out of their father, to spend in all kinds of fashionable extravagances, the more importunate did they become, and the more insulting in their manner toward him.

Time had rolled on to past midwinter, and during this gay season these two young ladies had dashed away with as much show and extravagance as if their father had been made of money. Indeed from the time it became known that he had met with a heavy loss, they had considered it as their true policy to dress more extravagantly than ever, to force people into the belief that they were still rich, and that their riches were inexhaustible. Hardamer, whose mind was greatly confused in relation to the true state of his business, imagining that it would yield him at least the usual income he had derived from it, felt in no degree inclined to deny his family any indulgence they had been used to. But the loss of a thousand dollars a year, from the desertion of his boys, and the abstracting of more than that sum to pay usurious interest, made a very material difference in the state of matters and things. And, by the end of the first six months of his downward career, he began to think seriously of retrenchment and reform. For reasons, other than economical ones, he had insisted on his three oldest daughters doing all the sewing of the family; but Gertrude and Genevra had receded from that state of compulsory industry, and upon Genevieve had fallen the entire burden of the ordinary sewing. Of course, the young ladies' dresses were still made by the most fashionable and expensive dressmaker in the city.

In looking over his expense account one day, he was by no means satisfied with the large sums that were posted under the titles of "Dry Goods," "Millinery" and "Dressmaking."

"This will never do," he said to himself, closing the book with emphatic force.

It so happened that there was to be a fashionable gathering at the Assembly Rooms during the next week, and Gertrude and Genevra had received invitations. It was to be a splendid affair, the last and most imposing of the winter series. Each of the girls had one or two dangles in tow, and as this was to be the last grand affair of the season, they were nervously anxious to accomplish something. Fully determined to eclipse even themselves, they made application, on the evening succeeding the day on which their father had determined to reform them a little, for fifty dollars a-piece.

"I haven't got it to spare, just now," he replied, rather gruffly.

"But we *must* have it!" said Genevra.

"And, pray, why must you have it, miss?" responded the father, sensibly irritated.

"Because there's to be a splendid ball next week, and neither of us has anything fit to wear."

"Then you'll both have to stay at home, I'm thinking."

"But, pa," urged Gertrude, "we *must* go; I wouldn't stay away for the world."

"Well, go! Nobody wants to prevent you."

"Yes, but we must have something to go in," responded Gertrude. "Neither of us has a ball dress fit to be seen in at such a place. All the dresses are to be new and splendid; and I, for one, have no notion of being thrown into the shade."

"Then you'll both have to stay home, let me tell you," said the father, in a quick, excited voice, "for, not one dollar shall you have to waste on such tom-fooleries. I'm going to put a stop to these things. No later than yesterday I had your extravagance thrown into my teeth, when I asked for a little time on one of your outrageous dry goods bills."

Gertrude and Genevra raised their hands and eyes in astonishment; and in a few minutes pumped up a plentiful effusion of tears.

But Hardamer was mailed in triple armor against all such assaults.

"You needn't set up any blubbering and crying here, my young ladies, now, I can tell you!" he said, in a firmer and more determined voice. "Hereafter—and you might as well know it at once—you must not consider yourselves as a rich man's daughters, with money to waste. I've got my hands full, and my heart full, too, to get you something to eat and decent clothes to wear; and, with these, you will have to be content. So, you may just as well come down from your high notions. You have no business at this ball. It is no place for a *poor man's daughters*!" So saying, the father turned abruptly from the room.

"Humph!" said Gertrude, drying her tears in a moment; "a poor man's daughters! Ain't that too bad! That's the first time I ever heard myself called a poor man's daughter—and I'd just like to hear anybody else say so to me! A poor man's daughter, indeed!"

"But what shall we do, Gertrude? Pa won't give us the money."

"We must have the ball dresses, that's certain," said Gertrude, emphatically. "Why, I wouldn't miss going for the world; especially, since Miss Stubbs was so cut up at the last ball, because my dress was more elegant than her's, and said she'd eclipse me the next time, if it cost her her life. Who's she but a tavern-keeper's daughter? And to talk of eclipsing me!" And the accomplished Miss Gertrude Hardamer curled her lip disdainfully.

"But, if pa won't let us have the money, how are we to get the dresses?" asked Genevra.

"Why, go and buy them at Martin & Morrison's, and not say anything about it. The bill won't be sent in for three or four months."

"I shouldn't exactly like to do that," said Genevra.

"Nonsense! Haven't we been in the habit of making bills there? But what will you do?"

"That's what I can't say," replied Genevra. "I must go to this ball, and I haven't anything fit to be seen in. I want to make a dash at Mr. Appleton, the

merchant, and if I don't get a new ball-dress, I shall stand no chance."

"A new and splendid dress—something a little ahead of anything there," urged Gertrude, "will attract a host of admirers, and he will come in at once, in fear of a rival. You will then be off of pa's hands, and can pay the bill yourself, before he comes to know anything about it. And even if that should not be convenient, after you are married, he won't, of course, care anything about it, especially, as the new dress will have secured so fine a fellow as Mr. Appleton for a husband."

"That's a new view of the case altogether," said Geneva, brightening up. "And I don't see how we can get along in any other way. Pa's determined, that's certain."

Evil counsel prevailed, and Geneva joined her sister in the proposed plan of operations. On the next day they called at Martin & Morrison's, and there discovered a piece of rich, embroidered, blossom-colored satin, and some beautiful figured blonde veils.

"These'll be grand!" whispered Gertrude to her sister. "This blonde over the blossom-colored satin, will make the most splendid dresses that can be imagined."

"Shall we get them both alike?" said Geneva.

"Of course; we'll attract the more attention," responded Gertrude.

"Shall I cut this piece of satin for you, ladies?" said the polite salesman. "It's the most beautiful thing in town. No other store in the city has the same pattern. Mr. Martin could only get one piece in New York—all the rest of the case having been sold to the retail trade of that city," at the same time holding the piece of satin so as to let the light fall upon it to bring out clearly the rich embroidery.

"It is beautiful!" exclaimed Gertrude, lost in admiration.

"Beautiful!" responded Geneva.

"How much will you have, ladies?" urged the salesman.

"Shall we take it, Geneva?" whispered Gertrude.

"Of course," replied the sister.

"Then we'll take thirty yards, sir," replied Gertrude, not once thinking, or, indeed, caring for the price, which was three dollars a yard.

"Will you take some of this blonde?" continued the salesman, after he had measured off the thirty yards of satin.

"How many do you think it will take?" said Gertrude, turning to her sister.

"One for the body, two for the sleeves, and four for the skirt—seven for each. How many of this pattern have you?" she said, addressing the clerk.

"About fourteen," replied that accommodating gentleman, who had overheard her enumeration.

"Then we'll take them," said Gertrude.

"Nothing else this morning, ladies?"

"Nothing more to-day. We shall want something else, and will call in during the week. Please send

the satin and blonde veils to Mrs. Sartain's, in Liberty Street, and charge the bill to Mr. Hardamer."

"Certainly, miss," responded the polite salesman, bowing low, and the young ladies departed.

"How much did you sell them, John?" asked Mr. Morrison, coming forward.

"Let me see," said the clerk; "thirty yards of blossom-colored embroidered satin, at three dollars, are ninety; and fourteen figured blonde veils, at four dollars a-piece, are fifty-six dollars—one hundred and forty-six dollars, sir. Pretty good sale, that!" added the clerk, smiling with an air of self-satisfaction at having done so good a half-hour's work.

"Yes, I suppose it is, John. But I'm afraid those extravagant daughters of old Hardamer will ruin as honest a man as ever lived. I shall hate to send in the bill."

"That's his look-out, not ours, you know," replied the clerk, laughing. "It's our business to sell goods."

"That's very true," responded Mr. Morrison; and he turned to his desk to make the charge.

Neither of the young ladies felt perfectly satisfied with what they were doing; but they had bought the satin and blonde, and it had passed into the dress-maker's hands. There was now no retreating, even if they had wished to do so. But, of this they had no idea, uncomfortable as they felt about it. They had never before so wilfully and directly gone against a positive command of their father's, and they could not feel very easy in mind. But none of their uneasiness arose from a sorrow for disobedience—it had reference only to the consequences, when it became known.

On the night of the assembly they attired themselves in ball-dresses used on a former occasion, and then rode off with the young men who had called for them to Mrs. Sartain's, and there had themselves arrayed, by that skilful lady's own hands, in their splendid dresses.

"The most beautiful thing I ever saw," said Mrs. Sartain, glancing with a skilled and practised eye at Gertrude's dress, which she had just finished arranging on that young lady's person. "I have made several for the ball—but they won't bear a comparison with this."

"I am sure of that," responded Gertrude, greatly pleased.

And, certainly, they were splendid dresses; and if the figures they had been made to fit had only been graceful and well-proportioned, Gertrude and Geneva would have looked like queens.

Proudly did they glide, on that evening, through the dance, their beautiful dresses the admiration of some—the envy of many. Numerous were the beaux who crowded around them, and the hours flew by with almost the velocity of minutes.

Among the company were two young men—Mr. Appleton, who had recently opened a dry goods store, and Mr. Carson, his friend, in the same business. These young men, who had been for some time endeavoring to make up their minds to make

proposals to the two girls, accompanied them to the ball this evening, and at its close attended them home.

"Well, how were you pleased, Carson?" said his friend, as they left Mr. Hardamer's door, on bidding the girl's good-night.

"Humph!" responded that individual, "I think there was more froth than substance there."

"So do I. These gatherings were never much to my taste, any how."

"I've made up my mind," said Carson, "to back out."

"Ay, indeed! Why, what's the matter? I thought you were particularly pleased with Gertrude."

"Well, I must confess that I did feel a little inclined, as you know," replied Carson; "but, the fact is, Appleton, I've seen a little too strong an exhibition of extravagance to-night. Gertrude was dressed splendidly, but rather too much so for a shoemaker's daughter, especially now that her father's affairs are in so embarrassed a condition, through his heavy endorsements for Mr. —. I tried to think that she looked elegant, but every time she came near Miss Wilmer, with her neat, plain white dress, innocent face and graceful, elastic form, I could not but feel that her only merit, like birds in gay plumage, lay in gaudy externals. I feel sick and disappointed."

"Pretty much the same kind of thoughts passed through my mind," said Appleton, "in reference to Genevra. Why, she'd ruin any man with her extravagant ideas! I must take counsel of prudence and relinquish my visits. I'd be a fool to put my neck into a halter with my eyes wide open."

This conference confirmed in each a half-formed resolution to look somewhere else for a wife.

The heads of our young ladies were too nearly turned to be able to think rationally about anything except the ball for a week after. Their splendid dresses were, of course, seen by their mother, who passed a slight censure upon them, and concealed the matter. As day after day, and week after week passed away, the wonder of the girls increased more and more, at the prolonged absence of their two particular beaux; and at the few and far between visits which they received from other young gentlemen. The truth was, the real condition of their father's affairs was better known to everybody than to themselves; and there were few at the ball who did not feel something like contempt toward young ladies who could be guilty of making so unnecessary a show, when prudence, and every other consideration, should have prompted them to have made an appearance better suited to their real condition and standing. They were, now, further from making the desired matrimonial haven than ever.

Having once passed the Rubicon, in consenting to run up a large bill in opposition to their father's implied commands, they were tempted to increase that bill from time to time, in the purchase of costly shawls, fine dresses, and the various et cetera of a woman's wardrobe, until the gentlemanly owners of the store felt it necessary to hint to them that their

bill had already reached the round sum of five hundred dollars. Surprised and alarmed at this, they stopped short, and now had added to their other causes of trouble, the dread of the day when their father should receive this bill, the result of only three months' extravagance in dress.

In the meantime, Genevieve found the good seeds implanted in her mind through the agency of Anne Earnest, gradually striking their roots deeper, and shooting up into tender and green leaves. Her character was undergoing a thorough change—silent, gradual and sure. Living constantly from a sense of duty, she always found enough in her father's house to give activity to both mind and body, and thus was she kept above the distressing dependency that would otherwise have robbed her of all peace. Her father saw, and her mother and sisters felt the change without acknowledging it. The former began to have different and kinder feelings toward her; but the latter felt that she had disgraced them by her imprudent marriage; and all desertion of beaux, or failure of false calculations on different young men, Gertrude and Genevra charged upon her as the cause.

So far as her husband was concerned, Genevieve grew more and more desirous every day to hear from him and to see him. Her own views and feelings being now thoroughly changed, she cherished the hope of winning him to regard her from other motives than the mere hope of riches. His desertion of her was a cruel one; and his continued silence she felt to be still more cruel; but, being bound to him as his wife, she felt it her duty, as a wife, to do all in her power to interest his affections, if he should ever return to her—an event for which she ceased not to hope. Under all the circumstances, her condition was one of painful trial; but, where there is the effort to do right and to feel right, the mind will never sink into distressing dependency. Strange as some may think it, her's was the most peaceful soul in her father's house.

CHAPTER X.

A FAILURE IN BUSINESS.

"INDEED, Mr. Centum, you must renew this note for me. When I merged all my notes into one, and increased the amount to twenty-five hundred dollars, you gave your positive promise, that you would continue to renew it, so long as the discount was regularly paid. You know that you have ample security."

"Do you think I could go on in that way forever? You have a strange idea of business!" said Mr. Centum, in an irritated manner.

"But, Mr. Centum," urged Mr. Hardamer, "it is only three months since I made the note, and I have paid you your own price upon every renewal. I've never complained of the discount, though it has been large."

"Well, I can't help that, Mr. Hardamer. I've other use for my money, just now, and this must be paid to-day."

"It is impossible!"

"It must be done," said the broker, angrily.

"But you know it is perfectly safe; and what is the use of your driving me to ruin. I cannot possibly pay the money to-day—it is as much as I can do to raise the interest."

"I don't know that it is so safe," replied Mr. Centum, doubtfully. "Property is beginning to fall. Besides, you are too extravagant in your family. Morrison told me yesterday, that your daughters' dry goods' bill for the last three months was over five hundred dollars."

"He didn't tell the truth!" said Hardamer, quickly, and with a good deal of irritation in his manner.

"Well, I never caught him in a falsehood," replied the broker, calmly. "But that is neither here nor there. I cannot renew this note any longer. It must be paid to day!"

"It cannot!" said Hardamer, despondingly.

"So much for befriending you!" replied the broker. "I never yet accommodated a man in trouble that he didn't disappoint me. Do you suppose when I loan my money for a certain time that I do not expect to get it when that time expires? If I find it convenient to renew, why it's all well enough. But if I don't, nobody has a right to complain. Whenever I want my money, it is my rule to get it. It's only my own that I ask for."

"But, surely, Mr. Centum, humanity would prompt you to make a small sacrifice in a case like mine. You know my situation as well as I do, and know that it is impossible for me to take up this note. I will pay almost any price for the money."

"It's no use for you to talk, Mr. Hardamer. You will be no more able to pay me six months from now than you are to-day," said the broker.

"But I am not able to pay you to-day, as far as ready money is concerned."

"That's your look out," replied Mr. Centum, showing his teeth. "You are aware that I have my remedy."

"But you cannot, certainly, find it in your heart to break me up with a large family upon my hands."

"Pooh! what's that my business? I've got my own affairs to attend to, not yours. When a man borrows money, he ought to pay it, and have no to-do about it."

"You won't have the note protested, Mr. Centum, will you?" urged Hardamer, in a supplicating tone.

"Won't I?" said Centum, with an angry grin. "Wait till three o'clock and see! I don't do my business by halves, and never did."

"In pity, spare me!" said Hardamer, in a voice of agony, driven almost to desperation at the thought of a failure in business.

"I've got no time to fool with you, Mr. Hardamer! Pay that note, or it will be protested, and the mortgage foreclosed to-morrow!" replied the broker, in a loud, angry voice, and abruptly left his office.

The evil day had at last fallen upon him, and

there was no hope for poor Hardamer. In the last three months he had paid more than seven hundred dollars in exorbitant discounts to Centum; and that individual, having played with him as long as he thought it prudent, now determined to bring matters to a crisis. His security, it is true, was ample, but there had been a slight decline in the value of property, and he had no idea of running the slightest risk. More than half of the twenty-five hundred dollars due him, he had received in interest, during nine months, from Hardamer, who, in his eagerness to get money, had not hesitated to comply with the money lender's most unrighteous demands. In a state of mind not easily imagined, did Hardamer wait until the town clock rung out, loud and clear, the hour of three. Every stroke of the bell fell upon his ear with a solemn, funereal sound. But after the last ringing reverberation had died on the air, he breathed more freely, and sat himself down to wait, in a state of forced calmness, the arrival of the notary. In the course of half an hour that individual came tripping in, and, with a most unconcerned and unsympathizing face, asked for payment of the note.

"I have no money," said Hardamer, mechanically.

The notary went away. When the protest came, Hardamer took the fearful document and read it over with strange composure.

It takes but a short time to wind up an honest debtor. Everything was given up by Hardamer into the hands of a trustee, and the business brought to a settlement as speedily as possible. His house was sold, and brought but three thousand five hundred dollars, which, with his book accounts, paid off the whole of his indebtedness to everybody. Among the bills brought in was that of Martin & Morrison, for dry goods, amounting to five hundred dollars. It was paid, of course.

The business had proceeded as usual, for the two months during which it was in the course of settlement, under the superintendence of Hardamer. All of his stock of leather, and some of the manufactured work, was left in his possession, with about five hundred dollars. This constituted his whole capital, at the age of fifty-five, with which again to start in the world. His dwelling and shop, no longer his own, could not now be occupied, unless at a rent of six hundred dollars a year. This he was not able to pay, and he therefore looked out for a small dwelling, and for a shop separated from it, in some neighborhood where rents were lower.

A small dwelling-house in Vulcan Alley was advertised, and upon ascertaining the rent to be one hundred and twenty dollars a year, he engaged it, without consulting any one of his family.

"What do you think?" said Geneva, coming up from the breakfast-room, where she had learned from her mother that her father had engaged a new house. "Pa's gone and rented a little bit of a pigeon-box up in Vulcan Alley, and is going to move away from here."

"It ain't possible!" exclaimed Gertrude, jumping

up from the piano, at which she still continued to spend hours every day.

"It is possible, though!" said Genevra, bursting into tears.

"Well, I'll not go there! I'll die first!" said Gertrude, stamping upon the floor. "Pa's got no kind of spirit or consideration! Does he think we're agoing to be cramped down in that narrow hole among draymen and niggers?"

"You are wrong, Gertrude," said Genevieve, mildly. "Pa's in great trouble. He is now old, with a large family upon his hands, and all of his property is gone."

"He was a fool for giving it up; that's all I've got to say!" responded Gertrude, passionately. "No man is justified in robbing his family in that way!"

"Gertrude," said Genevieve, firmly, "you must not talk so about pa. He has always been too indulgent to us, and now that he is old and in trouble, we ought to feel for him, and try to help him all we can."

"Nobody asked for your advice, miss, so just shut up, will you!" replied Gertrude, in a loud and angry voice.

"I spoke in vindication of father," Genevieve answered, mildly, but still firmly. "Say what you please to me, about myself, and I will be silent; but I cannot hear *him* spoken of unkindly, and remain silent."

"I wonder how long it is since you became so dutiful," said Genevra, with a sneer. "You've forgotten the hopeful young gentleman you ran off with last summer, haven't you?"

"Silence!" said Hardamer, in a loud, angry voice, coming suddenly into the room from the passage, where he had heard the rebuke of Genevieve, and the cutting remark of Genevra.

"Do you know, buzzy! who you are talking to, or what you are talking about?" he continued, much excited. "What is the meaning of this? How dare you talk to your sister thus. Your sister, who is better, in every sense of the word, than a dozen such proud, lazy, extravagant trollops as you are. Has she ever run me in debt like this, ha?"—exhibiting Martin & Morrison's bill of five hundred dollars. "I'll turn you out of the house in a minute, if I hear another unkind word from you to your sister. Why don't you go to work as she does, instead of abusing her, and try to help me a little in supporting you. I'll sell that piano, my lady!" he continued, turning to Gertrude, who still remained on the piano stool, and notwithstanding her father's anger, kept running her fingers over the keys in a careless, indifferent manner. "You'd better be mending stockings, a great sight!"

"Not exactly!" responded the young lady, drawing her lips together, and tossing her head quite significantly, at the same time continuing to let finger after finger fall upon the keys, in slow succession.

For a moment the father's feelings were roused to a degree that scarcely left him any control of himself; but, by a strong effort, he restrained the incli-

nation he felt to box the young lady's ears, and turning upon his heel, went down-stairs.

"Humph! sell the piano, indeed!" said Gertrude, as soon as her father was out of hearing. "I should like to see him try that trick. I reckon he'd find the house too hot to hold us all."

"Indeed, indeed, Gertrude!" said Genevieve, "it is very wrong for you to speak in that way. I cannot bear it."

"None of your gabble, miss!" responded Gertrude, turning up her nose with a sneer.

"She's got pa on her side, now, and she thinks she is somebody," said Genevra. "But she needn't put her jaw in where I'm concerned, I can tell her! She only sews here from morning 'till night to curry favor with him."

"But how do you know, Genevra, that he's taken a house in Vulcan alley?" said Gertrude, interrupting her.

"Why, I heard him tell ma so, just now."

"And what did she say to it?"

"Why, she said it wouldn't do at all!"

"Well, and what reply did he make to that?"

"He said it would do, and it *should* do. That he was going to take matters and things into his own hands now, and have them his own way."

"Hasn't he said that a hundred times," said Gertrude, with an incredulous toss of the head. "It's no use for him to talk; we're not going to live in that dirty hole, no how at all. Why I'll die before I'll go there!"

In about fifteen minutes after the father turned abruptly from the room, and while Gertrude and Genevra were still in a state of great excitement, he re-entered, accompanied by a well-known piano-forte maker.

"This is the instrument, Mr. H——. But you know all about it. What do you think you can give me in cash for it?"

The girls started, in utter astonishment; but a dark and threatening look from their father, kept them silent; for there were times when they saw, in his countenance, that which they dared not oppose.

Mr. H—— examined the piano all round, struck the keys, and after having satisfied himself, said: "I can allow you something in the neighborhood of three hundred dollars."

"Very well. You can take it at that. I must teach my girls to play on some other instrument now. Every dog must have his day, and we have had ours."

"It's a pity to rob the young ladies of this sweet-toned instrument," said Mr. H——, glancing at Gertrude and Genevra, whose countenances exhibited dismay and consternation. To counteract this, Hardamer cast on them a menacing look, and they were silent.

"A dutiful and affectionate daughter," he replied, "could take no pleasure in idling her time at the piano, while her old father was toiling from morning until night to support her; particularly, if by her industry she could lighten his burdens."

"True, sir, true," responded Mr. H—. "Duty first, pleasure afterward. But when do you wish me to take the instrument away?"

"At once, sir. Please send your men around immediately, and remove it. I wish to have the money as soon as I can lay my hands upon it."

"It shall be done," said Mr. H—, bowing, and in half an hour the piano was gone.

The determined air with which all this was done, utterly confounded the young ladies. They could not understand it at all. And they were not only astonished, but in a great degree dispirited. They could not but feel how vain would have been opposition in the case of the piano; and a painful consciousness of weakness and inability to oppose their father came over them and humbled their determined spirits.

"We're not going to live in Vulcan Alley, ma, are we?" asked Gertrude, anxiously, that evening, after her father had retired to the shop.

"Yes, we are, though. Your father has taken a house, and will not be persuaded to give it up. I don't know what to do, he's in such a strange humor."

"It was cruel to take our piano," said Genevra, bursting into tears for the twentieth time since the instrument had been removed. "What shall I do with myself? I feel disgraced, too, for everybody of any standing has a piano."

"You'll find enough to do, I expect, without playing on the piano," replied her mother.

"What do you mean, ma?" asked Gertrude, quickly.

"I mean that you've all got to go to work and help to support the family," said Mrs. Hardamer. "Your father says so—and he is in no humor to be crossed."

"Never! I'll die first!" responded that young lady, indignantly.

"We'll see about that," said her mother, calmly. "There's always a way to do a thing. I don't, myself, see that there is any great harm in a young lady's employing her time usefully. I had to work when I was a girl, and I don't see that you are any better than I am. Your father has to work hard, and will have to work harder still to get bread for us all, and you are no better than he is."

"I'll die first!" broke in the pertinacious Gertrude, sobbing.

"I'm sure I cannot see that it is such a disgrace to work," said Genevieve, looking up from the garment upon which she was sewing. "Anne Earnest does not think it a disgrace to work, and she—"

"Do you dare to even me with Anne Earnest?" exclaimed Gertrude, her eyes flashing fire as she spoke.

"I have no wish to do so, Gertrude, if it is offensive to you," replied her sister. "I was only going to say that Mrs. Webster esteems her as her own daughter, and yet Anne sews for her all the while; and more, Mr. Illerton is going to marry her next week."

"How do you know that?" asked Gertrude, in astonishment, springing to her feet.

"Why, I had it from her own lips, yesterday, in Mrs. Webster's presence. And, more than that, Mrs. Webster says that all of Mr. Illerton's friends in Virginia approve the match, and that his father, mother and sisters are to be here at the wedding."

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Genevra. "Mr. Illerton is not going to marry a poor hired girl, whom nobody knows. And I'd like to know, anyhow, where you saw Mrs. Webster when she told you all this?"

"I heard it at Mrs. Webster's own house," replied Genevieve, mildly.

"And, pray, what were you doing there?" asked Gertrude, in surprise.

"I go there every week to see Anne," said Genevieve. "And Mrs. Webster is very kind and lady-like in her manner toward me. She has often told me how much she loves Anne, and says that she feels as near to her as if she were her own child. 'I never saw a girl of such pure principles and such an innocent heart. Mr. Illerton, who is a son of my old and dearest friend, has indeed found a treasure,' were the very words she used to me one day last week, when we were alone. And, yet, Anne is busy all the while; and what is more, Mrs. Webster sits and sews with her by the hour; and we all know that she moves in the very first circle in the city. So, you see, Gertrude, that it is not thought disgraceful to work by the first ladies in town."

This was too much for the girls, and they hung their heads in silence. Two days afterward this interesting family underwent the process of removing into a small two-story house in Vulcan Alley. It had a large back building, which afforded, with the front chambers and garret, room for the whole family. It was a house without a passage. But the two neat parlors below were thrown into one by folding-doors.

Notwithstanding her determination to die first, Gertrude removed with the rest; and, in a sad state of mind, in which Genevra fully sympathized with her, settled herself down, hopeless of ever receiving a beau again that was anybody. In all the care, bustle and confusion of moving, Genevieve was prompt, active, and thoughtful, while Gertrude and Genevra were to the family as the fifth wheel to a carriage—an incumbrance. The eyes of the father and mother, now fairly opened to the true character of their three oldest children, saw all this, and their affectionate consideration for Genevieve was greatly increased. Especially did her father feel his heart warming toward her; for, in the change of circumstances that had passed upon them, while the other two, and even his wife and younger children, bore countenances of distress, that robbed him of all quiet of mind, Genevieve was ever active and cheerful. Particularly was she careful for his comfort. Every little attention that could in any way add to it was promptly given, and with an evidence of affectionate regard that softened the stern and harsh features of his character, and made him often feel toward her a

degree of tenderness that his heart had but rarely known.

"You are a good girl, Genevieve," he said to her a few days after they had moved, with a heartiness of tone, and a smile that warmed the heart of his child. He had just discovered some little attention, which her thoughtful regard had been prompt in executing and its character had affected him. He had never before expressed to her his consciousness of her dutiful regard, and these few words, which seemed to gush forth spontaneously, were to her heart a rich reward. Ever since her unfortunate marriage she had felt alone, forsaken and despised, even in her father's house, and only in the steady performance of duty she had found peace for her troubled spirit.

True, he had the week before spoken well of her, in rebuking her sisters, but this was done in a moment of angry excitement. Now there was no mistaking the warmth of his feelings. She looked up into his face with eyes instantly suffused, and with an expression of subdued but heartfelt delight upon her countenance. She could not utter a word in reply, but he understood and felt the language of her face. Touching his lips to her forehead, an act of affection she had not received for years, he hastened away, his own heart overcome with rising emotions.

The gush of tears that relieved the oppressed feelings of Genevieve, were the most joyful tears that had ever fallen from her eyes.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY-TELLER.

LAI'D UPON THE SHELF.

BY MRS. H. G. ROWE.

"I DON'T suppose you have any idea of going, mamma?"

"Why, really, Eva, I did think I should like to go to this party."

Mrs. Ray's tone was deprecatory, and she gave a quick, shy glance at her daughter's surprised face.

"I don't, generally, care much for these large gatherings; but Mrs. Brent was an old schoolmate of mine, and I should like to go to her silver wedding—if I can."

"It's to be a grand affair, and, of course, you can't wear your old black silk—you've worn it everywhere for the last six years."

"No, of course not. I was thinking of getting me one of those handsome silver-gray silks that we saw the other day at Macy & Packard's. Don't you think," with a timid look at her daughter's unsympathetic face, "it would be suitable for me?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," was the cold response; and Eva drew up the last scallop of her tating with a jerk and a frown, while she added, in that quietly aggrieved tone so painful to a sensitive ear: "I can help you on your dress, for I shall stay at home myself."

Mrs. Ray colored painfully. "Why, what do you mean, child? You have been talking of going ever since the invitation came. What has made you change your mind so suddenly?"

"Only," affecting utter obliviousness of the pained surprise in her mother's look and tone, "if you have to buy a new silk for yourself, papa won't think he can afford me the dress that I intended to have for this party, and I had rather stay at home than wear the same dress that I've worn to every party, large and small, that I've attended this winter."

"I thought," the mother's voice faltered as she spoke, "that, as your dress was new and handsome, it would do to wear through the season."

"I don't care to be known by my dress," was the "short" reply, and with a sigh for the lost entertainment that she had anticipated with real pleasure, the unselfish mother replied with an effort at cheerfulness:

"Oh, well, if that's the way of it, *pu* stay at home. I shouldn't take any comfort in going if I thought I was depriving you of a pleasure."

Eva's fair face was all sunshine in an instant.

"Thank you, mamma! But, honestly now, I don't believe you'd have enjoyed it a bit, if you had decided to go. The confusion and crowding, and the late supper—all together, would have worn you out entirely."

Mrs. Ray smiled sadly, as she thought of the daily round of wearying, wearing domestic cares, with the suppers both "late" and early, whose preparation had helped to make up the burden that had bowed her shoulders into the stoop of premature old age, and roughened the hands that her dainty daughters looked upon with a kind of pitying contempt.

"Mamma never was intended for a lady," Eva remarked, confidentially, to her sister Bessie. "Only see how red and rough her hands are; and she wears a number five boot. I don't see, really, how you and I came to have such small feet and hands."

"Oh, we got those from papa's side of the house. You know what beautiful soft, white hands Aunt Jenny has."

"Yes, and well they may be. She never soiled them with waiting upon herself even."

Eva spoke rather scornfully, for she was really energetic, in her own way, and had little sympathy with idleness even in the much-admired paternal relative of whom her sister had reminded her.

"I think Aunt Jenny is perfectly splendid! The last time she was here we used to take such comfort sitting together up in her room, reading Mrs. Browning and Tennyson. Her voice is so sweet and flexible, and she has such a quick and delicate appreciation of what she reads. It is a perfect delight to listen to her."

Eva laughed.

"Did you hear Mr. Washburn asking mamma the other evening how she liked Bret Harte? I wanted to laugh, although I was frightened almost to death at the thought of her making him some ridiculous answer, for I didn't suppose that she had ever even heard of him; but—"

"How *did* she get out of the scrape?" interrupted the younger sister, with more force than elegance.

"Why, luckily, she had the good sense to acknowledge that she knew too little of his poems to be a competent judge of his merits. I believe I never was so grateful to her in my life as I was then."

"Very likely," laughed Bessie, with a shrug of her plump shoulders. "But, honestly now, Eva—" She hesitated and colored a little, pausing, as the sound of

their mother's voice, giving directions to the laundress in an adjoining room, fell upon their ears.

"You must be more particular—as I've told you over and over again—especially with Mr. Ray's shirts and the girls' muslins and cambric skirts. I can't have them put off with a rub and a promise, if everything else is."

The tones were sharp, and considerably higher than the lady-like pitch that her well-bred daughters were always careful to confine themselves to; and Bessie, unmindful of the loving thoughtfulness that had prompted the rebuke that so jarred upon her delicately-trained senses, took up the thread of her remark with an angry petulance that was as unbecoming as it was uncalled for.

"I was about to say that it had always been a mystery to me, ever since I was old enough to reason about such things, that father made the choice that he did of a wife. I don't mean anything *against* mamma, of course," as she caught the startled look of disapproval upon her sister's face; "but their tastes and feelings are so different. Now papa is really intellectual, although he has so little time to cultivate his tastes in that direction; and he loves music and poetry; and I am sure everybody says that he is one of the most agreeable of men in society. Now you know that when he is at home an evening, nothing pleases him better than to hear us play and sing, or read to him. But mamma—why, only last evening, when I was reading that lovely poem of Poe's, 'The Bells,' aloud, when I came to those lines about the fire-bells—

"In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,"

I was reading my very best, and I could see that papa was holding his very breath to hear me, when up jumps mamma, as if she had been shot, and rushes away to the kitchen as fast as her feet would carry her. It seems that she had left the range open, and my reading of the fire reminded her of it. That was all the profit or enjoyment that she found in such a splendid poem."

"Mamma is naturally domestic, and her family cares have prevented her giving much attention to other things, if she had wished it ever so much."

Eva spoke reprovingly, and there was a tiny under-thread of tenderness in her tone, the effect, perhaps, of some lingering filial affection that all her inborn and cherished selfishness had been unable to quite choke out.

Mr. Ray expressed neither surprise or regret when informed of his wife's determination to stay at home from the wedding party. For himself, it was simply his duty to act the part of cavalier to his gay young daughters; but his wife—why it was "just like her" to prefer to stay at home. For years, she had seemed to take little or no interest in anything outside of her own house and family. She had toiled, and saved, and planned, in their earlier and less prosperous days, to dress and educate her children—those same children who now, in the proud arrogance of a cultured womanhood, forgot those long years of childish dependence, that a mother's loving care had made so free and joyous; the days and weeks of sickness and pain that only her tender ministrations had made endurable, and were now, unconsciously, it may be, but none the less surely, strewing her downward path with those sharpest of all thorns, the cruel outgrowth of filial ingratitude.

The time had been short for the preparation of Eva's new dress, and although every available needle in the household had been pressed into her service by that energetic young lady, it was only by the mother's sitting at

her sewing until near morning, the night before the party, that the elaborately-trimmed garment could be finished in time, of which service Eva's characteristic acknowledgment was something in this fashion:

"It was too bad, mamma, that you should have had to sit up so late to finish it. I would have kept you company, but I knew that if I sat up after eleven o'clock I should be as stupid as an owl the night of the party. It was so provoking in Miss McStitchet to disappoint us, and we've always been such good customers, too. I've a great mind to say that she never shall make another dress for me as long as I live."

That was all. Not a word of thanks, of loving acknowledgment for the wearying, toilsome service, not even a smile, a kiss, a gentle reminder that she should take a few hours for rest from the hum of busy preparation, that made her aching head beat and throb yet more wildly, while that strange, sharp pain in her side, that had troubled her so often of late, seemed at times like a dagger thrust to her very heart.

She made no complaint, and the young ladies were so completely engrossed in their preparations for the evening, that the tell-tale heaviness of her eyes, and the unnatural pallor of her worn and wearied face, entirely escaped their notice, until Bessie, tapping with dainty finger tips the half-opened petals of a rose in a glass of beautiful hothouse flowers, turned to her mother with: "I wish you would arrange our bouquets for us, mamma. You have the art of making a few flowers show to the best advantage. But—what's the matter?"

"I—I don't know. I think smelling that heliotrope must have made me faint. I feel strangely," and she put her hands to her head in a helpless, bewildered way, that awakened some feeling of sympathy in her daughter's heart.

"Oh, well, well! Let the flowers alone, we'll arrange them ourselves, and you'd best go and lie down awhile till your head feels better. How thoughtful it was in papa," turning to her sister, "to get these flowers for us; and they are so well selected, too. It isn't every man of his age that would have had the taste, even if he had thought of it, to make such a tasteful selection."

Eva nodded a cordial acquiescence, while the mother, dizzy and half-blinded by the pain in her throbbing temples, crept quietly away to the solitude and silence of her own chamber, where, with her face buried in her pillow, she strove to stifle the cries that this new and strange agony wrung from her white lips.

"This terrible pain at my heart," she murmured to herself, between the spasms of suffering, "grows worse and worse every time. My mother and grandmother died of heart disease, and—perhaps I shall go the same way."

After a time the spasms decreased in violence and frequency, until when the clock below rang out the hour of seven, and her husband's step—he was always punctual to a minute—sounded in the hall, she rose from her bed, weak and trembling, but free from pain, and leaning heavily upon the oaken balusters as she crept wearily down the stairs, made her way unobserved to the dining-room, to see that everything was in that perfect order that the delicate tastes of her husband and daughters required.

A little careful rearrangement of dishes, a spot on the tablecloth, overlooked by the careless servant, covered with a mat, a clean napkin to replace the soiled one in Eva's ring, and the supper-bell was rung, while Mrs. Ray sank into her chair, so exhausted that she scarcely noticed

her husband's careless salutation, as, smiling proudly upon his handsome daughters, he escorted them into the dining-room with a merry affectation of gallantry, while in the gay gossip that accompanied and served as a relish to the simple tea and toast, she heard only a bewildering jumble of words, in which she had neither lot nor part, any more than the tea-urn itself; that simply added its mite to the comfort, while it was powerless to contribute to the amusement or entertainment of the lively group gathered about it.

She had grown so timid and shy of expressing an opinion, or asking a question even, so afraid of the half-concealed amusement and the unconcealed surprise that she had so often been obliged to face, that she had learned to look upon silence as her only shield against the unconsciously given heart-thrusts that were making life itself a weariness.

It was nine o'clock, and the last echo of their gay voices had died upon her ear as she stood alone in the silent hall. She had fastened the sheltering wraps more securely about Eva's white shoulders, had arranged the dainty opera-hood over Bessie's bright curls, had hunted up her husband's scarf for him at the last moment, and then, seized by an irresistible impulse, as her youngest daughter was about to cross the outer threshold, she caught her little gloved hand in both her own, and, drawing the girlish face toward her, kissed it fondly, once, twice, thrice, with such a quick, passionate vehemence that the girl looked perfectly amazed, as if half fearing that her mother had lost her senses.

"Be careful, mamma! You'll crush my roses if you kiss me so hard," she laughed, a little constrainedly. "I'm coming," in answer to her father's call. "Now, mamma, you'd better go to bed as soon as you can; you'll be yourself again after a good night's sleep," and she hurried down the steps, and in a moment more was lost in the darkness without to the tearful eyes that watched her from the half-open door.

The gas was lighted in the family sitting-room, revealing the little disorders that are always attendant upon a departure—a rumpled handkerchief and a pair of worn gloves dropped carelessly upon the floor, the evening paper unfolded upon the sofa, and the shawl that Eva had worn over her wrapper at supper lying across a chair-back.

Mechanically, Mrs. Ray replaced each article in its proper place, lingering with a half-sad, half-tender thoughtfulness over the gloves, as she examined the seams and lining.

"I will mend them before I go to bed," she said to herself. "He shall find them all ready for him in the morning." And drawing her work-basket to her side, she was about to begin her task, when from the torn lining there dropped a tiny spray of sweet-brier, crushed and faded, yet emitting a faint, soft perfume, whose well-remembered sweetness brought back, as in a dream, a troop of thick thronging memories, that lent to that grave, wrinkled face, for a moment, something of the flush and hopefulness of its long-past springtime.

The gloves fell unheeded upon her lap, and a strange mist floated before her eyes, shutting out the quiet, too quiet, room, with its familiar furniture, while from out the dimness familiar faces, half forgotten, but now strangely fresh and life-like, looked out at her with a weird, half-pitying significance, that sent a strange, wild thrill to her aching heart.

That bright-faced, clear-eyed girl, shyly proud of the

love that promised henceforth to make her life one long dream of trustful happiness—blushing, through happy tears, at the ardent protestations of her gallant young lover, as, playfully claiming the spray of sweet-brier that she wore in her bosom, he placed it next his own heart, the pledge and sign of their betrothal. Could it be that? And involuntarily her trembling fingers wandered slowly over the worn, sharp face, from which toil and care had chased all the hopefulness and bloom of other days.

What long, long years of patient, ceaseless toil had been hers since then; and yet—a smile of tender significance, one of those smiles that mothers alone can interpret, stole over her faded lips, as she thought—oh, how tenderly!—of the tiny nestlings that had been so joyously welcomed and so lovingly cherished in the innermost temple, the holy of holies, of her fond motherly heart; the bright, studious school-girls for whom she had toiled, early and late, feeling herself more than repaid by a merit mark or note of commendation from their teachers; of the handsome, high-bred "young ladies," who, in their conscious superiority of mind and manners, now treated her with much the same air of good-natured tolerance that they would have felt it necessary to bestow upon a faithful old family servant that had worn herself out in their service.

And it had come to this! Her love for her children had been stronger than her love of mental culture, and for that those children themselves despised her.

"That sweet-brier bush grew close to the wormwood," she whispered, with a smile, at once bitter and pitiful. "But, God grant," and her face drooped wearily upon her folded hands, "that death may give me back the sweet sweet-brier of my youth once more."

It was late that night when Mr. Ray and his daughters found themselves standing upon the threshold of their own home, and the lively badinage that passed between them as they removed their outer wrappings in the hall below, sounded strangely in the otherwise silent and deserted house.

"Biddy asked leave to go home to-night, and I suppose mamma was too much excited with seeing us off to remember to turn down the gas," remarked Eva, as in passing the door of the sitting-room she caught a glimmer of light through the keyhole, and she opened the door with a half shudder as the cool air of the hall struck upon her thinly-clad neck and arms. "Why, mamma has been sitting up for us till this late hour! Are you asleep?" and she glanced wonderingly at the silent figure with its bowed face, that neither moved nor spoke at their approach.

"Mamma!" called Bessie, in her clear, girlish voice. "Come, do wake up and say something! It always makes me nervous," she began, when, with a sudden cry that checked the words upon his daughter's lips, Mr. Ray sprang to his wife's side, and as he lifted the white, rigid face into the full glare of the light, a moan of bitter, bitter anguish escaped from his quivering lips, while with too late tenderness he smoothed back the scanty hair, pressing remorseful kisses upon the cold, calm forehead of the dead.

"Too late! too late! Would God I could re-live the past!"

They buried her with all the show and ceremony that modern funeral etiquette demands—costly wreaths, crosses and delicate trailing vines, made fragrant and beautiful her last resting-place; but in the thin, pale hands,

folded idly at last over the now peaceful heart, was a single spray only of sweet-brier.

"Papa would have it so," whispered Eva, in tearful confidence, to a friend. "Now I think it would have been in better taste to have arranged a few of those beautiful white lilies with geranium leaves to put in her hands. They would have partially covered her hands, you know, and unless any one has remarkably pretty hands, I think it's best to make them as little conspicuous as possible."

AUNT TABITHA'S MISTAKE.

BY MISS L. E. BAKER.

"YOU want to know how I came to get married, do ye, Clinthy Ann, and settled down into such a dog-trot kind of life as this? Well, child, if it'll be any warning to you," here Aunt Tabitha's eye lighted upon Christopher, in one corner of the great old-fashioned kitchen, busily engaged in one of those mysterious inventions of boyhood which are always to be something, but seldom arrive at that desirable consummation. "Now, 'Tophar," which was her familiar contraction of her son's more venerable title, "you just leave that whittling and go help your brothers. Why can't ye be smart, now, and leave the loafing to them that's older?" Which was as near as the good old soul could ever get to warning her boys not to follow in the footsteps of their lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing father.

Not that Tobias Short was at all dissipated, only supremely selfish and lazy, and fond of loafing around the stores, and driving sharp little bargains with whoever he could beguile into trading with him, or lying in wait about his own doorsteps, and pouncing out, like some lean, rapacious old spider, upon any passer-by to whom there was the slightest prospect of his being able to pass off the skinny, raw-boned animals which filled his barn, and that only departed to make room for others like themselves which he could pick up for a trifle, and dispose of for twice the value of good animals.

It was strange that he could find people to trade with him under these circumstances, but somehow he generally did. So he flattered himself that he was a useful member of the family, while the money he made in these ways always stayed in his own pocket, and his poor, hard-working wife maintained the family.

Christopher finally disposed of, Aunt Tabitha resumed: "As I was going to tell ye, I never would have told you (or anybody else) a word about it, if you wasn't my own sister's child, and p'r'aps it may save you from jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, as I did.

"I was a-keeping school over to Hard Sorabble the summer I met Tobias Short. I had had to punish Job Skinner's boy (and a dreadful bad boy he was, too,) for something, I misremember what, and Job, he was as quick-tempered as a flash, what should he do but prosecute me for it. Tobias was sheriff then, and came for me to go to court, arrested me I s'pose you'd say, but it was all as pleasant as could be, and he just invited me to get into his nice spring wagen and ride down with him, and so I did.

"Well, you see, I hadn't any money to spend on lawyers, for seven an' six a week was considered a good price in them days for school-marm's; but what with helping father on the farm, and paying your Aunt Tribulation's doctor's bills—she was a'most always ailing—there wasn't much left. So what should I do but plead

my own case, an' the judge, who looked like a clever old soul, gave me the case.

"Then on the way home what should Sheriff Short do but propose to me, that he hadn't seen a week afore. An', ye see, I was that tired of keeping school, an' boarding 'round, an' all its homelessness and ingratitude and cold-heartedness, that after a minute, to get over the shock like, I said yes.

"I didn't pretend to love him then, Clinthy Ann, an' he didn't ask me to, for, ye see, he was only driving a bargain of a little different sort from his usual trades, an' didn't consider it anything but a transaction any how.

"I had had my own little love dream—as girls generally do before they get to be as old as I was—I was twenty-five that summer—an' I had buried it, an' that was the end of that.

"I won't deny that the prospect wasn't of the sunniest to me even then, but it was better than keeping school an' boarding 'round, an' so I shed a few tears in dark corners, when I couldn't help 'em, an' Tobias kept company with me a while for form's sake, an' then we were married.

"But I very soon found that I hadn't buttered my bread. for Tobias had a little farm, an' he always left me with the heft of the work to do, an' the harvesting or what not a spoiling in the field, while he was off trafficking.

"But still it wasn't school-keeping, an' so I kept on an' made his home bright an' cheery an' comfortable for him, an' always had a hot supper an' nice fire for him when he'd come home at night, even if I had had to split up the wood for the very fire he warmed himself by.

"After a while Tobias's old father came to live with us, an' I made him welcome, an' tried to humor his whims as best I could; but he was a terribly fractious old man, an' nothing I could do would suit him, an' things got more an' more uncomfortable every day.

"Our family kept growing larger an' more expensive, too, all the time, for I'd hardly get one baby fairly out of my arms before another would come to take its place. But I loved the little fellows, so reasy and rugged, an' never saw the time when I could have spared any one of 'em. An' their father was proud of 'em, too, they were so smart an' bright, an' would say when a new baby boy was put into his arms: 'Well, there's plenty of work in the world for him to do; good as a hundred dollars in bank, Tabitha.' An' I knew he meant there's another one to work for me.

"But though I loved my boys, my heart yearned for a little daughter, because she would seem so much more mine than those strong, stalwart, strapping boys who were so brimful of animal life that I doubt if they ever noticed how their loud voices an' hearty ways made my aching nerves tingle, for hard work, an' constant at it, had made me whimsical an' nervous.

"Well, at last the little one my hungry heart had longed for, came.

"But when old Nurse Gracie took up the little thing, an' put it into Tobias's arms, as he stood by my side, an' said: 'As putty a little girl as ever ye see, Mister Short,' I saw a frown come over his face, an' I knew my little daughter wasn't welcome.

"I tell ye, Clinthy Ann, it hurt me sore, for I hadn't a thought, a minute afore, but that he'd have been as glad as I was.

"It really seemed as that my baby grew older that it knew it wasn't wanted by anybody but me, an' Tobias

couldn't coax it out of my arms. It clung an' clung to me in the most piteous way, an' didn't want me to leave it alone a minute, an' when I put it down on the floor, or in the rocking-chair, while I went about my work, it would just follow me with its great, wistful, yearning, blue eyes, an' never seemed to care to play at all.

"The boys, dear fellows, were wild over their little sister, an' she would submit to their rough ways, an' seemed to realise as much as any queen on her throne that they were her most loyal an' devoted subjects.

"But by an' by, Clinthy Ann," and Aunt Tabitha's tears were falling like rain, yet her peaceful, placid old face was undisturbed, "there came a time that is hard to tell ye of; only in the morning my little angel child was as well as usual, an' at night she was in her shroud. But before she died that sad, grieved look went out of her eyes forever, an' I don't believe that in that other Home she'll ever feel that she wasn't welcome.

"But I hadn't much time to weep for her, if I would, for, one by one, every one of my eight boys came down with the croup, as she had done, but they all fought it through, an' when they were all staving about again I was ready to lie down by baby Nell's side. But Tobias an' the boys couldn't spare me, an' so I dragged on.

"The summer after baby died Gran'ther Short was taken down. An', child, I hope you never'll know what it was to me to take care of that old man, an' he in one continual fret an' scold from morning until night. Sometimes I wouldn't get to bed from waiting on him until one or two o'clock in the morning. An' I never knew Tobias to carry him so much as a cup of cold water.

"Just before gran'ther died, he said to me one day: 'Well, Tabitha, ye've done as well as ye could.' An', child, if ye will believe it, no starving soul was ever so thankful for a crust of bread as I was for even that faint praise.

"At length, what with the sickness an' expense an' all, the farm couldn't maintain us, an' then Tobias wanted to be even more at liberty, so we sold it, an' came down here to the Corners, an' opened this tavern stand with only me to do all the work in-doors. An' nobody knows how I have worked, early an' late, to keep things respectable and make both ends of the year meet.

"But, then, I don't mean to blame Tobias, for, you see, it's his nature, an' I don't know as he fret's an' worries about house any more than a good many other men. I've tried to be a true wife to him, an' done the best I could.

"The hardest of it all was, Clinthy Ann," and Aunt Tabitha's voice sank almost to a whisper, "after we moved down here to the tavern, who should come along one day but Paul Blytherbee, the man I had cared most for in my girlhood. He had come all the way from California to hunt me up, an' it seemed he had written me again and again, but his letters were always lost. He had been comforting himself all these years that I loved him well enough to wait for him; an', Clinthy Ann, I thought he didn't care for me because he never said a word to me before he went, an' because I never heard from him afterward.

"An' when he recognised me here, notwithstanding I had grown so worn an' old with all the hard work an' trouble, p'raps I ought not to have listened while he told me all that, but I knew then that for all I was Tobias Short's lawful wife, my heart would go hungry to my grave.

"Oh, Clinthy Ann, there's harder ways in the world

than keeping school, an' sadder things than being an old maid. An' let me warn ye now, don't ye ever marry for the sake of an establishment, or to get out of any honest business Providence has put you into. That's my advice." And Aunt Tabitha having knit into the middle of her needle, did up the coarse blue sock she was knitting, and got up to go and get tea for those eight great boys, her husband, and herself, and sixteen boarders, while I, Clinthy Ann Merrill, her niece, ran home to meditate on Aunt Tabitha's Mistake.

GRANDMOTHER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

WHAT! "a burden to us!" and you wish 'twould please the Lord to take you now you can't work! For shame, Mury, you ha'n't no right to speak so. A young thing like you to lose heart so soon. I know a fever do leave a body a poor creature for a long time, but, please God, we'll have you at service again in a few months. And if not, why depend on't you'll be wanted for something, even if you ben't able to work. I'll tell ye something I recollect of the time I was a girl. I was seventeen or so when my brother married Bessie Snow. Right glad was I about it, for thinks I, "when she live near (and there warn't a stone's throw between the two houses) we can spend a good deal o' time together over our spinning-wheels." Folks spent a heap o' time spinning in those days. That is how I came to be living at home instead of going out to service. But my mother—that's your great-grandmother, Mary, that is dead these fifty years ago—my mother warn't so glad of Will's marriage as I was. Not that she warn't fond of Bessie—every one was, for she was the sweetest-dispositioned girl—but she thought her a poor ailing thing to be a laboring man's wife. It ain't no easy life, a woman's as have to keep the house straight on eight-hillings a week, and that were all what the men earn't in those days in the East country village where I lived, though to be sure many things was cheaper then than now.

Howsoever, Will he loved Bessie, and the end of it was they took each other "for better, for worse, in sickness and in heal'h," and right happy they were for awhile. But 'that spring was a wonderful late cold one, and Bessie she just wasted away. She wouldn't see no doctor, for I think she was afraid to hear as how she were right in what she dreaded. At last mother made her go with her and ask. I warn't in when she came back, but when I did come in I saw mother had been crying. Then she told me as how the doctor said it was too late to do her any good; she was in a decline, and he did not think she'd live till next winter.

Well, 'twas a hard time as came after that. Bessie couldn't nohow make up her mind to leave Will and all of us. Sometimes she'd fare in high spirits like, and talk of what she'd do next year, and make believe as how it warn't true, and she were going to get well again. But she knowed it was true, all the same, and when she caught sight of mother's sad face, she'd burst into tears all on a sudden, and say: "Oh, mother, don't ye look so, I arn't agoing; I can't go. The Lord would never take me away from Will so soon for certain. And than I'm so feared. I ha'n't got not none o' them feelings as good folks have afore they die." Then my mother would try to comfort her: "Now hush, my dear" (I never heard no one that fared to mean so much as mother did by that little word dear). "Hush ye! ye believe I love ye, don't ye? and that I wouldn't do nothin' to hurt ye, not if 'twas ever

so? Then can't ye believe the same of the Lord on high? He love ye better than I do. I ar'n't a mite afeared but what He'll take care of ye." Still, all mother said did not seem to do no good, not to last. Bessie was so fearful. She was a right humble girl, and I think she was afraid that even if the Lord did take her to Heaven she'd hardly be happy there, for she wouldn't be good enough to fit her place. She'd be so strange there, she thought, and she clung to us all—the timid, gentle-spirited thing—as if she could not bear to leave us.

Still her cough grew worse, and she wasted wonderful, and got too weak to muddle about the work of the house. Mother or I used to wash and do for her, while she sat and watched us, sometimes, as I've told you, very low in her spirits, sometimes laughing as if she had forgot all about her trouble. I never liked to hear that laugh, though. It sounded kind o' make-believe, not a real merry one.

One morning I woke later than usual, and found mother had gone out without waking me and the children. I got their breakfast quick as ever I could, and went into Will's to look for mother. She was there, down-stairs, with something wrapped in her shawl. She smiled when I went in, but with the tears in her eyes. Then she turned back the corner of her shawl, and showed me the face of a sleeping baby—such a little mite it was! "Bessie's little daughter," says she. You may think how I were pleased, and what a little beauty I thought it.

"Bessie's right pleased," mother went on. "Poor dear, that have come quite like a surprise to her. She said when first I showed her the little dear: 'Mother,' says she, 'I never thought I'd live to see my baby's face.' But I'm feared there's trouble coming. The child don't seem to have no strength to cry out loud like other babies, and if that's taken Bessie will take on sadly."

For two days the little wailing cry was heard in the house. Then it was silent again. The little babe went off so quiet I thought it were asleep when mother laid it down in the cot, till she said: "Poor little soul! That's better off where 'tis, for this is a hard world, and if, please God, we had reared it, that must ha' been a great sufferer."

Presently we heard Bessie's cough up-stairs (she had been asleep till now), and she called: "Mother, won't you bring baby up here? I want to have her lie by my side."

Mother went up-stairs, and I crept up after her, and sat down on the top step.

"Ha'n't ye brought her?" said Bessie, when she saw mother's arms were empty.

"My dear," said mother, "baby's safer and better off than she'd be lying by your side. And now, dear, you maun't fret. The lord have taken her to a better place than this." I could not see Bessie's face from where I was. I heard her give one start, and then she lay quite still. After a bit mother went on: "I wish you could ha' seen how quiet and peaceful she went. She warn't afraid to go to her Heavenly Father."

Then Bessie spoke, but so low I could hardly hear her.

"Yes, it's best so. It would ha' been dreadful hard to leave her here without a mother. I know what that is." (Bessie's parents had died when she was a baby, and she had been brought up by the Union. Perhaps that was why she clung so to mother.) "You'd ha' been kind to her, I know," she went on, "but she'd ha' had no own mother." She ended with a burst of tears, and, "Oh, baby, I'd ha' liked to see you again!"

Mother warn't one of those who put the thought of

death out of sight, and are afraid to speak of it, so she just kissed Bessie, and said: "You will see her again soon, please God, and then, by and by, we'll join you, and be all together again."

From that time Bessie never shrank from the thought of dying. How could she be afraid to follow where her little one was gone? Heaven warn't the strange place now that she had been used to think it. She knew how much she loved her little child, and could guess from that how much God loved her. Sometimes she'd be downcast and unhappy for a bit, thinking how bad she was, and how she did not love God as she ought to; but these unhappy times never lasted long. While they did last, nought did her good like father's singing. Mary, my dear, learning's a fine thing, I'd be the last to deny that. But there's a finer thing still, and that is a loving heart, that's ready to use whatever it has for the good of other folk. Father warn't no scholar, for there warn't no such schools in his young days as there be now; but he was a real religious man, for all he couldn't read his Bible, and a sore trouble it was to him that he couldn't. Still he had a good remembrance, and being regular at his chapel, where they read the hymns out by two lines at a time, he knew a many of them by heart. And he used to sit by Bessie's bed and sing to her. My dear, if every one as have a deal of learning would make anything nigh as good a use of it as father did of his one little bit, the world would be a deal more like what it ought to be.

We followed Bessie to the grave less than two months after her little one died. I remember mother saying, when we came back from the funeral: "I do think the Lord sent that baby o' purpose to make Bessie's going easy to her, blessed little angel that it was. That fared to make Heaven so home-like to her. You wouldn't think that a little senseless babe as didn't live two days could ha' done much good; but that did what none of us could do. I don't suppose any one in this whole world could ha' done for its mother what that little babe did."

Well, Mary, that's the end of my story. Maybe ye see by this time what I told it ye for. Sometimes I'm like you, I'm feared I may live to be a burden to ye all. Nay, I know what ye want to say; but if ye are fond o' me, that don't prevent your father being a poor man, with a lot o' mouths to fill, all out of his wages. And your mother's a busy woman, too, without having to wait of me if I should live to be bed-ridden. But when I think of that baby, and what a blessing its little life was, I fancy there's other things to do for our Father besides working, either with hands or head. I don't doubt but what He'll take me away as soon as ever He have nothing left for me to do here. You are young, Mary, and I hope and think you'll get over this fever soon, and be right strong again; but if not, just you remember grandmother's story, and don't wish your life away, for its a great gift, and, depend on't, God has a reason for letting ye keep it.

Let not thy table exceed the fourth part of thy income: see thy provisions be solid and not far-fetched—fuller of substance than art; be wisely frugal in thy preparation, and freely cheerful in thy entertainment; too much is vanity; enough, a feast.

A PARISHAN lady recently called on her milliner to inquire the character of a servant. The morality of the latter was beyond questioning. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not so certain of that," replied the milliner: "I have sent her to you with my bill a dozen times, and she has never yet given me the money."

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.

"IN THE BEGINNING."

SECOND PAPER.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

THIS paper will treat of the Secondary Epoch in the Creation of the World, if a gradual growth can be strictly called a creation. Geologists have agreed to divide the secondary epoch into three periods, which they call the *Triassic*, the *Jurassic*, and the *Cretaceous*.

Animal life appears modified and developed in this epoch. In the Primary epoch life seemed confined almost entirely to the water, and took the form of Crustaceae, and lower orders of fishes. But, as that epoch gave place to the succeeding one, new forms appeared. Reptiles seemed especially the feature of this period of time. The *Trilobites* had disappeared, and for the first time a Turtle was found in the bosom of the sea and on the borders of the lakes. The cryptogamic plants were less numerous, and the Conifers more extensive.

In the variegated sandstone formations are found traces of this epoch. This formation is found in great abundance in Germany, and more or less throughout Europe. It covers vast surfaces in the mountainous regions of Bolivia, in South America, and is found also in certain districts of North America. This sandstone is excellent for building purposes. The cathedrals of Strasbourg and Fribourg are built of it, and it seems peculiarly adapted to their style of architecture. Whole cities in Germany are constructed from material drawn from its quarries.

The seas of the *Triassic* period, judging from the shells which remain to us from this period, contained great varieties of mollusca, twelve different genera of Saurian reptiles, turtles, and six new genera of fishes protected by a cuirass. Traces of gigantic reptiles have been found, one of which is called the *Chirotherium*, or *Labyrinthodon*, from the complicated arrangement of its teeth. Another reptile of great dimensions was the *Nothosaurus*, a species of marine Crocodile.

It has been a question, from certain footprints which are found in great numbers on the rocks in the neighborhood of the Connecticut river, whether enormous birds like the ostrich did not exist at this period; but, as no skeletons of birds have been found, the general opinion among geologists is that these tracks must have been those of some other creature.

Ferns attaining to the height of trees grew in greater variety than in the previous period, and on the rocks underneath them crept huge reptiles, unlike anything which now exists.

"The footprints of the reptilian animals of this period," says Figuier, "prove that they walked over moist surfaces; and, if these surfaces had been simply left by the retreating tide, they would generally have been obliterated by the returning flood, in the same manner that is seen every day on our own sandy shores. It seems more likely that the surfaces on which fossil footprints are now found, were left bare by the summer evaporation of a lake; that these surfaces were afterward dried by the sun, and the footprints hardened, so as to ensure their preservation before the rising waters, brought by flooded muddy rivers, again submerged the low, flat shores, and deposited new layers of salt, just as they do at the pre-

sent day round the Dead Sea and the Salt Lake of Utah."

The geological formation of the *Triassic* period consists of layers of variegated sandstone, alternating with red marl, while, as subordinate rocks, are found deposits of a poor pyritic coal and of gypsum. Saliferous beds, twenty to forty-five feet thick, alternate with clay deposits, the whole sometimes attaining a thickness of nearly five hundred feet.

At Württemberg, in Germany, and in several places in France, the rock-salt of the saliferous formation is an important branch of industry. Some of the deposits of the *Triassic* age, we are told, are at great depth, and can only be worked by excavating shafts and galleries.

The red color of the new Red Sandstones and marls is caused by peroxide of iron. Professor Ramsay considers that all the red-colored strata of England, including the Peruvian, old Red Sandstone, and even the old Cambrian formation, were deposited in lakes or inland waters. The remains of land-plants, and the peculiarities of some of the reptiles, found in this strata, seem to confirm Professor Ramsay's opinion.

There were at this period few islands or mountains. There were large lakes or inland seas, with flat and uniform banks.

Lecoq says, in his "Botanical Geography:" "During this long period the earth preserved its primitive vegetation; new forms are slowly introduced, and they multiply slowly. But, if our present types of vegetation are deficient in these distant epochs, we ought to recognize also that the plants which in our days represent the vegetation of the primitive world are often shorn of their grandeur. Our *Equisetaceae* and *Lycopodiaceae* are but poor representations of the *Lepidodendrons*; the *Calamites* and *Asterophyllites* had already run their race before the epoch of which we write."

The earliest trace of a mammal which has been found in the secondary rocks, is a molar tooth of a small predaceous animal of the *Microlestis* family, whose nearest living representative appears to be the Kangaroo rat. This fossil tooth was found in some gray marl in England.

One of the last formations of the *Triassic* period are certain beds of white and cream-colored limestone, known to geologists and quarrymen under the name of "White Lias." Some specimens of this stone, when broken at right angles to its bedding, present curious dendritic markings, bearing a singular resemblance to a landscape, with trees and water.

The second division of the Secondary Epoch is called the *Jurassic* period, receiving its name from the Jura mountains, that range being composed of rocks deposited in the seas of that period. The *Jurassic* period is subdivided into two sub-periods, known as the *Lias* and the *Oolite*.

The *Lias* is an English provincial name given to an argillaceous limestone, which, with marl and clay, forms the base of the *Jurassic* formation. Zoophytes, Molluscs, and fishes of a peculiar organisation, and reptiles of an extraordinary size and structure are found in the *Lias*-clay. Cuvier exclaimed, when the drawings of the *Plesiosaurus* were sent him, "Truly, this is altogether the

most monstrous animal that has yet been dug out of the ruins of a former world!"

The *Plesiosaurus* belongs, as its name indicates, to the lizard family. A description of this animal reads as follows: "The *Plesiosaurus* was a marine, air-breathing, carnivorous reptile, combining the characters of the head of a lizard, the teeth of a crocodile, a neck of excessive length, resembling that of a swan, the ribs of a chameleon, a body of moderate size, a very short tail, and, finally, four paddles, like those of a whale. Its enormous long neck comprises a greater number of vertebrae than the neck of either the camel, the giraffe, or even the swan. The body is cylindrical and rounded, like that of the great marine turtles. It was, doubtless, naked, i. e., not protected with the scales or carapace with which some authors have invested it, for no traces of such coverings have been found near any of the skeletons which have been hitherto discovered."

In England, in the quarries of Lyme Regis, have been found numerous remains of the *Ichthyosauri*, another marine monster of ancient times.

We are told that "in 1811 a country girl, who made her precarious living by picking up fossils, for which the neighborhood was famous, was pursuing her avocation, hammer in hand, when she perceived some bones projecting a little out of the cliff." These bones, when they were carefully excavated, proved to be those of "a monster some thirty feet long, with jaws nearly a fathom in length, and huge saucer-eyes, which have since been found so perfect that the petrified lenses have been split off and used as magnifiers."

This was the complete skeleton of an *Ichthyosaurus*. These dragons of the sea had jaws eight feet in length, and one hundred and sixty teeth. Whenever a tooth was lost in the monster's head by contests with other animals, or in any other manner, nature soon replaced it; for, at the inner side of the base of every old tooth there is the bony germ of a new one. The eyes of this monster were larger than those of any animal now living, their size frequently exceeding that of the human head, and were an optical apparatus of wonderful power and singular perfection, capable of performing the office of microscope and telescope at pleasure. Its food was fish and smaller individuals of its own race, which it swallowed without masticating. It was essentially voracious and destructive.

The *Pterodactyle* was a still more wonderful creature of this period. In size and general form, and in the character of its wings, this genus resembled our modern bats and vampires, but it had a beak elongated like the bill of a woodcock, and armed with teeth like the snout of a crocodile; its vertebrae, ribs, pelvis, legs and feet resembled those of a lizard, while it was probably covered with naked skin. "It was, in short," says a writer, "a monster resembling nothing that has ever been heard of upon earth except the dragons of romance and heraldry."

"With flocks of such like creatures flying in the air, and shoals of *Ichthyosauri* and *Plesiosauri* swarming in the ocean, and gigantic crocodiles and tortoises crawling on the shores of primeval lakes and rivers—air, sea and land must have been strangely tenanted in these early periods of our infant world."

The vegetation of the *Jurassic* period was peculiarly rich and abundant. The tree-ferns of the *Carboniferous* period had lost their enormous dimensions, but were still beautiful in form. The *Cycade* now appeared for the first time, and seem to be forerunners of the Palms, which appeared in the next epoch.

In the next, or *Oolitic* sub-period, mammals began to make frequent appearances. Hitherto they had been limited to a single species. These early mammals exhibited the peculiar characteristic of the kangaroo and the opossum, in that the young were transferred in a half-developed state to an external pouch upon the abdomen of the mother, and there remained until they became perfected.

During the *Oolitic* period, Bees, Butterflies and Dragonflies appear on the earth for the first time.

The *Ceteosaurus*, the bones of which have been discovered in England, was a species of Crocodile, and probably the largest creature that ever walked upon the earth.

We are told by a modern writer that "a full-grown *Ceteosaurus* must have been at least fifty feet long, ten feet high, and of proportionate bulk. In its habits it was probably a marsh-loving or riverside animal," and was not apparently carnivorous, which was certainly a great blessing to the smaller animals with which it was surrounded.

The *Ramphorychus* was a creature similar to the *Pterodactyle*, already described, except that it had a very long tail.

The *Telosaurus* was another formidable-looking reptile, about thirty feet in length, resembling a crocodile, and coated with a cuirass both on the back and belly.

Corals appear in great abundance during this epoch.

In the last formation of the *Jurassic* period, we notice the first bird. The remains of a bird, with feet and feathers, having been discovered, but without a head.

The name *Cretaceous* (from *creta*, chalk) is given to the third division of the Secondary Epoch, because the rocks deposited by the sea are almost entirely chalky in their character. This is not the first appearance of carbonate of lime, however. It is discovered in the *Silurian* period, and in the *Jurassic* formation; but the accumulations are vaster during the *Cretaceous* period than during any other. The limestone formations are composed of the shells of innumerable *Zoophytes* and *Mollusca*, most of them microscopic in size, which existed at this period. Chalk, placed under the microscope, will attest to the truth of this, showing it to be composed of the most wonderful shells of minute size. The strata of chalk, where thickest, are from 1,000 to 1,200 feet in thickness. Let any one compute, if he can, the number of microscopic creatures which must have existed and perished to form these vast deposits.

In the basin of the Baltic Sea may still be observed the phenomena taking place, which specially distinguished the *Cretaceous* period. The bed and coast-line of that inland sea are slowly encroaching upon the water by the constant deposit of calcareous shells, so that in time the sea is certain to be filled with these deposits.

Palms appear for the first time, some of them differing little from those of our own period. Ferns and *Cycads* lose their importance in numbers and size; traces of the alder, the wych-elm, the maple, and other trees known to us, are discovered.

The seasons are no longer marked by indications of central heat; zones of latitude already show signs of their existence. The pike, salmon and dory tribes lived in the seas of this period, and became the prey of the sharks and dog-fish. There were still huge reptiles and curious fishes—some of the former exceedingly predacious in their habits. The *Ichthyosauri* and the *Plesiosauri* became extinct toward the close of the *Cretaceous* period, giving

place to the *Monasaurus*, a monster who was, by all accounts, the tyrant of the seas.

We find in this age the *Hylæosaurus*, or great lizard of the woods, a reptile from twenty to thirty feet in length. The *Megalosaurus* was another reptile, sixty or seventy feet long, with teeth partaking of the natures of a knife, sabre and saw. The *Iguanodon* was larger still than the *Megalosaurus*, and had upon its muzzle or snout a hard, bony protuberance. The bone of this reptile's thigh sur-

passed that of the elephant in size, while the form of its feet show that it was intended to walk upon the ground. It was herbivorous in its habits.

The landscapes at the close of the Secondary Epoch did not differ greatly from those of the present day, except that there was a tropical luxuriance of vegetation and an absence of mountains; and huge, strange monsters wandered about under the trees, flew in the air, or beat the waters of the seas and lakes.

HOME-LIFE AND CHARACTER.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSEY POTTS.

No. X.

SOMETIMES one or two members of a family prefer *potatoes* baked instead of boiled; I know it is that way in our family, Granny and the deacon like theirs boiled whole, while Bub and the girls and myself prefer ours baked. I've hit on a plan, and that is to put all on to boil together, and when they are about half done I slip ours into the hot oven and we have nice baked ones.

This economizes time, saves a very hot fire, and facilitates the job.

I felt a little touch of pride this morning, as I listened to a rambling conversation carried on between two of my neighbors, both good common-sense farmers. They were talking about *women*. First sentence I heard that caught my attention was: "I tell you now, Jabes, I don't believe there is such a thing as a genuine American woman being lazy. I never saw one in my life. They are all nerve and ambition, and they are constantly working beyond their strength. Seems as if they couldn't help it. It is no uncommon thing for a woman to do two good day's work in one. I've seen my poor wife wash and bake in the forenoon, and then churn and iron in the afternoon, besides cooking three meals a day, and doing the other little chores. Very frequently though, she wouldn't be able to do anything the next day. I think it is a crime and a very grave one, especially for a mother. She lays such a tax on the physical resources that one night's sleep does not rest her, she cannot recuperate what she has lost, does not pay back as much as she so recklessly borrows, and this is the reason that our active women so soon become pale and thin of flesh, and their beautiful figures grow so angular and unlovely."

"If they didn't make a practice of it day after day," said the other neighbor, "it wouldn't be so bad, but they will persist in it, and sometimes it is to gratify the silliest whims and ambitions that ever found lodgment in a woman's breast.

"Now, there was my wife—she took it into her head to paper the three rooms up-stairs. I offered to help her, if she'd wait until I got the hay in, but she said she'd rather do it now while she was feeling real well; then I offered to get Jack Miller to do it; but she insisted, and said it would save a little, and she would work at it leisurely, and all that, and I gave up. She put it right through within three days, and that woman's never looked like herself since. She is feeble and tired all the time, and her eyes are sunken and her lips white, and she's no appetite. I declare sometimes I've a mind to tie her. It does trouble me so to have her work so hard and so unreason-

ably. I wish women would learn to take care of themselves. I tell you it sticks with me to hear so much about the rosy, robust English women who grow more beautiful as they grow ripier in years; and then just think what our wide-awake, energetic American women are and what they might be. They might be just as beautiful in mid-life as they pleased; they might be the most attractive women on the face of the earth, if their beauty did not fade, and fall behind their wit and vivacity, and charming freedom and ease of manner. Now, our women are naturally so sprightly and full of fun, so prepossessing in all their pretty talk and pretty ways, so ready in all their replies, knowing just what to say and do, and when and where to say it. We men would lose our hearts many a time if the women we met were as attractive in person as they are in mind. But so often when they break physically, they become repulsive, sallow, and sunken-eyed and nervous, and the sweetness in the voice changes to a coarse croak, or has a masculine hoarseness in it that repels. Now, I never would be attracted to an English woman as I would to an American. Foreign women don't have that trust and confidence in us that our native-born women have. They seem to doubt us, or stand in awe of us, while an American woman will, with the most child-like trust, step up to you in a strange depot, and perhaps lay her hand upon your arm, and look you right in the eyes trustfully, and say: 'Will you be so kind as to show me where the ticket office is?' or, 'Will you please direct me so-and-so?' and then she thanks you so cordially and gracefully and frankly, just as though it was impossible for you to be any other than the best fellow in the world."

And there I, Pipsey Potts, sat and heard all this, and I'm not a bit ashamed to say that I had hard work to check my tears and dry my eyes long enough to say, when the men rose to go out of the hall where we were sitting, "I've heard every word you men have spoken, and in behalf of the sisterhood I must thank you for your good opinion of American women. Your words have filled my heart full of gratitude and good will, and I do most sincerely thank you both, in the name of all the women in the United States of America. With such blessed words of good cheer we women ought to grow better and better as we grow older, even if we do grow uglier in our poor, tired, faded faces. Our souls ought to grow very beautiful under the sweet summery shine and shower of such warm words, such an exalted and heart-felt expression of praise."

The poor, abashed men! they were perfectly bewildered and surprised. They thrust their hands into their pockets, and then they loosened their collars, and smoothed their hats the wrong way, and threaded their fingers through their beards, and were as embarrassed as a couple of school-boys.

I left that hall not at all a baffled eavesdropper, but happier and with gladder and broader views, on one theme at least, than I had when I entered it. Bless the two good men! long may they live, and long may their appreciative wives walk beside them, crowned with all the graces of an exalted womanhood.

I have always been more or less troubled about our *Sunday dinners*. I do hate to come home tired, at two o'clock, and find the fire out, or nearly so, and all the Potts family as hungry as myself. It is not hard to prepare a Sunday dinner at this season of the year. I will tell you what we had the last time.

Saturday I baked a dish of sweet apples, and some pumpkin pies, and a pan of meat and beans, the latter for father and Granny.

Did I ever tell you how I bake beans? Friday evening I pick over a quart of small white beans, and put them to soak in cold water. The next day, when the stove is not in use, I put them on in cold water, and put a piece of pickled side-meat down in the centre of the pot. When the beans are almost done I take all out into a deep earthen dish or a sheet-iron pan and put in the oven, allowing the piece of pork-rind, side up, to stick above the beans a little ways. I cut it in gashes with a sharp knife and sprinkle pepper over. It will be baked enough in an hour. If they are likely to be too dry, add boiling water.

For people who have once endured the hardships of pioneer life this is the nicest dinner you can place before them.

Poor souls! the memories and the habits of their early days of want and poverty, never leave them. These olden memories seem to give a relish to this wholesome dish that we of later days know nothing about. I always set the beans in the oven on Sunday as soon as I get the fire started.

Then we had a boiled rice pudding, eaten cold with sweetened cream, and some soft boiled eggs, and bread and butter and coffee. Sometimes I cook tomatoes the day before, all ready for the table—they can be warmed in the oven or in a spider in a few minutes. If I don't have baked pork and beans I make instead a *beefsteak pie*. I cover the bottom and sides of a deep pan or brown earthen dish with good pie-paste. Cut the fresh beef, raw and tender, in little pieces, spread them evenly over the bottom, scatter on a few little bits of butter, that you have rolled in flour, and add a sprinkle of pepper, salt and flour, then cut some little strips of dough and lay all over it until it is quite covered. Then put on again small pieces of the beefsteak all over it, then the bits of butter, and so on, as before, until your baking-pan is half full, using your best judgment about the quantity of the material and the seasoning, then spread a layer of the paste, half an inch thick, all over it.

Just before you put it in the oven cut a gash in the centre of the top crust, and pour in some hot water. Let it bake slowly at first. It will require between one and two hours to bake done. Watch and see that it don't bake dry; you can tell by pressing down on the crust, if it does, add boiling water. If it is likely to bake too dark a color lay a piece of thick brown paper over the top, the same as you do when baking bread or cake.

If this Sunday dinner pie is made of cold beefsteak, it will not be so good, but that can be partially remedied by adding more butter, and if the weather is cold and the

dish is to be eaten soon you can pour in a cupful of warm cream when you put it to bake.

Almost any kind of cold meat, fresh pork, veal or fowl, can be made into a very palatable dish by exercising a little housewifely skill. This pie always requires baked apples, or cranberry sauce, or pickles, or something sour with it.

I think it is not generally known that there is such a wonderful curative power in *simple hot teas*, when one is ailing. Pennyroyal, tansy, peppermint, sage, thyme and red pepper teas, are all good in any little derangement that makes one feel chilly or headache-y, or dull and heavy-headed. If your boy has been working in the dust all day, and feels miserable, give him a good drink of weak hot tea, when he goes to bed, and he will be apt to perspire freely and throw off the transient ailment. One trouble is that such teas are generally made too strong—they should be weak, but hot when taken.

A bad cold can be checked by drinking hot teas, and sweating freely, and eating little or nothing, and lying a-near the stove for a day or so.

But it is a bad plan to give a headstrong boy or man this kind of treatment at night, and let him start out the next morning, as though there was nothing the matter with him, out into the cold and the incident exposure. Far better to have done nothing at all with him, than to thus throw open the way and invite another and a severer, and, too often, a fatal attack.

I escaped all last winter with only one cold, and I cured that the first evening by sipping a pint of lemonade, piping hot, and by greasing my breast and throat well and covering up in bed snugly with something warm at my feet.

Don't forget this remedy—it is a very comfortable one. Half the little aches and pains we women, with our delicate organism, have, could be relieved by drinking a cup or two of weak, hot red-pepper tea when we go to bed at night. Don't let us use drugs—hard and bitter and merciless drugs. They may bring temporary relief, but fearful will be the penalty in the end, if persisted in. They will entail other and more perverse maladies, stubborn ones that will not yield to any skill; they will grapple with us until we topple over and fall into untimely graves. For little ailments, then, drink hot teas, and use warm poultices, and draughts of mustard, or of horseradish leaves, and live on a moderate diet—short rations; keep cheerful and hopeful, and laugh merrily, never borrowing trouble; do good to others, eschew bad habits; live at peace with all men, be the sinned-against rather than the sinning, and you'll find this the best kind of a world to live in. This life is brim full of enjoyment, and if we don't find it so, we are to blame ourselves.

Don't fail to improve the finest *October days*—spend them in the woods, if possible, gathering sweet memories to keep all through the dreary winter, that cometh apace. Everything is so beautiful in October; that time

“The loftiest hill—the lowliest flowering shrub—
The fairest fruit of season and of clime;
All wear alike the mood of the superb
Autumnal time.”

Make *family picnics*, and take your dinners with you and stay all day, and then come home another route; put just as much into the day as it will hold—gather leaves and grasses and berries, and be your very happiest and sunniest.

I think we Pottses are highly favored; we have such beautiful places to visit. In the hot summer-time we spend an occasional day among hills and rocks, pines, hemlocks, fountains and cascades, and we explore winding roads that lead either into pleasant valleys or end in wild, cavernous, rocky places, grand unto sublimity. Then, in the autumn days, when the soft, blue haze rests upon the distant hill-tops, in the dreamy October we visit the lakes and sail upon their placid waters, and gather waving, plummy grasses, and we dine upon their breezy banks, and we crowd into those golden days the most beautiful and precious memories. Our walls are hung with such pictures—pictures, beside which chromos fade into insignificance. But, go and gather for yourselves; take all the dear little children with you, too, and let them eat dinner out in the woods, and be made superlatively happy. One's children are never half so handsome as when they are "having a time" in the free, wild woods. They will caper like lambs, and their cheeks will glow, and their hair be tossed by the fingers of the wind, and their blue eyes excel the sapphire in brilliancy. No harm can come to them there. The guardian spirits of the wildwood will attend them.

When we Pottses were all at home, and were children, we wanted to go some place one time to spend a day among the dark, wild rocks; we yearned after such places, and knew of none nearer than six miles. There was a glorious wildwood fountain, and the peaked top of the hill, from whose side the stream gushes—a marvel of magnificence—was in sight of our door, but we knew it not at that time, and not knowing this, we thought only of the Canaan six miles away.

I gathered the little brood into our bed-room one night and laid the ease of our sore need before them, and asked them if they thought they could stand it to walk that far and home again. The eyes were deafening—they clamored vociferously. I said, "The baby is only seven years old, and you know we couldn't go and leave the little fellow at home; it wouldn't be fair."

He straightened and pursed out his lips, and said, "I'm nearly a man; I wear breeches, and have two pockets. See how long my legs are," and the dear baby thrust out his legs; and, really, he didn't look much bigger than a family pepper-box.

He said if we'd let him go he'd be the colt, and run behind the rest, and we pitied him so that we resolved to take him with us, and carry him on our backs when he was tired. Three or four neighbors' children—girls—went with us. Each one carried a part of the dinner that was to be served among the rocks.

We were very tired when we arrived there; but the cool air in those sylvan recesses invigorated us, and we enjoyed the excursion immensely. None of us at that time had ever tasted such pleasure before—it was as though an iron gate had swung open and let all the glory of another and a sunnier clime in upon our poor little blighted, darkened lives.

What did we care if our limbs did ache, and our feet were blistered, and our arms so tired from carrying the burden of basket and pails. It was such rare fun to romp among real rocks, and swing on lithe saplings, and make beds on the moss, and to spread our table under trees that seemed to reach the clouds.

I remember, among other things we had for dinner that day in the woods was a little pail full of peaches and a quart-bottle full of cream, sweetened. We didn't use very good judgment in the selection of what was the easiest to

carry. We said, as we cut our names on the smooth trees, that we'd come again often, and our eldest brother told us, "When any of you pass here in the years to come, climb up the rock to this tree, and see my name and the date."

Poor boy! he died in a year or two, and then the wild place we loved had no charm left for us—its memories were very, very painful, and our hearts were always heavy when we passed there. We never went again to spend a day there.

On our way home that time we took turns carrying the baby; we wished vainly for a friendly team to come along, and I don't know how we would have endured the walk, only that I chanced to think how grandly we could ride home with long sticks for horses. The woods at the roadside was fuller of good horses than an emperor's stable.

Then we chose horses to suit ourselves; I rode an Arabian mare of the finest mettle, and the baby was soon astride of a dear little Shetland pony. How his fiery little pony would squeal, and rear and plunge, and how hard it was to hold! My beautiful Arabian would toss her head and flit her tail and kick every horse that came a-nigh, except the pacing little Shetland. One of the horses was a racker, the envy of all the boys; it would lopo and rack alternately. All our horses were more or less wild, never had been ridden before.

Who said "blistered feet" or "tired limbs?" Whoever it was he was mistaken. After we had gone about three miles, a wagon came in sight. Then we rode slowly. It came up, a big wagon with only a man and a boy in it, and the man was Col. Ayres who used to live close to our schoolhouse; two of his boys married the Butler girls who attended our school and read in the History-of-the-United-States class, and we were in that same class! Why we were almost related to Col. Ayres! the father-in-law of two of our intimate schoolmates! Many and many a time we had leaned on Victoria Butler's shoulder while we were reading!

I was the contractor of that day's job, all authority was vested in me, so I tipped back my bonnet and held up my hand for the team to stop.

"You are Col. Ayres, I believe," said I; "we are, nearly all of us, Deacon Potts's children—Deacon Potts, of Pottsville—we've been off having a day of it, and we are so very tired, I do wish you'd please to let us ride. We will be so grateful to you."

"Deacon Potts's young uns! why, bless my heart! yes, jump in! jump in! R'aly, I wish we had seats in our wagon, you'll get yer dresses dirty, I'm 'feared! Deacon Potts's children! r'aly, I 'spected you were a gang of young gypsies who had wandered off from the camp, he, he! I thought when you signed us to stop you wanted to tell my fortin';" and the kind old man chuckled over the very reasonable mistake he had made.

Elder Nutt's been here to-day. We talked about the weather and the crops, and the state of religion, and we became so interested that we forgot ourselves and never knew how time was passing, until Ida called us to supper. She had made pancakes, and had opened a can of maple molasses, and had everything very nice. The elder duly appreciated the pancakes, and I thought he lathered them extravagantly with the choice maple syrup. I did think he was better bred though than to toss the skins over his shoulder as he took them off his boiled potatoes.

I growled a little about it after he'd gone away, but father said that went to prove that he felt very much at home, and that educated men generally had peculiarities,

but he was a servant of the Most High, a watchman upon the walls of Zion, and we must show him reverence.

I think it is a little strange that he never mentions the name of his wife or how she died, whether she died happy or not, or anything about her. I have heard indirectly that she has been dead over two years, and that the members of Goose Creek Church are anxious to have him select a helpmate and settle down in their midst permanently. If, in the providence of things, he ever should make love to me, I hope he will sit or stand with the best side out, as the old woman said of her wood-box, over one side of which she had pasted wall-paper. I couldn't smile very propitiously upon his suit if he turned his ragged eye full upon me—that great, ugly, red, unwinking Cyclops of an eye!

When he started away, tilting along in his jaunty little surkey, he looked very pretty. His hat was low down on his forehead and the brim turned up behind, and his neck was bare and broad and as fat and wrinkled as a baby's neck. I loaned him a book of poetry, "Parnell's Poems." He said he would return it soon, but I told him it was immaterial if he never returned it. When he shook hands at parting, his expressive eye looked into my face, and he said in a low voice: "I want to talk over old times with you, Miss Potts, the next interview we have together."

I have thought of those words more than fifty times. Talk over "old times!" what can that mean? He has not lived in the bounds of this Association more than a year, if he has that long. It couldn't be possible that the magnetism of my sparse attractions has drawn his affections toward me—could it? I say this to myself in the privacy of my own quiet meditations. Time will tell; for, as the poet says:

"Time, time at last sets all things even;
The mills of earth do the grinding for Heaven."

Citron, such as we buy to put in *cake* and *mince-pies*, can be manufactured at home quite as good as though it came to us through other hands and was paid for with cash. Cook the citron thoroughly in a thick syrup of white sugar, then spread the pieces on a plate and sprinkle them with sugar and dry in an oven. Scatter sugar over as long as the citron will absorb it. If prepared thus, carefully, one can make her own citron as good as you will buy. It is not much trouble, because one needs only a small quantity.

One of my neighbors told me how she managed her *quince*s last year. She had not many, but they were very

fine ones. When she canned and preserved them, she added to the quincees half their quantity in *crisp, sweet apples*. It made both better than either would have been alone. When I prepared mine to preserve and make jelly of, I saved all the cores and peelings of a half-bushel of the fruit and stewed them in just water enough to cover them. Then I added that water to the expressed juice of the prepared quince, and it made excellent jelly. In preserving them, use three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit.

To keep *squashes*: Leave them in a wood-house loft or some cool, airy place until they are endangered by frost; then remove them to the darkest corner of the cellar, where they can be hung up by the stems or laid on a hanging shelf so as not to touch each other. A good Baptist sister sent me a half-dozen the first of last February that had laid in an old open chamber, above her kitchen fire, except two or three of them and they had been buried in the ground as we sometimes bury potatoes.

I always have bad luck in trying to keep mine all winter; specks of decay will come in them. It is a good plan to cook squash and dry it on plates; it is handy for pies then in the winter.

I saw a device the other day for *blackening stoves* that pleased me, it was the invention, too, of a tidy little country girl; well—it was my namesake, Pipsey Ellen. There are so many places in the intricate flower-patterns on stoves that cannot be reached by a brush, and to remedy this the child had tied a round bit of sponge on the end of a pine stick, and by dipping it in the liquid polish she could touch every place on the stove. Pipsey Ellen is smart for one of her age. I mean that she shall never be ashamed of her name.

If it should be providential that she should marry well, say a Baptist preacher, I mean to give her a good setting out. I mean to give her as fine a feather bed, bolster and pillows and all, out and out, as can be found in the bounds of this Association, and as good a cow as ever chewed a cud or suckled a calf.

I think it is a credit to any woman of my age and position and standing in the church to have such a namesake. I don't know how she learned to iron ribbons and velvet ribbons, but her way is vastly ahead of that ruinous way of dabbing a hot iron on it, taking out the color and giving it the appearance of a tinkered ribbon. She lays a hot flat-iron on its side and draws the wrong side of the ribbon briskly across it. Yes. Pipsey Ellen's smart.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

BEFORE MARY TUDOR WAS QUEEN.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

HAS it ever struck you what a different figure Mary Tudor would make in English history, if one could only separate the last three years of her life and reign from all which goes before?

Because I have asked you this question at the beginning, I do not intend to put in a special plea for her case as Froude has so eloquently done for her hard, cruel, old father.

Mary Tudor stands branded in history with the most awful name which has ever cursed the memory of a woman.

I think she fairly earned it. The martyr-fires, which shed their lurid light across the waning of the sixth decade of the sixteenth century, are eternal witnesses against her.

The men and women—more than three hundred of them—whom she sent to the dreadful death of the stake for no fault but holding a different creed from her own, seem to rise out of their graves like accusing spectres whenever Mary Tudor stands at the bar of history.

Three generations have pronounced their verdict against her. It will never be altered.

Yet each man and woman who stands at that solemn bar has a right to every consideration which temper-

ment, the character of the times, the influences of circumstances may offer in his or her behalf. These have all helped to make the men and women of history what they were, just as they are helping to make us what we are to-day.

This "Bloody Mary," the elder of the Tudor queens, the first woman who reigned sole sovereign in English history, has something to be said for her also, something which, in all honesty and justice, cannot be left unsaid in summing up the character and career of the woman who stands with her branded memory before the generations.

Precisely, too, because she was a woman, and therefore her life and work must be of some consequence to all other women, is it a kind of duty to look at the circumstances of her birth and the surroundings of her youth, and we shall see what powerful agencies both of these must have been in moulding Mary Tudor to the character which she afterward developed to the world.

In the first place she started with all that bad blood of the two royal houses from which she sprung. There was her hard, cruel, treacherous old grandfather, Ferdinand of Spain on one hand. On the other was the stern, jealous, avaricious old Tudor, who founded the greatness of his house, and waded to his throne in the blood of Bosworth Field. He was the son of that fierce old Welshman, living among the wild northern mountains, who probably could not write his own name when he came to form one of the body-guard of the pretty, silly young queen-mother, and captivated with his handsome person the weak fancy of the Frenchwoman.

Two royal houses joined themselves in the cradle at Greenwich palace, where Mary Tudor first opened her eyes to English sunshine, and yet it was dreadful stock to spring from.

It was bad for Mary, too, in many respects, that her own mother had so largely the charge of her early education. Catherine of Castile and Arragon was not an Englishwoman in character, taste or temperament. Her great sorrows and her bitter wrongs have placed her a tender, saintly figure in history; and the immortal genius of Shakespeare has touched the dead queen's forehead with a ray of its eternal splendor.

But Catherine was, in her whole organization, a Spanish woman, and it was on an English stage that Mary Tudor was to act her great part in life. On an English throne she was to sit, with an English crown on a brow under which beat, to its last throb, a Spanish heart.

Catherine had the virtues of all the women of her race; she was loyal, true, tender, in her proud, prejudiced, narrow fashion.

She possessed the native gloom, the superstition, the unbending haughtiness of her Spanish race. The children of Ferdinand and Isabella do not seem to have inherited the best qualities of their mother.

Catherine was as true a wife as ever woman could be to the hard, cruel tyrant whom she had been forced, for state reasons, into wedding, in his reluctant boyhood.

This wifely loyalty was a part of her religion, yet it seems to me that the princess, come from that long line of Spanish kings, must have regarded her marriage with the son of the first Tudor sovereign as a kind of *mesalliance*. In the stately halls and sunny gardens of the Alhambra, where she had sported away the happy hours of her childhood, this giving the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella to a son of the new royal line of the Tudors must have been always thought a sacrifice of Spanish

pride to Spanish interests. Catherine, one may be certain, would share this sentiment of her court and house, for, though she was only a little past her fourteenth birthday when she came from her sunny Granada to the cold, gray skies of England, her character seems to have been formed, and she never for a moment forgot her race or her beloved Spain.

So, Mary Tudor, the only one of the Spanish queen's children who lived beyond infancy, grew up in her English home in an atmosphere saturated with foreign traditions, superstitions and haughtiness.

She learned to lip the stately Spanish; she must have listened with eager childish curiosity to the stories her mother was forever telling her of the glory of her maternal fathers, and of the home in the Alhambra, marvellous and beautiful as Paradise, and of the soft blue skies of Granada, from which Catherine of Arragon had come to wear the English crown and sit down on the English throne, and from which, at last, she was to be so cruelly driven.

A foreign education of this sort could not, under the happiest circumstances, have been the best for an Englishwoman, for an English queen, especially.

Unhappily, Mary had inherited the qualities of her mother's race. She had the narrowness, the superstition, the gloom, the fierce cruelty which could blaze out with such remorseless barbarity.

She proved herself capable of intense, passionate devotion, but this quality of her character had a precisely opposite one of steady, remorseless cruelty and vengeance. Perhaps she herself and those around her were never conscious of this until she sat down on the English throne to act her bad part there.

Mary seems to have inherited little of the Tudor qualities except the splendid courage of the race. This was again and again put to the severest tests during her life, and it never failed her. She had the inveterate obstinacy of her father's race, too, but this was quite as likely to come from her mother's side.

With her temperament, it would have been almost impossible for Mary to have the faintest comprehension or sympathy with that new spirit of inquiry and freedom which was stirring the age when she first came upon it.

Much as her cousin and husband, Philip II, disliked her person and society when she was his wife, she was wonderfully like him in character and tastes. Her dark superstitions, her veneration for authority, ancient usage and for all the old habits, ceremonies and traditions of the past, were as like the crowned tyrant's, whom she had wedded, as possible.

All the teachings of Catherine must have tended to develop and strengthen what was most unfortunate in Mary's character, and prepare her for the time when she should sit down, with her Spanish heart, on the English throne.

When the great tempest broke into the life of Catherine of Arragon, Mary Tudor was a young woman. The daughter was devoted to the mother with all the passion of her narrow, ardent nature.

What must have been her anguish to see that idolized mother despoiled of her crown, driven from her throne and her husband's side, and her title and place usurped by the heretic maid of honor, by the daughter of those Boleyns, who, within a century, had been mercenaries and traders in old London! With what swelling anguish must Mary have thought that her mother, the daughter of that long line of kings, was supplanted in state and

name by that false, fascinating maid of honor, so far below her in rank!

Dreadful were the humiliations and wrongs which both mother and daughter were called to endure, and they, no doubt, inflamed and hardened Mary's soul for the day of vengeance, which was so long and late in coming.

The gentlest, sweetest nature would have been soured and darkened by such cruel sufferings as clouded the early womanhood of Mary Tudor; and one can hardly exaggerate their effect on that morbid, narrow, superstitious nature, with its underlying ferocity, which circumstances were yet to bring to light.

Yet, I suppose the fond, doting mother, who lies carved in saintly sweetness in English history, had no conception of the cruel passions which were smouldering in the nature of her daughter, and which were to sear her name with that dreadful epithet by which every child first comes to know her.

To her mother, no doubt, Mary Tudor was the most devoted of daughters, the most cruelly outraged and wronged of princesses.

She saw her child—that Spanish mother, who believed that she, the daughter of the great Ferdinand and Isabella, had brought with her hand such glory to the English crown, such honor to the newly-raised Tudor race—suddenly degraded from her rank and place; the heiress of the English throne, over whose childhood and blossoming youth had shone the splendor of two crowns, despoiled of her birthright, denied her succession to the English crown, her name of princess a forbidden word, and all the long retinue and ceremony with which she had kept her state as the king's daughter and heir, suddenly taken away from her. It must have seemed that never queen and princess had such wrongs and griefs as these which fell to the lot of the wife and daughter of the English king.

Perhaps the bitterest trial of all that long, bitter time was that autumn of fifteen hundred and thirty-three, when Mary Tudor was summoned to Greenwich Palace to rejoice in the birth of the new heiress of the crown, named after the king's mother, Elizabeth, as Mary had been named after his favorite and younger sister—the one, you remember, who went away to the French court to marry the king; and who, amid her train of blooming English girls, counted one, fair and bright, a mere child, the daughter of a knight, her name—Anne Boleyn!

And it was the daughter of this Anne Boleyn, "the king's mistress," to whose birth Mary was summoned in the pleasant English September days. That was a refinement of cruelty on Henry's part. But the Tudor grain was coarse and pitiless. It mowed down, like swathes of summer grass, everything that stood in its way; it trampled on the tenderest feelings; it hesitated at no sacrifice of others to its own pride or passions.

It must have been bitter as death for Mary Tudor. Just think of it for a moment. She had left the mother, from whom she had been separated at this time by the orders of Henry, a sick, forsaken, grief-bowed woman, disowned and dishonored, in the lonely country-house, which Henry had assigned for the residence of the wife he had repudiated.

The splendid pageants and ceremonies of the journey through the city, when Anne Boleyn first showed herself to the people of London as their queen; the grand ceremonies of the coronation at Westminster Abbey, in the beautiful English May weather, were all passed now. The bitterness of that time for Catherine and Mary could,

at least, never be lived over again; and now Mary was called to be present at the birth of one, the very sight of whom must have been utterly hateful in her eyes—for that baby-girl of Anne Boleyn's was to take her own place in the English succession, to claim the titles and wear the crown to which Mary Tudor had been born!

The first name she had heard over her cradle had been that of princess; all her life she had been saluted by that title, and worn its state in her father's court. Think of the galling bitterness of her humiliation; think of the feelings which must have swelled in her soul when Mary Tudor heard the first baby-cry of that new life which robbed her own of its birthright, of all which made its pride and power!

In the bitterness of that cup there must have been only a single drop of sweetness.

Just before Mary had been summoned by the king's orders to Greenwich Palace, where Elizabeth was born, as Mary had been, more than seventeen years before, Catherine had written to the daughter whose presence was denied her. It was the letter of one who could never forget that she was the daughter of kings, full of courage, hope, secret exultation, too; for Catherine's long, terrible fear was quieted at last, the spectre that haunted the wife and mother's days and nights, lest the pope should yield to the mighty pressure brought to bear upon him, and disannul the boy-marriage of Henry Tudor with the girl-widow of his dead brother.

Catherine was a true Catholic. To the will of the pope she must bow as to the will of God, even though the fiat of the Vatican should divorce her from her husband, and disinherit her child.

But Catherine had learned from some private source—quite probably through her nephew, Charles V. of Spain, who keenly sympathized with the wrongs of his kinswoman—that the pope had, during the summer, decided against the marriage of Tudor and Boleyn, and commanded the English sovereign to forsake his mistress.

"I do make sure you shall see a very good end, and better than you can desire. I would God, good daughter! that you did know with how good a heart I write this letter unto you," wrote Catherine, just before Mary was to set out on that cruel errand, by her father's orders, to Greenwich Palace.

Catherine dared not reveal to her daughter the cause of her joy, nor the source from whence she had received it; but we cannot help feeling a flash of sympathy for the poor, disowned and forsaken wife and mother and queen, who so firmly believed "God did love her daughter," though that daughter was yet to be the curse and the blighting misery of England; while that baby-girl, whose birth she went so bitterly to celebrate, was to be alike the honor and glory of the realm, through the long century, the first third of which had just passed away as Elizabeth Tudor opened her eyes to the light in that old Greenwich Palace.

Nothing could have been more agonising than Mary's position at this crisis. Whatever Anne Boleyn might be in the eyes of all England, however she might be regarded at the different courts of Europe, where the power and influence of Henry was paramount to Catherine and Mary, she must always be the fair, false maid of honor—the mistress of the king.

And to see the woman who had supplanted her own passionately loved mother, surrounded with all the pomp and state and ceremonial which belonged to the banished queen, to see the honors, the splendor, the homage which

belonged to that proud, suffering, broken-hearted woman, offered to one who had robbed the true queen of husband and throne and crown—to hear that woman's daughter greeted with Mary Tudor's own title of princess, and proclaimed heiress of the throne to which she herself had been born—to think of her there at Greenwich amid all the splendid festivities which greeted the birth of the King's daughter, with Mary Tudor's heart gone well-nigh to breaking in its grief and desolation—and to remember she had only her seventeen birthdays, and all the swift chafing pride of her youth to bear her through this crisis of agony and humiliation! One cannot help pitying that young girl—forgetting for a moment, just a moment, you know, the fires of Smithfield, the lurid glare of those three years that lay waiting beyond the middle of the century; and forgetting, too, that this lonely girl, robbed of state and title, was to stand in history as “Bloody Mary!”

Just one moment and no more.

But it was over at last; and however endless the trial seemed to Mary, her stay at Greenwich does not seem to have been a long one, for she left the palace and all its tumult of gayety and rejoicings over the new birth, before the month was gone.

She must have found some consolation and triumph in her departure, for the old London streets were full of a crowd which surged around her carriage; and as they looked upon the young girl sitting there, a great cry burst from the people: “She is princess for all that!”

Everything in Mary's position and circumstances must have appealed to the sympathies and loyalty of the English people; and the time was coming when they would make good that cry which rang through the streets on the day when she rode away from Greenwich Palace after the long, fiery trial was over. They would bear her yet, that eldest daughter of the Tudors, to the palace and set her there triumphantly on the throne of her fathers; and then she would take her long, late vengeance. The hoarded bitterness of years should come up then for account, and woe to those who had at last to settle with Mary Tudor.

But it is doubtful whether in those young days she could have looked forward to the future with any anticipations of vengeance.

She was always delicate, this one daughter of all the children of that ill-starred Spanish and English union who had survived infancy.

The trials of her youth must have told heavily on her sensitive organization, for about this time she was frequently and seriously ill, and, no doubt, her griefs aggravated some natural morbidness and gloom of her constitution.

Other days of sore trials lay in wait for her, beyond that day when she left Greenwich and rode through old London streets amid the weeping, shouting people, who, despite her hard old father's will, would have her for their princess.

A little later it became a crime colored with treason to call Mary Tudor this; the house at Beaulieu where she had held her state as heiress of the crown was dissolved; the one hundred and sixty attendants who formed her household were dispersed; and, cruellest of all, Mary Tudor was ordered to Thursdon, the old country seat of the Boleyns, where the baby Elizabeth had been sent to reside with royal pomp.

Under the roof of Anne Boleyn's daughter Mary was now compelled to take her abode. Gratuitous humiliations

and injuries were heaped upon her. She saw her place usurped and her honors worn by the child whom, as we saw, she could only regard as the daughter of her father's mistress, the place and honors which had been hers from her cradle.

She thought of the maid of honor in her pride and beauty and power at court, she thought of her mother, sick and forsaken, in her lonely exile at Bugden or Ampt-hill. It was a hard time for Mary Tudor.

It seems to us now that it would have been wiser and better for Catherine to return to the Spain of her childhood, to the sunny Alhambra, where she had sported away the morning hours of her life; but this, with the unbending determination of her race and character, she refused to do. Who, after all, can blame her?

She must have reasoned that husband and child and crown were in England. Her place, in her own eyes, was there, and she would not leave it until death came and released her.

In a little while, too, he came; and the great, silent peacemaker had tenderly relieved from all her troubles the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Poor Anne Boleyn went her proud, triumphant way; her way of pomp and state, of crown and throne, a little while, and then the end came, swift and terrible as the cruel will of the tyrant who raised her to his throne and hurled her to the scaffold.

It is altogether probable that Henry Tudor believed, or, at least, persuaded himself that he believed Anne Boleyn guilty of the crimes of which he accused her. Suspicion and jealousy were in the Tudor grain. Henry VII. always regarded with a kind of brooding dislike the Elizabeth of York to whom he owed the security of his crown and throne. Their son probably inherited his father's dark jealousy and the worst qualities of the Tudors; the hardness and tyrannous will always grew with their years.

Anne Boleyn made the fatal mistake of believing that her power over Henry was absolute.

It was her great misfortune, too, that her manners and sentiments had been formed at the splendid, corrupt court of France. Her habits had been formed on a pattern altogether different from that dignified reticence which was the model of an English matron.

The height to which she had been suddenly elevated would have tried the steadiest brain. Her own seems to have grown quite dizzy at that altitude. She was gay, vain and imprudent, after the manner of the ladies at the court of Francis I., and she forgot to watch the temper of the harsh, moody tyrant on whom her fate depended. He who had not hesitated to defy for her sake the anger of the proudest and strongest royal house in Europe, the anathemas of the pope, who had put away from his throne the wife of twenty years, and the daughter of kings, would not hesitate, when his wrath and vengeance blazed out, to sweep the daughter of an English knight from the throne to which his sole will had raised her, or to send her to prison or the block.

Two years and a half had passed since Mary Tudor went to Greenwich and to her trials there, in the pleasant September days.

It was May now, and the air was full of the sweetness of blossoming hawthorn, and the green, English fields were glad with the golden laughter of the daisies.

The songs and feasting and dances in the soft twilights around the May-poles, with which that old England greeted the new spring over the land was past now, and

the beautiful wreaths hung limp and fading upon the May-poles.

The sweet spring air is full of a dark tragedy, and the men and women in the old English capital move about, holding their breaths with terror; for she, the young, fair wife and mother, who wore the crown of England when the May came in with its sunshine and song of larks, and blossoming of hedges, lies now a prisoner, doomed to death, in the dark old Tower by the Thames.

It is the day before her execution. Inside those gloomy walls a scene is going on, such as the sun, which shines on the pleasant English pastures outside, has never witnessed before.

I do not know that painter has ever portrayed or poet told the story, but what a subject it offers for a historic picture or drama.

The people of London could not see inside the Tower-walls, and only dimly imagined what was going on there, in the heart and soul of the woman who so lately had been their queen.

Anne Boleyn, we must remember, always solemnly denied her guilt of the crime for which she was beheaded; and no historian, not even the greatest of modern times, has made a satisfactory case against her.

But, in the hour of her bitter abasement and agony the conscience of the beautiful woman awoke, and she remembered the little girl at Thursdon, and the older girl there, the daughter of the dead queen, whose rival she herself had so lately been.

She remembered, too, all that Mary Tudor had suffered, and Anne Boleyn's conscience flashed a new light upon scene after scene, where she had flaunted her insolent, pitiless triumph before Mary Tudor!

For the sake of her own daughter, she had doomed the child of Catherine of Arragon to cruel humiliations and griefs. She remembered them all now, when the shadow of the scaffold was closing round her.

In a sudden swell of anguish and remorse, she sum-

moned Lady Kingston into the presence-chamber—for they allowed the woman who had worn the crown of England to keep her state until she went down to the scaffold on the Green.

Lady Kingston was Mary Tudor's friend, as she had been the dead queen's; and Anne Boleyn knew this; therefore, her confession and reparation would be the deeper.

When the two women were alone, the poor, doomed queen pointed to the chair of state, and bade her lady-in-waiting sit in it.

Lady Kingston refused. Even in that hour the etiquette of courts could not be disregarded. "She could not sit in the presence of the Queen of England!" she said.

But Anne Boleyn commanded and entreated, and, at last, Lady Kingston, with much protestation, yielded, and sat down under the sacred canopy. Then the queen fell suddenly at the feet of the startled woman, and there, holding up her hands, with streaming eyes, solemnly charged her, "as in the presence of God and His angels," that when all the bloody work of the next day was over, Lady Kingston should go over to Thursdon, and kneeling at Mary Tudor's feet, in like manner confess the wrong which Anne Boleyn had done her, and ask her forgiveness, as the doomed queen was doing now, otherwise her "conscience would not be at peace."

And the May sunshine looked through the narrow windows of the old Tower, and saw where Anne Boleyn knelt at the feet of Lady Kingston and made her confession the day before her death. The lady-in-waiting made her promise. She went down to Thursdon and fulfilled it afterward.

It was long before Mary Tudor was queen. Catherine of Arragon was at rest, with her broken heart, in her English grave; but at that moment, when Lady Kingston knelt at Thursdon, in Anne Boleyn's stead, Mary Tudor must have felt, it seems to me, that she and her mother were at last avenged!

RELIGIOUS READING.

THE USE OF PRAYER.

WHAT is the use of prayer? What special good is to be accomplished by it? Will the loving and all-merciful One feel anywise differently toward His children on account of their prayers addressed to him? Can the feeble petitions of frail, ignorant and sinful mortals change the disposition or conduct of the all-wise and loving Father?

Certainly not. No prayer that we can offer can alter the Heavenly Father's purpose, or make Him more desirous than He always is to bless His children. It cannot add anything to His goodness or love. It cannot increase His knowledge of our wants. It cannot make Him more tender, compassionate, or forgiving, nor change in the least His purpose toward us. Of what use, then, is prayer, or what is accomplished by it?

This—it works no absolute change in God, but a change in us. It opens the avenues of the soul to the inflowing of life from Him, awakening or renewing within us an assurance of His divine mercy and forgiveness, and thus making Him appear to us more merciful and forgiving than He was before. The change in our own consciousness makes it seem as if a change had been actually

wrought in God Himself. When the earth's atmosphere is laden with smoke, the sun appears dim or fiery-red; but when the smoke is dissipated and the atmosphere purified, he appears in all his native brightness. A change seems to have taken place in the sun; but this appearance is caused by the change in our own atmosphere. In respect to the earth, it is as if the sun itself had changed. And so all the apparent changes in the Divine Being are caused by the real changes in our own states of mind and heart.

The graces of Heaven are all bestowed on certain conditions, without which they cannot be received. And one of these conditions is that we recognize them as belonging to and coming exclusively from the Lord, and humbly and earnestly asking for them. They can be given only to those who sincerely desire them; for no others are able to receive them. Therefore the Lord says, "Ask, and it shall be given you."

And the reason is plain; for it is in the nature of true prayer to operate on the interiors of the suppliant. It is in its nature to open those inner avenues of the soul through which flow the light and warmth of the upper spheres. *The Lord is ever ready to give; all we need to*

do, is to put ourselves in an attitude to receive. We must, therefore, desire the Heavenly life—must long for it, strive for it, pray for it.

Pray earnestly, then, for power to overcome your evil inclination, and new strength will be given you day by day. When your path seems dark and dreary, pray that the Lord will shine upon it, and the light of His countenance will guide you. When a wilderness of difficulty is before you, and you know not which way to turn, look to the Lord Jesus Christ in humble prayer, and He will be to you a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. When you go to your daily duties, pray that His spirit may go with you and shield you from the tempter's snare, and keep you diligent, kind and just; and the grace you need will certainly be bestowed. If, in your family, your business or your social relations, you have peculiar trials, pray that God will give you grace to bear them with meekness and patience, and your prayer will be assuredly answered. Pray for a blessing on your enemy—if you have one; and the very petition, if sincere and earnest, will soften your heart toward that enemy, and so bring down a blessing on yourself. Pray for the prosperity of a righteous cause, and your prayer will be answered in this, if in no other way; it will open your soul to a fresh influx of God's grace, and bind you more strongly to that cause. Pray for the poor, the sick, the tempted, the sorrowful, and you will grow more into sympathy with them, and your heart will be imbued with a sweeter, broader and nobler charity. Pray for the down-trodden and enslaved, and your prayers, oft repeated, will open within you the avenues through which the Lord will pour His graces upon you more abundantly, making you more tender and pitying like Himself—making you feel more sensibly the wrongs of others to be your own, and nerving you with fresh courage and resolution to do your part toward breaking your bonds asunder.—H. B. BROWNING.

MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

ANGELS are our constant attendants and intimate associates; they enter into and foster all our good affections, and labor to repress or to moderate our evil propensities. There is not a holy feeling or an upright thought in human minds, which they do not inspire; in short, the channels through which the Divine mercy and grace are conveyed to mankind, who, in their fallen state, could not, without their means, be kept in connection with the fountain of infinite purity and inaccessible delight. Indeed, the life of man is supported by spiritual association, for he could neither think nor will without the agency of congenial spirits. Man is, therefore, not only attended by angels from Heaven, but also by spirits from hell; and, as those from above give the power of thinking and willing what is true and good, so those from beneath give the power of thinking and willing what is evil and false. As man of himself is mere evil, in his unregenerate state he draws into connection with himself such spirits only as are of a similar nature; and were these allowed to obtain entire possession of the human faculties, their unhappy subject must inevitably perish. It is only, therefore, to the providence of the Lord that we are indebted for that angelic protection and influence which we enjoy, which raises us, as it were, out of hell into the midst between the kingdom of light and the kingdom of darkness, and preserves us in the perfect liberty of turning to the one or to the other. The vision which was made to pass before the mental eyes of Jacob,

when reposing on his stony pillow, is at once a clear proof and beautiful representation of angelic ministration. A ladder is presented that reaches from earth to Heaven, by which the word is to be understood; and while God is above and man below it, the intermediate steps are occupied by angels, not in a state of rest, but of activity, ascending and descending, raising the thoughts and affections of man to God, and bringing down the gifts of God to man.—BRUCE.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

"In the beginning was The Word (Logos); and The Word was with God; and The Word was God. * * * In Him was life; and the life was the light of man. And the light shineth in the darkness; and the darkness comprehendeth it not. * * * This is the true light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

TIS written in the Book of Books—

A book whose Heavenly doctrines shine

In human nature's hidden nooks—

The Logos is the truth divine;

It brighteneth the darkest spot,

Yet darkness comprehends it not.

Men know not that the simple truth,

Which lights each purpose night and day

In thoughtful age and thoughtless youth,

In plainness shows their upward way.

This is the light The Logos gives,

That lighteth every man that lives.

The darkest soul in heathen lands,

That feels the sense of wrong or right

In e'en the smallest things, commands

The guiding truth, the Heavenly light;

And following, as it shows the way,

His upward path is clear as day.

The truth which shows our earthly needs,

And how they best may be supplied,

Which lights our good and evil deeds,

Flows whence it never is denied;

It shines forever on our way—

Its source the Everlasting Day.

God's gifts are still refused to none,

On all mankind alike they fall;

Free as the air, the rain, the sun,

His truth and goodness are to all;

And, as we use them here below,

We win eternal bliss or woe.

THE WORK AND DUTY OF TO-DAY.

WE must labor daily and diligently in the present uses to which the Lord calls us. If a man sincerely desires to be led by Him, he will know unmistakably where he is wanted. There is nothing that so destroys the manhood of a man as unrest of soul—grasping after untried conditions and labors before we have become sufficiently purified by the fires of preparation to be master workmen in His hands. Character is formed by slow accumulations—by the trials, sorrows and disappointments of life; by combats with the demons of the under-world; by disease; by false friendships and unrealized hope. In a word, life's discipline goes hand-in-hand with the daily work appointed for us to do; and as we are faithful and heroic, these crushing burdens weigh less heavily upon us: We live in the sunlight of Heaven, and enjoy the smile of Him who is the All-in-all to us.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

TOO BUSY.

"MOTHER! mother!" cried my little Willy, coming in upon me, as I sat busily at work, "I've lost my arrow in the grass and can't find it."

He was just ready to burst into tears from grief at his mishap.

"I'm sorry, dear," I said, calmly, as I went on with my work.

"Won't you go and find it for me, mother?" he asked, with a quivering lip, as he laid hold of my arm.

"I'm too busy, dear," I replied, gently shaking him off. "Go and tell Jane to find it for you."

"Jane can't find it," said the little fellow, in a choking voice.

"Tell her to go and look again."

"She has looked all over, and can't find it. Won't you come, mother, and find it for me?"

The tears were now rolling over his face. But I was too busy to attend to Willy. I was embroidering the edge of a little linen sack that I was making for him, and that, for the moment, seemed of more importance than the happiness of my child.

"No—no," I replied. "I'm too busy to go down-stairs. You must take better care of your arrows. Go and ask Ellen to find it for you."

"Ellen says she won't look for it." Willy was now crying outright.

"There! there! don't be so foolish as to cry at the loss of such a little thing as an arrow," said I, in a reproving voice. "I'm ashamed of you!"

"Won't you go and find it for me, mother?" he urged, still crying.

"No indeed, Willy. I'm too busy now. Go and look for it again yourself."

"But I can't find it. I have looked."

"Then go and look again," said I, firmly.

Willy went crying down-stairs, and I heard him crying about the yard for some ten minutes, until my patience began to give out.

"Such a to-do about an arrow! I wish I'd never bought him the bow-arrow!" said I, moving uneasily in my chair.

"Ellen, won't you make me another arrow? Here is a stick," I heard him ask of the cook, in a pleading voice.

But Ellen replied rudely: "No indeed, I shall not! I've got something else to do besides making arrows."

The child's crying was renewed. I felt vexed at Ellen. "She might have made him the arrow," I said. "If I wasn't so busy I would go down and make him one myself. But I must get this sack done."

And I sewed away more rapidly than before. The crying went on. Willy had lost his arrow, and his heart was almost broken. Unfortunately, I was not in a mood to sympathize with him. An arrow, to me, was a very little thing, and it worried me to hear him crying as if his heart would break over a loss so trifling as that of an arrow.

"Willy?" I at length said, calling out of the window, "you must stop that crying."

"I can't find my arrow, and nobody will make me another," replied the little fellow.

"That's nothing to make such disturbance about!" I said. "Go and find something else to play with."

"I want my arrow. Won't you come and find it for me, mother?"

"No, not now. I'm too busy."

The crying went on again as loudly as before, and I soon lost all my patience. Laying aside my work, I went to the head of the stairway and called down: "Come, now, sir! There's been enough of this crying, and you must stop it."

"I can't find my arrow," returned Willy.

"Well, suppose you can't; will crying bring it? You should take better care of your things. Little boys must look the way they shoot."

"I did look, but I can't find it."

"Go and look again, then."

"I have looked, and it ain't there."

And then the crying went on again. To Willy the loss of his arrow was a real grief, and he was too young to have fortitude to bear his trouble patiently. But I was not in a state of mind to feel with him.

"Stop that crying instantly!" said I, as the worrying sound came again upon my ears. "I won't have such a noise in the house!"

But my words had no effect; they did not produce the arrow. Willy cried on.

Unable longer to endure the sound, and also thinking it wrong to let him indulge the habit of crying, I laid my work aside, and going down-stairs, took hold of him resolutely, saying as I did so: "Now, stop this instantly!"

The child looked up at me with a most distressed countenance, while the tears covered his face.

"I can't find my arrow," said he, with quivering lip.

"I'm sorry—but crying won't find it. Come up-stairs with me."

Willy ascended to my room.

"Now don't let me hear one word more of this. The next time you get an arrow take better care of it."

There was no sympathy in my tones; for I felt none. I did not think of his loss, but of the evil and annoyance of crying. The little fellow stifled his grief, or rather the utterance of it, as best he could, and throwing himself at full length upon the floor, sighed and sobbed for some ten minutes. A sigh, longer and more fluttering than usual, aroused my attention, and I then became aware that he had fallen asleep.

How instantly do our feelings change toward a child when we find that it is asleep. If we have been angry or offended, we are so no longer. Tenderness comes in the place of sterner emotions. I laid aside my work, and taking Willy in my arms, lifted him from the floor, and laid him upon my bed. Another long, fluttering sigh, agitated his bosom as his head touched the pillow. How reprovingly came the sound upon my ears! How sadly did it echo and re-echo in my heart!

"Poor child!" I murmured. "To him the loss of an arrow was a great thing. It has disturbed him to the very centre of his little being. I wish, now, that I had put by my work for a few minutes until I could have found his arrow, or made him a new one. I would have lost no more time in doing so than I have already lost. And, after all, what is a little time taken from my work

to the happiness of my child? Ah me! I wish I could learn to think right at the right time. Dear little fellow! He was so happy with his bow and arrow. But all was destroyed by the untimely loss, which I could have restored in a few moments. Unfeeling—unnatural mother! Is this the way you show your love for your child?"

I stood for nearly five minutes over my sleeping boy. When I turned away, I did not resume my sewing, for I had no heart to work upon the little garment. I went down into the yard, and the first object that met my eye was the lost arrow, partly concealed behind a rose-bush, where it had fallen.

"So easily found!" said I. "How much would a minute given at the right time have saved! Ah me! We learn too late, and repent when repentance is of little avail."

It was an hour before the deep sleep into which my

Willy had fallen, was broken. I had, in the meantime, resumed my sewing, after having lost fully half an hour in consequence of being unwilling to lose a few minutes for the sake of attending to my child, and relieving him of the trouble that had come upon him. The first notice I received of his being awake was his gratified exclamation at finding his lost arrow beside him. All his past grief was forgotten. In a few minutes he was down in the yard shooting his arrow again, and as happy as before. No trace of his recent grief remained.

But I could not forget it. With me the circumstance was not as the morning cloud and the early dew. The sunshine that came afterward did not dissipate instantly the one, nor drink up the other. I was sober for many hours afterward; for the consciousness of having done wrong, as well as of having been the occasion of grief to my child, lay with a heavy pressure upon my feelings.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

WHAT THE SUNBEAM SAW.

BY MRS. MARY LATHAM CLARK.

"STAY, dear sunbeam," murmured a bright wood-lily, as the sunshine danced in, one summer day, among the white pine tree branches. "Stay a while and rest upon this bright carpet of moss, and tell me a story. It is so quiet here to-day, in the forest, that I am almost asleep. I wish I could get out into the world and see some of the fine sights there. What a gay time you must have of it, dancing about wherever you please from morning till night!"

"Nay," said the sunbeam, "I cannot stop to tell you all I have seen; but, if you care to hear it, I will tell you what was the prettiest sight of all."

"Do," said the wood-lily, bending her graceful head to listen.

"I was kissing away the tears that the night had left upon a cluster of climbing roses that overhung a cottage window," said the sunbeam, "when I heard the sweet sound of children's voices. I looked within and saw two dear little girls at play. Many pretty toys were scattered about the room, and each of the little ones had a doll clasped in her chubby arms. I thought them lovelier than the flowers in the garden, and their happy voices made sweeter music than the birds. By and by they put up their sweet lips and kissed each other, while I hovered over them with delight, caressing their cheeks and brows, and turning their brown curls to shining gold."

"A pretty sight, indeed, that must have been," said the wood-lily.

"And now," continued the sunbeam, "shall I tell you the saddest sight that I have seen to-day?"

The wood-lily bent her head still lower.

"I went again to see the dear children, and to give

them my parting blessing; but I found them, alas! how changed! Harsh words issued from their rose-bud lips, frowns clouded their fair, white brows, and their little hands—ah! shall I tell it?—were raised in anger."

"That was a sad sight, surely," said the lily.

"A sad sight!" murmured the summer wind through the pine boughs.

"A sad sight!" breathed a cluster of violets, while

tears fell from their blue eyes into the little stream beside which they grew.

"A sad sight!" echoed the stream, as it rippled on its way.

"A sad sight!" sang the birds in the branches overhead.

So it was as if a gloom had suddenly settled itself over the forest, and all because of the sad story the sunbeam had told.

Have a care, dear children, that no bright sunbeam ever has so sad a tale to tell of you.

THE DESPISED CREATURE.

IS there any little boy or girl who likes a spider? Do not all little folk at sight of one say—"Heugh! The ugly thing, get it away!" And now I wonder why? It does not bite. At least there is only one kind, the Tarantula.



tula, that does, and that is not common in this country. The only thing I do not like about spiders is that their legs are doubled and ugly.

Let us talk a little of them that you may become better friends. They have eyes all over their heads, which are stationary. Well, they need them to seek their food, and they are not ugly, for you can scarcely see them. Their form is, I am sure, beautiful, they have such slender waists, and the large "Zebra Spider" is quite handsomely marked. You all like, I expect, the little Money Spinner, and try to get it in your pockets or bags. Well, it is just a young spider.

The "Diadem," or Garden Spider, is the one that makes the fine regular web so perfect in all its lines—not one out of place. In an early morning, after a dewy night, how beautiful these webs look with the sparkling dew upon them; and do you know, these webs have to be made fresh each day, for the tiny threads are all gummed to catch flies and insects, and the damp air takes the gum off, so that unless the spiders are diligent and renew them, they get no food.

It is the "Gossamer" Spider that makes those minute threads across the lanes and doorways, and from bush to bush in its search for insects, and though they sometimes are a little unpleasant, yet you see they have a purpose, and you can better brush them off your face than the poor spider can go without breakfast.

Some kinds do not make nets or webs, but wait rolled up in leaves and flowers, or in holes in walls, till they see a fly, or something good to eat, when they make a spring sideways, and seize upon their victim.

The most curious is, I think, the "Diving Spider," which dives under water in search of its food. A large species, common in England, constructs a raft of weeds, or floating island, on which it is wafted about, and from it seizes upon drowning insects. It lives in an air-filled diving-bell, fixed by threads to plants, and in this it shuts itself up all winter.

Spiders can live for months without food. There is a story of one kept by a gentleman that lived nearly a year without food, and at the end of that time it was so strong and brave, that it killed and ate another spider as big as itself.

Will you remember this autumn, and look for spiders' nets, and admire them, and remember that the poor despised creatures are useful and industrious, and certainly not ugly? They are welcome inmates in all stables, where they catch the flies that would otherwise disturb and distress the horses.

WRETCHES' (RETSCH'S) OUTLINES.

THIS is a very interesting and amusing game for young persons, and where there is any talent for drawing, is sure to bring it out. The players, of whom there may be any number (the more the better), seat themselves around a table, on which are pens and ink, each provided with a piece of paper and a pencil. Each player draws a line in ink (the black lines in the illustrations show how this may be done) on his piece of paper, which he then passes to his next neighbor, who must make a picture of it, introducing the ink line as a part of the outline of his picture.

The ink line may be as long or as short as the maker of it chooses, only he must not lift his pen while drawing it; or, at least, he must make the line unbroken. Short lines make the best and funniest pictures. The picture must be drawn in pencil. There is no attempt at any careful or finished drawing, as the pictures must be completed quickly; else the game is apt to be dull and slow. The greater the variety the better. Care



should be taken to prevent the too frequent repetition of one idea. Profiles of faces may very easily be made of almost any line. The best sport is caused by the most uncouth pictures.

DAILY WORK.

In the name of God advancing
Sow thy seed at morning light,
Cheerily the furrows turning,
Labor on with all thy might.
Look not to the far-off future,
Do the work which nearest lies;
Sow thou must before thou reapst,
Rest at last is labor's prize.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

WITHIN.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

OPEN the door, dear heart, and see
 What lies beyond its look and key;
 Within the house, when thou art come,
 Sit down and rest, for here is home.
 What if it be a little place!
 Its furnishings are gifts of grace,
 Not on the wall or on the floor,
 But, filling it forevermore;
 For here is Peace, with lilies white,
 That shed their perfume day and night;
 In moon or starlight, storm or sun,
 Her ministry is never done.
 As in some lone and quiet cave,
 Whose base eternal oceans lave,
 The castaway forgets the roar
 That beats upon the cruel shore,
 And breathes alone the odorous breath
 Of that wild sea that threatened death;
 So sleep, while Peace keeps watch and ward,
 The threshold of thy home to guard.

Here Love abideth every day.
 Wingless, he cannot fly away.
 The little god we used to know,
 With stinging arrows in his bow,
 And pinions fluttering in the sun,
 Sulks out of sight, his mischief done.
 For here a calmer angel dwells,
 Whose song a sweeter story tells;
 Whose tender lips can smile or sigh
 As cloud or sunshine wanders by,
 If guilt or sorrow, want or shame,
 Assail thy life or dim thy name,
 Here all these troubles are unknown,
 For here remaineth Love alone,
 Intent to rescue and to bless
 In every tempest of distress.
 Awake to hear thy faintest sigh,
 To watch the tell-tale in thine eye,
 To fold thee safe in such repose
 As only Love's beloved knows;
 To die—ah, far more dread! to live,
 So long as life can blessing give.

Here Patience, like a Quaker maid,
 Sits in her sober garb arrayed.
 Where she abides no bitter word,
 No cold and cruel taunt is heard;
 The soft lips utter softer speech,
 Her voice the troubled soul can reach,
 And feed its hunger fierce and wild,
 As some sweet mother feeds her child.
 The hurried misery of to-day
 With slow caress she charms away;
 The dread of what to-morrow brings
 She hushes under brooding wings;
 Her silent prayer, like fragrant balm,
 On fevered spirits pours its calm;
 Her lingering kisses still the brain,
 And bring its vernal strength again.
 A daily blessing, like the air
 That comes without our thought or prayer.
 Rest! while her gracious dews shall shed
 Their benediction on thy head.

Not every palace holds the three
 That keep thy quiet home for thee;
 Not every hut or humble cell
 Affords a place for these to dwell.
 In sadness long they slowly grew
 Like plants of rosemary and rue,
 Those herbs of grace that know no bloom,
 But flourish oftenest by a tomb.

But if they come to live with thee,
 Dear heart, entreat them tenderly!
 Affright them not with faithlessness,
 Thy worldly longings all repress,
 Pine not for power nor treasures more,
 Nor yet an adverse fate deplore;
 For he to whom the Lord hath lent
 These visitants must have content,
 The clasping grace to hold them fast
 'Gainst any outer tempest blast;
 Nor entertain as unaware
 The angels who his dwelling share.
 Make such a gracious atmosphere,
 That all thy guests shall linger here,
 Till to thy house at length shall come
 The message of a dearer home,
 And summon thee with this sweet word,
 "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!"

Christian Union.

LITTLE MACHEN.

The following poem is by Miss EMANSON, who claims to have written "Betsy and I:"

"UP a few steps higher, Machen,
 Only up anoder flight,
 Are your little feet aweary
 Mit der walk they took to-night?"

"Ah, you could not sell der baskets,
 And your very step is sad,
 Come and sing to me, my darling,
 It will make my old heart glad.

"Yes! your voice is growing stronger,
 It was always sweet and clear—
 Softly, Machen, sing more softly,
 Lest some one outside should hear.

"Now remember what I tell you,
 Never sing a vord or note
 On d' street or in d' alley,
 Keep der song-birds in your throat.

"Keep them all for me, my Machen,
 Never mind if we are poor,
 We will never sell our music
 For der money, dat is sure."

* * * * *
 "I am going, little Machen;"
 Grandsire's voice was weak and low;
 "I was wrong to hush d' song-birds
 In your throat—dey warble so.

"Dey would bring you food and fortune,
 Dey would bring you gold and gear;
 Ah, 'tis late! too late, my Machen,
 Hush, your mutter's voice I hear.

"Come to guide me on my journey
 To her home of love and light,
 Up a little higher, Machen,
 Only up anoder flight."

Years went by; a glorious singer
 Makes a million hearts rejoice
 With her life's pure, quiet beauty,
 And the magic of her voice.

And we know her music thrills us
 With such wondrous power to-night,
 Just because her heart is always
 Ready for a higher flight.

FOR MY SAKE.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

MOTHER mine across the mountains, if you sleep or
if you wake,
Turn your face this way, I pray you, just a moment, for
my sake;
For the winds are going westward, led by spirits sweet
and fair—
And I've given them my kisses for the silver of your hair.

I have told them what to whisper in your ear and to your
heart,
Of the much my life has leaned to since we journeyed far
apart;
Of the storm and of the sunshine, beating here and blind-
ing there;
Of the roses and the ruin—of the passion and the prayer.

But I think if I could find you by the lifting of my hand,
All the burden that I'm bearing you would better under-
stand.
And it may be you could tell me, as none other tells me
true,
Why, to-night, my arms are empty—why my life is empty,
too.

So I'm calling, calling to you! And the night is calm
and still;
Can't you hear my crying, mother; hear and heed it, if
you will!
I am tired of this farce of life—of the social mask I wear;
Of the purple of the velvet that can cover only care.

And I want your arms to hold me as they held me long
ago,
Ere my head and heart were handled by the fingers of the
snow;
Want to lie and watch the sunrise, with the lilies of my
face
Changed to roses, in the heaven of my long-lost resting-
place.

Ah, my life would lean to laughter from such recompense
divine,
For its mockery of manna—for its mockery of wine!
But I cannot find your bosom, and you cannot hear my
call;
And another day is dawning in the old way—that is all.

Christian Union.

A HOME PICTURE.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

BEN FISHER had finished his hard day's work,
And he sat at his cottage door—
His good wife, Kate, sat by his side,
And the moonlight danced on the floor;
The moonlight danced on the cottage floor,
Her beams were as clear and bright
As when he and Kate, twelve years before,
Talked love in her mellow light.

Ben Fisher had never a pipe of clay,
And never a dram drank he;
So he loved at home with his wife to stay,
And they chatted right merrily;
Right merrily chatted they on, the while
Her babe slept on her breast;
While a chubby rogue, with rosy smile,
On his father's knee found rest.

Ben told her how fast his potatoes grew,
And the corn in the lower field;
And the wheat on the hill was grown to seed,
And promised a glorious yield—
A glorious yield in the harvest time;
And his orchard was doing fair;
His sheep and his stock were in their prime,
His farm all in good repair.

Kate said that her garden looked beautiful,
Her fowls and her calves were fat:
That the butter that Tommy that morning had
burned
Would buy him a Sunday hat;
That Jenny, for pa a new shirt had made,
And 'twas done, too, by the rule;
That Neddy the garden could nicely spade,
And Ann was ahead at school.

Ben slowly passed his toil-worn hand
Thro' his locks of grayish brown—
"I tell you, Kate, what I think," said he;
"We're the happiest folks in town."
"I know," said Kate, "that we all work hard—
Work and health go together, I've found;
For there's Mrs. Bell does not work at all,
And she's sick the whole year round.

"The'er worth their thousands, so people say,
But I ne'er saw them happy yet;
'Twould not be me that would take their gold,
And live in a constant fret.
My humble home has a light within
Mrs. Bell's gold could not buy—
Six healthy children, a merry heart,
And a husband's love-lit eye."

I fancied a tear was in Ben's eye—
The moon shone brighter and clearer,
I could not tell why the man should cry,
But he hitched up to Kate still nearer:
He leaned his head on her shoulder, there,
And took her hand in his—
I guess—(tho' I looked at the moon just then),
That he left on her lips a kiss.

THE OLD-WORLD SPARROW.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

WE hear the note of a stranger bird,
That ne'er till now in our land was heard.
A winged settler has taken his place
With Teutons and men of the Celtic race.
He has followed their path to our hemisphere—
The Old-World sparrow at last is here.

He meets not here, as beyond the main,
The fowler's snare and the poisoned grain;
But snug-built homes on the friendly tree,
And grubs for his chirping family
Are strewn when the winter fields are drear—
For the Old-World sparrow is welcome here.

The insect legions that sting our fruit,
And strip the leaves from the growing shoot,
A swarming, skulking, ravenous tribe,
Which Harris and Fitch so well describe,
But cannot destroy, may quail with fear—
For the Old-World sparrow, their foe, is here.

The apricot, in the summer ray
May ripen now on the loaded spray;
And the nectarine on the garden walk
Keep firm its hold on the parent stalk;
And the plum its fragrant fruitage rear—
For the Old-World sparrow, their friend, is here.

That pest of gardens, the little Turk,
Who signs with the crescent his wicked work,
And causes the half-grown fruit to fall,
Shall be seized and swallowed, in spite of all
His sly devices of cunning and fear—
For the Old-World sparrow, his foe, is here.

And the army-worm, and the Hessian fly,
And the dreaded canker-worm, shall die;
And the thrip, and slug, and fruit-moth seek
In vain to escape that busy beak;
And fairer harvests shall crown the year—
For the Old-World sparrow at last is here.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

A VALUABLE book has just been published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York. It is entitled *Food*, is written by Edward Smith, M.D., an English physician and scientific man of note. It treats of all kinds of food, and describes their proper modes of preparation. We copy a page or two from his chapter on the "Description and Cooking of Flesh."

"The effect of cooking flesh is chiefly physical, and is chemical in a very limited sense only. When meat is either roasted or boiled, it decreases in bulk and weight, and the cooked food is generally less soft than fresh meat in the first state. The diminution in bulk and weight is owing to the extraction of the juices of so much of the mass of flesh as may have been acted upon by the heat, and these are chiefly water containing salts and the peculiar flavor of meat, with a proportion of fat in a fluid state, gelatin, and perhaps some albumen. The flesh thus treated becomes contracted in bulk from loss of the juices and by coagulation of the albumen, whilst the mass is composed of solid fibrin, with a proportion of albumen, and the juices and fat which have not been extracted. The tubes having lost much of their contents, shrink and separate from each other, and so far the meat may be made more tender; but this varies in degree, and is often more than counterbalanced by the hardening of the albuminous contents of the tubes.

"The object of cooking is to render the flesh more submissive to mastication and digestion, but it may be entirely frustrated if the substance of the flesh be hardened in any appreciable degree. It is also employed to make the food hot when it is eaten, with a view to improve its flavor, and to stimulate the sense of taste. It is only an incident in cooking, however inseparable from the act, that the flesh should diminish in weight by the loss of its fluid parts, but if all that is valuable from the extracted matter be collected, there will be no real loss of nutriment. There is, however, in this respect some difference according to the mode of cooking. If the meat be boiled, the introduction of fluid into the substance of the meat, whether between the structures or within the fibres, aids the extractive process, but at the same time retains and preserves that which is extracted. If it be roasted whilst surrounded on all sides by the air, the heat is not applied so uniformly and gently, and therefore the outside becomes over-cooked before the inside is sufficiently cooked, and this occurs to a far greater extent than in boiling. Hence not only is the fluid part of the juices extracted and lost, but the loss is greater than when the meat is boiled. It is, however, to be understood that the matters extracted are only such as may be dispersed by heat; and whilst, therefore, the evaporated water may carry off some of the flavors of the meat, it does not remove the salts which are present in the juices. Hence meat which is properly roasted has lost weight more than that which is boiled; but if no account be taken of the matters extracted, it contains a larger proportion of nutritive elements than the larger mass of boiled meat, and in a given weight is more nutritious. When, however, the extracted matter is collected and used, there is a greater proportion of nutriment in the boiled meat with the broth, than in the roasted meat with the liquefied fat, and it is clearly de-

sirable that both the broth and the boiled meat should be eaten together.

"Stewed meat occupies a position between that of boiled and roast, for it may have been submitted to a greater heat, and for a longer period than boiled meat, and thereby a larger proportion of soluble matter may have been extracted, whilst it differs from roasted meat in that the outside is not hardened, and all the extracted material is retained. Boiled meat may be cooked so that the solid part shall still retain nearly all the nutritive elements of flesh, whilst the solid part of the stewed meat may be even less nutritious than the material which has been extracted from it.

"The degree in which extraction of the juices takes place in cooking meat depends upon the heat employed, so that the proper application of heat is a fundamental question in cookery. It has been intimated that the extraction of the juices is chiefly from the cut ends of the soft fibres, and that the fibres become harder by the coagulation of the albumen during the process of cooking. When, therefore, the fibres have become hardened, they have lost some of their contents, but this condition prevents or retards the further passage of juices from parts beyond the hardened ends. The sooner, therefore, the hardening process can be effected, the sooner will the loss of juices be diminished or prevented. Dipping the meat to be boiled into boiling water effects this object, for albumen coagulates at a temperature much below that of the boiling point of water; and placing the meat to be roasted very near the fire at first has the same effect. Thus less juices escape (all other parts of the process being equal), and the mass of flesh retains its nutritive elements. This is clearly desirable when the flesh only is to be consumed; but if it be desired to make good broth or beef tea, the opposite course must be adopted, and by keeping the temperature below 160° the tubes may be emptied to a far greater degree than with a higher temperature. Hence the explanation of the saying that, you cannot have good broth and good meat from the same piece of flesh.

"But the preliminary point having been settled, the proper mode of cooking is clearly not to coagulate the albumen unduly, but to make the whole mass of meat soft and tender. A slow fire, or water at a temperature of 160°, will suffice to expand the fibres, and in some degree to rupture them, whilst it separates these and other structures, and renders the whole mass more fitted for mastication and digestion. To keep meat in boiling water, or to expose the joint to continued heat before the fire, is to make it hard and to extract a greater proportion of the juices.

"Flesh thus treated is less susceptible of decomposition than fresh meat, by reason of its harder crust and the diminution of its juices, and may thus be preserved in a state fit for the use of man for some time."

RECIPES.

CLEANING SILK.—Use potato water for all colors and kinds. Grate some potatoes into cold spring water, say a large potato to every quart of water, of which five or six will do for a couple of dresses. If for very light silk, pare the potatoes; if any way dark, merely wash them

clean. The pan of water must not be stirred in the least for forty-eight hours, then very slowly and steadily pour off the clear liquor, but not a particle of the sediment, into an open vessel—a bath, or such like. Dip the pieces of silk into this liquid up and down a few times, without in the least creasing them; then wipe them on a flat table with a clean towel, first one side and then the other. It is as well to hang each one as dipped upon a line to allow the drops to drain off a little before wiping. Have a damp cloth to cover them in till they are done, then iron one way on the soiled side. It is astonishing to see how nice a dress looks done in this manner.

TO CLEAN GOLD CHAINS.—Put the chain in a small glass bottle with warm water, a little tooth-powder and some soap. Cork the bottle, and shake it for a minute violently. The friction against the glass polishes the gold, and the soap and tooth-powder extract every particle of grease and dirt from the interstices of a chain of the most intricate pattern. Rinse it in clear cold water, wipe with a towel, and the polish will surprise you.

IRON-RUST.—To remove iron-rust from linen, apply lemon-juice and salt, and expose it to the sun. Use two applications if necessary.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

THE TRAVELLER'S TOUR.

A PARLOR GAME OR PASTIME.

THIS game may be played by any number of persons. One of the party announces himself the Traveller, and about to take a little tour. He calls upon any of the party for information respecting the objects of the greatest interest to be noticed in the different towns and villages through which he intends passing.

He is given an empty bag, and to each of the persons joining in the game are distributed sets of counters with numbers on. Thus, if twelve persons were playing, the counters required would be up to number twelve, and a set of ones would be given to the first person, twos to the second, threes to the third, and so on.

When the Traveller announces the name of the place he intends stopping at, the first person is at liberty to give any information, or make any remark respecting it; if he cannot do so, the second person has the chance, or the third, or it passes on until some one is able to speak concerning it. If the Traveller considers it correct information, or worthy of notice, he takes from the person one of his counters, as a pledge of the obligation he is under to him. The next person in order to the one who spoke last is to proceed, so as not each time to begin with number one. If no one of the party speaks, the Traveller may consider there is nothing worthy of notice at the place he has announced, and he then passes on to another.

After he has reached his destination, he turns out his bag to see which of the party has given him the greatest amount of information, and that person is considered to have won the game, and is entitled to be the Traveller in the next game.

If it should happen that two or more persons should have given the same number of counters, those persons are to be allowed in succession to continue to assist the Traveller and deposit their pledges, until one alone remains.

EXAMPLE OF THE GAME.

TRAVELLER.—I intend to take a little excursion this summer, and shall soon start from New York for Niagara; but as I wish to stop at several places, I shall travel slowly. My route will be by steamboat up the Hudson to Albany, thence through the centre of the State to the Falls.

NUMBER ONE.—Soon after leaving New York City, you come to the Palisades, which form one of the first objects of interest in your route. The noble river is then walled in for thirty miles by high, precipitous rocks, upon whose summits imagination has but to place some ruined castles to suggest olden memories, and the inferiority of the

scenery of the vaunted Rhine to that of the Hudson must be confessed.

TRAVELLER.—Thank you for this information; pray deposit a counter in my bag, that I may remember to whom I owe it. I propose to stop at Tarrytown.

NUMBER TWO and **THREE** not answering.

NUMBER FOUR.—Pray visit the spot of André's arrest. After the final arrangements with Arnold in regard to the betrayal of West Point were made, André proceeded on horseback to New York, and when he reached this spot supposed himself to be within the British lines, and thus secure from danger. Here he was stopped by three soldiers, whose names will ever be held in remembrance—Paulding, Williams and Van Wart. Instead of showing his passport, he inquired whence they came, and receiving for answer "From below," he responded "So do I," showing at the same time his uniform as a British officer. "We arrest you as an enemy of our country," replied these soldiers; and resisting all his attempts at bribery, they led him captive to the headquarters of the American general. His sad fate is well known. Hung as a spy near this place, his remains were left here a few years, but are deposited among England's illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey. Number Four deposits a counter.

NUMBER SEVEN.—The Hudson is rich in revolutionary reminiscences. A short distance from Tarrytown, on the opposite shore, you will reach Stony Point, the scene of Mad Anthony Wayne's daring exploit in 1779, when, without firing a single gun, the fort here situated was surprised and taken by assault, forming one of the most brilliant exploits achieved during the war. A counter of Number Seven is put into the bag.

TRAVELLER.—I cannot stop long here, but must proceed with my journey. Where shall I stop next?

NUMBER NINE.—You pass then at once into the Highlands. Here the Hudson has burst its way at some distant period through the mountains, leaving on each side a rampart of almost perpendicular hills of from six hundred to seventeen hundred feet above the level of the river. Most prominent among them are the Dunderberg, Anthony's Nose and Butter Hill. Number Nine deposits a counter.

NUMBER TWELVE.—In the bosom of the Highlands you will find West Point, which is unquestionably the most romantic spot on the river. The village is placed upon the top of a promontory one hundred and eighty-eight feet above the river, where there is spread out a level plateau or terrace more than one mile in circumference. Number Twelve puts a counter into the bag.

TRAVELLER.—Can you give me any other information?

NUMBER TWO.—West Point is the seat of the United States Military Academy, established in 1812; the land was ceded to the United States by New York in 1826. Number Two deposits a counter.

NUMBER SIX.—It is famous as the scene of Arnold's treason. During the Revolution this post was considered the key of the Hudson, and a heavy chain was here stretched from shore to shore. The British were very anxious to obtain possession of this place, which they would have done had Arnold's treason succeeded. Number Six hands the Traveller a counter.

TRAVELLER.—Are there more objects of interest on the river?

NUMBER EIGHT.—Notice the Catskill Mountains, which present a very abrupt front on the river and run nearly parallel to it for twenty miles. The views from the Mountain House are grand and majestic—up and down the Hudson one can see for seventy miles either way—and the Fall of the Katers Kill, three miles from the House, is exceedingly beautiful. Number Eight deposits a counter.

TRAVELLER.—My time will not permit me to visit all objects and places of interest; the principal ones must content me; my next resting-place will be Albany.

NUMBER THREE.—You will find Albany pleasantly situated. From the top of the capitol, which is built on a hill, the view is very fine. You will find all the public State buildings worthy a visit, as well as those for educational and literary purposes, Albany being distinguished for these last. Number Three deposits a counter.

TRAVELLER.—I shall no doubt find pleasure in visiting them, but after leaving Albany I shall be obliged to hasten, taking the cars from there as the most expeditious way. Shall I stop at Schoenectady?

No one replies, so the Traveller considers there is nothing peculiarly interesting there, and proceeds to another place, asking: "Where would you advise me to stop?"

NUMBER FIVE.—The beauty of Trenton Falls is well and widely celebrated. Stopping at Utica, you will have a slight detour of sixteen miles to make in order to reach them, but you will be fully compensated for the trouble. Number Five deposits a counter.

NUMBER NINE.—When again on your route, do not fail to stop at Syracuse, at which place, in connection with the village of Salina, a few miles distant, you will find the most extensive salt manufactories in the United States. Salt is obtained from the various salt-springs here abundant, in several ways, by boiling, evaporation, etc.—and the processes are exceedingly interesting. Number Nine hands a counter.

TRAVELLER.—Shall I find more objects of interest here?

NUMBER ELEVEN.—Syracuse is situated on Onondaga Lake. In the southern part of this State lie a cluster of lakes, of which this is one, all remarkable for beautiful scenery. The tourist for pleasure will not regret the time spent among them. Number Eleven deposits a counter.

TRAVELLER.—I am much indebted to my friends for the information I have received; which one will give me an account of my place of destination?

NUMBER NINE.—On the western border of the State, in a river or strait of thirty-four miles in length, running from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, and pouring the waters of the Great Lakes over a precipice of one hundred and sixty-five feet in perpendicular height, thunders the famed and unrivalled cataract of Niagara, in whose presence all stand dumb with no power to describe, but only to wonder and adore. About three miles below its com-

mencement the river divides into two arms, which embrace an island called Grand Island, twelve miles long and from two to seven wide. Nearly three miles below Grand Island the Rapids commence, and, after a course of rather more than half a mile, terminate in the Great Cataract. Goat Island, a quarter of a mile wide and half a mile long, extends to the very brow of the precipice, and divides the Falls into two portions, the higher of which is on the American side, but the greatest body of water is on the Canadian. The American Fall is again subdivided very unequally by Iris Island, with the greater of these subdivisions nearest the New York shore. Of the grandeur and sublimity of this scene, and of the emotions with which it fills the soul, I am utterly unable to speak.

The Traveller, having reached his place of destination, examines his bag, and finding that Number Nine has deposited the most counters, he is considered to have won the game, and is entitled to be the Traveller in the next game.

THE PLAGUE OF MOVING.

"ISN'T it too provoking, Cousin Marion, this house is sold, and we must move again this spring? We have only been here two years, and have just got accustomed to all its ins and outs. I did not like it very well at first, but now I am accustomed to it I don't want to leave."

"Have you decided on another house?"

"Oh, yes, Charles is always in season about that. He has a very pretty place engaged, and I should like it if it were not for the earthquake of moving."

"It is trying, Nellie, I will not deny, but then there are mitigations. I have never moved in my life but that I felt the Lord appointed the change for my good, or the good of my household. We are so apt to settle down into ruts, mentally and physically, that we need an earthquake to shake us out of them effectually. It does us good to have our houses turned inside out occasionally, more thoroughly than even house-cleaning does. Not a piece of old carpet nor an old garment hung away in the garret escapes a thorough shaking, when it must be taken down and packed away. But this is not the greatest consideration. Our minds need a change of scene. The very views we look out upon from our windows have their influence upon our spirits. I always keep open the shutters that look out on the pleasantest prospects, and if a view is uncomfortable I shut it out when I can."

"We shall have beautiful views of the mountain from our new home," said Nellie; "and there is a large vacant lot with a neat fence around it just across the street. The children were delighted with the smooth grass-plot, and the many robins hopping about over it, early as it is."

"It will do the children good to have these new surroundings. They help to develop their characters more than ever we suspect. Of course there are undesirable things in every new location. Neighbors are not always what we like. No house is just such a one as we would build. But even these things are needful discipline. We may get good out of them, just as the bee gets honey from very dull-looking flowers, and even those that are poisonous."

"I have had a dim feeling that our four or five changes have really been for our advantage, after all, much as I disliked them at the time. But that does not make the present discomfort and hard labor of moving any lighter."

"It is a very great tax on one's strength, that is true. But, take my advice, and hire enough extra help to lighten your part of it, as far as you possibly can. Economize somewhere else, if you must. Economy here is sheer

wastefulness. Money is no consideration beside your health and strength. Begin in season to put aside light articles you do not need for daily use, and get all such things out of the way before the grand breaking-up comes. And then, when you are stranded amidst the debris at the other house, go about things deliberately. Have the men set the articles where they belong, as far as you can, and keep a good, stout woman, beside your own force, to help you for several days. I learned by experience to reduce moving to a science, and, at last, was able to manage it very well. Not the least important item is to cook a supply of food for several days' campaign. The children will enjoy picnicing, with barrel-heads for tables, provided they have an abundance of substantial cold boiled ham, boiled eggs, biscuit and a big loaf of cake, dark with raisins. Moving is hungry work.

"But, above all things, Nellie, don't invite a company

of neighbors in to help you that day, of all the days in the year. I think it would hardly be more wearing to do all the work yourself. Let your help all be hired-help, whom you can direct as you please, not company-help, you feel bound to entertain. Baby and Archie are to come to me that day, remember. Then you will have the coast clear for work. Send Dick over with them in the morning early, and I will send back a pail full of my doughnuts for moving-day picnic."

"Thank you, Marion, very much, for your offer. I feel as if you had taken off quite a weight of anxiety and worry about moving, by your encouraging words. In two weeks we shall be all settled once more, and house-cleaning done early. I don't mean to fret another word about it, but look ahead to the good time coming."

"That is always good philosophy," said Marion, as she gave her a good-bye kiss. ELEXOR.

WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.

"The night cometh, when no man can work."

T. C. O'KANE.

Work, for the night is com-ing; Work thro' the morn-ing hours; Work while the dew is spark-ling;

Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright-er; Work in the glow-ing sun;

Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done. Work, when the day grows bright-er;

Work, when the day grows

Work in the glow-ing sun; Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.

bright-er;

Work in the glow-ing sun, for the night is com-ing.

2. Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3. Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing;
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

[The people are indebted to Dr. Dio Lewis for a great deal of free and easy talk on the subject of health—and very sensible talk it is in the main. Running our eyes through a volume of *To-Day*, which is edited by Dr. Lewis, we find a great number of most excellent hints and suggestions on the care of our bodies and the preservation of health, some of which we copy below for the benefit of our readers.—*EN. HOMER MAC.*]

EQUALIZE THE CIRCULATION.

IN one of his "chats with the girls," the doctor says:

Take the glass part of a thermometer out of the frame. Hold the bulb under your tongue. Wait four minutes. Now look. It is 98°. That tells you how warm your blood is. Now hold it against your foot. Don't be in a hurry. Give it a chance to feel the exact state. Down it goes to 65°. That tells you how warm your feet are—33° between your tongue and your feet.

Don't you know that equable circulation means good health, and that the loss of it means bad health? Let us see. You have a headache. Your head is hot. It throbs. Your feet are icicles. Now put your feet in a pail of hot water. In six minutes you say, "Oh, mother, how good I feel! That rush in my head is all gone." You have headache about half the time? No. Well, then, pain in your side? No. Well, I venture that every day you have some bad feeling about the head, or neck, or chest, or back? Now let me tell you something. It is very rare that a hot foot-bath will not remove all those bad feelings for the time being. What does this mean? Why, it means that there is too much blood in the head, or neck, or shoulders, or back, and that there is a lack of it in the feet and legs. A hot foot-bath draws the blood down below, and takes the excess of blood from the upper parts. That's exactly the philosophy of it. Of course the foot-bath is a bad thing, but it serves to illustrate the law.

Now let me whisper in your ear. I will tell you a secret. If you will during the damp and cold season put one or two pairs of thick flannels on your legs, and very thick woollen stockings, and wear strong, broad-soled shoes, you will have all the time that good flow of blood that the hot foot-bath gave you. This will keep the blood from crowding into the head and upper parts of the body, and will prevent those uncomfortable feelings.

What I have been saying about the legs is true to some extent of the arms. The extremities, both upper and lower, will in our climate, during the damp and cold season, be sure to get cold, and thus the balance in the circulation is lost. Then comes fulness in some organ within the body, or in the head or neck, with heat or pain or some other uncomfortable feeling. This can all be prevented by keeping the blood flowing equably in all parts. In this climate we must depend upon clothing. Friction is good. Exercise is good. But the main dependence is clothing. So you must, for eight months of the year at least, dress your legs and feet and arms with very thick woollen garments.

Just think how women dress. About the trunk, the warmest part of the body, they put one, two, three, four thicknesses; then comes a shawl and then thick-padded furs, while their legs, with one thickness of cotton, go paddling along under a balloon. They go to the family physician and say, "Oh, doctor, my head goes bumpity-

bump. Doctor, it seems as if all the blood in my body is in my head and chest."

"Well, madam, how about your legs and feet?"

"Oh, doctor, they are like chunks of ice."

"Ah, madam, if you dress your legs and feet so that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the body somewhere; and if it can't go down into the legs and feet, it of course goes into your head and chest."

Girls, most of you wear too much clothing about your shoulders, chest, back and hips, but there is a sad lack of it about your legs, feet and arms.

TO A COLD-FOOTED LADY.

Madam, allow me to prescribe for you. I have had a long experience in the management of delicate women, and believe I can give you some important advice. For the present I prescribe only for your feet.

1st. Procure a quantity of woollen stockings—not such as you buy at the stores under the name of lambs' wool, that you can read a newspaper through, but the kind that your Aunt Jerusha in the country knits for you, thick as a board, that will keep your feet dry and warm in spite of wind and weather.

2d. If you want to be really thorough, change them every morning, hanging the fresh ones by the fire during the night.

3d. Procure thick calf-skin boots, double uppers and triple soles, and wear them from the first of October till the first of May. Make frequent applications of some good oil blacking.

4th. Avoid rubbers altogether, except a pair of large rubber boots, which may be worn for a little time through snow-drifts or a flood of water.

5th. Hold the bottoms of your feet in cold water half an inch deep, just before going to bed, two or three minutes, and then rub them hard with rough towels and your naked hands.

6th. Now, madam, go out freely in all weathers, and, believe me, not only will your feet enjoy a good circulation, but as a consequence of the good circulation in the lower extremities, your head will be relieved of all its fulness and your heart of its palpitations. Your complexion will be greatly improved and your health made better in every respect.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.

Take a strong rope, and fasten it to a beam overhead; to the lower end of the rope attach a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head. Let a person grasp this stick with the hands two or three feet apart, and swing very moderately at first—perhaps only bear the weight, if very weak—and gradually increase, as the muscles gain strength from the exercise, until it may be used from three to five times daily. The connection of the arms with the body, with the exception of the clavicle with the breast-bone, being a muscular attachment to the ribs, the effect of this exercise is to elevate the ribs and enlarge the chest; and, as Nature allows no vacuum, the lungs expand to fill the cavity, increasing the volume of air, the natural puri-

fier of blood, and preventing the congestion of the deposit of tuberculous matter. We have prescribed the above for all cases of hemorrhage of the lungs and threatened consumption of thirty-five years, and have been able to increase the measure of the chest from two to four inches within a few months, and with good results. But especially as a preventive we would recommend this exercise. Let those who love to live cultivate a well-formed, capacious chest. The student, the merchant, the sedentary, the young of both sexes—ay, all—should have a swing on which to stretch themselves daily. We are certain, that if this were to be practised by the rising generation in a dress allowing a free and full development of the body, many would be saved from consumption. Independently of its beneficial results, the exercise is an exceedingly pleasant one, and, as the apparatus costs very little, there need be no difficulty about any one enjoying it who wishes to.

HORSEBACK-RIDING FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

Dr. Lewis has great faith in horseback-riding as a cure for consumptives, as will be seen in the following:

There are some impurities in the atmosphere which have been thought favorable to the lungs. The coal-smoke of cities has been so regarded. It has been likewise asserted that consumption, when actually developed, is less rapid in its progress in an atmosphere of coal-smoke. The same opinion prevails with reference to many odors and effluvia, but it may well be doubted whether a pure, odorless atmosphere is perceptible of improvement. The "balsamic odors" of certain forests have long enjoyed a reputation for healing maladies of the lungs, but I think their virtues come from the out-

door life which wandering among these groves involves. If the odor of pine forests and tar-kilns were concentrated in the air of a furnace-heated house, I fancy that life in that atmosphere would not favor the lungs. But I have no doubt that living in the pine forests of Upper Georgia has often cured consumption.

But if you will select two consumptives in similar condition, and you will take one to saunter in the elevated pine regions of the South, I will let you select the most unhealthy locality in the Northern States, and I will take my case there. Now, if you will give me plenty of flannels and a saddle-horse, I will wager you a farm that my patient will recover sooner than yours. You may take your case to the hills of San Domingo, and have him live gently and quietly, and I will take mine to the worst region of New England, and with the flannels and saddle, I will cure my patient in half the time which it will take to cure yours.

An Eastern dervish was once asked by a wealthy Mohammedan, "Of what service to society is an order of men who employ themselves in speculative notions of divinity and medicine?"

"If you were more cautious and temperate in your meals," answered the dervish; "if you would learn to govern your passions and desires by a due attention to abstinence—you all may be sages, and have no occasion for dervishes among you. Your appetite and aliment impair your understandings."

Willieh, who gives this anecdote, says, "It is in infancy and early age that the foundation is laid for indigestion and the many diseases arising from it which are found now in almost every family."

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

OCTOBER is the month, above all others, for taking time by the forelock. So much can be done this month that is not infrequently delayed until spring, that the labor of spring-gardening will be very much decreased—in fact, reduced to little more than play. New walks and drives can be laid out and made, and old ones repaired, new flower-beds can be made or the old ones put in order, ready for the spring planting, or set out immediately with perennials, designed to bloom the next year. New lawns can be made, and the barren spots in old ones sown with grass-seed.

The Tuberoses and Gladioluses, and all summer bulbs must be taken up before the frost has time to injure them, dried, and stowed away in a room where they will neither freeze, be injured by damp or by mice.

Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissuses, Crocuses, and the rest of the hardy spring-blooming bulbs, should be set out this month as early as possible, to give their roots time to strike and get a vigorous growth before the ground freezes.

Such bedding-plants as have not been taken up during September should now be transferred to the house, and it is not yet too late to make cuttings of seedling-plants. October is the month in which the floriculturist should prepare for her winter garden, and make sure that she has a supply of vigorous plants which will give continuous bloom during the coming months. She should not forget, while disposing of her bulbs, to provide herself with a few pots and vases of Hyacinths, etc., for house-blooming, etc. Several bulbs can be planted in a single

pot. Or a bulb placed in a hyacinth-glass, the glass filled with water almost to the bulb, kept in the dark a few weeks until the roots have well started, and then brought to the light, will give great pleasure and satisfaction by bountiful bloom in midwinter.

Cannas should be taken up before the foliage is killed by frost, and laid in a shed to dry for two weeks, and then stored in a cool, dry cellar.

The gardener should not relax her efforts in her garden at this season of the year. It is too frequently the case that on the approach of winter the garden is neglected, and becomes unsightly with fallen leaves, dead annuals, and rubbish of all sorts. If properly attended, it should be a source of pleasure until the fall of snow. The fall-blooming flowers are among the most brilliant of the whole season. Zinnias and Petunias hold their own until frost, and Marigolds do not come into full bloom until quite late in the season. Dahlias will make a magnificent show if properly attended to, and Chrysanthemums retain their bloom until near Christmas.

The walks and drives should be carefully raked and cleared from falling leaves. The flower-beds should be cleared of the dead and dying stalks of the summer bloomers, the flower stalks of the perennials that have gone out of blossom should be cut down, the empty beds made over neatly for the next year, the transplanting attended to, the dahlias and chrysanthemums properly staked, and the garden will prove a source of pride and satisfaction up to the very coming of winter.

It is especially necessary to transplant early blooming perennials, such as peonies, in the fall, as they never do so well when transplanted in the spring.

If it is intended to have an extensive winter garden, now is the time for sowing seeds of annuals for winter flowering. They should be sowed in pans of rich soil, and pricked out into pots or boxes as soon as they are large enough to handle.

A petunia cut back to the root and transplanted into a pot, will send out new shoots and bloom all winter. A few chrysanthemums potted after the buds are well formed, will add to the beauty of the parlor garden.

Every parlor should have its ivy vine. It is, without question, the most beautiful of floral decorations. A writer, in praise of it, says: "A single root has been known to wreath a bow-window with thick garlands, and then strike off into lovely independent paths along picture-cords and above cornices, till the room seemed all a-bud like Aaron's rod. It will cover a screen of wire, curtain a curtainless window, festoon a pillar, frame a favorite picture, (and what more graceful or delicate frame could be desired?) arch a door, climb and twist about a window-sill, and swing in long-looped tendrils from a bracket. There is no end to its beautiful uses. Tickle it with a little guano, and how it frolics. Nip off the terminal shoots, and lo, too, bright, persistent tendrils shoot forth, and curl and twine about your very fingers. Wash its dusty leaves, and no child could look more gratefully in your face. It harbors no vermin, encourages no blight, but steadily and sweetly keeps its daily course."

The author of "Window Gardening," a useful book published by Henry T. Williams of New York, says of

the Ivy: "The Ivy requires rich soil in which to grow, and must have strong food. You must therefore select for it the best soil which your garden can afford; add to it one-half each of well-decayed manure and leaf mould rubbed together; then set the pan of compost in the oven and bake it, if you wish to kill all larvae of worms and white ants. Plant the roots in large, well-drained pots, with an inch or two of bits of charcoal at the bottom, and as the roots increase, transfer them to larger sized pots or buckets. The Ivy will grow in wood vessels as well as pottery, and pails or buckets painted green can be made to do duty for the pots.

"The Ivy seems to be the least sensitive to changes of light of any plant we have; neither does it require much heat, thus-being exceedingly well adapted to situations in halls or balconies, or rooms not very well heated. Like all plants, however, it must have a uniform temperature, and though it will bear a little chilling without much injury, yet it should be kept where there is some degree of warmth. It delights in considerable moisture, and if neglected or permitted to dry up, its luxuriance soon suffers.

"Ivies for the house should be brought in before November, or even before it is time to build the fire. Place first in a cool room, and then bring gradually into the warmer room.

"Vines can be grown by immersing the stems in small vials of water, and fastening them to the backs of picture frames they are desired to ornament. With a number of vials quite a luxuriant growth can be imitated, but care must be had to keep the vials filled with water. At intervals two or three bits of charcoal may be added to sweeten and purify."

THE OBSERVER.

LUNATIC ASYLUMS.

THE recent exposures and investigations in the case of a lunatic asylum in Vermont should arouse the people in all sections of the country to inquire into the condition and management of the asylums in their own localities. In the case of the asylum to which we refer, there was so little known about it that it was supposed to belong to and to be under the control of the State, when investigation proved that it was an institution owned by a private corporation, and entirely independent of State authority. The most gross outrages were constantly perpetrated upon the unfortunate patients within its walls, and not unfrequently it became a prison-house for persons of sane mind, whom their relatives desired, for certain reasons, to put out of the way. In brief the horrors described by Charles Reade, in his novel, "Very Hard Cash," were here realized in degree, if not in kind. And the State of Vermont has been going quietly on for years, taking for granted that all was going on right within the walls of the institution, while the Legislature has yearly voted money for its support.

Private insane asylums are always dangerous affairs; there is so much opportunity for and temptation to abuse. Even in State institutions the utmost care and watchfulness are required by those who have supervision over them, to see that there is no foul play; for, to accuse a perfectly sane man of insanity, and to condemn him to incarceration in an asylum, is often sufficient to make him appear insane for the time being.

It seems as though even the best of asylums had hardly yet hit upon the right plan for the treatment of the insane. They are huddled together in wards, under circumstances and with surroundings that must tend to increase rather than

diminish their morbid and unhealthy state of mind. We believe that in some asylums wise physicians do their best to ameliorate the condition of their patients, and to study the cause and cure of their maladies. But there is no doubt that in other asylums the utmost indifference, not to say criminality, prevails. Every now and then the world is shocked by the story of some person who has managed to escape from a living tomb, after long years of imprisonment, instigated by the hate or cupidity of relatives.

The story of this Vermont asylum had its counterpart not long since in one in Illinois, where the tale of horrors was as dreadful and the abuse as flagrant. We do not know what course was pursued in the latter case, but we trust to humanity that things were not left to pursue their old courses.

The insane are an unfortunate class, which are entitled to our deepest commiseration, and no effort should be spared to return them to mental health, or, if that be impossible, to render their condition as comfortable as possible. Beatings, cold shower-baths, imprisonments, hard fare and general hard usage are not the means likely to result in either, yet these are the agencies employed in more than one insane asylum in our country, as developments have shown. Let the public see to it that such a course is continued no longer.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

THE Shah of Persia, the "King of Kings," and we know not what else besides, has visited Europe and gone back to the Orient. He has been processioned, and feted, and toadied to generally, by high and low, in a way that we thought Americans only were capable of. Kings and queens

have delighted to do him honor, and the common people have stared at him with open-mouthed wonder.

Now that only the cold meats remain of the feasts, and the wax-tapers have burned low, and the distinguished stranger has taken his departure, with his numerous retinue, and is fairly out of hearing, we begin to find what manner of man he is. It seems strange, knowing so well from the tales of travellers what his nation is like, that there could have been any doubt or ignorance about the matter. We are told that he is gross in appearance and boorish in manners; in brief, the representative ruler of a barbarous nation, which arrogates to itself all the wisdom and refinement and religion of the world, and looks with contempt and hatred upon all outsiders.

Still, we hope that the Shah's Western tour may not be unproductive of good results to himself, and through him to his people. Having seen Western civilization in its full tide, he may be emulous of introducing some of its material advantages at least into his own country, and from them may spring a spirit of toleration which is now nowhere found in Mohammedan countries. The railroad which is to connect El Medina with Mecca will do much toward breaking down the barriers of Orientalism, and it may yet be found, not only in Persia, but in every portion of the world, that the iron track will become the literal representative of the bonds of fraternity.

THE TENEMENT-HOUSES OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK is making an examination into the number and condition of her tenement-houses. An official statement declares there are 43,460 of these houses within the city limits. The official report does not give the number of people who are crowded within them; but, no doubt, their actual number is almost incredible. The tenement-house of New York has scarcely a parallel in Philadelphia, as miserable and vile as some of the latter city really are; and if this official investigation is followed by official action, the moral and physical health of that city will be greatly increased.

ITALIAN SLAVE-CHILDREN IN AMERICA.

THE public mind is becoming thoroughly aroused to this cruel iniquity in our midst. The investigations recently conducted in New York by officers of the law reveal a condition of things painful to contemplate. The cruelties practised upon the friendless little ones is of the most outrageous and brutal character.

An article in a recent number of the New York *Herald* gives a full account of this infamous traffic in these Italian children, which is carried on to an extent heretofore unknown to the public. Besides those taken to England and France, it is estimated that over seven thousand of these little slaves are in the United States. For a long time France was the only market-place for the little harpists and violinists; but the trade was limited; the road across the Alps was interrupted at every step by barriers, passports and policemen. The market of America was not yet open, and, between sorrowing mothers and the outstretched arms of their little sons, the ocean did not pass. To-day, however, as the official documents show, the industry is carried on by an extended association on a vast scale, upon almost a boundless territory reaching from the Province of Basilicata, in the old Kingdom of Naples, to the shores of California. The traffic counts by hundreds its accomplices, and by thousands its victims. It has branches, agents, directors; placers in all ports, countries in all the points of the world's emigration.

The headquarters of the traffickers in this country are, says the *Herald*, in the dirtiest streets of New York City—Crosby, Mulberry, Baxter and Elizabeth Streets—and the chief leaders, or *capi-padroni*, are Giuseppe Argenti, Felice Padulla, Luigi Lapettino, Sansone Noccozo, Vincenzo Lauletta. These men are members of large companies, banded together for profits and tyranny, and having ramifications from Italy into all the chief cities of the two Continents. They play the part of mandarins over the unhappy children in their possession. They live in a state of indolence, being too lazy to do any work, except count, late at night, the money

that the children are compelled, under the severest penalties, to bring in, look after the affairs of the agencies with which they are connected, and skillfully avoid attracting the attention of the police.

They do not trouble themselves with preparing food for the children when reaching home at night; the latter have to pick up crumbs and scrape wherever they can. As regards sleeping accommodations, it is an invariable practice for the men and women, boys and girls, to sleep all together, pell-mell, in the narrowest of rooms, or rather nurseries of immorality and crime. The amount exacted from each little wandering musician averages seventy-five cents per diem. Failure to hand in the expected sums entails a "licking." The hands of the infants are tied together, and then they are unmercifully beaten with anything or weapon that happens to be handy; sometimes they are tied up with their heads hanging down and then whipped; sometimes the soles of their feet are rapped; sometimes they are stripped, placed in a kneeling attitude and bitten in various parts of their flesh; sometimes they are pinched with forceps. These and various other kinds of torture have become known through official investigations made in this country and in London and Paris, the other two chief slave markets for little Italians.

Girls make more money than boys and more is required of them, for it is calculated that they inspire a greater sympathy. At present they are sent out by couples, wearing new dresses and straw hats, and they cut rather a queer sight in their new Quaker-like attire as they stand at the doors of lager beer saloons playing the "Wacht am Rhein." This little tribute to Von Moltke never fails to bring down the house. There are at least five hundred ambulating organ grinders in the American cities from the villages of Boronassae, province of Chiavari, and Fontana Buona, province of Genoa. Many of these carry about with them monkeys dressed up in red clothes and taught to dance and beg, as well as old women, who ply the tamborine while asking for a few cents and proclaiming: "We are poor Italians!"

Medical statistics show that out of one hundred children of both sexes who quit their native villages, only twenty return home; about thirty settle in various parts of the world, and fifty succumb to sickness, to privations of all sorts and cruel treatment. The mortality then in the ranks of these little emigrants is fifty per cent.

The Italian ambulating musicians are divided into three classes. The first, which may be called relatively respectable, consists in the traditional travelling companies, properly styled *Viggianesi*. They are grown-up men, noted fiddlers from the village of Viggiano, in the Neapolitan province of Basilicata. They are a species of wandering Jews, accustomed from time immemorial to penetrate into the remotest regions, and who, if only as instructed in letters as in music, could write narrations of voyages as interesting as those of Dr. Livingstone or M. Paul du Chaillu. The second category is that of the organ grinders. They are chiefly from Lombardy and Genoa, and their name has come to be the synonym of vagabonds. When trade is bad these organists sometimes have recourse to secret tricks in order to augment their daily gains. One of these resources is to cause their organs to play out of tune—*stunare*—to extort money from the hearer, who could not be so easily moved by pure philharmonics. The throwing of a few coppers soon proves that the hearer has at least some music in his soul. In London, at one time, this trick was so much practised that a regulation was made expressly for fining those who indulged in it. After these two classes comes the third which is simply the infamous traffic in innocent little children, torn from their mothers and their native country, condemned to exile and slavery, to sing gay songs and cut high capers in places where they have greater probabilities of success—in low taverns and in houses of ill fame throughout all capital cities.

And now that the American public are in possession of all the facts touching this wicked thing, it should be at once uprooted from our midst. The hand of the law should be laid upon the shameless institution without delay, and the cruel slave-masters receive the punishment they deserve.

A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

A MAN who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he "kept a hot-house."

SAID a man who tumbled out of a third-story window: "When I first fell I was confused; but when I struck the pavement I knew where I was."

A CALIFORNIA gentleman thought himself justified in sending his cook to a lunatic asylum because she persisted in boiling cucumbers for his breakfast.

A WEALTHY bishop congratulated a poor priest on the good air which he breathed in his parish: to which the latter replied: "Yes, my lord, the air would be good enough, if I could live upon it."

AFTER asking your name in the State of Arkansas, the natives are in the habit of further inquiring, in a confidential tone: "Well, now, what was your name afore yer moved to these parts?"

My first I hope you are;

My second I see you are;

My whole I know you are.

Well-coine.

We travel much, yet prisoners are,
And close confined to boot;
We with the swiftest horse keep pace,
Yet always go on foot.

A pair of Spurs.

AN editor in a neighboring city has been reading one of Dr. Hall's "Health Tracts," in which the doctor proves conclusively that married men live longer than bachelors. This journalist says he don't know it is, for he has been married three times, and yet he knows a bald-headed bachelor who is twice as old as he is.

IN the time of George III. there were messengers about the Court called runners, and one of these was anxious to secure his master's good opinion. Amongst that master's virtues was his devout behavior at Divine worship and the habit of attending morning prayers in his private chapel. On one occasion the runner was present, and made a great effort to attract the king's notice by the very loud tone in which he repeated the responses. When the service was over he could not find his hat. The king saw him bustling about hunting after something, and asked: "What is the matter?" "Please your Majesty," he replied, "I have lost my hat." "Lost your hat, lost your hat, have you? You prayed well, but you did not watch, you did not watch!"

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS.

PHOSPHORESCENCE.—Many bodies shine in the dark, i. e. glow with a peculiar light; this is phosphorescence, well known in the case of common lucifer match-balls. If two lumps of white sugar be rubbed together, they will show this phenomenon. A piece of flint-spur, obtained for a few pence at any mineralogist's, if heated on a shovel and removed to a dark room, will be observed to glow most beautifully.

ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENT.—Cut a piece of zinc to the size of a shilling and place it under the tongue; above the tongue place a shilling; if the two be allowed to touch by their edges at the tip of the tongue, a peculiar tingling sensation will be felt, due to the development of electricity. This will cause some amusement when a few friends are together because the metals are invariably spat out with some consternation. The experiment is quite harmless.

A BLIND SPOT ON THE EYE.—Every one has a blind spot on his eye. It may be proved thus: Take a sheet of note-paper, and about three inches apart make two black spots, each about the size of a pea. Shut one eye; hold the paper at arm's length, and look fixedly at the left hand spot; though looking at one only, both will be seen. If now the paper be brought gently and gradually toward the eye, still looking at the one spot, the right hand one will suddenly disappear when the paper is about a foot distant from the eye, and will appear again as the paper approaches more closely.

MAGICAL LANDSCAPE.—Draw and shade with Indian ink a landscape copied from the many that may be found in the various illustrated papers. Take a solution of chlorite of cobalt, and point out the foliage of the trees and grass, carefully adding a little extra here and there to compensate the shade. With a solution of acetate of cobalt touch a few flowers, and with another solution of chloride of copper a few others. This picture will now appear like some drear winter scene; but on holding to the fire, when thoroughly warmed, it will glow with all the life and colors of summer. The colors fade again when the paper is cold, but can be revived by warming.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

FINISH the work in hand before beginning anything else.

BE guarded in conversation, attentive, and slow to speak.

It is easy to wish for Heaven, but difficult to get a heavenly mind.

BE not forward to assign reason to those who have no right to ask.

A **QUIET** mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained.

BE strictly temperate. You cannot use intoxicating drinks and keep free of danger.

A **MAN** too busy to take care of his health, is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

BE punctual and methodical in business, and never put off until to-morrow what should be done to-day.

A **MAN** who gives his children a habit of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

If any one speak ill of thee, consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.

NEVER retire at night without being wiser than when you rose in the morning, by having learned something useful during the day.

NEVER let a day pass without having made an effort to make some one happier; every such effort, whether successful or not, will increase your own happiness.

The truly beneficent man is the happiest man. He derives a purer and deeper joy from the luxury of giving to make others happy, than he does in receiving from others.

The bad man, diffusing the hue of his own spirit over the world, sees it full of treachery, selfishness and deceit. The good man is continually looking for and sees noble qualities.

TIME may bear on us like a rough trotting-horse; and our journey may have its dark nights, quagmires and its jack o' lanterns—but there will come a ruddy morning at last, a smoother road, and an easier gait.

OTHER feelings grow cold—other memories pass away; but the gentle image of the mother who has watched our childhood—her love, her tenderness, her unvaried devotion, will forever be mirrored in the human heart.

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense. There are so many of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

BY seeming to countenance vice in others, we insensibly countenance it in ourselves, for there is a subtle and almost mysterious sophistry which she employs as her chief agent in pacifying the mutinies of conscience and seducing reason from her vigilance.

INDUSTRY is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. He who is a stranger to it may possess, but cannot enjoy; for it is labor only which gives relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indispensable condition of possessing a sound mind in a sound body.

CONUNDRUMS.

What wine is both food and drink? Port wine with a crust!

When is a carpenter like a circumstance? When he alters cases!

What sort of a day would be a good one to run for a cup? A muggy one!

When does a farmer double up a sheep without hurting it? When he folds it.

Why are circus-horses such slow goers? Because they are taught-orces (ortoles)!

Tell us why it is vulgar to send a telegram? Because it is making use of flash language!

Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat? To keep a check on his stomach!

What extraordinary kind of meat is to be bought in the Isle of Wight? Mutton from Cowes!

How many young ladies does it take to reach from New York to Philadelphia? About one hundred; because a Miss is as good as a mile!

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

HUNTING THE WILD ELEPHANT IN AFRICA.

(See Frontispiece.)

THE gathering and sale of ivory is a regular business among the natives of Africa. To obtain these vast quantities of ivory, for which there is such a constant demand, it is necessary to hunt the elephant whose tusks furnish this ivory.

Various means are employed by the natives to capture and kill the elephants. The Fans, one of the tribes of Central Africa, have a peculiar method of entrapping them. Du Chailu thus describes this method: "The elephant, like most other great beasts, has no regular walk or path, but strays somewhat at random through the woods in search of food; but it is his habit, when pleased with a neighborhood, to remain there for a considerable time, nor let any small matter drive him away. Now of this the Fan takes advantage. The forests here are full of rough, strong, climbing plants, which you will see running up to the tops of the tallest trees. These they twist together, and with them ingeniously, but with much labor, construct a kind of huge fence or obstruction, not sufficient to hold the elephant, but quite strong enough to check him in his flight and entangle him in the meshes till the hunters can have time to kill him. Once caught, they quietly surround the huge beast and put an end to his struggles by incessant discharges of their spears and guns."

Sometimes a large pit is dug in the ground and concealed by boughs of trees, and into this the unwary elephant falls, and becomes an easy prey. This mode of capturing elephants is practised by the Apingi, another tribe of Central Africa.

Sometimes large bodies of men, numbering as many as five hundred, go out together on elephant hunts. On other occasions two or three hunters alone engage in the sport. When the latter is the case, the utmost caution is necessary if they would not get the worst of the encounter.

In the picture which we give this month two hunters have evidently fired at what they supposed to be a solitary elephant. The wounded and infuriated beast comes staggering toward them, lashing the air with his huge trunk, while a second elephant plunges at them from a thicket where he had been concealed, and the only chance left for them is to fly for their lives.

Elephant hunting is attended by many dangers which, to the genuine hunter, are, perhaps, among its greatest charms. If the huge beast is only wounded at the first encounter, his fury is something frightful to see, and occasionally difficult to escape.

THE FRUIT OF EXTRAVAGANT LIVING.

A WEALTHY merchant of New York is quoted as saying: "Sitting here at my desk I can feel the business pulse of the entire country. Our customers are in every State of the Union and in all but two of the Territories. Times are now dull and hard, and depression exists everywhere. Collections are slow, because the people are unable to pay their debts.

"This state of things has been brought about by our extravagant habits as a people, and their sole and only remedy is in economy. It is one of the hardest things in the world for people to learn, this matter of economy, when once they have acquired expensive habits. But there is no other way out of the present depression in business. Nearly everything we consume is too high, considering the amount of money in circulation and the retrenching and debt-paying policy of the Government. More money, an expansion of the currency, would afford us but the most fitful and temporary relief.

"We have got to get down to bed-rock economy some time, and the sooner we look in the right direction for the good or the evil of hard times, and put our own houses in

order, the better. Suppose the Western farmers were to practice the same economy which ruled their actions during the years of 1858, 1859 and 1860, there is hardly a county in your great productive West in which good times would not prevail in less than six months. There is, in fact, no class of people in the nation which is not spending too much money; and until we have retrenchment and economy among the people we cannot ultimately hope for any better times."

The truth of this every man of common sense and common observation sees and deplures; yet few have the courage and self denial to "put their houses in order," and prepare for the coming-down time that is surely approaching. It is better to step down than to fall down; to leave a house that is crumbling rather than remain until involved in its ruin; to take the lessons of prudence instead of the lessons of disaster.

With the exception of a few men of very large fortunes, what are known as our well-to-do people, are, in nine out of ten cases, living in great extravagance—that is, spending far more in houses, furniture, equipage, travel, etc., than their incomes warrant, and so steadily exhausting their resources and crippling their business. What is true of these, is true of people below them as to income. The lawyer of moderate practice, the merchant of limited means, the small store-keeper, the clerk, the teacher, the artisan—all are living in comparative extravagance, and nearly all spending everything they make—too many more than they make—and so on the strain and rack all the while, and all the while in danger of disaster.

It is impossible for such a state of things to remain permanent. The time is not far distant when the fruit of all this must come; and the fruit will be very bitter. What we want, as a people, is individual independence, honesty and courage—the independence to choose our own style of living, and the honesty and courage to maintain that style. We must not consult our neighbor's style of furnishing when we set up housekeeping, but our purse and income. Anything but this will prove a fatal mistake.

"The prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself; but the simple pass on and are punished."

OUR GRAND MOUNTAIN RANGES.

PROFESSOR HAYDEN, of the Geological Survey, writing from among the Rocky Mountains, says that the expedition is among the waters that flow on to the Grand River, which in turn flow on to the Colorado.

He says: "We are in the grandest mountain scenery in the world, and are close to the two highest peaks in the United States. We have named them the 'Capitol' and 'White House.' We have named the great range in the Upper Arkansas the 'National Range,' as it is the longest in the United States. We are eleven thousand feet above the sea, and fifty peaks can be seen one thousand four hundred feet high."

The range of the "Three Tetons" has been carefully mapped. Immense masses of snow and cakes of ice were found on its sides, and abundant signs of modern glacial action. At certain seasons of the year, usually in August and September, the air is filled to a great height with grasshoppers flying in every direction. They sometimes rose to the height of several thousand feet, and as they passed over this Teton range they became chilled and dropped on the snow and ice in vast numbers and gradually melted the snow so that myriads of little holes which they formed gave to the surface a peculiar roughness. It was due to this fact that Messrs. Stevenson and Langford were able to cling to the almost vertical icy sides of the peak and complete the ascent.

The elevation was found to be thirteen thousand eight hundred and fifty feet above the sea, thus entitling it to rank

among the monarch peaks of the continent; yet on the summit of this peak there were indications that human beings had made the ascent at some period in the past. On the top of the Grand Teton, and for three hundred feet below, are great quantities of granite blocks or slabs of different sizes. These blocks had been placed on and formed a breastwork about three feet high, inclosing a circular space six or seven feet in diameter, and while on the surrounding rocks there was not a particle of dust or sand, yet the bottom of this inclosure was covered with a bed of minute particles of granite not larger than ordinary grains of sand, which must have been worn off by the elements from the vertical blocks until it is nearly a foot in depth. There was every appearance that these granite slabs had been placed in their present position by the Indians, as a protection from the winds, many centuries since.

LIQUOR-SELLING IN THE PARK.

WE referred last month to the fact that our Park Commissioners, men of the highest standing in this community, permit the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday within the limits of the Park, in violation of law. We did not then know that the Act of the Legislature, passed April 14, 1866, appropriating ground for the purposes of this Park, contained a clause prohibiting the sale of liquors within its bounds at any time—weekday or Sunday.

It is clause XVII. of the Rules and Regulations established by the Legislature for the government of the Park, and reads as follows:

"That no intoxicating liquors shall be allowed to be sold within the Park."

In section 22 of the Act it reads:

"It shall be the duty of the police appointed to duty in the Park, without warrant, forthwith to arrest any offender against the preceding rules and regulations, whom they may detect in the commission of such offence, and to take the person or persons so arrested forthwith before a magistrate having competent jurisdiction."

Now, the police appointed to duty in the Park may be seen at almost any time at Belmont, weekday or Sunday, with liquor-selling and liquor-drinking going on before their faces; and yet there are no arrests. What does it mean? Are Park Commissioners and Park police above and independent of the law?

It is a sad thing for morality and good order, when men like our Park Commissioners take the side of liquor-selling and disregard of the law!

PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF FASHION.

THE *Hens Magazine* contains every month a report of the newest styles in dress from the house of E. Butterick & Co., 655 Broadway, New York. These reports, with the illustrations and descriptions, give the best practical suggestions and instructions to be found in any other magazine of our class.

From the clearly-written explanations which accompany all patterns given, the fullest comprehension may be derived as to every detail of a garment, including the cutting and fitting, economical making up, and amount of material that goes to its fabrication.

The "Butterick" system, in its essential nature, is free from the objections urged against the old-time fashion-plates. Adopting as its standard an average human creature—man, woman or child, as might be exacted—it enlarged, diminished and adapted its patterns upon a principle so sound, and with the aid of machinery so ingenious, that perfection in its kind was inevitable. Each garment was reproduced in patterns with such endless variations as to insure a fit to every form presented. With each pattern is a working description, so minute that the veriest apprentice of a country dressmaker could not fail to understand it, and bring properly together the several parts thus carefully shaped to her hands. In brief, no suggestion taught by experience and realizable by ingenuity and skill, was omitted in making these patterns at once practical, simple and in fallible; and hence the wonderful success of the system which is now familiar to every household in the country, and has its agencies in almost every village, town and city.

Our monthly reports are always full and varied.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. B.—Don't forget to give your baby a sip of cool water now and then. Infants often suffer great distress when sick on account of thirst, which they have no way of making known except by crying or moaning. You will often be delighted to see how quickly their trouble will cease on giving them water.

T. R. D.—The mistaken ideas of nurses and physicians in regard to the food of patients often seriously retard convalescence. Nature is the best guide to what shall or shall not be eaten by sick people. What the appetite craves will, in most cases, be found the right thing. An eminent professor gives this sensible advice to young doctors: "Whatever sick people have a true desire for they ought to be indulged in. When your little patients have been sick a long time and have become emaciated (it may be for want of proper food), have them carried to the table, and allow them to indicate by signs, if they have no words, what their systems require to build them up again." This is common sense and common humanity as well.

B.—Drawing on wood for the use of engravers must be learned as a special art. Any good wood engraver will tell you how it is done.

MARY.—We cannot undertake to criticize the articles we decline. Often we do not read beyond the first sentence or the first page. As soon as from the style, the subject or its manner of treatment, we find that an article will not suit us, we lay it aside, having no time to throw away. If you want critical estimates of your literary ability do not go to an editor.

SADIE.—You are right in your guess.

ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE STYLISH FALL OVERCOATS manufactured by Wanamaker & Brown this season have merited the approval of the most critical votaries of fashion, while the durability of these useful garments is of a character that warrants unprecedented satisfaction. Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown now have the Largest Clothing Establishment in America. They are noted from the Atlantic to the Pacific as the most popular and enterprising firm in the ready made clothing business. The magnitude of their stock of gentlemen's, youths and boys clothing for Fall and Winter will exceed by far that of any establishment in this country.

A GRAND VICTORY OVER EVERY COMPETITOR IN THE WORLD.

The following Cable Dispatch from Vienna will convey the glad intelligence to the world that the "World-Renowned Wilson Sewing Machine," has not only taken all of the highest Awards at Fairs and Expositions in the United States, but that it has overwhelmingly defeated every Sewing Machine manufactured in the World, and carried off the first Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition:

VIENNA, Austria, Aug. 15, 1873.

To W. G. Wilson, President Wilson Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio:

"The Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine was awarded the Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition for being the best Sewing Machine."

RAYMON.

THE FOLLOWING CABLE TELEGRAM is just received:

World's Exhibition, Vienna, Aug. 19, 1873.

To Peterson & Carpenter, General Agents for Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co., Philadelphia:

"Awarded grand medal on progress. Grand medal of merit, and the only Sewing-Machine Company recommended by the International Jury for the Grand Diploma of Honor."

GROVE'S COMBINATION TRAYS AND LEAF

are not simply a beautiful cabinet addition to a sewing-machine, but a very substantial, and, to the last degree, useful addition to the machine. The operator can have all the trays open at once, while running the machine, with her needle and cotton, scissors, thimble, etc., right before her eyes all the time while she is at work, and of the various extension leaves this one is the most solid and substantial.

The price of this latest and best of all the wood work improvements is no more than is charged for the commonest and meanest.

Sent, C. O. D., to any address. Suitable terms to sewing-machine agents. See advertisement.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

To our Friends, New and Old.

We have already suggested to our friends and club-getters to move early in securing names for 1874. The earlier this is done the easier it will be found.

For next year we shall have a still richer and more attractive Magazine to offer our readers. In the January number Mr. Arthur will begin his new serial story of American life, entitled

"WINDOW CURTAINS."

"PRAISEMY POTTS" will continue her popular and unrivalled articles on home and domestic life, and Miss VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND is engaged for a new series of papers similar to those which have been so highly appreciated this year. Other literary attractions, not yet ready for announcement, are in preparation, one of them a series of articles on the daily life, duties, character, studies, etc., of young American girls, written by one of our most sensible and spicy correspondents. This series will be rich and good.

The Magazine is to be more distinctly classified, and a larger space given to household matters. Its value, as well as its interest for all readers, will be in every way greatly increased. In fact, the HOME is to be made the GREATEST HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE OF AMERICA—a periodical which no intelligent and well-ordered family can afford to be without.

The Lady's Friend.

[ITS UNION WITH THE "HOME MAGAZINE."

As announced to the subscribers of "THE LADY'S FRIEND," the subscription list of that periodical has been purchased by us; and the HOME MAGAZINE will be sent to them for the unexpired time for which they have paid. All the unfinished stories will be continued and completed in a Supplement, which will be stitched in the edition of our Magazine sent to "THE LADY'S FRIEND" subscribers. In order that no confusion may occur, we print in large letters on the front cover of the Magazines sent to these subscribers, "LADY'S FRIEND EDITION." This edition contains the Supplement above referred to.

To our new friends we can only say, that we trust the few months' acquaintance we shall now make will prove so pleasant that it will be only the beginning of an intercourse that shall run through many years.

Club-Getters, Take Notice!

BEGIN NOW TO MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.

Special Inducements for New Subscribers to
Give their Names at Once.

New subscribers who pay their subscriptions for 1874 in September, October, or November, can, if they desire it, begin to receive the MAGAZINE at once, by adding to their subscription ten cents for each of the numbers of this year they may wish to order. Thus, for forty cents additional, the MAGAZINE will be sent from September; for thirty cents from October, and for twenty cents from November.

Under this arrangement new subscribers can begin at once to receive the MAGAZINE, the numbers for this year costing only half price.

Our New Premium Picture.

Our new steel engraving will be ready for subscribers some time in September. It is larger and more valuable than any we have yet given. The title of the picture is

"PEACE BE UNTO THIS HOUSE."

It represents the Saviour entering a house, and with his hand giving it his divine benediction. For grace and beauty and tenderness, this picture has few equals. In our selection from a large range of subjects, we found nothing but pleased half so well.

In size, our picture is equal to the fine English original which sells for \$14; and our artist, Mr. J. R. Rice, has given us so close a copy, that few but experts will be able to tell the difference.

If you want the earliest and sharpest copies of this engraving, send in your subscriptions at once. It will be mailed to subscribers immediately on the reception of their names.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of advertisers to the large increase in our circulation consequent on our purchase of "THE LADY'S FRIEND" subscription list, which makes the HOME MAGAZINE still more valuable as an advertising medium.

Without a Rival.

As a Household Magazine, the HOME now stands without a rival. From all quarters comes this testimony. Never, from the date of its publication, popular as it has always been, has it found so warm and hearty a reception from the people everywhere, as since we took our "new departure" in January last. It comes, they say, nearer to the common household want in intelligent American homes than any other periodical ever attempted. This is just what we are aiming to make the HOME MAGAZINE, and it is gratifying to know that we are successful.

Important to Agents in New England.

No reliable agent, no matter what engaged in, should fail to know the chance now offered for immediate and permanent employment in New England, where we have taken a "new departure" in earnest.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON.

Address D. L. MILLIKEN, at our New England Office, 21 Bromfield Street, Boston,
Full particulars free.

Mr. Arthur's New Books by Mail.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, \$2.00.

CAST ADRIPT, \$2.00.

We will send by mail any of the above new books by T. S. Arthur, on receipt of the price.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and the "Man-Trap," or "Cast Adrift." For \$3.50 the "Man-Trap" and "Cast Adrift." For \$5.50, the three volumes will be sent.



THE FIRST LOVE LETTER.

7

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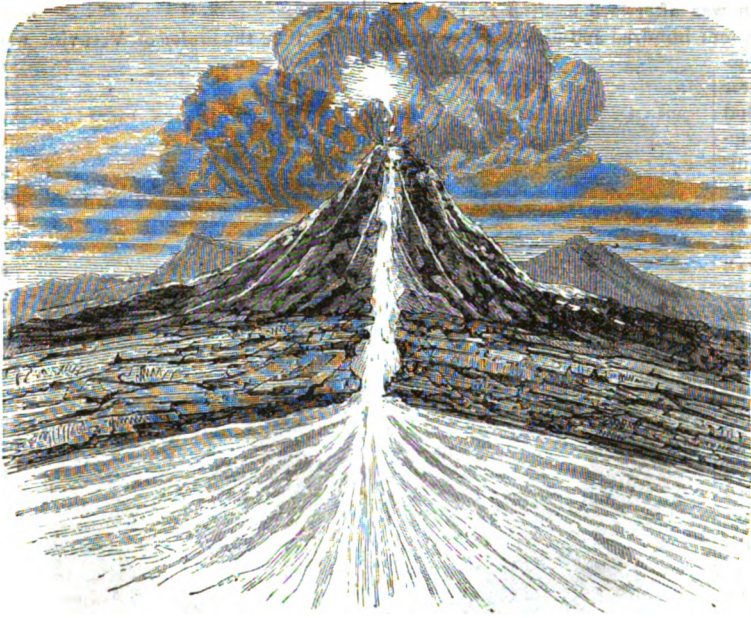
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ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLI.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

No. 11.



SECTION OF VOLCANO.

VOLCANOES.

BY E. CHARDON.

AMONG the most grand of the phenomena of nature are the volcanoes which are to be found in different portions of the earth, some of them being in a state of perpetual eruption, others erupting only at intervals.

All volcanic phenomena can be explained by the theory of fractures in the solid crust of the globe, resulting from its cooling. The various phenomena which existing volcanoes present to us are, as Humboldt has said, "the result of every action exercised by the interior of a planet on its external crust."

We designate as volcanoes all conduits which establish a permanent communication between the interior of the earth and its surface—a conduit which gives passage at intervals to eruptions of lava. In the illustration, at the head of this article, there is represented, in an ideal section, the geological mode of action of volcanic eruptions.

An interesting volume, translated from the French of Louis Figuier, and published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York, gives many facts and statistics in regard to volcanoes. The author of this book sets down the number of volcanoes on the surface of the globe, known to be in an occasional state of activity, to be about three hundred; and these he divides into two classes: the isolated, or central, and the linear, or those volcanoes which belong to a series. The first are active volcanoes, around which there may be established many secondary active mouths of eruption, always in connection with some principal crater. The second are disposed like the chimneys of furnaces, along fissures extending over considerable distances. Twenty, thirty, and even a greater number of volcanic cones may rise above one such rent in the earth's crust, the direction of which will be indicated by their linear course. The Peak of Tene-

riffe is an instance of a central volcano; the long, rampart-like chain of the Andes, presents, from the south of Chile to the northwest coast of America, one of the grandest instances of a continental volcanic chain. The remarkable range of volcanoes in the province of Quito belong to the latter class. Darwin relates that on the 19th of March, 1836, the attention of a sentry was called to something like a large star, which gradually increased in size till about three o'clock, when it presented a very magnificent spectacle. "By the aid of a glass, dark objects, in constant succession, were seen in the midst of a great glare of red light, to be thrown up and to fall down. The light was sufficient to cast on the water a long, bright reflection—it was the volcano of Orsono in action."

Mr. Darwin was afterward assured that Aconcagua, in Chile, four hundred and eighty miles to the north, was in action on the same night, and that the great eruption of Coseguina (two thousand seven hundred miles north of Aconcagua), accompanied by an earthquake felt over one thousand miles, also occurred within six hours of this same time. And yet Coseguina had been dormant twenty-six years and Aconcagua most rarely shows any sign of action. It is also stated by Professor Dove that in the year 1835 the ashes discharged from the Mountain of Coseguina were carried seven hundred miles, and that the roaring noise of the eruption was heard at San Salvador, a distance of one thousand miles.

In the sea the series of volcanoes show themselves in groups of islands, disposed in longitudinal series. Among these may be ranged the volcanic series of Sunda, which, according to the accounts of the matter ejected, and the violence of the eruptions, seem to be among the most remarkable on the globe; the series of the Moluccas and of the Philippines, those of Japan, of the Marianne Islands, of Chili, of the double series of volcanic summits near Quito, those of the Antilles, Guatemala and Mexico.

Among the central, or isolated volcanoes, we may class those of the Lipari Islands, which have Stromboli, in permanent activity for their centre; Etna,

Vesuvius, the volcanoes of the Azores, of the Canaries, of the Cape de Verde, of the Galapagos Islands, the Sandwich Islands, the Marquesas, the Society Islands, the Friendly Islands, Bourbon and Ararat.

The mouths or craters of volcanoes are usually situated at or near the summit of a more or less isolated conical mountain. This opening is generally in the form of a funnel, descending down into the interior of the mountain. Sometimes the crater becomes enlarged, and gradually filled up by crumbling rocks from its sides, and lava, which has cooled within it. Then, in the centre of this original crater a new crater is formed. Of this character is the crater of Vesuvius, which is, strictly speaking, a crater within a crater, the smaller crater being produced in 1829.

In 1822 the crater of Vesuvius was two thousand

feet deep. The crater of Kilan-
ea, in the Sand-
wich Islands
group, is an im-
mense chasm
one thousand
feet deep, with
an outer circle
no less than
from two to
three miles in
diameter.

The eruption
of a volcano is
usually an-
nounced by a
subterranean
noise, accompa-
nied by shocks,
quivering of the
ground, and
sometimes by
actual earth-
quakes. The
noise, which
usually pro-
ceeds from a



CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

great depth, makes itself heard, sometimes over a great extent of country, and resembles a well-sustained fire of artillery, accompanied by the rattle of musketry. Sometimes it is like the heavy rolling of subterranean thunder.

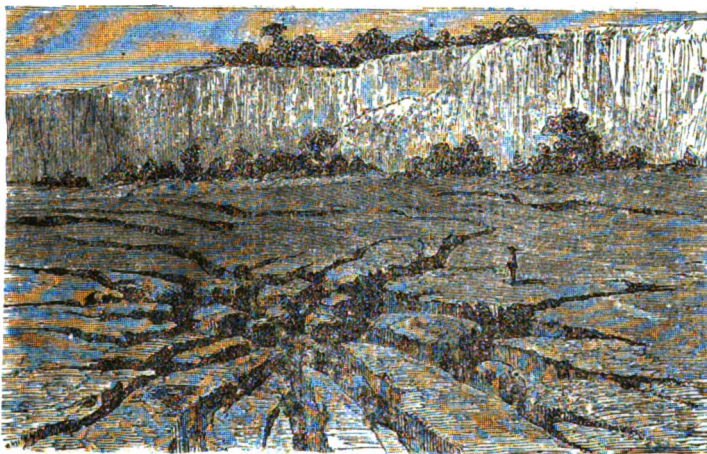
Fissures are frequently produced during the eruptions, extending over a considerable radius. At Locrarno there are found fissures of volcanic origin, which present a singular appearance; the clefts radiating from a centre in all directions, not unlike the starred fracture in a cracked pane of glass. The eruption begins with a strong shock, which shakes the whole interior of the mountain; masses of heated vapor and fluid begin to ascend, revealing themselves, in some cases, by the melting of the snow upon the flanks of the cone of ejection, while simultaneously with the final shock, which overcomes the

last resistance opposed by the solid crust of the ground, a considerable body of gas, and more especially of steam, escapes from the mouth of the crater. The steam is essentially the cause of the terrible mechanical effects which accompany volcanic eruptions. Granitic, porphyritic, trachytic, and sometimes even basaltic matters, have reached the surface without producing any of those violent explosions or ejections of rocks and stones which accompany modern volcanic eruptions.

During the first moments of a volcanic eruption, the accumulated masses of stones and ashes which fill the crater are shot up into the sky by the suddenly and powerfully developed elasticity of the steam. This steam, which has been disengaged by the heat of the fluid lava, assumes the form of great rounded bubbles, which are evolved into the air to a great height above the crater, where they expand as they rise, in clouds of dazzling whiteness, assuming

flowed from these volcanoes is readily distinguishable from the analogous lavas which belong to the basaltic or trachytic formations. Their surface is irregular, and bristles with asperities, formed by heaped-up angular blocks. No tradition speaks of the eruption of these volcanoes, and Lyell, a noted geologist, places them in an early period in the history of the world. "Extinct quadrupeds of the upper Miocene and Pliocene eras," he says, "belonging to the genera mastodon, rhinoceros and others, were buried in ashes and beds of alluvial sand and gravel, which owe their preservation to overspreading sheets of lava."

The mud volcano is another form of the volcano. Volcanoes of this class are, for the most part, conical hills of low elevation, with a hollow or depression at the centre, from which they discharge the mud, which is forced upward by gas and steam. The temperature of the ejected matter is only slightly



FIGURES NEAR LOCARNO.

the appearance which Pliny, the younger, compared to a stone pine rising over Vesuvius. The masses of clouds finally condense and follow the direction of the wind. These volcanic clouds are gray or black, according to the quantity of ashes, that is, of pulverulent matter or dust, mixed with watery vapor, which they convey. In 1794, the ashes from Vesuvius were carried as far as the extremity of Calabria. In 1812, the volcanic ashes of St. Vincent, in the Antilles, were carried eastward as far as Barbadoes, spreading such obscurity over the island that, in open day, passengers could not see their way.

There are numerous extinct volcanoes. Vesuvius itself was an extinct volcano from the earliest traditional times up to the year 79 of the Christian era. In France there is a range of volcanic hills nearly twenty miles in length and two in breadth, known as the "chain of Puy." This chain, by its cellular and porous structure, which is also granular and crystalline, the felspathic or pyroxenic lava which

elevated. The mud is generally of a grayish color, with the odor of petroleum.

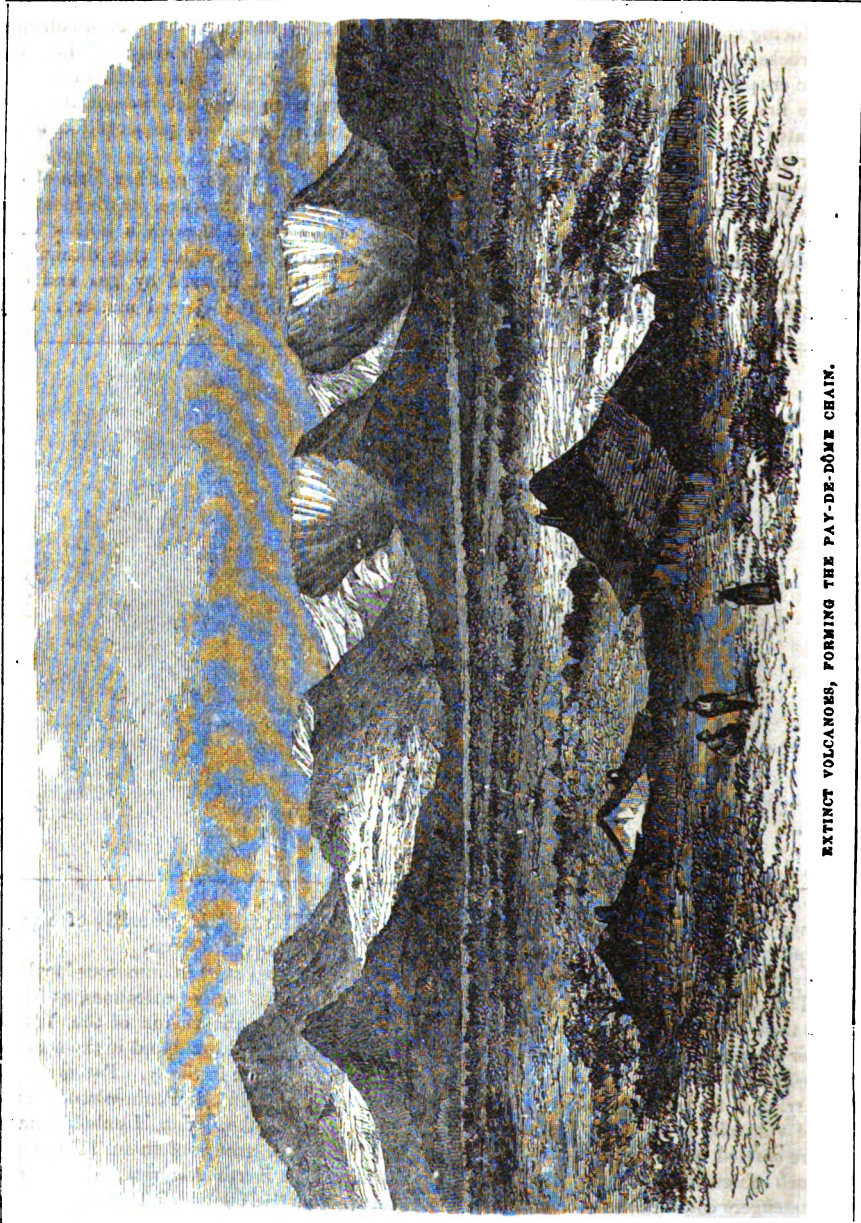
Mud volcanoes exist in numerous localities. There are a number of active volcanoes, as well as extensive remains, in the region of the Yellowstone, in Colorado. Several are found in the neighborhood of Modena, and some in Sicily. Pallas observed them in the Crimea—in the Peninsula of Kertch and in the Isle of Tamán. Von Humboldt has described and figured a group of them in the province of Cartagena, in South America; and they have been observed in the Island of Trinidad and in Hindoostan. In 1797, an eruption of mud ejected from Tunguragua, in Quito, filled a valley one thousand feet wide to a depth of six hundred feet.

The fountains of boiling water, known under the name of geysers, are another emanation connected with ancient craters. They are either continuous or intermittent. In Iceland we find great numbers of these gushing springs—in fact, the island is one

entire mass of eruptive rock. Nearly all the volcanoes are situated upon a broad band of trachyte which crosses the island from south-west to north-east. It is traversed by immense fissures, and covered with masses of lava, such as no other coun-

of boiling water, eight yards in diameter, charged with silica, to the height, it has been said, of about one hundred and fifty feet, depositing vast quantities of silica as it cools after reaching the earth.

This remarkable geyser, which was long con-



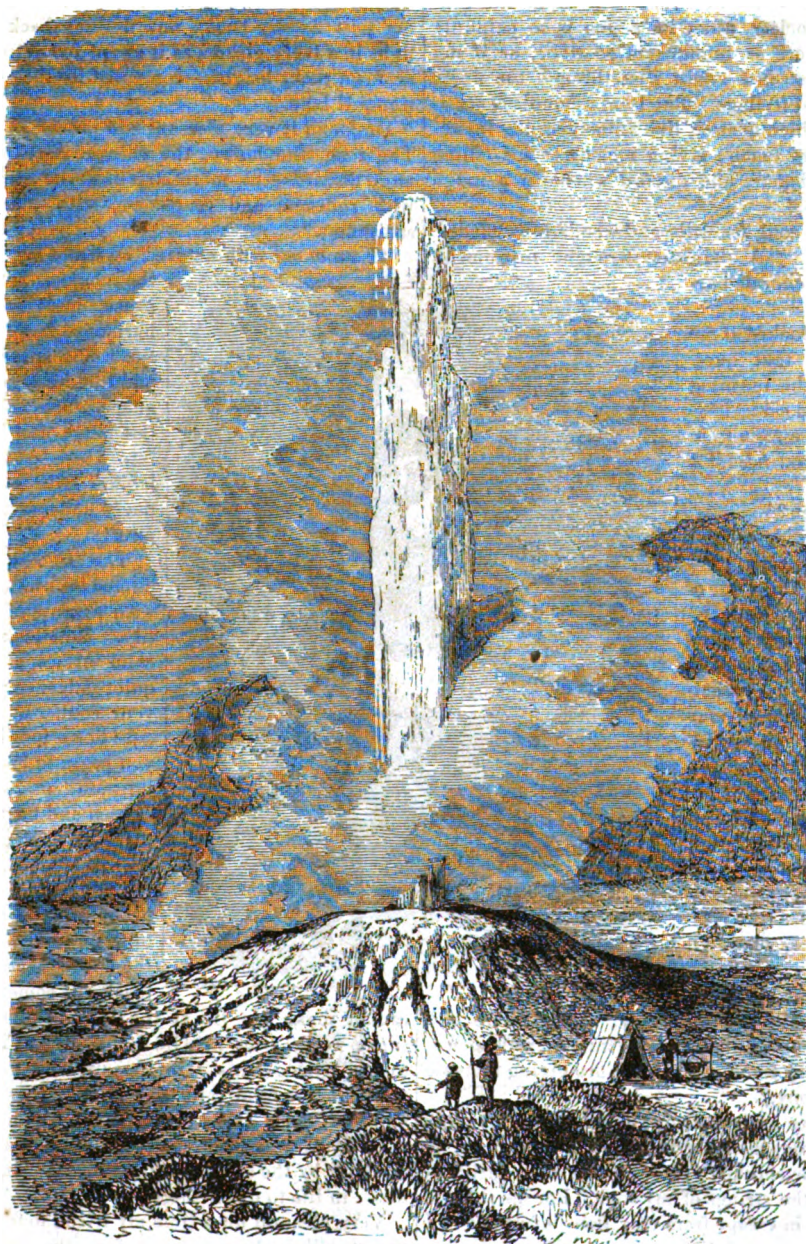
EXTINCT VOLCANOES, FORMING THE PAY-DE-DÔME CHAIN.

try presents. The volcanic action, in short, goes on with such energy that certain paroxysms of Mount Hecla have lasted for six years without interruption. But the Great Geyser, of which we give an illustration is, perhaps, even more an object of curiosity. This water volcano projects, at intervals, a column

sidered as one of the wonders of the earth, is eclipsed by several which have been discovered by recent travellers in the Yellowstone region. The country is there honeycombed by geysers, hot and warm springs, which are so numerous and on such a magnificent scale as to astonish the traveller, and to

almost challenge the belief of the reader. One of the highest of these Yellowstone geysers throws an immense volume of water to the height of two hundred feet, and there are several others nearly as high;

Each of these volcanoes is governed by a law peculiarly its own, and exhibits phenomena wholly different from that of its neighbor, which may be only a few feet distant; different not only in its intervals



GREAT GEYSER OF ICELAND.

while whole acres of ground are occupied with innumerable basins of medicinal springs of various degrees of temperature.

It is in this remarkable locality that the mud volcano assumes its most varied and curious forms.

of activity, but in the character of the material ejected. Recent descriptions of these geysers have been so widely circulated in magazines and newspapers, that most of our readers are familiar with them.

OUT OF TUNE.

"IF I had leisure, quiet, repose! If I could escape from this fret and fever of life—from this daily contact with things that chafe and worry, that hurt and agitate. Ah, my friend! There is something wrong. Something out of joint in the constitution of society, when its action is so painfully felt. If I were as immovable as stone, or if my nerves were steel, I might pass through the world with unruffled feelings. But I am a bundle of sensitive fibres, which answer, like a finely-strung instrument, to every touch; giving melody to soft-falling and skilful fingers, and discord whenever a rough hand invades."

"A living soul, fearfully and wonderfully made," I answered. "A delicately-wrought instrument, created for choral harmonies."

My friend looked at me with a face that questioned as to the meaning of what I had said.

"It is not escape from society that you need," I remarked.

"What then?"

"The chording of your instrument with the grand life-chorus. Drop out of your place—go away by yourself—and you will be as a solitary hautboy, a trombone, a flute, or whatever the instrument may be to which you correspond in the living orchestral world."

"Ingenious and fanciful. But, accepting your thought as true, how can an instrument, finely strung, find its true relation and power where all is discord?"

"Impossible in the nature of things," was my reply. "But there is a grand life-chorus, into which all human instruments, if in tune, may come, each in its turn giving increase to the harmony."

"My senses are not acute enough to perceive this harmony," returned my friend. "I listen; but to my ears come shocks of discord, that send thrills of pain along the strings of my soul. For me there is no hope but in escape from this Babel of sounds. I must get away, and live closer to nature. I must talk with the babbling streams; with the birds; with insects; with sweet air, perfume-laden; with forest and sky; with all things, in fact, which are in the order of their creation, and so image the Creator. Oh, how I am longing to escape! And I will escape!"

My friend was in earnest, and so, seeking for op-

portunity, he made his escape, going from the city in which his life had been passed, far away into the country, that he might stand face to face with nature, and so be in harmony with her. He found leisure, quiet, repose. The stream which had, almost from its source, moved along in a free current—now hurrying past flowery banks, now flashing back the sunlight in silvery gleams as it swept over stony places or down rocky heights—composed itself to sleep in a tranquil lake.

He found it very pleasant and peaceful for a time. The rush, the hurry, the change were over. No more discord—no more strivings—no more contact with rudeness and coarseness, with all-absorbing selfishness."

"I am at one with nature," he wrote me, soon after the change. "All her peace, and order, and harmony flow into my life. She speaks to me, and I understand her language. She takes me by the hand, and leads me into green pastures and beside still waters. I never understood life before."

The smooth, tree-encircled lake impresses you with a sense of tranquillity. You look upon its calm surface, and feel its quiet influence pervading your soul. But, as you gaze down into its bosom, you begin to have an impression of something hidden and hurtful; of a place in which evil things may be at work. Though the water looks clear, it has nothing of that crystalline life so beautiful in the flowing stream. Dark masses of something you

cannot make out, lie at the bottom. Around the edges, weeds grow in wild luxuriance. You begin to feel a sluggishness in the air, and to perceive stifling odors from rank vegetation. How deep and exhilarating is every breath, as you come into the open fields or ascend some mountain paths again! An hour by the still lake has sufficed. It would be death in life to dwell there.

Very pleasant for a time my friend found it in his new dwelling-place, far away from the great centres of humanity. The agitations that swept, sympathetically, from circle to circle of life, did not find him out in his calm retreat—never stirred his heart, reminding him that he was a member of the great body of the people. He was the still lake, reflecting sky and tree, and holding peace in his bosom. The still lake of the soul is affected by moral laws in



strict correspondence with natural laws. As it was with the lake on the lower and material plane, so it must be on a higher and spiritual plane. There was no escape for him. Reason would have taught him this, if he could have gone so far above his sensuous self as to comprehend her clear inductions.

I did not meet him again for years after he dropped away from our social and business world, lost to us as an instrument from an orchestra, or a fine voice from a choir. There was gain on neither side, I think; but loss to both. A few letters had passed between us; then communication ceased. Our minds were not in harmony—they did not chord in the music of life.

Two or three months ago, I was in a neighboring city. The call for a public meeting attracted my attention, and I went to note the proceedings. The organization was going on as I entered the hall, and, greatly to my surprise, I saw my friend take the chair. I could not be mistaken in him, for his physique was peculiar. If I had been in doubt, his voice would have assured me. Time, and life, had been at work with him, and, through both, his true manhood was coming out. There was an air of strength about him—of self-poise—of will that knoweth no hindrance. I lost half my interest in the meeting, because of interest in my friend. How quietly, yet with a full consciousness of what the assembling involved, did he, as chairman, hold all its proceedings in the bonds of that rational order out of which so much right action comes. He gave rhythm to the whole.

When I stood face to face with him, grasping his hands, and looking into his clear, thoughtful eyes, I saw that he was a new man. That there had been deaths and births—losses and gains—the laying aside of lower things, and the putting on of what were higher and purer.

"I thought you were vegetating in your country hermitage," I said to him, "and lo! I find you in the very heart, as it were, of the world of action."

"Come home with me," he answered. "We must talk about that. I have thought of you a great many times."

I went with him and passed the night. He was in business again. The fret and fever of life were all about him. He was once more in contact with things that chafe and worry, that hurt and agitate—if we will let them.

"Tell me," I said, "of your states and experiences during the time you lived separate from the world, and alone with nature. You wrote me that you were 'at one' with her; and all her peace and harmony and order flowed into your life; that she spoke to you in a language clearly understood; that she was leading you in green pastures and beside still waters."

He dropped his eyes, and looked thoughtful.

"A mere fancy," he replied. "You know in what state of mind I broke away from society—dropped out of the orchestra, to use your own figure, and went away with my solitary instrument, to enjoy its music alone. An athlete, exhausted in the arena, finds

sweet repose on a soft bed in a quiet chamber. It fills, for a time, his idea of Heaven. But, when the weary limbs have rested, and every organ and fibre is flushed with blood and animal spirits, the chamber becomes as a prison. He could not live there. He would grow sick for want of freedom and action. A similar state was mine. The peaceful retreat into which I withdrew myself, was as the bed and chamber to the strained athlete.

"There was far more of fancy than experience," he continued, "in those fine words about my intelligent intercourse with nature. I expressed what I believed possible, rather than what I had experienced. It seemed to me that I was standing at the door opening into the arena of nature, and that a hand was moving it on the inner side. My heart bounded in confident anticipations—which were not realized. The door never turned on its hinges—the mystery of nature was not revealed. I soon wearied of asking vague questions of the trees and stones—of the birds and brooks—of the earth and sky. If they answered me, I did not comprehend their language. The peace, the beauty, the order of external life, did not long transfuse themselves into my soul—nay, transfuse is not the word—did not long reflect themselves from the surface. The old disquiet came back upon me; and I awoke, gradually, to the truth that disturbing causes were within me, rather than without; that my instrument was not in tune. It was a painful awakening. After this, nature, which at first seemed flushing with intelligence, grew stupid and dumb. I knew nothing of botany, of mineralogy, of entomology; and the science wanting, there was no basis for a true interest in things below or above the earth's surface.

"A few years of dull, weary, soul-corroding life, and I came back into the world again, something wiser than when I went away to live by myself. I do not see that we have changed in anything since my first experience; and yet I find my action accordant with the general action in hundreds of cases where it was discordant before. The change is in myself; my instrument is in better tune, and chords more perfectly with other instruments in the grand chorus of life. There is, I find, a great deal around us that we speak of as discord, when the fault is in ourselves. Of one thing I am satisfied, and that is, that in the great social body, marred and diseased as it is, there is a life as harmonious and reciprocal as in the single body of a man—a life inflowing from the source of life, and order, and by virtue of that Source, in the perpetual endeavor to reform, restore and bring back humanity to its lost image and likeness of God. We see this in the effort of every community to get just laws, and have them executed for the common good; in the devotion of men to useful employment, each in his sphere; in concerted benevolent, sanitary and corrective movements, by which diseased and hurtful things may be cast out. Now, just in the degree that each individual brings himself into harmony with this higher circle of life, which is common to the whole, will he find discord

and obstruction ceasing. The world will put on a new face for him. She will speak to him in a different language. He will not need to go away into the still places of nature to find rest and peace, for they will abide with him. But, if he narrow his life down to the merest selfish ends, seeking, as some disordered member of the body, to appropriate only, and not to give—to act for himself alone, and not in concert with the whole for the health and well-being of the whole—then he will be out of tune. His life will be jarred by perpetual discords, and he will vainly imagine that he is suffering from defect of harmony in society, when the defect is in himself.

"This," added my friend, "is the lesson I have learned. Taking my peculiar mental construction, there was no way for me to learn it but by the hard one of experience. I had to drop out of the orchestra and try my instrument alone. What poor music I made, sitting afar off in solitary places by myself! I thought it passing sweet at first; but its thinness and monotony soon wearied, and at last disgusted me. I longed for choral harmonies. How they ravished my ears when their chorded delights broke into them again!"

LOOKING OUT FOR MOTHER.

WAITING at the window,
Tired of book and toy,
Looking out for mother,
Stands our darling boy.

"Frankie!" But he turns not;
Does not seem to hear;
Now his lips are moving—
"Where is mamma, dear?"

Hark! a shout of gladness!
How the white hands fly!
Swifter than a bird's wings
In the azure sky.

Turning from the window—
Out through open door—
Springing down the pathway—
Crying o'er and o'er:

"Mamma! mamma! mamma!"
See the darling boy
Leaping into loving arms,
In excess of joy.

Happy little Frankie,
With his head at rest,
In the peace of innocence
On his mother's breast.



THE FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFY.

(See Engraving.)

"**O**NLY a letter from Alfred," you say;
I like that word "only," because 'tis so cool!
Do you mean you get love-letters day after day?
You know 'tis your first one, you sweet little fool!

I knew 'tis your first one—don't tell me! I know
By the turn of your lip, and the beam of your eye,
By your hand all a-tremble, your cheek all aglow;
You know you would kiss it if I wasn't by.

And what does he say? 'Tis an
age since you met,
And he longs for the clasp of
your soft little hand;
Ah, yes, I don't doubt that he
says so, and yet
It isn't two days since he
stood where I stand.

He calls you his darling, his pet
and his own,
And he raves of your eyes and
your lips and your curls;
He swears that of women he
loves you alone,
That you are his princess, his
queen among girls.

He calls you his first love. Ah,
Mary, take care!
Though he says it, he scarcely
will think you believe.

He says he is "faithful forever." Beware!
Maids were born to be flattered—men to deceive.

Oh, when is a love-letter coming to me?
And when will my footsteps that paradise gain
Where the air is all golden, where earth and where sea
Were made but to pleasure and comfort us twain?

Us twain!—myself and that one yet unknown,
Who keeps in the future a shadowy place,
All unseen and unnamed! Come to me, my own!
I await you! I long to look into your face!

With eyes all clear-seeing, I long for the hour
When I shall be blinded by love; and with brain
All unclouded, I shrink not from feeling the power
That can turn all my reason to folly again.

With heart beating calmly, with pulse throbbing slow,
I wait for my blood to course madly, and dance;
To feel in my forehead love's passionate glow,
Set on fire by a word, by a touch, by a glance.

Oh, when is a love-letter coming to me,
With its sweet-written pages to ravish my eyes?
The most beautiful letter a woman can see,
That lifts her and bears her from earth to the skies.

Then read on, dear girl. 'Tis your first—'tis your last!
There can never be one such another for you.
'Tis a tremulous joy, yet how soon it is past!
We know it is beautiful! Would it were true!

"IN THE BEGINNING."

THIRD PAPER.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

THE third, or Tertiary Epoch of the Creation of the World, introduces an altogether new order of things in the animal kingdom. As in the Primary epoch crustaceans and fishes were the only living things, and in the Secondary epoch reptiles predominate, so in the Tertiary epoch mammals took their place upon the earth. Fishes and reptiles still remained, though some of their orders were extinct and other new orders created.

Among the new reptiles were Salamanders as large as crocodiles. Birds, too, of song and of prey, were in plenty, though inferior in number to the mammals. During this epoch the earth was fairly crowded with life, as the immense number of remains show. The agglomerated remains of the shells of microscopic mollusca, forming in some places beds hundreds of feet thick, testify to the swarms of life which filled the seas.

The Tertiary epoch is divided into three distinct periods, called by Sir Charles Lyell the Eocene, the Miocene, and the Pliocene.

Lecoq thus describes the vegetation of the Eocene period: "The lower tertiary period," he says, "constantly reminds us of the tropical landscapes of the present epoch, in localities where water and heat together impress on vegetation a power and majesty unknown in our climates. The Algae, which have already been observed in the marine waters at the close of the Cretaceous period, represented themselves under still more varied forms in the earlier Tertiary deposits, when they have been formed in the sea. Hepaticas and mosses grew in the more humid places; many pretty ferns vegetated in cool and humid places. The fresh waters are crowded with *Naiades*, *Chara*, *Potamogeton*, *Caulinites* and *Zosterites*, and with *Halochloria*. Their leaves, floating or submerged, like those of our aquatic plants, concealed legions of molluscs, whose remains have also reached us. Great numbers of Conifers lived during this period. M. Brongniart enumerates forty-one different species, which, for the most part, remind us of living forms with which we are familiar—of pines, cypresses, thuyas, junipers, firs, yews and ephedra. Palms mingled with these groups of evergreen trees. Creeping plants, such as the *Ocumeites variabilis*, and the numerous species of *Cupanioides*, twined their slender stems round the trunks, doubtless ligneous of various *Leguminaceae*. The family of *Betulaceae*, of the order *Cupulifera*, show the form, then new, of *Quercus*, the oak. Trees predominate here, as in the preceding period, but the great numbers of aquatic plants of the period are quite in accordance with the geological facts, which show that the continents and islands were intersected by extensive lakes and inland seas, while vast marine bays and arms of the sea penetrated deeply into the land."

It is evident that in the Tertiary epoch the earth's crust was sufficiently cooled, so that the surface was

no longer greatly affected by internal heat, and there was a consequent development of various latitudes. Nevertheless, most of the vegetation of the Eocene period is tropical in its character, and some of it remains to us to this day in the islands of Australasia. The mammals were also of the order that at the present time are found only in warm latitudes.

The first mammals, with the exception of the Marsupials, were the Pachyderms, to which family the elephants of the present day belong. The representatives of the family were, however, far superior in size and in number of varieties to those with which we are familiar. In the plaster quarries of Paris, Montmartre and Pantin, are to be found vast quantities of their remains. Every block taken from these quarries incloses some fragment of a bone of these huge monsters.

It was from the fossils furnished by these quarries that Cuvier made his studies, and finally succeeded in restoring several, and defining their appearance and habits.

The *Palæotherium* was one of the animals which Cuvier identified and described. It bore points of resemblance to the horse, the rhinoceros and the tapir. There were many species of them of different sizes. The nose terminated in a muscular fleshy trunk, or rather snout, the eyes were small, the head large, the body squat, thick and short; the legs short and stout.

The *Arioplotherium* was another animal which Cuvier has discovered for us. It was about the size of the ass. What would have distinguished it most must have been an enormous tail, of at least three feet in length, and very thick at its junction with the body. The tail evidently served it as a rudder and propeller when swimming in the lakes or rivers; for, Cuvier decides that in its habits it must have resembled the hippopotamus and other quadrupeds which frequent the water.

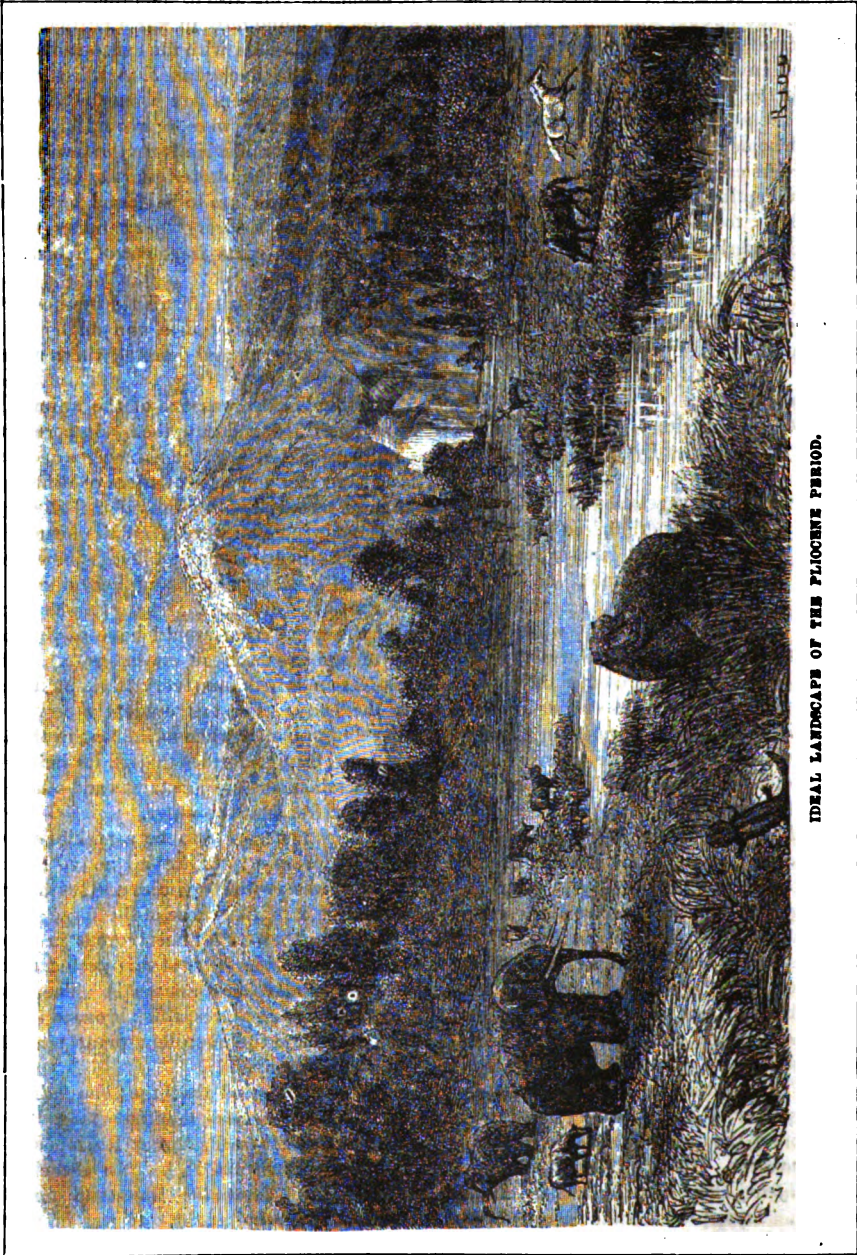
The *Xiphodon* seems to be a species of hornless deer. Cuvier says: "Like all active herbivorous animals, it was probably timid, and with large and very mobile ears, like those of the stag."

These animals were all herbivorous in habits. It is curious to consider that at this period there were few or no carnivorous mammals. The earth was filled with huge creatures which browsed the herbage of the plain and the succulent plants, and lived in quiet and harmony.

It was at this period that the *Nummulites* existed in the bosom of the seas, far from shore. The shelly agglomerates of these Protozoan Rhizopods now constitute very important rocks. In the chain of the Pyrenees the *Nummulite* limestone forms entire mountains of great height. It was of these rocks that the pyramids were built in Egypt. "The Nummulitic formation," says Lyell, "plays a far more conspicuous part than any other Tertiary group in the solid frame-work of the earth's crust, whether in Europe, Asia or Africa. It often attains a thickness of many thousand feet, and extends from the Alps to the Carpathians." It is also found in great quantities in Asia and Africa. "When we have

rived at the same conclusion," says the same authority, "that the Nummulitic formation occupies a middle place in the Eocene series, we are struck with the comparatively modern date to which some of the greatest revolutions in the physical geography of

The vegetation of the Miocene period was still tropical in character, though indicating an approach, in some latitudes, to a cooler temperature. The primeval forests of South America furnish even at this day, no doubt, a tolerably accurate idea of the vege-



IDEAL LANDSCAPE OF THE MIOCENE PERIOD.

Europe, Asia and Northern Africa must be referred. All the mountain chains, such as the Alps, Pyrenees, Carpathians and Himalayas, into the composition of whose central and loftiest parts the Nummulitic strata enter bodily, could have had no existence till after the Middle Eocene period."

tation of that period. These were palms, bamboos, laurels, maples, walnut trees, beeches, elms and oaks, all growing with tropical luxuriance, and bound and woven together by magnificent vines.

Now, for the first time, are discovered carnivora among mammals. Apes, bats, dogs, and other new

species make their appearance. Bats, dogs and coati inhabited Brazil and Guiana, rats ranged North America. There were genetters, marmots, squirrels and opossums. Thrushes, sparrows, storks, flamingoes and crows were added to the list of birds. Snakes, frogs and salamanders abounded in the marshes, and perch and shad appeared in the lakes and rivers.

The largest terrestrial mammal that ever lived belonged to this period. The name of *Dinotherium* has been given to it. Though this name signifies "terrible animal," yet its habits seem to have been peaceful enough. It is supposed to have inhabited the marshes bordering fresh-water lakes and rivers, and to have lived on roots and plants. Though much larger than the elephant, it bore a strong likeness to that animal. It probably had a proboscis similar to the elephant's. Its tusks, however, instead of proceeding out of its mouth, grew, bent downward, from the lower jaw, and though no doubt of use as weapons of defence, were especially intended as a powerful natural mattock for penetrating the soil, and tearing up the roots upon which it fed.

The mastodon was similar in size and appearance to the elephant of to-day. Its body was somewhat longer, and its limbs a little thicker. Numerous remains of mastodons have been found in North America, especially in the regions of the Ohio and Hudson rivers. Two complete skeletons have been formed from the remains of mastodons, one of which is on exhibition in the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, the other was sent to London. A single fossil tooth of a mastodon weighed about seventeen pounds.

The North American aborigines called the mastodon "the father of the ox," and there are numerous traditions which indicate that these creatures were in existence up to a comparatively recent period in the world's history. America abounds in remains of mastodons, but few bones have been found in Europe. They seem most plentiful in that country in the Val d'Arno, and a magnificent skeleton was discovered at Turin.

Fragmentary remains of several species of apes have been found, and an entire skeleton of a *mesopithecus*, which, in appearance and general organisation resembled the dog-faced baboon or ape of the present period.

The remains of the vegetable world of the Miocene period are found in the shape of a certain imperfect or spurious coal called *lignite*. It is utilized in many countries in the place of coal. The beds of this coal are of various degrees of thickness, from a few inches to above twenty yards. Yellow amber is found with this lignite. It is the mineralized resin which flowed from certain extinct pine trees of the Tertiary epoch. This amber is washed up by the waves of the Baltic Sea, and has, for ages, formed quite an article of commerce. In this fossil gum are frequently inclosed insects and other extraneous bodies, where they have been preserved in their original color and integrity of form.

The marine deposits of the Miocene period are beds of soft clay and shelly marl. The soft clay deposits include sandstone, much used for building purposes. This marine formation is sometimes succeeded by a fresh-water deposit of a whitish and partly siliceous limestone. The shelly marl deposits are formed of broken shells and corals, and the corresponding fresh water deposits contain numerous remains of the contemporaneous animal kingdom. This shelly marl is extensively used for fertilising land.

The Pliocene period or third subdivision of the Tertiary epoch was marked by a wonderful change in the manifestations of nature, and consequently by wonderful geographical alterations. The world had, up to this period, been divided into land and water, but with the land more or less level. Mountains had hitherto been unknown. But now came terrible subterranean convulsions. The outer crust was cooled and hardened, and as the boiling and seething mass within needed vent through which the compressed steam might escape, the hardened crust would be forced upward and a volcano would burst forth. It is believed, there being strong presumptive evidence in favor of the presumed fact, that up to this period, the portion of the earth now occupied by Europe was a vast sea filled, perhaps, by numerous islands of more or less extent. The European continent gradually emerged from this deep, while the chains of mountains were forced upward by an internal force. Fossil shells are found upon the Pyrenees at a height of eight thousand feet; on the Alps at a height of ten thousand feet; while in Sicily, the newer Pliocene rocks, covering nearly half the surface of the island, are raised from two thousand to three thousand feet above the level of the sea. In the Andes and the Himalayas the same evidence is found of their having been raised upward by volcanic action, as fossil shells are found on the former at a height of thirteen thousand feet, and on the latter at eighteen thousand feet. In the central Alps Cretaceous, Oolitic, Liassic and Eocene strata are found at the loftiest summits. Oolitic and Cretaceous strata have been raised twelve thousand feet, Eocene ten thousand feet and Miocene four thousand and five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Equally striking proofs of recent elevation are found in the Apennines; the celebrated Carrara marble turning out to be an altered limestone of the Oolitic series, and the underlying crystalline rocks to be metamorphosed secondary sandstones and shales.

During this last period, which precedes our own epoch, the temperature of the earth was gradually cooling, and the vegetation was being modified accordingly. Consequently, we find a striking similarity between the flora of that period and that of the present. The predominating character of vegetation is the abundance of the group of the *Amentaceae*. Conifers still numbered thirty-two varieties; of maple there were twelve varieties; of oak, three; while willows, beeches, birches, magnolias and other modern trees abounded. The palms totally disappeared from Europe.

Among the mammals which existed during this period we find the mastodon, which I have already described as existing during the preceding period. The hippopotamus, the horse, the camel, the ox and the deer, are among the animals then existing which survive to the present day. The fossil horse presents the greatest resemblance to existing individuals, though only about one-third its present size. The rhinoceros differed somewhat in having two horns instead of one. There was also a dwarf species about the size of a common hog. There were also intermediate species. The famous bird, the roc, which has played so important a part in Oriental tradition, originated in the discovery of the cranium and horns of a fossil rhinoceros. The famous dragons of western tradition had also a similar origin.

"In the city of Klagenfurth, in Carinthia, is a fountain on which is sculptured the head of a monstrous dragon with six feet, and a head surmounted by a stout horn. According to the popular tradition, still prevalent at Klagenfurth, this dragon lived in a cave, whence it issued from time to time, to frighten and ravage the country. A bold cavalier kills the dragon, paying with his life for this proof of his courage. The head of the pretended dragon, killed by the valorous knight, is preserved in the Hôtel de Ville, and this head has furnished the sculptor for his fountain with a model for the head of his statue. Herr Unga, of Vienna, recognised at a glance the cranium of the fossil rhinoceros; its discovery in some cave had probably originated the fable of the knight and the dragon."

The *Sivatherium giganteum*, remains of which are found in certain provinces in India, had a body as bulky as that of an ox, and bore a strong resemblance to an elk.

The living salamanders are amphibious Batrachians, with smooth skins, and rarely attaining the length of twenty inches. The salamander of the Tertiary epoch had the dimensions of a crocodile. A skeleton of this reptile was found on the left bank of the Rhine, not far from Constance, in 1725. It was mistaken for the skeleton of a gigantic man, and Schenckzar, a Swiss naturalist, published a description of the fossil, entitling it "*Homo diluvii testis*"—man, a witness of the deluge. Pierre Camper, a German naturalist, in 1787, corrected the error, though he himself mistook it for a Saurian. Cuvier finally settled the matter by plainly indicating to what order of beings it belonged.

Birds became exceedingly numerous. Vultures and eagles were added to the rapacious birds, and gulls, swallows, ducks, pheasants, etc., filled the air and the water.

Dolphins and whales sported in the ocean, differing but slightly from the same orders of the present. An enormous fragment of a fossil whale was found in Paris, in 1779, in the cellar of a wine-merchant. Not being specially interested in natural history, the wine-merchant took the trouble to excavate only a part of the bone, yet that detached piece weighed two hundred and twenty-seven pounds.

At the close of the Tertiary epoch Europe and Asia must have presented nearly all the physical characteristics which distinguish them at the present day. The continents had assumed their present forms; but many lakes now dried up, still existed. The mountains reared their heads and were covered with perpetual snow.

The picture which we give this month is an ideal landscape of the Pliocene period. It is not a sea with islands, but land through which a river is flowing. In the distance arise mountains which nature has recently thrown up in her convulsions. In the foreground are the animals of the period.

A DUEL BETWEEN HUMMING-BIRDS.

A GENTLEMAN of Kingston, in this State, recently witnessed a novel battle in a garden of that place. Two green-backed humming birds were the combatants, and the fray lasted seventeen minutes. The tiny antagonists would dart on each other most viciously; would soar twenty feet or more in the air, and then return to the flowers in the beds for a moment or two, where the warfare raged most bitterly. Occasionally the larger would pin the smaller to the ground, when the latter would strike vigorously at the throat of its foe. Finally the larger bird apparently became very much enraged, and made an energetic spurt. The other fell to the ground, its wings fluttered, the body quivered, one quick gasp, and the ruby-throated little one was dead. The victor flew to a dead twig on a neighboring shrub, smoothed its ruffled plumage as a dove would, and twisted its neck from side to side, then for a moment hovering over the lifeless body of its enemy, as if to be certain life was extinct, it flew swiftly away.

MOZART'S NOSE.

MOZART'S nose was a very long one, a great contrast to his friend Haydn's, who had almost a flat nose. Many jokes passed between them about noses.

One day, in a numerous and grave society, the subject of music was being discussed, and Mozart, in reply to the compliments made him, laid a wager that no one, not even his friend Haydn, was capable of performing, at first sight, a piece which he had composed that morning.

Haydn accepted the wager. The piece of music was placed before him on the piano. Haydn easily played through the first portion of it, then he stopped short, finding it impossible to go any further. The two hands must each be at the furthest extremities of the instrument, and one note in the music imperiously demanded that one of them should be in the centre. Haydn confessed himself conquered.

As to Mozart, he took up the piece of music, and when he arrived at the puzzling note touched it with his nose. Everybody laughed heartily, and not the least he who had lost his wager.

VIENNA.

BY G.

VIENNA having been the centre of attraction in Europe this season, a few remarks concerning its history, past and present, may not be without interest. In the first century it was called Fabiana, and was a Roman station; after some years it was included in Upper Pannonia, and the name changed to Vindobona. It was overrun and pillaged by the Goths and Huns when the power of the Roman Empire declined, as were many other of their possessions. In 800 it formed a part of the empire of Charlemagne, who did much to render it prosperous. It then received the name of Austria, or the Eastern Kingdom, with the territory by which it was surrounded, and became the capital of the margraviate.

The margraves, who governed Vienna, were princes of the family of Babenberg at that time; afterward the title was changed to dukes, and they continued to rule till in the thirteenth century, the line became extinct. Ottakar of Bohemia then ruled in Vienna; under him it increased much in extent, and improved in appearance, but he refused to acknowledge the election of the Emperor Rudolph, and from that cause not only Vienna, but all Austria, came into possession of the House of Hapsburg.

In 1493, Maximilian I. being at that time emperor, Vienna became the capital of Austria, and has continued to be the residence of the royal family.

The University of Vienna, founded 1237, has about five thousand five hundred students, usually in attendance, being the largest number of any in Europe. It has nearly one hundred professors. There are many other important institutions of learning in the city, besides about sixty common schools; the number of scholars is about thirty thousand. Few cities exceed Vienna in literary advantages. The Imperial Library, which adjoins the palace of the emperor, and occupies a very handsome edifice, is one of the largest and most valuable in Europe. It contains three hundred and ten thousand printed volumes, and twenty thousand manuscripts, many of which are of extreme rarity, or very unique. There is also annexed to the library an almost unrivalled collection of engravings, which was originally commenced by Prince Eugene, and which now contains three hundred thousand of the finest prints.

The University Library, and two other libraries connected with it, contain about two hundred thousand volumes. Any educated person, and even strangers in the city, are admitted to any of these freely, and access can easily be had even to the emperor's private library, which contains more than fifty thousand volumes; or to those of eight or ten of the princes and nobles, who each have as large a collection of valuable books as the emperor. So that those who visit Vienna, and have time and inclination for reading, can be gratified to almost any extent. Here also the artist will find large collections of valuable paintings, containing specimens of all the different schools.

There are many public and private picture galleries which are well worth visiting, also an attractive sculpture gallery.

Of the many museums, that of Natural History, which adjoins the Imperial Library, is considered the most curious, interesting, and valuable. In a museum of works of art, is the celebrated salt-cellar made by Benvenuto Cellini, for Francis I.; also, an enormous onyx, nearly thirty inches in diameter, which formed a part of the dowry of Mary of Burgundy, the wife of the Emperor Maximilian.

There are many churches, palaces and public buildings, deserving of a more particular notice than can here be given. The Cathedral of St. Stephen is a lofty, cruciform, Gothic structure, very large and high, and is built of large blocks of hewn stone. The west facade is adorned with rich tracery and sculpture, and flanked by two octagonal towers. From the centre of the south facade rises a magnificent tower, diminishing gradually from its base in regularly retreating arches and buttresses, till it terminates in a point, which is four hundred and sixty-five feet high, being the loftiest in Europe. It has a very large bell, cast of cannon taken from the Turks. Besides the tower, it has a dome covered with several remarkable statues, carvings and sculptures. The interior is rather gloomy, but very imposing. It is supported by twelve very large pillars, and has nearly forty marble altars and various monuments, of which that of the Emperor Frederick IV. is the most gorgeous, and that of the celebrated Prince Eugene the most interesting.

There are many finely-proportioned edifices, with interesting and unique interiors, which will well repay the curiosity of the traveller, and which many of the thousands who have visited Vienna the past summer have been interested in viewing.

DUNELLEN, N. J.

UNDER THE MAPLES.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

WALKING under the maple boughs—
The year's bright afternoon,
With its shower of gold and crimson gay,
Is sweeter than rose-crowned June.
Sweeter, in all its ripened wealth,
Than sickle, smiling spring;
Walking under the maple boughs,
Our life-song, love, I sing.
We smiled and wept, and smiled again,
And the changeful days passed by,
And brightest hours, with fervid glow,
Enwrapped our earth and sky,
Till peaceful, purple autumn-time
Threw back her golden gate;
Now, walking under the maple boughs,
We smile and love and wait.

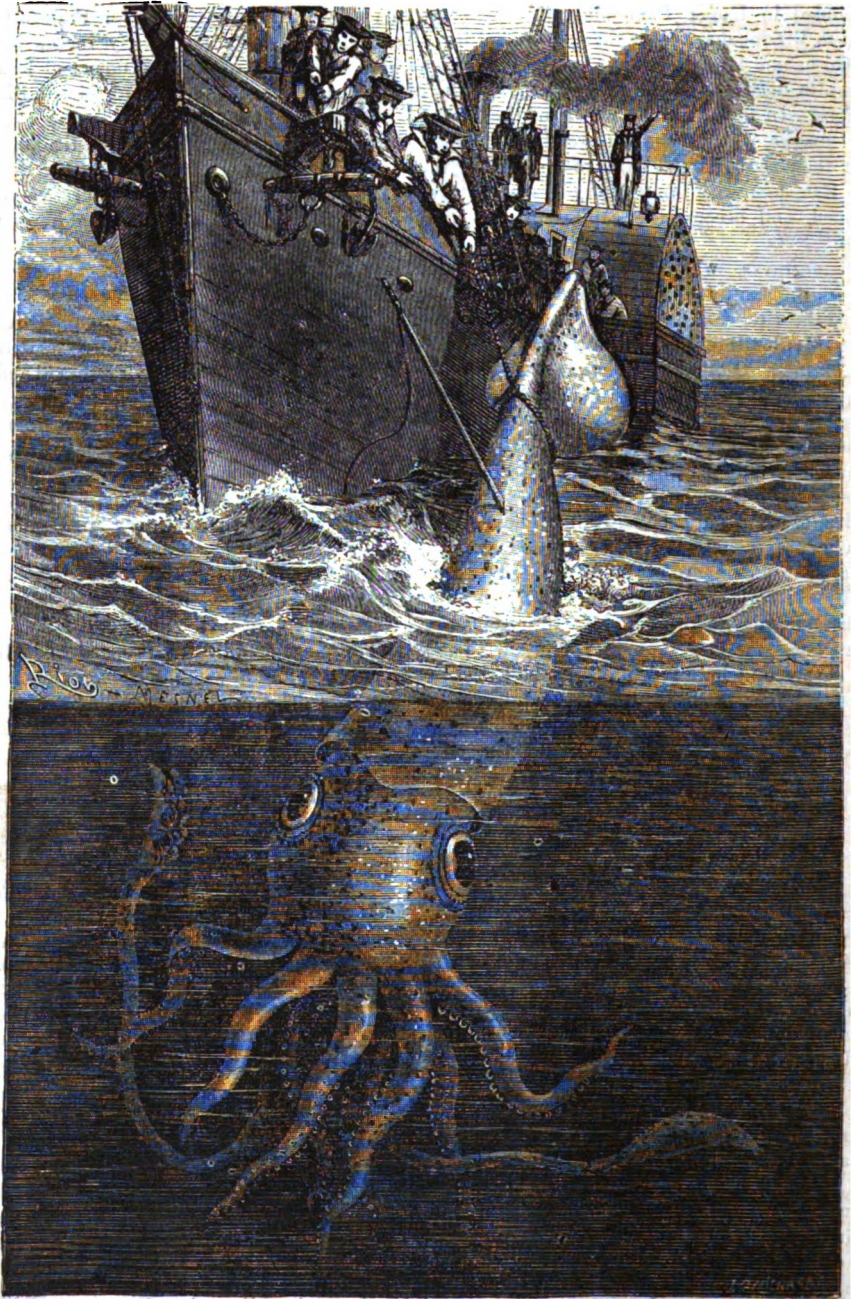
HE seldom lives frugally who lives by chance.
Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of revelling to-day on the profits of to-morrow.

THE DEVIL-FISH.

BY MARIAN KNIGHT.

"IN the more ancient formations of the old world, we find two murderers—a nipper and a sucker. The first is revealed to us by the imprint of the trilobite, an order now lost, the most destructive of

we may judge from such a beak, this monster—if the other parts of the body were in proportion—must have been enormous; its ventose, invincible arms, of perhaps twenty or thirty feet, like those of some monstrous spider. In making war on the mollusca, he remains mollusc also; that is to say, always an



SAILORS OF THE FRENCH CORVETTE ALECTON HARPOONING A 'MONSTER' CUTTLE-FISH OFF THE COAST OF MADIERA.

extinct beings. The second subsists in one gigantic embryo. He presents the strange, almost ridiculous fragment, a beak nearly two feet in length, which if it were not also terrible, appearance of an embryo was that of a great sucker or cuttle-fish (Sepia). If going to war; of a fetus furious and cruel, soft and

transparent, but tenacious, breathing with a murderous breath, for it is not for food alone that it makes war; it has the wish to destroy. Satisfied, and even basting, it still destroys. Without defensive armor, under its threatening murmurs there is no peace; its safety is to attack. It regards all creatures as a possible enemy. It throws about its long arms, or rather thongs, armed with suckers, at random."

Such is Michelet's highly poetic description of the Molluscous Cephalopod, popularly known as the devil-fish. Victor Hugo gives an equally eloquent and even more carefully delineated picture of the same monsters in his "Toilers of the Sea." But they are both the descriptions of poets, rather than of naturalists. These Cephalopods have in all ages excited wonder and imagination. The ancients believed in them as monsters in size, large enough to grasp and crush ships in their long-reaching and powerful arms, and lurking in the depths of the ocean waiting for victims.

Pliny relates the history of an enormous Cephalopod or cuttle-fish which haunted the coast of Spain in the neighborhood of Castris, and was a terror to the fishermen. It was finally captured, and was found to be seven hundred pounds in weight, and with arms more than thirty feet long.

Olaris Magnus believed in the truth of the report that the northern seas were the home of a monster not less than a mile in length. This fabled giant of the seas was called the Kraken, and numerous stories are yet retained of its appearance.

The Cephalopods or devil-fish of modern times dwindle into insignificance when compared to these mythical monsters of the ancients. The length of the creatures from tip to tip of the arms measures from two to eight feet, and seldom exceeds five or six feet. Their weight is ordinarily from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. Péron, the naturalist, met "in the Australian seas a huge cuttle-fish, rolling heavily on the surface of the waves, its arms more than eight feet long, twisting about like hideous snakes." Swediaur reports that some whalers took out of the mouth of a whale pieces of a cuttle-fish which were twenty-five feet long.

The following facts we gather from a recently-published book:

"The steam corvette *Alecton* was between Teneriffe and Madeira when she fell in with a gigantic calammar, not less—according to the account—than fifty feet long, without reckoning its eight formidable arms covered with suckers, and about twenty feet in circumference at its largest part; the head terminating in arms of enormous size, the other extremity terminating in two fleshy lobes or fins, the weight of the whole being estimated at four thousand pounds. The flesh was soft, glutinous and of a reddish brick color. The commandant, wishing in the interests of science to secure the monster, actually engaged it in battle. Numerous shots were aimed at it, but the balls traversed its flaccid and glutinous mass without causing it any vital injury. But after one of these attacks the waves were observed to be covered with

foam and blood, and a strong odor of musk was inhaled by the spectators. The musket-shots not having produced the desired results, harpoons were employed, but they took no hold on the soft impalpable flesh of the marine monster. When it escaped from the harpoon it dived under the ship, and came up again at the other side. They succeeded at last in getting the harpoon to bite, and in passing a bowling hitch round the posterior part of the animal. But when they attempted to hoist it out of the water the rope penetrated deeply into the flesh, and separated it into two parts, the head with the arms and tentacles dropping into the sea and making off, while the fins and posterior parts were brought on board. The latter weighed about forty pounds."

A book about the "Natural History and Fishery of the Sperm Whale," gives the following incident, in which one of these curious creatures plays a prominent part:

"Mr. Beale had been searching for shells among the rocks in Bonia Island, and was much astonished to see at his feet a most extraordinary-looking animal, crawling back toward the surf; which it had just left. It was creeping on its eight legs, which, from their soft and flexible nature, bent considerably under the weight of its body, so that it was just lifted by an effort above the rocks. It appeared much alarmed, and made every attempt to escape. Mr. Beale endeavored to stop it by putting his foot on one of its tentacles, but it liberated itself several times in spite of all his efforts. He then laid hold of one of the tentacles with his hand and held it firmly, and the limb appeared as if it would be torn asunder in the struggle. To terminate the contest, he gave it a powerful jerk. It resisted the effort successfully, but the moment after, the enraged animal lifted a head with large, projecting eyes, and losing its hold of the rocks, suddenly sprang upon Mr. Beale's arm, which had been previously bared to the shoulder, and clung to it with its suckers, while it endeavored to get the beak, which he could now see between the tentacles, in a position to bite him. Mr. Beale describes its cold, slimy grasp as extremely sickening, and he loudly called to his friend, who was also searching for shells, to come to his assistance. They hastened to the boat, and he was released by killing his tormentor with a boat-knife, when the arms were disengaged bit by bit. Mr. Beale states that this Cephalopod must have measured across its expanded arms about four feet, while its body was not bigger than a large hand clenched."

It seems as though the name spider-fish would be a more appropriate one for this creature than the one by which it is usually known. The pictures of the different varieties of this creature have all, more or less, a spider-like appearance. They are composed of an immense head bearing large, staring eyes on each side, and with arms or legs proceeding immediately from this head. The arms are used for swimming, walking and for seizing and holding its prey. The arms, of which there are eight, are

covered with suckers, each arm having about two hundred and forty. They feed on crustaceans, fishes and also on shelled molluscs—every kind of animal, in fact, which comes within their reach. They live for five or six years, and lay eggs, which are known by fishermen as sea-grapes.

Some of the Cephalopods secrete a blackish, inky fluid, which, when pursued, it discharges in a jet, and which so discolors the water that, under cover of it, the creature has time to escape. The ink of the cuttle-fish is used in water-color painting under the name of *sepia*.

The sepia are voracious in their habits, and they not only kill to eat, but for the sake of killing, making murderous assault upon whatever comes in their way, even after they have gorged themselves. But they have a terrible and relentless enemy in the dolphins. To make another quotation from Michelet: "These lords of the ocean," he says, "are so delicate in their tastes that they eat only the head and arms, which are both tender and easy of digestion. They reject the hard parts, and especially the afterpart of the body. The coast of Royan, for example, is covered with thousands of these mutilated cuttle-fish. The porpoises take most incredible bounds, at first to frighten them, and afterward, to run them down; in short, after their feast, they give themselves up to gymnastics."

In the family of *Octopodæ* are Cephalopods, having eight long arms united at the base by a web. Mr. Henry Lee, F. L. S., writes, in "Land and Water," the following account of experiments with an octopus, in an aquarium:

"Desiring to have a better view than I had previously been able to obtain of what follows the seizure of a crab by an octopus, I recently fastened one to a string, by which an attendant was to lower it in the water close to the glass, while I stood watching in front. The crab had hardly descended to the depth of two feet before an octopus, for which it was not intended, and which I had not observed (so exactly had he assumed the hue of the surface to which he clung), shot out like a rocket from one side of the tank, opened his membranous umbrella, shut up the suspended crab within it, and darted back again to the ledge of rock on which he had been lying in ambush. There he held on, with the crab firmly pressed between his body and the stone-work. As this was not what I wished, I directed Cosham, my assistant, to gently try to pull the bait away from him. Not a bit of it! As soon as he felt the strain he took a firm grasp of the rock with all the suckers of seven of his arms, and, stretching the eighth aloft, coiled it round the tautened line, the suckers actually closing on the line also, as a caterpillar's foot grips a thin twig or a cobbler's leathern pad folds round his thread when he is making a wax-end. Noticing several jerks on the string, I thought at first they were given by the man overhead, and told him not to use too much force; but he called out, 'It's not me, sir, it's the octopus; I can't move him; and he's pulling so hard that, if I don't let go, he'll break the line.' 'Hold

on, then, and let him break it,' I replied. Tug, tug! dragged the tough, strong arm of the octopus; and at a third tug the line broke, and the crab was all his own. The twine was that used for mending the seine net, and was therefore not particularly weak. Although this experiment furnished a fresh illustration of the holding power of an octopus, it had not taught me exactly that which I wanted to know. I wished to be underneath that umbrella with the crab, or (which was decidedly preferable) to be able to see what happened beneath it without getting wet. My plan, therefore, was to procure the seizure of the crab against the front glass, instead of against the rock-work. Our next endeavor was successful. A second crab was so fastened that the string could be withdrawn if desired, and was lowered near to the great male octopus, who generally dwells in a nook in the west front corner of the tank. He was sleepy, and not very hungry, and required a good deal of tempting to rouse him to activity; but the sight of his favorite food overcame his lassiness, and after some demonstrative panting, puffing, and erection of his tubercles, he lunged out an arm to seize the precious morsel. It was withdrawn from his reach; and so, at last, he turned out of bed, rushed at it, and got it under him against the plate-glass, just as I desired. In a second the crab was completely pinioned. Not a movement, not a struggle, was visible or possible—each leg, each claw, was grasped all over by suckers—enfolded in them—stretched out to its full extent by them. The back of the carapace was covered all over with the tenacious vacuum-discs, brought together by the adaptable contraction of the limb, and ranged in close order, shoulder to shoulder, touching each other; while, between others, which dragged the abdominal plates toward the mouth of the black tip of the hard, horny beak, was seen for a single instant protruding from the circular orifice in the centre of the radiation of the arms, and the next had crunched through the shell, and was buried deep in the flesh of the victim. The action of an octopus when seizing its prey for its necessary food is very like that of a cat pouncing on a mouse, and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the scuffle as brief, and the escape of the prisoner even less probable. The fate of the crab is not really more terrible than that of the mouse or of a minnow swallowed by a perch, but there is a repulsiveness about the form, color, and attitudes of the octopus, which invests it with a kind of tragic horror."

LET your discourse of others be fair; speak ill of nobody. To do it in his absence is the property of a coward, that stabs a man behind his back; if to his face, you add an affront to the scandal. He that praises bestows a favor, but he that detracts commits a robbery, in taking from another what is justly his; every man thinks he deserves better than indeed he does; therefore, you cannot oblige mankind more than to speak well; man is the greatest humorist and flatterer of himself in the world.

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.

THE LAST PART.—THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER.

CHAPTER I.—A STRANGER FROM AFAR.

"I BEG your pardon very much, madam, but surely your name is—or once was—Harvey?"

It was a tall gentleman who thus accosted Millicent, standing straight before her in the churchyard path, raising his hat from a very stately iron-gray head. And as the startled Millicent looked up at him and answered, there came over her a confused recollection of long candle-lit evenings, very full of needlework, and a sound rang in her bewildered brain like Hatty's naughty whistle of old days. It was like a once familiar language forgotten. And then a trifle—a nothing characteristic in itself—made it all clear, as one translated word will sometimes restore the lost key of knowledge. It was only a worn signet ring on the stranger's little finger.

"I am Millicent Harvey," she said, "and—I know you now—you are Harry Westbrook."

"I am he," he answered, grasping the hand she held toward him. "And thank God for the friendly sound of the old name—you are the first that have called me by it since I have been back in England!"

He turned and walked by her side. "I knew I could not be wrong," he said, speaking with an eagerness of delight that contrasted half pathetically with his dignified figure and whitening hair. "I could not mistake a Harvey face. I should have known it if I had met it on the Himalayas."

"I have not to question you, fearful what your replies may be," he went on. "Only yesterday, I took a wandering about our old haunts in Mile End, and went into one of the shops where Hatty used to deal, and where the same old name was up. I asked after you all. 'Yes, the old lady was still alive,' they told me, 'and looking finely. And Master George was married and had a grown-up son, and was a great man. And Miss Milly was still at home. And Miss Hatty was Mrs. Webber, but she still looked in sometimes of an evening, and sat down, and was as friendly as ever.' I did not need to hear that Hatty was Mrs. Webber," he added, with a touch of gravity in his playfulness. "I knew that years and years ago. I saw an old newspaper with the marriage notice. If you think I may see Mr. and Mrs. Webber, I have something for them. If not, I will send it through you. It is only an inlaid chess-table, and a set of chessmen in Indian ivory."

"I am sure they will both be very glad to see you," said Milly, not speaking without authority, for Harry Westbrook, though seldom mentioned, was no tabooed

subject in the Webbers' house—Mr. Webber having always stoutly maintained "that it had been a good sign in any young man to be taken with Harriet," while Hatty, though a light shadow would flit over her merry face at the old name, was always humbly and thankfully conscious that she had been guided to do the right thing—not being one of those weak and foolish women who think that their hand alone has strength to save a man's life and soul, such women being generally those who would only seal his perdition. "I am sure they will be very glad to see you," Milly reiterated; "but will you not come home first and see my mother? Our house is quite near. And Miss Brook is still with us—do you remember Miss Brook?"

"Indeed I do," he said, cheerfully, "she is not a woman to be forgotten. A very important piece of my home-coming triumph would be lost if I missed Miss Brook. It is a treat worth having, to put in a creditable appearance before those who predicted our disgrace."

"But nobody will be better pleased than Miss Brook," said Milly, "she really liked you."

"I know she did," he replied, heartily. "I did not think so at the time, but it is now some years since I came to that conclusion."

And so Millicent led in the unexpected guest. The two old ladies were seated in their little parlor, Mrs. Harvey reading the Pilgrim's Progress, and Miss Brook perusing the book of Job. Mrs. Harvey caught the name of "Harry Westbrook," but thought such a possibility was so exceedingly pleasant that it could scarcely be true, and therefore rose and made her dignified, old-world curtsy, with its accompanying "Very happy to see you, sir," with the added aside—"Who—who—does she say it is?" while Miss Brook promptly took it all in and shouted in her ear:

"It's that young Westbrook, been and made his fortune, and come back wonderfully improved, as I always said he might be"—a turn of her prophecies which threw the whole party into a hearty laugh, out of which they all emerged as comfortably familiar as if they had never been separated for more than a week.

Of course, Mr. Westbrook stayed to dine with the Harveys; indeed, it was instantly settled that he should remain with them for the whole day, and if the Webbers did not look in at the cottage before evening service, then Mrs. Harvey or Milly would take him to their house after it. In one way or the other the Harveys and the Webbers always saw each other every Sabbath. Mrs. Harvey and Milly still went to church, and the Webbers still went to chapel,

so as they did not meet in God's House, they regularly met at the household altar.

There was no overwhelming amount of conversation, and the inquiries mostly came from the stranger, and the news from the hostesses. It is not "travel in far lands" which furnishes subjects which we care to talk over in the sacred first moments of re-union. Days would come when the three women would hang interested on their gratified visitor's stories of Indian life and society, on his sketches of Benares and the Himalayas, his descriptions of Hindoo ceremonials, and his specimens of Oriental needlework and flora. But just now it was far more interesting for him to hear about the death of his old minister, and how the house in which he used to live was pulled to bits and turned into a factory. The sight of the same old dishes of former days seemed to him more astonishing than the seven wonders of the world, and one or two old books lying about he lifted as reverently as if all the souls whom they had ever comforted still clasped their hands about them.

It is strangely solemn, that meeting of family friends, long parted in utter silence. Influences have been moulding each, of which the other knows nothing, which may have driven them apart, or may have drawn them nearer together. There is scarcely an ordinary phrase, a tune, a public event, a sunset glory, or a moonlight shadow which has not acquired some secret meaning for each. These things escape speech—they are never so disguised as when clumsily clothed in words. What is there to tell of our histories? Somebody died—somebody married—somebody was introduced to us—everybody knows beforehand that such things must have happened to us. But the bare facts are nothing; and those who know them know nothing. These old friends of his knew all about Harry Westbrook's old love affair, and time will come when it will be frankly talked over among them, but they will never know—he will never be able to tell them—how it felt to sit lonely in the shadow of tropical trees, and know that Hatty and her husband were singing out of one hymn-book in their little East End chapel. Millicent, in her turn, mentioned both Fergus Laurie and David Maxwell to Mr. Westbrook, in the course of this his first visit, and in due time he will know all about the ambition and selfishness of the one and the saintliness of the other, but Millicent will never be able to tell how she felt when she wrote to Fergus and offered him her money, or when she watched the sun go down, as she flew through the country in the Harwich train. If others cannot see these stories in our eyes and hear them in our voices, they will never know them at all. Those who can read these open secrets know us better after one hour's talk than some who have lived with us all our lives.

To Millicent that Sabbath afternoon was like a peaceful dream; or rather years and years gone by seemed like a fevered delirium, all except David's Bible lying on the table, and David's grave in the sunlight, not so very far away. She knew that Acre Hall was still standing where it did—that the man

in possession was gone (though he might not be without his transitory successor), and that the household still remained unchanged, for Fergus had not yet started for America, but was going about in the most dashing of frys, buying for himself the most sumptuous of Russian-leather portmanteaus, and coolly assuming that all of his creditors had done a very good thing for themselves when they allowed him to get into their debt. Millicent only marvelled within herself how she had ever wavered in her judgment as to what must be the end of such way of life—how she had ever hoped to gather figs of thistles—to find a hero walking in the counsel of the ungodly—a saint sitting in the seat of the scornful. It must have done harm, too—this wilful judgment of hers—when, rather than own herself in the wrong, she had shut her eyes to the right, and accepted excuses where she should have uttered protests. Fergus might be saying to himself and to others that she had not been a true friend. It was a bitter lie as he meant it, but she owned to herself that it was but too true in a far different sense!

Mr. Webber and his wife did not call in at the cottage, and so, when evening service was over, Millicent and Mr. Westbrook went to their house.

The good little stationer himself received them, because, as he explained, Hatty was still up-stairs "taking off her bonnet."

"I'm proud to see you, sir," said the worthy man, "and it will be just as great a pleasure as you could give my Hatty. 'If he ever comes to England, he'll never come near us,' she's said often and often."

"Well, Mr. Webber, I can't say I meant to do so when I landed," said Mr. Westbrook, frankly; "but the worst of it was, there was nobody else to come to see, and there was no place I cared to haunt, except where we all used to live."

"I'll go up and tell her myself," said Mr. Webber, bustling away, and Mr. Westbrook sat down to wait their return.

The guest gave one glance round the room—Hatty's *ménage*. No, he wouldn't have liked such a room to live in. This would never have been his best home, as it was hers. This was fit for her, she had made it for herself, in fact, but she never would have been able to make it if she had been linked with him.

Hatty came down presently. Not very quickly. She had had something to say to Mr. Webber first; probably she had also to give him a kiss. At any rate, she had had to put her best pearl brooch, her husband's wedding-gift, into her lace collar. "He won't notice what you are dressed in," Mr. Webber had reasoned, but Hatty persisted.

Mr. Westbrook rose and went forward, and the two old lovers met under the clumsy gilt chandelier, and shook hands, and said how glad they were to see each other.

"But you've grown, surely," said Hatty, trying to laugh.

"In some ways, I hope," answered Harry Westbrook, rather wistfully.

One felt, as the two stood together, that there had never been a husband and wife like them in the world, though Millicent remembered thinking in the old time what a suitable pair they looked—quite a typical couple. But she had never seen an old settled husband and wife such as these now. Together they would not have grown so. Sitting gazing at them from her twilight corner, Millicent caught one of those curious revelations of possibilities in faces, which come to us all sometimes, understand them or not as we may. Sometimes they show us what people might have been, as well as what they may be. These two might have been a lazy, ill-conditioned, reckless man, and a soured, indifferent woman, with a useless, restless heart like a caged animal. And as Milly caught this glimpse of the escaped dangers of the past, even Hatty's rich silk dress seemed to cling about her, as would have clung the poor touselled shawl she was never to wear, and Harry's tall and stately form seemed to droop into the shamble of the drunken sensualist, that, thank God, he was never to be! No, the fondest love could wish neither but what they were, and what they were they never could have become together.

Before Harry Westbrook and Millicent left, the two sisters had a little chat in Hatty's bedroom.

"I'm just awfully glad to have seen him again," said Hatty, using her stepson's slang in sober earnest, "only I wish he was married and settled. He seems to have made plenty of money. Do you know whether he means to go back to India, Milly?"

"He says so; he speaks of going back quite soon," Millicent answered.

"I wish he was married. But you needn't fancy I'm such a donkey as to fear he is keeping single for my sake, unless it is in the way that I gave him a disgust at women."

"There's plenty in life besides marriage," said Millicent, "even the world admits as much in the case of men. Marriage is never said to be their chief object in existence, as is sometimes stated of women."

"But it's six to one and half a dozen of the other, for all that," said Hatty, shrewdly. "Unless it's six to one and more than half a dozen to the other, for the world's talk generally goes by contraries. I can understand a woman looking at her future with only a side glance at marriage, she can easily fancy herself living with kindred, or set in households somehow, as women always are. But I can't fancy a man looking forward and wondering whether he'll pay his housekeeper fifty pounds a year or a hundred. That's a dismal look-out. Mother is very pleased to see Harry, isn't she?" Hatty inquired, with a sudden change of subject.

"Yes, we all are," Millicent replied. "You don't know how much those old cheery times of ours have been in my mind lately. I had been thinking about them as I think Noah's family must have thought of the blue hills and green dells while they were floating over the face of the dull gray flood. It seems so odd that Harry should turn up just when my

mind was full of the old memories which he shares."

Hatty kissed her sister. "No, I don't think it's odd," she said. "It always happens so. It is wonderful, but it does, and that only makes it more wonderful. It wouldn't be half so wonderful if the sun forgot to rise, or the trees to bud in spring, as that they never do."

And the two sisters went down-stairs, and warm invitations to renew his visit were given by the Webbers to Harry, and then he escorted Milly home.

They walked in silence for a few minutes, then Harry said: "Well, I thank God that I knew your sister. I believe my knowing her saved me for this life and for the next. You see I had nobody of my own, Miss Harvey, no sister, no near relation. I had no ideal of home till I saw yours. It was God's providential blessing that it all happened as it did."

Millicent understood the thought in his heart, narrowed as was its expression. She knew that he felt now that Hatty had given him the utmost and the best that she had for him, that any giving more would not only have overflowed, but overturned the cup. There are men and women whom God makes brothers and sisters and sacred kin in spirit as in the flesh, and between these there is a spiritual barrier, similar to the lawful "impediment" between near relationships. They can be so much to each other, unless they lawlessly determine to be so much more! With them, transposing the poet's sentiment,

"A little less, and how much it is!

A little more, and what worlds away!"

Yet Milly understood, too, that the heart of the dignified man beside her was conscious of a new loss, even the loss of his old crown of loss. A man who has fancied himself heir to an even irredeemably forfeited estate, feels himself beggared to find that there was a blunder in his genealogy, and that he never could have had the least claim to the alienated land. The bed where only rue and rosemary have grown looks drearier still when left empty for weeds to overspread. There may be shadow and rest under a yew-tree, and an alas when it is cut down. Harry Westbrook would never again sit on the Himalayas and soothe his solitude with sighs over the solace that had slipped from his life. But we cannot joyfully take the spoiling of our sorrow, if it be all we have!

Millicent's sympathetic reverie was broken by Mr. Westbrook saying, as if in answer to her unspoken thought: "Ah, but I am very glad I have come back to England. I don't suppose I shall ever lose sight of you all again, and I shall leave the country very differently to how I left it last time. Then I felt ready to run away anywhere—anywhere. Why, I went down to the cabin and lay down in my berth, just to miss the last sight of England! Now I shall watch the shadow of her last rock! No, Miss Millicent (as they paused at the cottage gate), I will not come in to-night, for your good hospitable mother would not let me go without another half-hour's chat,

and I will not be drawn into breaking her wholesome custom of early hours. But I will come back in a day or two if I may? Yes? Then perhaps I may look in to-morrow. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Millicent, and went in, her heart full of thankfulness for the safety and welfare of the dear old friend, whose familiar face had returned to her like a fresh blossom from a tree planted long ago.

And the moonlight shimmered through the elm-trees round Acre Hall, and slept on David's grave beneath the Norman tower.

CHAPTER II.

LAST THINGS.

HARRY WESTBROOK kept his word. He did visit the cottage the next evening, and the day but one after that, and then the next Sunday. He went to the Webbers, too, and took them his tardy wedding-gift—what fun the step children made out of that, and young Dick would have it that it was for somebody else—for there was a second generation of weddings now in the very near future of the Webbers' household.

Under all circumstances it was only natural that Mr. Westbrook and Millicent should make the best companions for each other. They had such a mutual past. Mrs. Harvey and Miss Brook could join in their laughing gossip over old times; but they were not their own "old times," which were twenty or thirty years further back. In the spring time of these those had been absorbed, anxious women. Then George and Harriet had each had the poem of life since the prelude, and their memories did not habitually go back so far.

Gradually Harry Westbrook spoke less of going back to India—actually said that there was no particular hurry to do so; it might even depend upon circumstances whether he went at all! And more significant than his words, was the fact that he began to give serious attendance at the London office of the firm in which he now had an important share.

Mr. Westbrook's was one of those characters that begin by being all possibility. Most of us have a little actuality to begin with, which is a splendid start at first. But you cannot tell the size of a flower by the size of its seed. Nay, a grain of mustard seed "is indeed the least of all seeds, but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs." The secret lies in that mysterious gift of growing.

Such a little thing means so much to such natures. The very easy goodness of Harry's nature—its sheer want of grasp—had made it seem possible that he could take the world without a struggle—enter into his inheritance, without proving his right thereto. The thing he had needed to learn was that giving goes before taking, and that the heir, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant. When Harry sacrificed the sometimes treacherous joy of self-sacrifice, and did the right thing first instead of

vainly striving to accomplish the beautiful one instead, she had taught him this. It showed him that the verb to *be* goes before the verb to *have*.

The native easy goodness stayed. He did not hurry on to any second lesson before he had thoroughly learned the first, and it had served his entire life hitherto. His soul had lived in that silence and solitude which for souls who are strong enough to bear it, is the tropical region of spiritual growth.

"When one has nothing else to remind one of God, I think it makes one hang the harder to one's own prayers," he said. "Why, a travelling missionary's sermon at a station sometimes had to serve me for a whole year. But it always did. The more I turned it over the more came out of it; you see I was always a slow fellow."

And yet out of this silence and solitude, he stepped into a far wider world than Millicent knew, in her busy life. As she entered into his interests, it was as if a door in a convent garden was opened upon a breezy common.

To him the world did not seem a worn-out world, for himself to galvanize, as it had to Fergus, rather it was a great car rolling upward with so many pulling and pushing it, that his own shoulder to the wheel concerned himself rather than it. He did not stop short to sneer at the petty quibbles and human weaknesses of boards and committees, but lifted up his eyes upon the mission fields, white for harvest, and blessed God for the laborers there, however few. He looked upon the Church in the world, and saw her, as God Himself surely sees her—a queen in disguise, greater than she seems, with jewels hidden under her rags. He was quite sure that there was plenty of heroism and endurance and unselfishness in the world—quite sure—whether he saw it or not, he knew it was there. Perhaps he had learned this faith by a few untold heroisms of his own. It is a way people have of learning that lesson.

He thought thoroughly well of the prospects of humanity, because being a good man, he honestly judged that there were many a great deal better. One may generally know a man by that test.

Poor Millicent! She was conscious of a soft glory like autumn sunlight creeping over her life. She said to herself that it was very pleasant—this renewal, this deification, as it were, of an old friendship. Surely it was something like the renewals of Heaven—the same old familiarity and dearness—yet so much better. Nay, it seemed a faint, faint type of many of the mysteries of immortality. Had not their friend found his way back to them over all the time and distance, only because they had once been really in his history, and had not he fallen fittingly into a new place among their new ways of life?—not jarring, not disarranging, but completing and beautifying. How many tangles would be so unravelled There! And Millicent lifted up her eyes toward the pleasant fields beyond the swellings of Jordan. And her peace came back as the peace of a little child. For what makes childhood but trust and hope? Only the childhood which is of the Kingdom of God,

trusts in Him instead of man, and hopes in Heaven instead of in "growing up."

Only at last there came a something—a silence—a mystery—between Harry Westbrook and Millicent Harvey. Any stranger, seeing them, would have known at a glance that they were not brother and sister, nor familiar kinsfolk, nor merely old easy friends.

"Do you think that people grow too old for new love?" Mr. Westbrook asked, abruptly, as they two were walking home through the lanes after a visit to George and Christian.

"I think it depends on the people themselves," said Millicent.

"Do you think that a love is the richer or the poorer for another love having gone before?" Harry went on.

"I think that, too, all depends on what the first love was, and how it was lost," answered poor Millicent.

"I think, then, that I understand you hold the good, old-fashioned belief that there can be but one love, in the supreme sense, for each life?" observed Mr. Westbrook.

"I do think so," said Millicent, raising her dark eyes, where the passionate enthusiasm of youth was not dead, but only sleeping. "I do not believe in 'second love,' as the phrase is often used. I believe in the love that goes on into Heaven. In an utter misconception of what love is, lay the grossness of the Sadducees' question about the woman with the seven husbands."

"And yet many second marriages are very happy," said Harry.

"Of course they are," Millicent argued. "Sometimes the second marriage, and not the first, is the real soul-marriage, and at other times it is a solid and substantial friendship, which, after all, is nearly as high as love, and almost as beautiful, but different."

"And the last is like some so-called 'first love,'" said Harry.

"Yes, that is just so," Millicent answered, knowing in her heart that he was thinking of his own story; "and sometimes they are only blocks for love to be fitted upon, as it were, till it is ready for its proper wearer," and then she knew in her heart that she was thinking of her own.

"What do you think makes a true soul-marriage?" asked Harry.

"When two grow together, and because they are together grow the faster to the full stature possible to their natures," said Millicent, "while in the dearest friendship they may grow apart, and to different heights, till there is little in common between them but the old kindliness."

"Ah, and how precious that is!" said Mr. Westbrook. "If in youth there is a charm in very novelty, as we grow older the dust Time leaves behind him turns to gold."

"That is so true," Millicent responded.

"Let us turn down this way," said Mr. Westbrook,

pausing at the end of a lane, where houses were but sparsely scattered between the hedgerows. "It will make our walk home the longer."

Millicent hesitated just half a minute, and then obeyed.

Harry Westbrook was a wise man. That little complaisance put a great deal of courage in his voice, when he said, presently, "Millicent, do you think you could marry me?"

"I might try, if I were asked," she answered, with a smile about her mouth, though there were tears in her eyes.

The pair had come to that time of life when sentiment masquerades in humor.

"You know I've had a 'first love,'" said Harry. "But we are quits, for I'm quite sure you have. It was not that good David Maxwell, and it couldn't be that humbug, Fergus Laurie, yet it seems to me to lie between those two. I think you ought to tell me all about it."

"It was between them," Millicent confessed, with tears brimming over. "They were together, you see, like a bright lantern and a dark one. And the light of the one shone on the other, and the shadow of the other overspread the one. There was a hero and there was a nothing, and I mistook them, don't you see. I made my love upon the block, and fancied it was the real man, and only found out the mistake when he did not want it, not even for a shroud!"

Harry Westbrook caressed the hand that lay trembling on his arm.

"I think we both got lost in the same jungle," said he. "There was a sister and a wife, and years ago I mistook them."

The playfulness of his tone did not jar the tenderness at Milly's heart. The analogy was fitting. He understood.

"We will both love Hatty better than ever," he went on, "and we will both pray for Fergus Laurie, and if—if we are ever very nearly concerned in naming a little boy-child, we will call him David Maxwell."

"Only—only"—and Millicent's proud head was bowed, and her tears came very fast—"only I feel so afraid that David's life lost something. He gave, but he never got. I don't mean that my love was any loss," she said. "I can't be sure that he ever cared for it. The kind of love I had then was not worth anything—it is worth more now, because something of him is in it somehow, Harry. But I feel as if he missed something."

"No, Millicent," said her lover. "God has a secret for such as he. Be quite sure of that. And just fancy God keeping a secret for one! What must it not be when his common words are blessings and his open ways make straight the 'Crooked Places'? Such as David are the heirs of God's 'Last things,' and remember what His 'last things' mean—'Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.'"

CHAPTER III.

MADE STRAIGHT.

HARRY WESTBROOK and Millicent Harvey were married. A very, very quiet wedding, with no bridesmaids, and even Harriet and Christian only sitting in a pew as "friends." The bride's dress scarcely marked her as a bride. And during their six weeks of beautiful travel in Switzerland they might have been an easy middle-aged pair, taking a rest and a breathing time on the summit of life, preparatory to jogging down hill together.

They came home, and settled down in an old house at Tottenham, an old red house with old brown rooms, and an old green garden. The Westbrooks were rich people in their quiet way, but they took so many duties along with their wealth, that they still got some pleasure out of their money. It was still a personal treat when they ventured to appropriate a trifle of their wealth for the purchase of an ebony cabinet, or a bit of old red or blue china. And affluent matron as she was, if Millicent still occasionally forgot to put on new gloves quite as soon as she ought, and, absolutely neglected to purchase a seal-skin jacket or an Indian shawl, till Hatty carried her to do so in triumph, and would not let her off with anything but the best in the best shop—at any rate Millicent never forgot anybody's birthday.

God sent two little children to the quaint roomy house, that seemed as ready for them as an old elm-tree for nests. "Elizabeth" came first, and was old enough to have a doll before, "David" arrived. Dear Grandmamma Harvey gets into trouble about those children. Mamma says they really must not go to see her so often, she spoils them so. Poor grandmamma says that it is the spirit of the age that has demoralized her, she is sure she used to be a good disciplinarian; but she thinks the spirit of every age always demoralized grandmamas! Every day she promises to keep them in better order, if they only come again to-morrow. Little rogues! they ransack the sacred old work-box that her own grown-up daughters think it almost sacrilege to look into. They find the funny old yellow card whereon "Mrs. Devon (long since dead) desired her compliments, and hoped that Mr. Harvey and his sister would give her the pleasure of their company at the Vicarage on a certain date." Fancy grandmamma keeping that. How funny! They run off, shouting, to show it to mamma, who takes it tenderly, as if it were a bit of her mother's heart.

All the Webbers—Richard, James and Ellen—are married. Richard is in Calais, Ellen in the Isle of Wight and James in Dublin. Mr. Webber's business is chiefly in the hands of managers now, and he and Hatty spend a great deal of time visiting among their children. Hatty's "step-daughters-in-law" all like her so well that their own mothers are in danger of being a little jealous, or would be, only that Hatty conciliates them by the way in which she says: "I'm not a mother-in-law, you see. I'm only Dick's step-mother—no real relation at all; don't you un-

derstand?" And when the mothers by blood want to give a little advice, they sometimes come to Hatty to suggest it, "because, you know, it is ticklish for relations to interfere. Young people think they are presuming on their rights, but our Dick, or my Jane, will be sure to listen kindly to you, as a friend." And Hatty always gives the advice, and the young people are generally under the impression that they asked her for it and got exactly what they wanted.

George and Christian are living where they did. Their boy Robert is a young man now, and has just taken holy orders. But he is not going to settle in England. He will presently start for the far West of America, where he is to minister to a little township where the people will all be like himself—emigrants from the old country. They are all going from a certain western shire, in a village of which Robert Harvey is now serving as curate; James Webber, who is a doctor, is, with his young wife, determined to go, too. "It is to-day's version of the Pilgrim Fathers," says Christian. "It is your poems in a crystal, my husband. And as for America being very far away, hearts make tracks," she adds, "and Heaven is everywhere, and nobody are separated but those who will not be together." And she thinks of Fergus Laurie, who has been in England again and again since he migrated, and yet David's Prayer-Book is still left in her keeping. Christian has written out David's message concerning it, and the paper is laid inside the book, and the book is made up into a parcel, with "Mr. Fergus Laurie" put outside. It may reach Fergus some day yet. Who knows? None but God.

And here we leave the Harveys. Our story has come round to those with whom it started. Elizabeth Harvey, the widow, and Cicely Brook, the spinster, are left together in their little leafy cottage. They will have it so. They have not a want unsupplied, but Mrs. Harvey will not leave the old place for any of her children's houses. She tells Millicent (she finds there are now some things which Millicent understands better even than Christian), "I've never lived in a house with a master since I lost my Peter—your father, my dear, whom you do not much remember. I'd rather go on as I am."

The two old ladies talk over their simple, ancient gossip, and patiently darn their old lace (they will not have any new), and puzzle their failing eyes over their old books. "Spectacles and all, it takes me a minute to make out a word now," says Mrs. Harvey; "but somehow there seems a great deal more in it. I think we mostly read too fast, especially in our Bibles."

There is an old hymn which Mrs. Harvey is always crooning when she is left alone. She has it in manuscript, and she has set it herself to a favorite old tune. She has taught it to Bessie and Davie Westbrook. It is sweetly touching to hear them singing it—the dear old cracked voice and the pretty trebles. Sometimes all the family sing it when they are gathered together.

Listen to their blended voices! There are lines
in that plain old hymn that seem made for each:

"Take the praise we bring Thee, Lord,
Something more than what we speak,
For the love within us feels
Words uncertain, cold and weak.
Thoughts that rise and tears that fall,
Praise 'hee better: Take them all!

"Looking back the way we've come,
What a sight, O Lord, we see,
All the failure in ourselves,
All the love and strength in Thee.
Yet it seemed so dark before,
Would that we had trusted more!

"We will shun no future storm,
Sure Thy voice is in its wind;
We'll confront each coming cloud,
Sure the sun is bright behind:
Praying then, or praising now,
Only wilt Thou teach us how!

"Use us for Thy glory, Lord,
In the way that seemeth right,
Whether but to wait and watch,
Or to gird our limbs and fight,
Marching on, or standing still,
Each is best, when 'tis Thy will.

"When at last the end shall come,
What, O Lord, is Death but this,
Door of our dear Father's home,
Entrance into perfect bliss,
Peril past, and labor done,
Sorrow over, peace begun!"

THE END.

LILIES.

BY MARY F. HUNT.

WHERE roses blqw in fragrant June,
And summer breezes hover,
The waves flow with a silver tune,
Through banks of blushing clover;
And lilies white, like wreaths of light,
In shade and sheen bend over.

From out the mopy forest old,
Where every sunbeam lodges,
And weaves a tinge of yellow gold,
O'er all the leafy edges,
Through dewy ways, their fragrance strays
Adown the purple hedges.

We see them in their spotless snow,
Beside our pathways clinging,
And backward through the "long ago,"
Their waxen bells are swinging;
Where oft we strayed, each breezy glade,
A garland white is flinging.

Where weary crowds in sorrow pass,
And summer winds are roaming,
They sparkle in the churchyard grass,
Beneath the willows blooming,
And shine o'er years of bitter tears,
Like stars along the gloaming.

Perchance within the fragrance there,
Sometimes we fall a-dreaming,
And catch a glimpse of golden hair,
With bridal chaplets gleaming,
A dimpled face, in clouds of lace,
Through rosy vistas beaming.

Or see, perhaps, a shining band,
While through our dream is ringing
Sweet music from the Eden land,
The voice of angels singing,
Where lilies white, from jasper height,
"Across the tide" are swinging!

WHO WINS?

BY EDITH W. KENT.

NOT to those who soon grow weary,
Soon give o'er the earnest strife,
Faint at heart and dim of vision,
Laggards in the race of life;

From life's rugged pathway shrinking,
From the thorns which pierce the feet,
From the cup of disappointment,
From the "bitter," void of "sweet;"

In each hindrance ever seeing
Mountains none may roll away,
Pass around, or reach their summit,
Step by step, day after day;

Not content to bear, with patience,
Years of toil, some end to gain;
Mind unstable, soon disheartened,
Deeming trial all in vain;

Foolish idlers! ever murmur.
That, to them, "Fate" is unkind,
Worse than useless all endeavor,
"Fortune" to their interests blind;

Meanwhile wasting time and talents—
Not to such true victory's given;
Nor to those who part with honor,
While they for the prize have striven.

But to those whom every failure
To fresh effort doth incite,
Pausing not amid the darkness,
Pressing ever toward the light;

Looking up beyond the roughness,
And the darkness of the way,
Seeing e'er the "prize" before them,
Seeking grace from Him each day.

Hearts so brave to do or suffer,
Trusting all to God and Heaven—
'Tis to these, so proven faithful,
That at length is victory given.

In the mine of hidden treasure
There's success for him who delves;
And in working out life's mission,
"God helps those who help themselves!"

They who, having steadfast purpose,
Nothing daunted at delay,
Conquer, by a firm persistence,
All that may obstruct the way;

They who long delay and failure,
Hope deferred, scorn, doubt and fear
(Though all mountain-high may tower),
Till they're vanquished, persevere;

They who truly live and labor,
They who struggle for the right,
Making glad the hearts of others,
Showing blinded ones the light—

Faithful, earnest, loving workers,
Striving nobly 'gainst all sin!—
Who are these? My soul makes answer:
"These! Ah, these are they who win!"

IS THERE PAIN IN DEATH FROM SUDDEN VIOLENCE?

REV. J. G. WOOD, in his "Natural History," has some remarks on this subject, that will be read with interest. All dread a death by violence, under the idea that it involves the most agonizing pain. But this seems not to be the case. Mr. Wood says:

That one animal should support its own life by the destruction of another creature, appears to be rather a cruel disposition of nature, and repugnant to the beauty and kindness which prevail in the order of created things. Averse as are we, the created beings, to inflicting pain on any of our fellow-creatures, it cannot but seem strange that the Creator should have made so many animals to suffer a violent death, and apparently to endure torturing pangs, by the lacerations to which they are subjected by their destroyers. The reflection is a just one, and one which until late years has never received a worthy answer. Endeavors were made to reconcile the Divine love with this apparent cruelty, by asserting that the lower animals were endued with so low a sense of pain that an injury which would inflict severest torture on a man, would cause but a slight pang to the animal. Yet, as all animals are clearly sensitive to pain, and many of them are known to feel it acutely, this argument has but trifling weight. Moreover, the system which was insensible to pain would be equally dull to enjoyment, and thus we should reduce the animal creation to a level but little higher than that of the vegetable.

The true answer is, that by some merciful and most marvellous provision, the mode of whose working is at present hidden, the sense of pain is driven out from the victim as soon as it is seized or struck by its destroyer. The first person who seems to have taken this view of the case was Livingstone, the well-known traveller, who learned the lesson by personal experience. After describing an attack made upon a lion, he proceeds:

"Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing on me. I was upon a little height, he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients, partially under the influence of chloroform, describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shock annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death."

This fearful experience is, although most valuable, not a solitary one, and is made more valuable by that very fact. I am acquainted with a similar story of an officer of the Indian army, a German nobleman by birth, who, while in Bengal, was seized and carried away by a tiger. He describes the whole scene in much the same language as that of Livingstone, saying, that as far as the bodily senses were concerned, the chief sensation was that of a pleasant drowsiness, rather admixed with curiosity as to the manner in which the brute was going to eat him. Only by his reasoning powers, which remained unshaken, could he feel that his position was one of almost hopeless danger, and that he ought to attempt to escape. Perhaps, in so sudden and overwhelming a shock, the mind may be startled for a time from its hold upon the nerves, and be, so to speak, not at home to receive any impression from the nervous system. Many men have fallen into the jaws of these fearful beasts, but very few have survived to tell their tale. In the case of Livingstone, rescue came through the hands of a Hottentot servant, who fired upon the lion, and who was himself attacked by the infuriated animal. In the latter instance, the intended victim owed his life to a sudden whim of the tiger, which, after carrying him for some distance, threw him down and went off without him. The officer used playfully to attribute his escape to his meagre and fleshless condition, which, as he said, induced the epicurean tiger to reject a dinner on so lean and tough an animal as himself.

Those who have been in action are familiar with the indifference with which the severest wounds are received. There is one well-known instance of this apparent insensibility to pain, which occurred in the Crimean war. An officer was stooping to light his pipe at a camp-fire, when an enemy's shell plumped into the midst of the embers, and exploded, knocking the pipe out of his hands. He uttered an exclamation of annoyance at the loss of his pipe, unconscious that the fragments of the shell had carried off several of his fingers, and frightfully shattered other portions of his limbs. Even in cases of natural death a similar phenomenon occurs, and those who have expressed, in their last illness, the most utter terror of death, meet their dreaded fate with calm content, welcoming death as a friend, instead of fearing him as a foe.

It were happier, if, in forming friendships, virtue could occur with pleasure; but the greatest part of human gratifications approach so nearly to vice, that few, who make the delight of others their rule of conduct, can avoid disingenuous compliances; yet, certainly, he that suffers himself to be driven, or allured from virtue, mistakes his own interest, since he gains succor by means, for which his friend, if ever he becomes wise, must scorn him; and for which, at last, he must scorn himself.

INSUBORDINATION ; OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XL.

SOME INDICATION OF A CHANGE.

"IS there any one whom you would like to invite, Anne?" said Mrs. Webster.

"You know, madam," said Anne Earnest, in reply, "that I have few or no friends beyond this house; and yet, there is one whom I should like to see here, if her presence would be agreeable to you."

"And who is that, Anne?"

"It is Mrs. Anderson. You have seen her here frequently, and I have often heard you speak kindly of her."

"I will invite her; and she shall be truly welcome," said Mrs. Webster. "The more I see of her, the more she pleases me. She seems changing fast; and changing by the constant activity of good principles. Trouble has done much for her. Would you like to have her sisters invited?"

"No, madam. Such a distinction would only inflame their false pride. Mrs. Anderson will only find encouragement from it, and it will strengthen her in the performance of her duties. I feel much interested in her, for she is struggling alone with many oppositions, without and within. Her sisters despise her, and treat her with all manner of unkindness. An invitation from you may alter their estimate of her character and change their conduct."

"I like your suggestion," replied Mrs. Webster. "Her father has become much reduced of late, I understand?"

"He is now," said Anne, "reduced so low as to leave his family entirely dependent upon his daily efforts. All of his property is gone. But this, in my view, is not his only misfortune. Except in Mrs. Anderson, I doubt if he has an individual in his family, who feels for him any true sympathy."

"Than that, Anne, I should think there could be few greater misfortunes."

"And yet, Mrs. Webster, it is one consequent upon his own neglect of the true interests of his family. Like too many others, he allowed his daughters to grow up in idleness, and in the vain pursuit of pleasure in dress and dissipation. Indulged in everything, is it any wonder that, in the end, they should become so selfish as to think only of themselves in their father's misfortune; and actually to blame him for mismanagement in business."

"Surely," said Mrs. Webster, in surprise, "you must be mistaken in supposing them so utterly lost to every genuine impulse of true feeling."

"I wish, for their own, and for their father's sake, it were only an imaginary conclusion," replied Anne. "I have too often heard them express themselves in reference to their father, in a way that

justifies my remark, even if I did not now know, as I do, that they feel and speak as I have intimated."

"How true is it," remarked Mrs. Webster, "that a wrong beginning, if not corrected, makes an evil ending. But, Anne, to change the subject, I hope you and Mr. Illerton have concluded to remain here after your marriage. I cannot part with you, at least for a time."

"I don't know what his intentions are, Mrs. Webster," replied Anne, "for we have not conversed upon the subject. But, as far as I am concerned, nothing would gratify me more than to remain with you. We shall spend a few weeks, you know, in Virginia, with Mr. Illerton's family, and when we return we shall, of course, be glad to find our home here, until other arrangements can be made."

"Look upon it, my dear child, as your own home, as much so as if it were your mother's house," said Mrs. Webster, in a voice that slightly trembled. "And, after your husband, let me claim the next place in your affections."

"Never, while I live, my dear madam," replied Anne, with emotion, "can I forget your kindness and your love. In my heart, your place is next to that of my own dear mother."

"No higher place can I desire to hold, Anne. The mother, who, so steadily, under privations and toil, continued to sow the seeds, and water the tender plants of good principles in your mind, should ever be first in your affections."

"Oh, Mrs. Webster, she was a woman pure in heart, and upright in intention! I wish you had known her." Anne's voice was broken with emotion.

"We would have been friends, Anne, had we known each other truly."

A servant coming in at the moment, interrupted the conversation, and, Mrs. Webster leaving the room in a few minutes, Anne was left alone with her own pleasant thoughts. Illerton had not been long in making an impression upon her heart, and when he asked for her hand, she yielded it without hesitation, for Mrs. Webster had borne testimony, from long acquaintance, to his pure principles.

On the day succeeding that on which the conversation just alluded to occurred between Mrs. Webster and Anne, a servant knocked at the door of Mr. Hardamer's dwelling, in Vulcan alley. He handed in a note directed to Mrs. Anderson. Gertrude and Geneva were alone in the parlor, and one of them received it.

"What is that?" asked Gertrude of her sister.

"It's a note for Genevieve, on gilt-edged paper."

"Who's it from? Open it, and let us see what is in it," said Gertrude, promptly.

Without hesitation the note was opened, and Genevra read: "Mrs. Webster's compliments to Mrs. Anderson, and will be pleased to have Mrs. Anderson's company on Thursday evening, at seven o'clock."

"Are you sure it's for her?" asked Gertrude, incredulously.

"Certainly. It's for Mrs. Anderson," replied Genevra.

"Maybe it's for some other Mrs. Anderson," said Gertrude. "I think we'd better not show it to her, for if we do, she'll be sure to go and make a fool of herself. I'm certain it can't mean her."

"I don't know but what we had," responded Genevra. "I wonder what's to be done there?"

"Anne is to be married, I suppose, sure enough. Well, there's no accounting for tastes. Who could have dreamed that a man like Illerton would marry such a low-bred creature as Anne Earnest! A pretty figure she'll cut! I'd like to be at the wedding, just to see how she would act. I reckon she'll hardly know whether she's on her head or on her heels. Humph! Ain't it too bad!" and Gertrude tossed her head disdainfully.

"If this is the way the thing works," remarked Genevra, "I see no use in trying to be something. A body might just as well take things fair and easy, and trust to its coming out right. If men will prefer such creatures as Anne, where's the use of trying to be genteel! It makes me mad, so it does."

"I don't reckon he's much, any how," said Gertrude; "I always thought there was something low-lived about him. He wants to make a slave of his wife, I suppose, and has been attracted to Anne, because she can work. If he'd married me, I'd have shown him another story, the mean fellow!"

"But what shall we do with this note?" asked Genevra, interrupting Gertrude.

"Why, burn it up. I'd never let her see it," replied Gertrude, a good deal excited.

"But maybe she'll find it out."

"Well, suppose she does? Who cares? I'm sure I don't. She's not going to crow over me in this way, I know."

Acting out their evil intention, the sisters concealed the note in one of their drawers, intending to burn it on the first opportunity. It so happened that Genevieve had occasion to go to this very drawer about an hour after, when her eye fell upon the crumpled note, bearing her own address. She took it up and read it, and understood too well why it had not reached her. Replacing it, she determined not to let them know that she had seen it, but to go to Mrs. Webster's in accordance with the invitation. On Thursday she told her mother that she had been invited to see Anne married; and in the afternoon prepared to go. Gertrude and Genevra could not, of course, forget that this was the evening named in the invitation, and they were not a little surprised to perceive that their sister was making unusual preparations to go out.

"Where are you going, Genevieve?" asked Gen-

evra, whose curiosity exceeded her indisposition to question her sister.

"I'm going to Anne Earnest's wedding," she replied, quietly.

"Not without an invitation, certainly," said Genevra, thrown off her guard.

"Of course not, Genevra," replied her sister.

"But I never saw your invitation! When did you receive it?" said Genevra, with unguarded warmth.

This declaration pained Genevieve exceedingly, and, after a few moments' reflection, she replied, in a serious tone: "I am much grieved, Genevra, that you tried to do me a wrong, and then to say what is untrue about it, without having been asked a question. Surely, you ought to have been content with concealing my note of invitation, and not to have added to your wrong action by a denial of what you had done. No one but yourself can suffer by this. You see it has done me no harm. I cannot understand, Genevra, why you so perseveringly try to wound my feelings; and not even content with that, to endeavor to do me a greater wrong. Surely, your own heart must tell you that I have enough of suffering, without your adding a single pang. I have not mentioned what you have done to any one, and do not intend mentioning it. But, let me entreat of you, as you value your peace of mind, to give way no longer to the unkind feelings you have toward me; I have given you no cause for them, and you can only entertain them to your injury."

Genevra, thus suddenly and unexpectedly convicted of a wrong action, was so confounded as to be unable to utter a word. She hung her head in silence. For the first time in her life she stood rebuked before her sister, and so humbled that she knew not what to say. Seeing her true state of mind, Genevieve took her hand, and continued, in a low, tremulous tone: "My dear sister, you are not happy, nor can you tell when you were happy. In vain will you look abroad for the dear desire of your heart; it cannot thus be found, though you search for a whole lifetime. Your happiness must come from within. Your heart, Genevra, must be rightly tuned, or it will never give forth a pleasant sound. For a long, long time you have indulged in selfish desires. Your world has been a little circle, and yourself the centre. But, have you found contentment? Your trembling hand—that tear on your cheek tell me no!"

"Oh, sister, I am so unhappy!" sobbed out the poor girl, leaning her head upon the shoulder of Genevieve in sudden abandonment of feeling.

"And yet you need not be so, my dear sister," said Genevieve, in a voice of tender concern, drawing at the same time an arm around the waist of Genevra. "If your search after happiness has not been successful, it is because you have not discovered its true source. But there is happiness, and it is for you, if you will only accept of it. Let me direct your mind aright in this matter. Hitherto you have cared only to gratify yourself; you have not thought of others as having claims upon you. But the gratification of

selfish desires has only created new desires, too many of which you have found it impossible to realize. And thus, every time your wishes have been met, you have had new causes of discontent. If you would be happy, these selfish desires must be laid aside, and you must begin to consider others with feelings of kindness. You must begin to think, that, as a member of society, there are duties which you are required to perform, and that if you neglect these duties, some one, or many, must suffer. The word *duty* may seem to you harsh and repulsive. But the more you realize, by practice, its true meaning, the more pleasant will be its sound to your ear. And, first of all, your duties should commence at home. Consider, for a moment, our father—declining in years, ruined in business and burdened with a large family. Can you do nothing, as his daughter, to lighten his toil? Are there no little attentions which you can render, that will make him feel his home to be a pleasant place, and cause him to think of his Genevra with a glow of heartfelt satisfaction? If nothing more, you can, at least, in his presence, seem to be cheerful, and not, by a distressed countenance, make him ever feel that his children are discontented with the best he can do for them. Forget yourself in this matter, and consider him. He has need, as your father, of all your affectionate consideration. And think, if there is nothing that you can do, to make your mother's daily labors less fatiguing. Here are three of us—surely *ma* need not be the servant of us all! Rather, let us lighten her burdens by taking them upon ourselves, and making her feel that we have for her a tender regard. If each of us was to try her best to make the others happy, what a pleasant family we would be! Can you not see, my dear sister, that in so doing you would be far happier than you have ever been?"

"I do! I do!" responded Genevra, sobbing.

"Then resolve, my sister, that you will try to be more considerate of others; and that, instead of caring only for yourself, you will endeavor to add to the happiness of those around you. Your reward will be a peace far deeper and purer than any that has ever yet filled your heart."

"Oh, Genevieve, how much I have wronged you!" said Genevra, lifting her head, and looking into her sister's face with an expression of deep penitence. "And yet, you have been so patient!—so kind!"

"Be not pained, Genevra, on this account. Let us be hereafter, as sisters," responded Genevieve, pressing her lips to the burning cheek of the weeping girl.

"I shall never be able to lift my head again. Oh, I have been so thoughtless! so wicked!" continued Genevra. "How could I have been so selfish?"

"Let good resolutions take the place of troubling thoughts, and all will be well," said Genevieve, encouragingly.

"Oh, I shall never be as I have been again."

"I trust not, Genevra," replied her sister. "But you will have a hard battle to fight. Your evils are

not subdued—they have only retired; and will again show themselves, and enter into combat with your good resolutions. Then will come the time when it will require all your strength and courage. But if you look for aid to Him whose ear is ever open, He will help you, and conquer for you. In your own strength, remember, my dear sister, that you can do nothing—trusting in the Lord, no evil can subdue you."

"I will make the effort," replied Genevra, with a serious, but calm countenance.

"In the strength of our Heavenly Father, you will come off more than conqueror," said Genevieve, tenderly.

That evening, after Genevieve had gone to the wedding, her father wanted a clean cravat, as he had a society meeting to attend.

"Where is Genevieve?" he asked, in a tone that indicated the want of something.

"She has gone out, pa," said Genevra, rising from her chair, and advancing toward him. "Do you want anything?"

"Only a cravat," he replied. "But never mind, I can get it."

"Let me get it for you, pa," she said, going into his chamber, and quickly returning with a white cravat, which she had, already, neatly folded for him.

The father said nothing. But the look which he cast upon his child, was to her a sweet reward.

After he had gone out, instead of folding her hands, as usual, in gloomy idleness, Genevra sat down by her mother, and offered to assist her in sewing.

Gertrude looked up with surprise on hearing Genevra's remark; but when she saw her actually begin to sew on one of her younger sister's frocks, her astonishment broke out into words, and she said, aneringly: "What's in the wind now?"

"Nothing," replied Genevra. "Only I begin to think it hardly right to sit in idleness while *ma* is at work."

"If she chooses to work her eyes out, that's no reason that I should," said Gertrude, in an irritated tone. "You've grown mighty considerate all at once, upon my word! I thought something was out, when you pattered off so fustily after pa's cravat. But you got no thanks for your trouble!"

Now this was a pretty severe trial for Genevra, and she found her resentful feelings a good deal excited. But she only replied: "It was not because I wanted thanks, Gertrude. But pa wished for a cravat, and Genevieve was away."

"Fiddlestick on Genevieve! I wish she would stay away!"

"I don't think we ought to feel so unkindly toward her," said Genevra, in an earnest tone. "She never interferes with us. We have been very much to blame for our actions toward her, Gertrude."

"You don't say so!" responded Gertrude, with a sneer. "But, in the name of wonder, what has broken loose all at once? You were very fierce

the other day, to hide her invitation, and then to burn it!"

"What invitation?" asked Mrs. Hardamer, with a look of surprise.

"Her invitation to Anne Earnest's wedding, ma," replied Geneva. "It fell into our hands, and we were so ill-natured as to conceal it from her, and then to destroy it. But before we had burned it, she saw it by accident, and, saying nothing about it, prepared herself for the wedding party, and went, as you know, this evening. Surprised at her knowledge of the invitation, I could not help saying something to her, when she convicted me in such mild, but strong terms, of my evil intentions toward her, that I felt rebuked and humbled. She did not get angry and chide me with any warmth of feeling, but pictured to me so clearly the wrong I did to myself, as well as to her, that I could not say a word in reply. I feel sensible that I have acted from very bad motives and feelings. And I have resolved to do better, if I can."

"Well, you are a fool!" exclaimed Gertrude, rising to her feet in utter astonishment. "I believe the whole family are going crazy!"

Geneva made no reply, for something seemed to whisper to her that it could do no good; and although she desired very greatly to make the effort to correct her sister's wrong ideas, yet she contended with this desire, and remained silent.

So sudden and unlooked-for a change in Geneva struck her mother with surprise. But it was a surprise that sent a thrill of delight to her bosom. Up to the angry exclamation of Gertrude, she had remained silent. That Geneva did not respond to it, pleased her greatly, although she could hardly tell why, for she was no close observer of mental operations. Feeling now called upon to say something, she replied to Gertrude: "If not disposed to do well yourself, Gertrude, at least suffer others to act in a better way. Geneva is right, and, in continuing as she has begun, she will find her reward in a quiet mind. Let me beg of you, Gertrude," and the tears came into the mother's eyes, "to imitate so good an example."

"Don't preach to me, if you please!" responded Gertrude, hastily leaving the room, and slamming the door after her.

Mrs. Hardamer took off her spectacles, wiped her eyes, replaced them, and attempted to continue her sewing. But the moisture again accumulated, and threw a mist over everything. Again she removed her glasses, dried her eyes, and again replaced them. But it was no use, the tears stole out and again blinded her. Placing her arm upon the work-table, and leaning her head upon her hand, she allowed her feelings to take their course. Still plying her needle, and seeming not to observe her, Geneva ever and anon turned an earnest look toward her mother, and not without emotion did she perceive tear after tear stealing over her hand and dropping to the floor. Were they tears of joy or tears of sorrow?

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNEXPECTED INTERVIEW.

IT was after ten o'clock that night when Mr. Hardamer came home from the meeting he had attended. His wife was sitting up for him, alone, and, as he entered, he could not but observe that her face wore an expression that was new and somewhat strange, and yet by no means painful. She looked him in the eyes so steadily, as he sat down beside the table at which she was still sewing, and seemed about to speak, yet unable, from some cause, to bring her thoughts out into words, that he said, to break the silence: "Has anything happened?"

There was something in the tone of her husband's voice more tender and subdued than usual, and it had the effect still more to soften her feelings. The tears sprang into her eyes, and he saw that, from emotion, she could not trust herself to speak. A new and sudden interest in the happiness of his wife arose in his bosom, and turning a look of affectionate concern, he said: "Something weighs upon your mind more than usual. Let me share it with you, whether it be pleasant or painful."

"It is both pleasant and painful, husband," she replied, while the tears that had been ready to gush forth, rolled over her cheeks, in which both years and care had made many deep lines. She bent her face down upon the table, and sobbed aloud, unable longer to restrain her feelings.

Hardamer did not interrupt her, and in a short time her emotion subsided. Raising her head, she looked him again in the face, and said: "Something has happened to-night that has given me great pleasure. Geneva has changed suddenly for the better; and, like her sister Genevieve, seems anxious to do all she can to make things more pleasant and comfortable."

"Indeed!" responded Hardamer, his face brightening up. "Well, I thought a little strange of her to-night when she offered to get my cravat, and seemed so pleased in handing it to me. But what can be the cause of it?"

"Why, so far as I can understand it," replied Mrs. Hardamer, "both Geneva and Gertrude were so ill-natured as to hide away and then destroy a note of invitation for Genevieve to attend a wedding party at Mrs. Webster's. But it so happened that Genevieve accidentally saw it before it was destroyed, and, without saying a word about it, prepared herself to go this afternoon. Geneva said something to her, when Genevieve convicted her so unexpectedly of the wrong action, and then, I suppose, talked so kindly to her, that Geneva softened down, and then resolved to do better. I should think it an excellent sign to see her so soon trying to act upon her good resolutions."

"Indeed it is," replied her husband, his mind in a state of pleasing wonder. "Well, after all, I shall begin to think that some good can even come out of trouble. There is no denying that Genevieve has very much changed for the better since her unhappy marriage, and changed, too, in spite of all the neglect

and unkindness she has experienced in her own father's house. And now, to find Geneva imitating her good example, is wonderful indeed!" Mr. Hardamer's voice slightly trembled.

"There came suddenly into my memory to-night," said Mrs. Hardamer, in reply, "while I sat here, these words, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' I never seemed to understand them before. But now I begin to see what they mean. I am sure I feel happier to-night, notwithstanding all our outward reverses, than I ever felt while we were prosperous. I think we have looked too much to the outward things of the world as desirable, and too little to that state of mind which, after all, is to constitute our happiness or misery. I mean to that condition of mind which makes us contented with the present, and desirous that all around us should feel a like degree of contentment."

Mr. Hardamer listened with pleasure and surprise to the words of his wife. She had never been disposed, through her whole life, to give much attention to other than mere external things, and his surprise was excited at hearing her make a remark that seemed to him so sound, and that involved an idea above what he had thought her capable of conceiving.

"Your thoughts have been running in the same channel with mine," replied her husband. "I think, with you, that there is great room for improvement, and I feel a strong disposition to enter upon a change of desires and aims at once. Even for the few minutes that we have been talking, I can perceive a new light breaking in upon my mind, and it reveals many things that I was not conscious existed there, and which I at once acknowledge to be wrong."

At that moment a carriage was heard to drive up to the door, and, in a minute after, Genevieve entered. It was about eleven o'clock when she came in, and she was surprised at finding her father and mother, who usually retired early, up at so late an hour.

"Did you come home in that carriage?" said her father, with an encouraging smile.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Webster insisted upon sending me home."

"That was very kind in her," remarked Mrs. Hardamer. "And so I suppose Anne is married?" she added, without the tone of her voice indicating the dislike she had so long entertained.

"Yes, mother, she is married," replied Genevieve, pleased at finding her friend alluded to, without the usual sneer.

"I always thought Anne a good girl," said Mr. Hardamer.

"Indeed, father, she is. I cannot tell you how many good lessons she has taught me. Had it not been for her, I know not how I should have borne up under the trials and troubles of the past year." Genevieve's voice trembled, and she regained the command of her feelings only by a strong effort.

Mrs. Hardamer, self-convicted of having wronged the friendless girl, and of having, ever since, enter-

tained toward her feelings of unkindness, was a good deal moved by Genevieve's words and manner. After a few moments of silence, she said: "There is always danger of our passing a wrong judgment upon others; and I have, I believe, been guilty of misjudging Anne Earnest. You can say so to her, Genevieve, when you again see her; and if ever meet her, I will acknowledge it to herself."

Genevieve looked surprised and delighted at this confession.

"Anne has always spoken kindly of you, mother," she said. "I never see her that she does not ask after you; and she expresses for you a degree of interest that I could hardly have expected her to entertain."

"She is a good girl, I doubt not," said Mr. Hardamer; "and I know she has obtained a good husband. May God bless them!" he added, with feeling, taking up a light and retiring to his chamber.

On the next morning, while the family were seated at the breakfast-table, Gertrude said, with a sneer, at the same time glancing at Genevieve: "I suppose Anne Earnest didn't know whether she was on her head or her heels last night."

"Yes, she was as collected and as easy in her manners as ever," replied Genevieve, with a smile.

"No doubt!" responded Gertrude, with another sneer and a toss of the head. "She is just low-minded enough to be free and easy anywhere."

"Gertrude!" said Mr. Hardamer, looking her steadily and somewhat sternly in the face. "I cannot permit such remarks in my presence. Anne Earnest, or rather Mrs. Illerton, is every inch a lady, and has found her true level in society. She was not well treated here, because there was no one in this house who could appreciate her real worth, but Genevieve, and she has had less influence in the past year than her real character has called for. Hereafter I shall expect no more such allusions to her, intended only to wound the feelings of your sister."

Surprised at this rebuke, Gertrude glanced at her mother, who, she well knew, had entertained like feelings with herself in regard to Anne. Mrs. Hardamer understood the meaning of this mute appeal, and said: "Your father is right, Gertrude, and we have all been wrong. Hereafter, let us endeavor to pass more righteous judgment on others."

"You're a—" But the evil-minded girl checked the word as it was forming on her tongue, and, instantly self-convicted of wrong, she arose hastily from the table and retired to her chamber.

Hardamer and his wife understood too well what was passing in the mind of their child, and they finished their meal in silence, deeply pained at heart.

About ten o'clock on the same morning, as Mr. Hardamer was busily engaged behind his counter in cutting out work, an elderly man entered, and with an expression of countenance which he could not but observe to be peculiar, asked if his name was not Hardamer.

"That is my name," he replied, looking at the stranger inquiringly.

"And my name is Anderson," said the stranger.

"Anderson!" ejaculated Hardamer, with a sudden start, while a shade of painful feeling settled upon his countenance.

"You have cause, sir, to be pained at the mention of that name; for, if I am rightly informed, one who bore it has trifled with the hopes and happiness of your child, and through her deeply wounded you," said the stranger, in a voice evidently disturbed by emotions against which he was vainly struggling.

"And why do you thus open wounds but half-healed over?" asked Hardamer, with some sternness of manner.

"I would open but to heal more surely," said the stranger, affecting to smile, but it was a feeble smile. "I am the father of the unhappy young man who married your daughter!"

"His father!" exclaimed Hardamer, in surprise. "Then, my dear sir, what news do you bring from one toward whom I cannot be expected to entertain very kind feelings?"

"Good news, I hope, sir," replied old Mr. Anderson. "He is a changed man, and I have good reasons for believing the change to be radical. This change has been in progress for many months, and, from observing it closely, and with all of a parent's doubting anxiety, I feel sure that it is genuine."

The events of a year had broken down the feelings of Hardamer, and robbed him of much of the control over himself that he had once possessed. The suddenness of this news, as well as its character, and the manner, appearance, and evident emotion of the stranger who stood before him in a new and unexpected relation, all combined to affect him powerfully. He covered his face with his hands, and leaned down upon the counter, evidently struggling to control himself. In a few moments he lifted his head, and exhibited a countenance paler than before, and touched with a tenderer expression. He passed round the counter, and coming in front of Mr. Anderson, took his hand in both of his, and while his lip quivered slightly, and his voice trembled, said, "We are, it seems, companions in a single sorrow—and it has been deep and painful to both our hearts. Let us be friends."

This was answered by a hard pressure of the hand from Mr. Anderson, for he could not reply.

"And, now, sir, be seated, and tell me of your son," continued Hardamer.

After they had retired into a small room, or recess, back of his shop, Mr. Anderson said, "My boy, after he had so cruelly and unrighteously deserted your daughter, went to the South, where a dangerous illness put a sudden check upon his career of folly. Recovering, partially, from this, he returned home, broken in spirits, and well nigh broken in constitution. But he has recovered his health, and, I am glad to say, is in a better and truer state of mind. And now he is here to do all in his power to make your daughter's life happy. I believe we can trust him. I feel sure that the change in him is deep and genuine."

For some time Mr. Hardamer was silent. He was not glad at this unexpected news; for, at once the idea of losing the child who, of all his children, evinced a degree of concern and tenderness for him that had become, in his present condition, necessary to his happiness, presented itself, and he could not endure it. But he saw this to be wrong, and struggling against it for a few moments, said, "What you tell me ought to fill me with pleasure. I wish I could say that it did. Misfortunes have narrowed down my sources of happiness, and almost the only one I now have is this same child you have come to take away from me." The old man's voice again trembled. "She is greatly changed, sir, since her marriage. Trouble has purified as well as chastened her; and she is now everything a father's heart could desire. God bless her, and your son, too, if he is changed as much as she is!"

And old Mr. Hardamer could restrain his feelings no longer, but bent down his head and sobbed like a child. Mr. Anderson, too, was moved, and, after the pause of a few moments, said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

"Just the words my wife repeated last night," ejaculated Hardamer, raising his head suddenly, his countenance instantly undergoing a change. "Her very words! And now I remember that I have hope still. Another one of my proud, foolish girls is beginning to feel her sister's example. Thank Heaven, I have hope that I shall see my Genevieve happy, and not be robbed of all comfort myself. It is true, but I never could have believed it—Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

Genevieve sat sewing at the window on the same morning on which the interview between her father and Mr. Anderson occurred. Her mother and Genevieve were near her, also busy with the needle, and Gertrude sat apart from them all, reading a novel, her mind in a moody and gloomy state. It was about eleven o'clock when the door opened and the father entered with a stranger. Genevieve arose to her feet, and looked them both in the face inquiringly.

All the morning she had been thinking, with more than her usual anxious tenderness of feeling, about her absent husband, and the instant her father entered, in company with an elderly man, a stranger, her heart misgave her, that the visit had some connection or other with the one who occupied her thoughts more and more every day. She was not long kept in suspense.

"This is my Genevieve," said Mr. Hardamer, advancing toward his daughter, and taking hold of her hand. "And a dear, good girl she is! If your son has changed as much as she has in a few months, then will they be happy together. And may Heaven bless them!" he added, fervently, his voice trembling down into an inaudible tone.

Old Mr. Anderson came forward quickly, and grasped the hand of Genevieve.

"God bless you, my child!" he said, kissing her pale cheek. "I have come to restore to you your

husband. And I would fain hope that he is worthy to claim your hand."

Mr. Anderson could utter no more. The tender emotions awakened by the interview unmanned him. The feelings of the aged are less subject to their control than the feelings of those in the vigor of middle life. He leaned his head upon the shoulder of his new-found child and wept.

The whole scene, so sudden and so unexpected, startled Mrs. Hardamer and the two sisters. Gertrude was confounded—Genevra surprised and delighted. Mr. Anderson's appearance at once commanded respect, and his mild, benevolent countenance gave a favorable impression of his character. In a few minutes a more orderly introduction took place, and such explanations were given as enabled each one to see the new position which affairs had assumed. There was but one heart present that did not warm with a pure delight, and that was the heart of Gertrude. Instead of rejoicing at the happy change about to take place in the truly hard lot of her sister, a feeling of envy and hatred was aroused. She felt rebuked by the whole scene, and that annoyed and irritated her.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORE PLEASING INDICATIONS.

ABOUT one week after Mr. Anderson had left home, a neighbor stopped at the door and left a letter for his wife. He had been to the post-office, and seeing one there, directed to her, had brought it with him.

Retiring to her own room, she broke the seal, and read:

"MY DEAR JANE:—You are painfully anxious, I know, to hear from me, and I now write to relieve your suspense, and, at the earliest moment that I can do so. I have seen the wife of our dear, erring, but repentant boy; and they have met, and been reconciled. And who is she?—and what is she? These are the first questions, to which your heart yearns for an answer. In a word, then, she seems to be all that we could desire. A few months of painful disappointments and trials have done much for her; or her character, when she was married, has been greatly misrepresented. Her father, during the last year, has failed in business, and been much reduced in circumstances. This reverse, from all that I can see, has wrought upon him a salutary change, and other members of his family seem also to feel a like happy influence. When I called upon him, alone, and announced my name, he did not, at first, receive me kindly; but, in a few moments, he softened down, and I saw that the man was sound at heart. His affections are warmly centred upon the child our boy has married; and this deep affection has been called out within the past year. After her desertion, as far as I can learn, she was treated with great unkindness by all of the family, and by her father with coldness and indifference. Cut off from all hope of

future elevation in society, which had been her ruling passion, and, having added to this the sorrows of a disappointed affection, and the pains of cruel persecution and neglect, she was driven into the right way. It seems, that, as a measure of relief from the distracting thoughts that passed through her mind, and the gloomy feelings that oppressed her, she resorted to the various domestic employments incident to a family, that had before seemed degrading in her eyes. Her father's reverses, no doubt, awakened a sympathy in her mind, and she, therefore, sought to alleviate his trouble in every possible way. And you know how much it is in the power of a child, by little attentions and affectionate care, to soothe the heart of a parent whose mind is not at ease.

"Once in the right way, and there is everything to hope. It seems that she never thought of looking back. The flowers she found, ever and anon, springing on her new pathway, wooed her onward. And, as she continued to move forward, the flowers became more frequent, and their perfume sweeter. The change in her, if what she once was be truly told, is far greater than that in our dear boy. I already love her; and I know you will take her at once to your bosom.

"I saw her before William did. Poor boy! As the moment approached for him to meet, face to face, the woman with whose affections he had so cruelly trifled, his heart seemed to fail him. But I took words to him from his wife before he saw her again, and when they met, there was an instant oblivion of the past, and a world of new affection created in their hearts. They were suffered to meet alone.

"Day after to-morrow we shall start for home; and, of course, our new daughter will return with us. She seems overjoyed at what has happened; and I can see that there exists between her and our William a genuine affection, notwithstanding the past. I trust that I am not permitting my gratified feelings to create false hopes; but it seems to me that our last days are going to be our happiest. How wonderfully is evil overruled for good! But I shall soon be with you, and then I can say to you a thousand things now crowding upon my thought.

"Yours, ever,

"T. ANDERSON."

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Anderson? What in the world has brought you so far from home?" said an elderly man, advancing with a quick step across the deck of a steamboat, that was gliding swiftly down the Potomac, two days after the preceding letter was written.

"And how do you do, Mr. Illerton," responded the individual addressed, grasping the hand that was extended toward him.

"But what are you doing here? You haven't answered me that yet?" said the first speaker.

"Why, I suppose I am on some such business as you are, friend Illerton," he replied, smiling.

"Oh! Aye! William has been taking a wife,

then, has he? Well, that's clever. Who did he marry?"

"You jump to conclusions as rapidly as ever, I see," replied Mr. Anderson. "But, I suppose you are half right, at least. The name of my new daughter was Hardamer."

At the mention of that name, a well-grown boy, rather poorly dressed, who had been standing against the railing, started and turned upon the two individuals a look of inquiring interest.

"Hardamer," repeated Mr. Illerton, musingly. "Well, I believe I never heard of that name before. I hope she's as good a girl as my boy's got, for I think your William is about making a very fine man. He sowed some wild oats, it is true. But he has gathered in the troublesome harvest, and, I suppose, is tired of that kind of farming. I wish you joy, my old friend!" he added again, shaking the hand of Mr. Anderson. "The young folks are all snug in the cabin, I suppose, and have discovered each other before this," he continued. "Well, we'll let 'em enjoy themselves by themselves, for awhile. Young blood don't always mix well with old blood."

"Who has Henry married?" asked Mr. Anderson, as his old friend and neighbor paused.

"Well, I can't say that I know much about her, except that her name was Anne Earnest, and that she seems to have the disposition of an angel," replied Mr. Illerton.

"And an angel she is!" murmured the boy just mentioned, whose ears were taking in every word that passed between the individuals who were talking. But they heard him not; nor, indeed, did they notice his presence.

Just at that moment the whole party from below emerged upon deck—consisting of the wife of old Mr. Illerton, her son and his young bride, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, and Illerton's two sisters.

The two young men were old acquaintances. They had been raised together. And the reader understands perfectly the relation which Anne and Genevieve bore to each other. A few brief, but somewhat embarrassing explanations took place when the parties all so unexpectedly met in the cabin, upon the starting of the steamboat; and then mutual and sincere congratulations ensued.

The boy moved away as he saw them approaching, and retired to another part of the boat. A close observer could readily have seen that, from some cause, his mind was ill at ease. His face was pale and thin, and he seemed by no means possessed of the healthful vigor usual to boys of his age. He went far forward, upon the bow of the boat, and resting his arms upon the railing, stood looking with a vacant gaze upon the surface of the water. A heavy sigh soon told that his thoughts were busy with no pleasing subjects, and, as if to get rid of them, he raised up from his half-recumbent position and commenced walking backward and forward. After the passage of half an hour he moved toward the after part of the boat. His eye rested upon Anne and Genevieve, seated alone, in earnest conversation,

and he paused hesitatingly. Then, as if from a sudden resolution, he walked forward to where they were sitting, and stood before them.

"Isaac, is it possible!" exclaimed, at once, both Genevieve and Anne, looking with surprise and concern into the face of the pale and agitated boy.

"Yes, it is me—or, at least, all that is left of me," replied Isaac Wilson—for it was none other than he—endeavoring to put on an unconcerned expression of countenance, as a mechanical means of controlling his feelings.

"Well, Isaac, what are you doing now?" asked Genevieve, or Mrs. Anderson, in a voice of kind concern.

"I'm not doing anything just now, Miss Genevieve," he replied, and his voice trembled, in spite of his efforts to seem composed, while his tone was sad and even desponding. "I've been sick for two months, and, of course, couldn't work much all that time. If it hadn't been that I was living with a kind-hearted, though very poor old woman, who, I believe was good to me because she had a wild son who had gone away, I must have been sent to the poor-house. After I got well enough to work, I could get nothing to do in Georgetown. I heard of a seat of work to be had in Fredericksburg; and the tender-hearted old woman stinted herself to lend me enough money to carry me there. But I'm afraid when I get there that the seat will be taken, and even if it is not, I may find it hard work to get in, for no boss likes to take a boy like me. I have been questioned so often and so close, and have had to tell so many downright lies about who I was and where I came from, that it makes me sick to think about it."

"Then, Isaac, why don't you go home again?" said Anne, or Mrs. Illerton, as she was now to be called.

"Indeed, indeed, Miss Anne, I have wished a thousand and a thousand times that I was back again into the old shop. But I'm afraid to go back. Mr. Hardamer, you know—asking your pardon, Miss Genevieve—is so cruel when he gets angry. And, if I was to go home alone, he could do anything he pleased with me."

"You needn't fear but that father will receive you back kindly," said Mrs. Anderson.

"I wish I could think so, Miss Genevieve," said the boy, earnestly.

"I am sure he will," replied Mrs. Anderson. "Father, as well as some of the rest of us—you among the number, I perceive—has changed greatly, in the last few months. He is, besides, much reduced in circumstances, and your assistance would be a good deal to him."

The countenance of Isaac brightened up, and he replied, "You almost make me feel like going home. I call it home, for I have not felt as if I had any place to go to that I could really call home, since I went away."

"Be advised by us, Isaac," said Mrs. Illerton, with kind concern. "Go directly back to Baltimore."

Mrs. Anderson, here, will give you a letter to her father, I know; that will be all the introduction you want to give you a welcome back; for her word now goes a good deal farther than it did when you were there. You will give him a letter, will you not, Genevieve?"

"That I will, right gladly, if he will go back," replied Mrs. Anderson.

"Then I'll go home," said Isaac, emphatically. "That is, if I can get home."

"We'll arrange all that for you," said Mrs. Illerton.

"I shall never forget your goodness to me, Miss Anne. From the day you came into our house I have had better desires than ever I had before. And many and many a time since I went away, has the good advice you gave to us all come back into my mind, and kept me from doing many things to which I was tempted. I don't know how it is, but I never resolved to do what was wrong but I thought of you; and many and many a time that thought has saved me from actions that would have brought me more troubles than any I have ever had."

Mr. Illerton, who was standing at a short distance when Isaac came up, observed that he had entered into conversation with his young wife and her friend. Curiosity impelled him to draw near, and he heard, without being observed by him, the entire compliment paid by the boy to Anne. At the moment he ceased speaking, he recognised him, and, extending his hand, he said: "Why, how do you do, my young friend? This is the first time that I've seen you since the day you called to let me know where I should find this young lady," glancing at Anne. "I owe you a thousand thanks!"

"It was all for her sake," replied Isaac, looking toward the person indicated. "And it was one, if the only good action of my life."

"That's true, every word of it!" said Illerton. "Well, I like a whole-hearted friend, and Anne seems to have no others."

"I think it most time to dispense with compliments," remarked Anne, smiling, "and so I will give your thoughts a different direction. It is an old saying that one good turn deserves another; and as you seem to think Isaac has rendered you a service, I propose; as he now stands in need of a friend, that you hold yourself in that relation to him."

"That I will most cheerfully," replied Mr. Illerton. "And now tell me in what I can serve you."

Isaac hesitated to reply, and Anne said: "He left Mr. Hardamer some months ago, and we have been persuading him to go back. From what he has said, I have concluded that he parted with nearly the last of his money when he paid his passage, and cannot, of course, return without aid."

"We'll soon arrange all that for him," replied Mr. Illerton, kindly. "And so you have made up your mind to go back?"

"Yes, sir. I haven't seen much peace since I went away. Somehow or other everything has gone wrong with me. I used to think that if I was only

my own master, and free to spend all the money I could earn, I should be happy. But, after I went off, I was afraid to look for work in town, and had no money with which to pay for a passage to any other place. There were three of us, and we set off to walk all the way to Washington, the nearest point at which we could hope to get work. All together we had not over a dollar. At the end of the first day, we stopped at a house near the road and asked for something to eat. We had been afraid to stop at the taverns for fear of being taken up for runaways, and were now very hungry and tired. At this house they gave us some bread and milk, but did not ask us to stay. We set out, after finishing our meal, with hearts somewhat heavier than they were in the morning, for it was growing dark very fast. We had no prospect before us but that of keeping on all night, or lying down in some fence-corner to sleep. We were too much fatigued to do the former, so, after holding a consultation, we concluded to cross over an adjoining field to a haystack that was in sight, and try to rest as comfortably as possible.

"Here we made ourselves beds, and lay down, and so tired were we that we soon fell asleep. It was broad daylight the next morning when I awoke, wet and cold. It had rained during the night, and my clothes were, in places, literally soaked with water. I was so hoarse that I could hardly speak, and so stiff that I moved myself with difficulty. Gradually I recovered the use of my limbs, and we started on again. Not, however, until we had tossed up a cent to determine whether we should keep on or go back and behave ourselves better, for we were already sick of our adventure. That night, at about nine o'clock, we arrived in Washington, even more tired than we were on the night previous. The whole of our dollar was gone, and we did not know a single individual in the city. For some time we wandered about the streets, hungry and fatigued, and were finally obliged to lie out during the night. We were really in a sad condition on the next morning; and so hungry, that we were compelled to beg some bread and meat. For my part, I do not recollect ever to have felt as wretched. My joints were so stiff that I could hardly walk. My skin was dry and hot, and a constant tickling in my throat kept me coughing all the while.

"For the greater part of that day we strolled about the city and through the public buildings. As the day began again to decline, we agreed that it was best to separate, and each endeavor to provide some place of refuge for himself. I went over to Georgetown, and made application at a shop there for work.

"What do you want with work, ha?" said the man I addressed, looking up at me from the bench on which he was seated, with a forbidding, half-angry countenance.

"I must have work, or I can't live," said I, confounded and distressed at the rough reception I had received.

"You'd better go back to your master," he re-

plied, looking down at his work, 'I don't harbor runaway apprentices.'

"I was confounded, and retreated hastily from the shop. 'How should he know that I had run away,' I said to myself, in alarm, as I walked on.

"I soon saw another shop, and into this I ventured. To my application for work, I was asked by a keen-looking man, where I had served my time.

"In Washington," I answered, promptly.

"Who with?" said the man.

"To this question, of course, I could not reply, for I did not know a single shoemaker in Washington. My hesitation and confusion betrayed the falsehood, and, suddenly turning from the man, I hurried again into the street.

"As I passed along, I saw a kind-hearted-looking old woman standing in the door of a small house. 'Here is my last hope,' I thought, to myself, and so, going up to her, I asked her if she could not give me something to eat, for I was very hungry. How my heart warmed under her pleasant smile and motherly tone of voice! She at once told me to come in. It was nearly night, and her table was set, with a clean, white cloth, against one side of the room, ready for her supper. It contained a single plate, a knife and fork, and a cup and saucer, showing that the meal was preparing for herself alone. To her kind invitation I seated myself, and tried to rest my wearied limbs. But I ached so all over, that freedom from motion was not rest. Very soon she brought in a large plate of toast, some cold meat and the tea-things. But when I attempted to eat, I found that my appetite craved but little food.

"You are not well," she said, looking me in the face with concern.

"Indeed, ma'am, I do not feel very well," I replied, filling up.

"She observed that I was troubled, and seemed much concerned.

"Where are you going? Do you belong to Georgetown or the city?" she asked.

"I hesitated a moment, for my first lies had brought me off so badly; and I did not feel like deceiving one who was kind to me, and seemed so good.

"I—I—am from Baltimore," I replied.

"Ah, indeed!" she said, brightening up. 'My boy went there a good many years ago, when he run away from his master here,' she added, her voice sinking into a sad tone. 'Runaway apprentices never come to any good.'

"Her words smote upon my heart; and I turned my head away, so that she should not see the expression of my face. She noticed the sudden movement, and, I suppose, the thought occurred to her that I might be a runaway apprentice.

"I hope you haven't left your master?" she said, with evident concern.

"Yes, ma'am, it is true," I replied, my face reddening. 'But I was not well treated. If my master had been kind to me, nothing on earth would have induced me to have left him.'

"The old woman shook her head, and seemed grieved.

"You boys," she said, 'are not good judges in these matters. And, even if you were not well treated, your condition was better than it is now.'

"I could but acknowledge the truth of what she said; and she went on:

"I have known a good many runaway apprentices in my time, and I never yet knew one that did not repent of what he had done, and wish himself back in his master's house a thousand times. It is always difficult for such a boy to get work, for he will be suspected, and few masters have any disposition to encourage runaways.'

"I did not reply to this, although I felt its truth; but rising from the table, I took off my coat, and rolled up my sleeve to exhibit to her two or three deep cuts which the cowhide of the constable had left upon my arm.

"My back has nearly a dozen worse than these," I said, 'now fresh, and some of them clear through the skin; and, besides, I have twenty seams and scars there from previous floggings'

"This touched the old woman's heart, and she said, with much feeling: 'Indeed, indeed, some boys have a hard time of it! But we won't talk any more about that. You want a good bed to-night; and cannot get one unless I provide it for you'

"She then took me up into a little room, in which was a soft bed with snow-white sheets. In ten minutes I was fast asleep, and did not awake until it was broad daylight. But I forget that you may not be as much interested as I am in all this," he said, suddenly recollecting that he was telling his story without being asked for it.

"Go on, by all means!" replied his listeners, each one of whom felt a warm interest in Isaac.

"Well, on the next morning," he continued, "when I awoke, long after sunrise, I found my joints so stiff that when I touched my feet to the floor, I nearly fell over. My head reeled and ached with a sudden and dreadful pain. I was forced to get into the bed again. I cannot tell you how bad I felt. Sick and penniless, and in a strange place. After awhile, the old woman came up, and as soon as she saw me, she said: 'I am afraid you are not well.'

"Indeed, ma'am," I said, 'I feel very sick, and my limbs are so stiff that I cannot stand on my feet!'

"Then you had better lie quiet for to-day," she said, kindly. 'I will bring you up a cup of tea and some little thing to eat' and so saying, she went down-stairs.

"I never felt so strange as I did when she left the room. Never, since my mother died, had any one been so kind to me. It choked me right up, and made a baby of me. In about half an hour she came up, bringing a tub of water. She bathed my feet with her own hands; and, after she had dried and rubbed them with a towel, she went down again and brought me a large bowl of tea. After I had drank this off, she sat by me for some time, looking

me all the while in the face, and seeming pleased at the kind service she had done me. In a little while the perspiration broke out all over me, and I gradually sunk again into sleep. When I awoke, I felt much better, and wanted to get up; but the kind old woman would not let me. On the next morning I was much better, and after I had dressed myself and eaten my breakfast, I prepared to go out again in search of work.

"The refusals I had already met, and the close questionings I expected to meet, made me dread the task. But it had to be done, and so I went out.

"Come back at dinner time," said Mrs. Armour—for that was her name—as I left the door.

"After I was in the street, my heart failed me. I so dreaded to go into a boot-maker's shop, that I at

last determined to walk over to Washington, and see if I could meet with Tom or Bill. I thought that, perhaps, they had been more successful than I had in looking for work. As I came along the street which runs from the bridge to the public offices, I looked through a window and saw three or four boys at work upon their benches. How I did envy them! And how I blamed myself for having so foolishly left my master. I thought, at first, that I would go into this shop and ask for work. But, as I turned to enter the door, the thought of a rebuff discouraged me, and I kept on toward the city. Here I wandered about from street to street, and at last found myself at the capitol. On entering, the first persons I saw were Bill and Tom.

(To be concluded.)

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE DARK DAY.

BY MRS. S. W. JEWETT.

I HAD been an invalid for several months, but enabled to bear up cheerfully under the trial, until a certain day, when, for some unaccountable reason, my courage suddenly left me, and I made up my mind to die. My state of mind was one of utter discouragement and absolute hopelessness—and so totally unlike anything I had ever experienced, that I seemed to have lost or forgotten my own identity. I sent for my physician, and inquired of him how long he supposed I could hold out. I did not desire him to give me any encouragement that I should get well, for I could not believe it, even on his authority. He would not, however, fall in with my humor so much as to tell me my case was hopeless, but left a prescription, and departed with a smile. "I was nervous," he said, as if I had not passed through every phase of nervousness before, and did not know this was unlike anything I had ever experienced.

I announced to my husband that my disease had taken a sudden and mysterious turn, and that I was not long for this world. I was deeply hurt that this announcement seemed to produce very little effect.

"Oh, you've got a down day," said he. "I must take you a drive to-night, if the weather should continue fine. Cheer up—good-morning."

And off he went out of the house whistling—yes, whistling; and I liable to die at any moment. So, too, my daughter Fanny. I nerved myself to tell her that she must soon be left motherless, and faintly suggested that I had some last request to make. Instead of being wholly overwhelmed, as I supposed, she said, "We won't talk about it now, poor dear. The doctor says you are suffering from nervous prostration, and that you'll get over it very soon."

If I hadn't been so weak and helpless, I should certainly have given way to a burst of indignation. Why were those about me so obtuse? Why couldn't they, or wouldn't they, see that I was at the point of death? Why would they insist upon it that I was getting well? How they would reproach themselves when it was too late! But, perhaps, for my sake they concealed their feelings and apprehensions. Still, it did seem strange that my husband should have gone down the steps whistling; and

that Fanny, my blessed, happy girl, should be singing at her work below-stairs. And I was left alone, face to face, as it were, with death. However, I was astonishingly composed, considering the circumstances, and wondered at my calmness, as I sat down by my pleasant bed-room window to meditate. My life had been, in many respects, a hard one. "The lines had not fallen to me in pleasant places," so far as earthly considerations were involved—neither had I been successful in a worldly point of view. The necessity of exertion had been early laid upon me, and the pressure of poverty compelled me to work sometimes beyond my thoughts. My energy and persistence sometimes amazed myself, for I pursued my arduous way without the stimulus of success; and yet, with such hope and courage, that even those who knew me best, had no comprehension of what I endured under repeated disappointments. But I had done my best, and all that I could. I looked back, as I sat in the shadow of the large elm which overtopped the roof of the piazza, under which was my bed-room, and there were but few landmarks which recalled happy reminiscences of attainment, while scattered all along the past were the graves of dead hopes and expectations. I wished it were possible for me to know wherein lay my great mistake in life—what elements necessary to success were wanting in my character; but I comforted myself with the thought that it would not be long before I should see the web of my earth-life unravelled, and its dark problems solved. I told myself sadly that I was dying of waiting—I could not recall the time when I was not working and waiting for prospective good.

It was no wonder that human nature succumbed at last under such an accumulation of disappointment. Was I weak and selfish in this my last extremity, for indulging the luxury of self-compassion? Indeed, it was a luxury, and I gave myself up to it. I sought to intensify it by calling up painful recollections of the past. I exhumed my dead griefs, and wept afresh over them. I dressed up my faded hopes with all the beautiful adornings of their spring, to make the contrast more painful, and then I told myself that I was the victim of fate—dying of a broken heart. I was not so weak that I could not get up, walk across the room and lock my door—and I did so, in order that I might be as supremely wretched as

possible, without fear of interruption. I would not have been anything but the martyr that I was. If a crown had been offered me then and there, I would have rejected it—choosing the cross.

Now, my readers, how much of this state was due to abnormal physical condition, and how much to Adam's fall, I cannot decide. I certainly was an invalid—that every one knew who saw me; but, previous to this turning-point in my malady, I had been an invalid of the cheerful, hopeful type. When I was able to work, I did it with a hearty will; and when disabled by physical weakness, I bore the deprivations with what I considered Christian fortitude. But I must let you into the probable secret of my utter discouragement in this, the darkest day of my life; and, in order to do this, I shall have to become the heroine of my own story.

From early youth I had one dominant ambition—one all-absorbing love, and that was for literary attainment and success. The talent of verse and story-writing developed very early, and my juvenile attempts won high commendation from cultured and distinguished people, who predicted great things in the future for me, when I should have improved my advantages and gained that facility which comes through practice and study. Writing was with me the love of loves, and the life of life. Happily, or unhappily, for me, my father's limited means made it necessary that his children should earn their own living. The way seemed clear before me in which I could make myself pecuniarily independent, and at the same time gratify my personal taste and ambition. I believed that nothing could interfere with the plan I had marked out for myself. The small remuneration and limited recognition I received in the beginning of my career was the foundation of many a wild hope and ambitious dream, which I should blush now to disclose. A pale procession of ghosts sometimes passes in array before me. Oh, how beautiful were those hopes and desires, warmed into life by the passionate ardor of my youth!

Well, this is enough of my history to serve my purpose. I do not propose to write my autobiography. I had just enough literary success to keep alive my ambition, and enough disappointment to undermine my consciousness of my own power; enough poverty in my outward life to make the possibility of attainment an object of feverish endeavor; and enough of external care and distractions to produce an unceasing conflict between the inner and outer world.

But amidst all discouragements, the ruling love of my soul remained unimpaired. The necessity to give expression to my thoughts in language seemed the one law of my being that I could not evade, and in one of those seasons of inspiration which come like a direct influence from invisible intelligences near to our souls, I resolved to write a novel. For years I had a dim outline floating in my brain, which at the auspicious moment I resolved to fill out with the rich material of experience and thought laid away for use when needed.

That auspicious moment came at last, and I began the task. It was my own dear secret. In it were interwoven the very fibres of my heart; with its success my best hopes and sweetest affections were involved. Perhaps I thought too much—worked too hard. I don't know, but the days and months thus employed were the happiest of my life. Just as the work was completed and sent for examination to the publisher, who had expressed his willingness to bring it out if it were likely to be popular, I fell ill, and was under medical treatment for several months.

The evening previous to the dark day, which, as I said just now, was the turning-point of my life—the day which I had made up my mind was to be the day of my death—I received my MS. novel back again, with a courteous letter from the publisher, rejecting it on the ground that there was not sufficient incident in the plot to make it acceptable to the novel-reading public.

As no one had shared with me my happy anticipations and exultant hopes, there was no one to enter behind the veil and witness the anguish of my bitter disappointment and humiliation. Truly I abhorred myself; I abhorred the very sight of my rejected manuscript! I knew I should never have courage to put pen to paper again. The future for my loved ones—whom my imagination had draped with beauty and crowned with immortal verdure—was a barren perspective of tame, cold reality. Poverty, hardship, the necessity of unrelenting toil, uncongenial surroundings—these were to be the portion of those I loved best. I could not make the glory and beauty of their lot. I was under a curse. Nothing that I had ever undertaken had prospered, and I did not care to live.

Perhaps I may have slept an hour during the night, but certainly no longer. My husband—good, easy man—was oblivious of all my anguish. He did not know that I was pacing the room from nervous excitement more than half the night. My dear happy daughter was in the small room adjoining mine, sleeping the sleep of innocence and peace.

I have said enough to show how important words are to express one's misery.

The next day I was utterly powerless and prostrated. I did not think I could live, nor did I desire to. It was not this one disappointment, but it was the culmination of all the sorrows and hopes deferred in my whole life which had utterly crushed me.

The doctor knew that my hour had not yet come; he was not alarmed, and dissipated the fears of my family by saying I was nervous! They were sorry for me; but then they knew I should get over it.

I have said that we were poor, but I did not say how poor we were, because, as I had been always able heretofore to put the best foot foremost, I did not think it expedient to gratify the curiosity of our neighbors as to our resources. But we used to be in doubt sometimes how to pay for our next meal. My husband had one of these easy, jolly tempers that could not borrow trouble or shoulder much care.

I had chosen to keep by myself all day; and after providing for my comfort, the best she could, my light-hearted daughter went to see a neighbor who lived a mile or more away on an errand for me, leaving me meanwhile with Hagar, our old black servant-of-all-work, who had come to us from her "old Kentucky home." It was evident that no one thought me likely to die, or I should not have been left alone. My husband had gone to the city on business.

At her usual hour, Hagar came to my room to know what she should get for breakfast next morning.

"Get what you can," I replied. "I don't expect to eat another breakfast of your cooking. When we sit at table with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom, we shan't have to make out a bill of fare, or reckon up what it costs to keep soul and body together."

"Deed not, missis; and Hagar won't be 'bliged to work over the hot fire, neither. Dar ain't no kitchens in the Kingdom, is thar, d'y' think?"

"I reckon, Hagar, the cooking is done below," I said; "but I don't pretend to know."

"That 'minds me to tell ye the wood is done gone, and the charcoal, too. I done used the last for de ironing yesterday."

"Isn't there any left?" I asked.

"Mebbe nuff for once," replied Hagar.

"Well, can't you bring that up here and set it in the middle of the room? Then, Hagar, shut all the doors and windows, and to-morrow there'll be no Hagar to cook and no missis to eat. It's an easy way to die."

"I don't see it," said Hagar; "and I don't want to go before my time."

"My time has come, Hagar," I said, throwing myself on the bed from sheer exhaustion. "I don't think you need cook breakfast for me, my poor old woman. I've lived long enough, and suffered long enough, and I think God will let me rest. Where do you think I should go, Hagar, if I were to die to-night?"

"Where the good Lord pleases," replied Hagar. "But you ain't agoin' to die to-night. You can't go till He calls you."

"Aunt," I said, beckoning her to come to me, "I want to talk to you. My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."

"Dat's what Mas'r Jesus said, and dey must have seen something was on His mind. What's on your mind, missis?"

"I'm thinking it's very hard, Hagar, very hard, after striving to find the road to good fortune so many years, that I should be left to perish in the wilderness."

"Hagar don't quite understand," replied the good woman; "but 'pears like you has many bleasin's, chile. If you want any more, why don't you ask Mas'r Jesus?"

"I have, times without number."

"Then there's nothing better to do than wait, chile. It's all you can do."

"I've been waiting twenty years or more, Hagar—waiting, waiting, waiting for the good that never comes, and never will come in this world, for I've but a little time to live."

"Something's happened to you, chile, to put you out. Can't yer tell yer old auntie? What's you been waitin' for?"

"Oh, it's too long a story, Hagar—but, sit down on this chair close by me, and preach a little; never mind the breakfast or the wood or the charcoal. You often say to me, you've been talking with Master Jesus. Tell me how you do it—what you say to Him and what He says to you."

"I've just been talking to him this yer afternoon," said Hagar, sitting down, "and I'll tell you all about it. You see, chile, Hagar has her troubles as well as white folks. Now thar's my boy Aleck; he's always grumblin' and grumblin' 'bout his olese. Says I, 'Aleck, you go git ready to go to meetin'.' Says he, 'My coat ain't fit and my shirt-bosom's ragged.' He's got such high notions, Aleck has. Says I, 'You go up-stairs and put on what you got, and say thank ye, Jesus, that you've got as good as you have, and don't let me hear any more grumblin' about rag.'"

"But, Hagar," I said, "seems to me you are hard on the boy. He ought to dress neatly to go to church."

"'Deed yere right, missis, and didn't I wash his ole' self and mend 'em as well as I could, and ain't it because he wants to look fine? Don't I git him things as fast as I kin? 'Tain't proper he should keep grumblin'

'til I done git all he wants. What we all oughter ask Mas'r Jesus for is a contented min'. It's a bad habit reachin' and reachin' after somethin' you hain't got; and there's no end to it when you begin. Many's the time after I came up North and didn't know which way to turn or what to do to keep from starvin', and felt like cussin' everything and everybody, 'case, you see, though I'd got freedom, 'pears like it was nothin' better than freedom to starve, I used to fold my arms jest so," and she rose up a head taller than usual, threw her head back and crossed her arms with an air of defiance, "and I says, 'Mas'r Jesus, I'd better go back where I come from. I can't stan' this yer life with nobody to care whether I lives or dies.' Says He to me: 'Hagar, you jist keep still where you is. You've got to work out your own salvation some how, and you can do it jist as well in one place as another. I ken hear ye and help ye here, jist as well as thar, but it's got to be in my way, not yours.' Says I, 'Mas'r Jesus, you knows I'm willin' to work, but you don't show me what I ken do.' Says He: 'Wait my time, and quit reachin', for you've got to keep quiet in yer mind before I can come to ye.' Says I: 'Then tell me how to keep quiet. You've helped me so fur, and got me free, and now I've a right to expect you'll take care of me.' Says He: 'Of course I will.' So I sits down and shuts up my eyes, and tried to git composed. Next day I was standin' in the door of my shanty, lookin' off somewhere, and I heerd a voice call out 'Hagar.' 'Here, Mas'r Jesus,' says I. 'Go off thar,' says He, 'up that hill yonder, and when you gits to the top, you'll find somebody as wants to see you.' So I gets up, puts on my bonnet, and up I goes clean to the top of Ward's Hill, in the burnin' heat, and thar I see a woman standin' in the doorway of a great house, lookin' down the road. I walks up to her and says: 'Good-morning, missis.' 'Good-morning, auntie,' says she. 'Do you know any lady,' says I, 'that wants to hire a settled woman?' 'Yes,' says she, 'I do. Who sent you?' 'Mas'r Jesus,' says I. 'Wal, then,' says she, 'I s'pose He can recommend ye as willin' and honest, or He wouldn't have told ye to come here. Now, I don't want ye myself, but yonder thar, in the cottage under the big tree, is a lady that'll be glad to hire ye this very day. You go straight thar, as fast as yer legs will take ye, and tell her Miss Smith sent ye, and if yer a mind to, you can give your recommendation—the same as ye give me. D'y'ye hear, now?' says she. 'Tell her Mas'r Jesus recommends ye.' So, you see, I come straight here, and I thank Mas'r Jesus every night and mornin', on my knees, for the good home I've had wid you. I don't ask for anything better this side the Kingdom."

"I feel better than I did, Hagar," said I. "I have made one of my fellow-creatures happy, and my life isn't altogether a failure. I'll try, if I live, to follow your advice and quit reachin'. But as you are on more intimate terms with Master Jesus than I, and far more worthy to be so, perhaps you can bring my case before Him."

"And you knows so much about everything else which old Hagar don't, and never 'speets to know—pity you hain't made friends with Him who's powerful to help."

"Yes, Hagar," I replied, sadly, "you are right. It is a pity—but when I need Him most He seems a great way off. Pray for me to-night, Hagar, for my heart is heavy. Get what you please for breakfast—I shall be satisfied with whatever you do—and, if I live, I will try to quit reachin'. Oh, it's time and labor thrown away! I know it—

I know it; but my sweet dreams! How can I give them up! But, go down, good old aunty, and leave me alone. Perhaps, if you ask him, the Master will come and comfort me."

"I knows he will," said Hagar. And she spoke like one in authority, whose experience of that sort of comfort gave conviction to her words.

"Quit reaching," I said to myself. Must it, indeed, be so? Does God mean that we should sit down in supine indifference, and be contented, while the faculties he has given us rust out for want of use? Is all this beauty and glory of anticipation but an illusion, to call out our powers and exercise our talents, hoping for so much, and finding only disappointment? Surely, life is a mockery! Alas! old Hagar's advice, unpalatable as it is, is the bitter drug that I am forced to swallow. I have no strength left to reach forward—no heart left for hope—no health left for exertion. Oh, that I could die, and begin life again under favorable conditions!

Exhausted and despairing, I fell asleep, and was awakened by hearing the sound of voices, strangely interwoven with the incidents of my dreams.

Fanny and her father were in the room, talking in a subdued tone to each other. I felt too languid even to move or make a sound, but I heard their conversation.

"I don't think, papa, dear, that we ought to tell her to-night," said Fanny. "She has had a poor day, and it might excite her too much. She seems sleeping very soundly, and to-morrow morning will wake up refreshed. Hagar has been with her, and tells me she is very down-hearted. I don't see what can make her so."

"Nothing has happened to fret her, that I am aware of," said her father.

"Not that I know of," replied Fanny. "She got a letter yesterday, and she did not show it to me. I asked her from whom it came, and she would not tell me. I think her depression had something to do with that letter. You know grandmamma and aunts are so poor, and they keep writing to mamma. She does so long to help them."

"She takes everybody's troubles on her own weak shoulders," replied her father. "I tell her so often, but it does no good. She'll wear herself out worrying over other people's trials. But she can't help it. God bless her! I'm not much of a help in a worldly way, that's a fact."

"But, dear father, you cheer us up with your cheerful smile. Oh, it seems as though I could not wait till morning. I must tell her to-night."

"Tell me what?" I exclaimed, rising from my bed of death. "Don't be afraid that I can't bear any amount of trouble. The last thorn did not break my back. I am sorrow-proof—I can't die. Tell me at once."

They both rushed toward me, and when I looked into their faces, I saw it was not trouble they had to communicate.

"Stop," I cried, sinking back upon my pillow. "Don't speak just yet. Although ill news I can bear, I am not prepared for good news; and I see by your looks that you have good tidings."

"We have, indeed," exclaimed Fanny.

"Wait but a moment," I said, "and I will nerve myself to hear them."

They sat down on my bedside, and as I looked from one to another, the sunshine of their smiling faces unlocked the fountains of hope, which I thought had been sealed forever.

"What is it, my precious ones?" I asked.

My husband nudged Fanny, and she undertook to be spokesman.

"You know father's old bachelor-uncle, who lived away off West?"

"Well," I replied, "what of him?"

"Nothing, only that he is dead, and father is sole heir to his property. Sleep on that, poor mother, and let your brain rest from its labors henceforth and for evermore. We shall have money enough, and to spare—and you needn't break your heart when your poems and stories are returned to you. You will write all the better now 'that the pressure of necessity is removed,' and she stooped down and kissed me. I held her close to my heart—that heart in which a new song had arisen of gratitude and love. She put her mouth close to my ear, and whispered something. Shall I betray confidence if I tell? No, not now—for it has come to pass as she said then. "Now, Harry and I can be married, and we will have a little home of our own close to you."

I believe I must have shed tears; certainly, I said but few words, yet my heart and brain were mysteriously lightened of their heavy load.

"You've concluded to live awhile longer," said my husband, good-naturedly.

"If God wills," I said, beginning to feel ashamed of my weakness and want of faith, but assuming the spiritual attitude of submission, that I need not lose my vantage-ground with my immediate family.

"We'll take a trip to Europe," said my husband.

"Yes, that we will," said Fanny, "and Harry shall go, too. Now, poor dear mamma, kiss me good-night; and, father, I think the best thing for you to do is to talk her to sleep; and if she don't wake up early, it's no matter now."

There is no doubt, disguise our feelings as we may, that to go to sleep poor—filled with anxieties and discouragements, our way hid, our efforts thwarted, our hopes crushed—and to wake up to a certainty of good-fortune, is a pleasant change in the drama of earthly life. It is but an exchange of cares, to be sure; but the shifting of the cross from one shoulder to another is a relief, and it gives the galled places time to heal.

Nevertheless, the problem of human destiny is, at all times, and under all circumstances, hard to solve. Nay, I doubt if the wisest and best are able to solve it. Our highest attainment is to accept cheerfully what is inevitable and inexplicable.

Among many unexplained mysteries of my life, the one which puzzles me most is the fact that when the urgent necessity of success was removed, success itself came, unsolicited and without labor or effort. I still write poems and stories for the love of it, and reap a harvest I no longer require—and the old manuscript novel, the rejection of which by one publisher was nearly the death of me, after years of oblivion was dragged to light, offered to another, and accepted. Perhaps this exemplifies the truth of the words, "To him who hath shall be given; but to him who hath not shall be taken away, even that which he hath."

It is very reasonable and proper that we should try to glean all the wisdom we can out of our individual experience; and sometimes, when I sit down and recall the days of the years of my life, I say to myself, if I had never struggled and suffered, I should not know how to touch the heart-needs, as well as the worldly needs, of my fellow-creatures, and, therefore, should miss one of the greatest enjoyments of prosperity.

MY COUSIN JUDAS; OR, THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

I WAS at Aunt Heppy's home in Massachusetts, sitting by the window. The day was warm, and the hot September sunshine made a twinkling heat above the old gray stone fences. The butterflies flew in crowds, and settled in damp places along the roadside, making one think of yellow roses that had been torn to pieces and the petals scattered. The droning bumblebees crept down into the hearts of the pink hollyhocks under the window, and buried their burnished heads in the golden dust. The sheep on the hillside pasture among the gray rocks and the stunted pines, and the rushing brook added the finishing touches to the rural picture seen from Aunt Heppy's window.

The musical tinkle of the bell down in the ravine among the grapevines, where some of the flock were feeding, came up soothingly, and, lulled by the sweet sounds, I closed my eyes, and leaned back in the rocking-chair in delicious reverie.

I was just dozing dreamily, when I was aroused by Aunt Heppy saying: "Yes, Judas always was considered to be the black sheep of the family; he is the smartest one, but somehow he never could accumulate property like the rest of 'em. Now there's his cousin, my Luther, who owns the old homestead, he began by day's works for the farmers round about, such as shearin' sheep, and diggin' cellars, and makin' rails, an' he was savin', and allus stayed to hum and watched his chances. And while Judas was foolin' away his time, and not layin' up a penny, Luther was coinin' money. I've known that boy to work hard all day and have a singin'-school at night, five mile away, makin' money both day an' night. Be sure, he's broke down and pretty much used up, and is pale and thin, and coughs, but he's suthin' laid up for a rainy day; he can afford to be sick. Now Judas is as hearty as a bear, and as jolly and full of fun as though he owned millions, and the worthless fellow hasn't mor'n a change o' shirts at any time. He feels so good, too. I shouldn't wonder a bit but he'd be right over here, big as any o' 'em, to see you, as soon's he hears you've come."

"But, niece, if I were in your place I wouldn't accept o' the invitation, if he has the audacity to invite you, to visit 'em. They say they only have two rooms in the house, besides an old ricketty loft clas up to the rafters and shingles. It's amasin' how important some people do feel—such very poor people, especially—holding their heads up like rich folks!"

I had only been in Massachusetts three days, and among distant relatives, none of whom I had ever seen. My first stopping-place, of course, would be at the old, old homestead, the birthplace of my ancestors. Aunt Heppy was my grandfather's sister, the last one of that generation. She was very old, but her aristocratic children in Richmond, Va., had tried to rejuvenate the good old lady, and she was so patched up that the picture of Aunt Heppy hanging on my memory's wall is an ill-concocted, jumbled-together mixture of youth and old age. Instead of the beautiful crown of silvery white, her sons and daughters had substituted a wig of abundant silken goldy-brown hair, that lay heavily on her forehead. A full set of artificial teeth gleamed out white and ghastly, while from her shrivelled ears depended glittering jewels. Her dresses were light brown and steel-gray merinos. She had very pretty blue eyes, and her voice was smooth

and agreeable, with the soliloquizing plaint in it that comes with the quiet dreaminess of old age.

I liked Aunt Heppy, but I was too democratic to see things in the same light that she did. I thought secretly that the black sheep, poor Judas, whom she so thoroughly disliked, was just the kind of a generous good cousin to whom I would take a special liking.

I couldn't see much to admire in the niggardly character of a young man like Luther, so greedy for worldly pelf that he would even stint and starve and cheat nature, and wrong himself and pay the penalty by dragging his broken burden of a body over his broad acres and through his beautiful roomy palace of a home. I had a warm place in my heart waiting for Cousin Judas, and a welcome such as I would give to a man whom I regarded as a peer among other men.

I leaned on the window-sill and looked down the road, skirted on either side with pointed piny hills, to the marble tombstones in the old burying-ground, where lay my ancestors of a half century ago. The marbles shone out whitely, and made my heart ache with a feeling I could not define. I was very sad indeed. I closed the wet lashes over my eyes, and said: "When can any of them go down to the cemetery with me, auntie?"

"Well, I do 'no', child," said she; "hubby has to go to mill this afternoon, and I can't walk so far, and Sam and Deliar are busy in the dairy, and poor Luther is company for nobody now that he's aillin' so, and the hired girl couldn't tell you anything of our dead like the rest of us could. Maybe Deliar will get her butter rolls all weighed and stamped and packed ready for market afore night, and then when Sam takes it away in the little wagon he'll go right past there, and could leave you till he'd come back."

"Ye-e-s," I said, vaguely seeing myself wandering alone among the sunken graves of a half century, wondering, and guessing, and surmising who and what mouldered beneath this or that sod. I was sad-hearted enough, and homesick, too, in the far-off land of my fathers, and I was afraid that a fit of crying would seize me alone in that spot of which I had dreamed and dreamed for years.

I took up the work that had lain a full hour in my lap, and went out to where Cousin Luther sat in an easy chair on the back porch.

"This is a pretty place, cousin," said I, drawing a little old low chair near him and sitting down. "But maybe I disturb your thoughts?"

"Not at all," said he, coughing. "I was just thinking what a pity it was that, instead of buying you knobby lot where the sheep are pasturing, I didn't take the same money and buy a ten-acre lot that lies to the north here; it was sold by the sheriff just afore Neighbor Grimes died, and I could have got it cheap. Grimes was very hard up; some people thought that it was nothing but worry that caused his death. I think a man should keep a good look out for tight places, and try and be ready to meet 'em. It shows want of forethought for a man to get caught that way. I loaned him money at twelve per cent. interest, and took a mortgage on that south field, there where you see those seven haystacks, and it fell into my hands, of course. I had always wanted that lot, for it just put my farm in good shape, and made my fields all square." And here he stopped and coughed until he was exhausted, and his hair clung in moist slips over his clammy forehead, and the knotted blue veins slowly smoothed to a dim pencilling.

"There's nothing like gumption, after all," said he, speaking slowly, "a man may toil like a slave and be worth no more, in the end, than Cousin Judas is to-day, unless he has tact, and as old Uncle Josias used to say, he must sleep with one eye open all the time, if he wants to watch the corners and see where the luck lies. If I'd the strength that Judas has I'd be worth a million in less 'an ten years, I'll warrant."

"You poor fellow, you look as if you hadn't vitality enough to carry you through one year now," said I, trying to turn his attention to something else, "but if you have the one thing needful, if you have treasures laid up in Heaven, it is of little moment to you how soon you are called to leave these poor earthly treasures that perish with the handling."

"Oh, it's nothing but the heat that ails me now," said he, almost gasping. "I'll be well enough when the cool, braising weather comes on. This oppressiveness in breathing is because the air is stifling hot and the house so under the hill that we don't get the breezes. I have been sorry many a time that I built down here, but I did it on account of the spring and to be out of sight of beggars and poor tramps. One can keep milk and butter so much better if they're a good spring. My butter is worth two cents a pound more than my neighbors, in Greenfield, and, you know, that amounts to a good deal in the course of a year. I tell you two cents a pound extra is nothing to be grinned at, pays a body for living down in a hollow," and he turned around, facing me, and wheezed out a laugh that made me think of the grin of a bony skeleton, and his ugly eyes had the gray color in them of old silver quarters.

While we were talking I heard a rattle at the side gate, and a man's good, round, jolly voice say: "Wha neow! there neow, I say! quit catin' your Aunt Heppy's coriander, you old sneak, you—back with ye, neow!" and who should come bustling on to the porch but a great, hearty, genial, bright-faced man, with a step as frisky as a colt's—dear, old, berated, 'bused Cousin Judas.

Auntie rose and stiffly introduced me. "My cousin—the way from the West!" and he took my face between his broad palms and kissed my cheeks right cordially. I didn't know whether to laugh, or cry, or what to do. His greeting was so kindly, so different from any greeting that I had met since I left home.

"I came up as soon as I could after we heard you had arrived, and my wife Nelly said for you to come right home with me; we're poor folks, but we'll make your visit good, and when you're tired I'll bring you over here again."

"Where on airth did you get a horse to come up with?" said Aunt Heppy.

"Oh, old Uncle Bawkey's—he said if I'd get back by sundown, I could have him, and it's three o'clock now, and I want to keep my word good—come, Rosy, get ready—bring you back to-morrow, if you say so, and Uncle Bawkey will let me have his beast."

Aunt Heppy looked up, as much as to say: "Wonder if you will go?" Luther kept his head turned away, while he pretended to be picking at a mote on the back of his hand.

"I'm in a hurry, and there's no time for ceremony," said Judas, "but you won't mind it, Aunt Heppy, if I don't stay for supper."

Auntie curled her lip, aside, and made no reply, while Luther said: "Oh, we'll try and stand it."

So, Judas and I started.

He drove a horse with a stub tail and a straight neck that made its head poke out queerly, its gait was between a rack and a trot and a canter, only that it was all over the road when it travelled. Its joints stuck out, and it was very bare and bony. The buggy had once been painted black, but had been broken and mended with all sorts of boards, until it had the appearance of being striped, and checked, or barred. But I never felt happier or so "every inch a queen," as I did when he assisted me up into the funny vehicle and gee-ed the old quadruped around, a side at a time, and we started off down the hill as noisily as though we drove a peddler's wagon full of tinware and odd notions.

We hadn't gone far until the buggy jolted against a stone in the road, and our old rickety seat fell flat down and tumbled Judas over on his side, and his hat dropped off and rolled down the bank.

I held the lines while he got it and fixed the seat safely again.

He said it was a new hat, just bought for the occasion, and he had not learned the set of it yet. I observed that he wore it too far back on his head, and by doing so, it gave him a gawky appearance, but I forbore to tell him of it.

We had not gone far until the seat fell again, and at last we had to give up and sit down in the bottom of the buggy.

He said he was very sorry, for my sake, that he could not make a better appearance, but I told him I was tired of seeing people make asses of themselves, and do everything in the fear of what might be said of them by those who cared not a straw for them.

I told him I had never ridden down in a buggy in that primitive style before in my life, and I rather enjoyed it because it was something new.

Judas's wife was a very kind, affectionate woman—he had one daughter, nearly my own age, and three little children. They were very poor, and lived in an old shoe-shop with only a kitchen and one little room. The house was bare—uncarpeted, uncurtained, but very neat and clean.

The joy they all manifested on seeing me made up for any luxury or comfort that was lacking.

In the evening, before we retired, Judas said: "Now, cousin, we want to make your visit just as good as we possibly can, and you must stay a week, and we will have a new programme every morning; we will all live like children keeping play-house, and though we are very poor, we will not let that interfere with our enjoyment. To-morrow Lu and you and I will go down to the river and gather grapes, and when we are tired we will rest in the tangled thickets that are full of bird-songs, then we will go down the river to where poor Uncle Asaph was drowned more than forty years ago. He was your grandfather's youngest brother, and the pet of the family, though, at the time of his death, he was married and had two children."

The next morning we started as soon as the dew was off the grass. It was a walk of about two miles. The grape-vines were loaded—Judas would draw them down, and Lu and I would gather the clusters. He was as cunning and full of fun as a boy.

He would sit still and he would mock the notes of the birds and bring them, anxiously peering in and out among the leaves above our heads. He knew the names and habits of all kinds of American birds, and his bird-love amused me greatly. It was so strange to see an

elderly man, with all the buoyancy and freshness of the boy's nature, instead of the sedate, wise old ways of ripe years.

The river was rocky and swift, and one bank was almost perpendicular and thickly covered with sombre pines, whose reflection made the rushing river look gloomy enough to strike one with awe. It suggested one of Poe's saddest songs to me; I feel the spirit of it yet, but no words of the song came to me in the manner in which he had arranged them.

Judas held my hand, and I leaped from rock to rock, while the wild waters roared and dashed between them, and washed up against their bold, gray points. I sat in one, a hollowed-out chair of a rock, with places to rest one's arms and back, while Judas pointed out to me the eddy in which the boat upset, and the dark, cavernous place in which the white, horror-stricken face was last seen; the gloomy spot in which he sank with outstretched arms and pitiful shriek. It made me very sad, and I thought for a moment that death in that wild, secluded spot could not come like a white-winged angel of peace, or a smiling messenger.

Cousin Nelly made a jar of grape-butter from the basket of fruit that we carried home. For supper we had tea and rye-bread and baked apples, and some of the grapes we had gathered. I saw the mother and Lu, whispering, and, woman-like, I divined that some new arrangement had to be made before we could sleep.

I asked them if there was not a low, little loft, in which Lu and I could sleep together. Nelly said there was an old bed up in the loft, but it was a very poor place, that the roof was low, and only one little square window, and she could never forgive herself if she allowed me to sleep there; but when I told her honestly that of all things I preferred a hard straw bed, next to the roof, the humbler and more lowly the better, she consented. Oh, it was so rare to sleep thus! I always desired it.

The next morning when I woke, rested and happy, Lu was gone, and as I rubbed my eyes open, I heard the low hum of voices in the potato-patch back of the house. I could distinctly hear every word that was said, and not listen, either.

One voice was that of Cousin Judas, and the other, I soon learned, belonged to the old man who owned the quadruped.

"Oh, come, now, Neighbor Bawkey," Judas said, "don't be hard on a fellow for every day of this week that you loan me your horse. I will work two days for you—good, hard, honest labor, digging potatoes, husking corn, picking apples, sawing wood, or anything you want me to do."

"Now, Judas," said the old man, "you know nation well that it's like pulling teeth to get you to do a day's work. You'll lie as readily as t'other Judas did. I'd like to have you harvest my potato crop, and I could spare the critter's well as not; but will you keep your word? I've tried you so often, and you've lied every time, you know that."

"See here, Mr. Bawkey, I'll give you leave to shoot me as dead as a mitten, if I tell you a lie this time; why, my honor is at stake. You see, my Cousin Rosy is visiting me; came all the way from Ohio, and I want she should take home, with her a splendid idea of Yankee character. I want her visit should be super-excellent. She has a very high opinion of your horse. I told her he was of the Andalusian breed, from Arabia, and she believes it; ha, ha, ha! Now, I thought if I could get the beast, I

would take cousin over to the mountain to-morrow, just to let her see what mountains we have. I would drive slowly, and feed well at noon."

"Well, if you'll dig my potatoes along in the middle of October, like an honest man, you may have the critter the rest of this week," said the neighbor.

"Thank'ee, sir," I heard Judas reply, right heartily.

At breakfast we had corn-bread and potatoes and stewed grapes and molasses.

I liked the breakfast, because I admired the man and woman, who were happy, though poor, and who scorned to make any apologies. They would have been superfluous, weak, untrue.

Better far to face the truth, and not try to hide it.

Judas and Lu and I went in the variegated buggy, all stowed snugly in one seat, to gather chestnuts on the mountain.

We passed beautiful waterfalls, and went over rustic bridges, and through woody dells, all lighted up with a glow of gold and crimson, and the blazing scarlet of trees and shrubbery. Nearly every old tumble-down house we passed Judas would say, "I lived there three years," or "We lived there a year," or "In that little log cottage there was where the baby died," or "There was our house when Nelly lay sick so long," or "This is where Gusty was born," or "The town had to give us a lift when we lived over in that house across the meadow." Things like this, the rich poor-man kept saying all the way, nearly—words that made me know that every inch of the old grounds was familiar to his eyes and photographed on his heart.

I pitied him when we crossed a noisy, bustling crystal brook, that wound through a beautiful meadow, and he said, with a laugh, forgetting the years that lay between, "Just down there is where Una Gilmer caught a trout, the day we were married—the first she ever caught—and it frightened her so that she screamed and dropped the pole on the grass and ran." Una was his first wife, married her when he was an aimless youth of nineteen years. Poor Judas!

We passed an old cottage, almost hugged to death by the strong vines that enwound it all over, and he said, mournfully, "Ah, Luly, here's the old home where you were born, dear. I remember that summer; we had the windows taken out, and the old vine, that was young and gadding then, came right in at the window, and crept around over the walls like a thing of life."

We had a very pleasant ride that autumn morning—there was a spiciness in the air that was like balm, odorous of woods, and falling leaves, and damp mosses, and resinous pines. The old quadruped went over the ground skippingly, and I suggested that we'd name him "Jolly," which we did. We left the critter and the vehicle, which was scarcely buggy, carriage, wagon, or buck-board, at the foot of the mountain, and toiled leisurely up the steep. Half-way up the side was a level place, in which were the ruins of an old house. I said, "Cousin Judas, you never lived here, did you, in this eventful life of yours?"

"Ask Luly," he answered, as he sat down on a very large rock that lay against with the flat-side facing the south. Lu nodded her head sadly, and I saw that painful memories stirred their hearts. Some large chestnut trees stood a few rods distant, and I went to them and found the brown nuts lying glistening in the morning sunshine. They soon joined me, and we filled our baskets before we left the trees.

While Judas was gone up to the top of the mountain,

Lu and I sat on the flat rock, and she told me they had lived there when their family was large, and they were very poor, and their father took to drinking, and they almost suffered for the necessities of life. One of the little ones died while that was their home, and they saw a great deal of trouble.

"This rock," she said, "used to be our place of rendezvous—our sad trysting place, when we were little children together, to huddle, and cry, and comfort each other. There seemed to be a ban resting on father," she said, "he never could succeed in anything he undertook—never prospered—everything seemed to go wrong—he was called the black sheep of the family, and the black sheep of the neighborhood; every man's hand seemed against him. He never was greedy to make money like the rest of the family, and none of them liked him because he was poor, but there was never a kinder, better father in this world."

As soon as we filled the other basket we went home.

We had a great deal of sport, and I thought my poor, easy, good-natured Cousin Judas was the funniest, and freshest, and youngest old man I ever saw. He was not like any person whom I had ever met. He made me think of a pure, cheerful, sunshiny, sweet-souled woman. I couldn't quite understand how it came to be so.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached home, by a circuitous route.

Cousin Nelly had been helping a lady clean house, and she had paid her out of the grocery. Oh, she looked so tired that my heart smote me to think that she had been washing, and scrubbing, and lifting, while we had been visiting and enjoying ourselves out in the glorious autumn day.

I overheard her say to Lu: "I took my pay for my day's work in butter and sugar and lard and crackers, and I never thought of the tea, and there isn't enough for supper; poor pa, he mustn't know it, for he's so happy, it makes me rejoice, and Rosy is having such a good visit—but what will be done?"

"Oh," said Lu, "I wish I'd stayed at home and finished braiding those two hats, that would have brought up twenty cents;" and she drew her brows and looked perplexed enough, then she brightened up and said: "Dear mother, we can sell those chestnuts, can't we?"

Then they put both their glad heads together, and chuckled, and pretty soon I saw Lu measuring the nuts in a tin cup and starting off with them.

In a short time she stole in slyly with a little bundle of parcels in the basket, and her blue eyes were as bright as violets wet with dew.

We had a very nice tea early that evening.

While Lu was washing dishes, I stole up into the loft and took an old coverlet that was woven in checks and spread it down beside our bed for a carpet. A bee-hive, that was half-full of balls of carpet filling, I stood by the window, covered it, and spread a newspaper on it for a stand. A glass-box beside it, with my gray shawl folded and laid over so as to hide it, made a very presentable little stool on which to sit. Two boxes with a wide board laid on them, and nicely hidden by a folded bedspread with a fringed end hanging in front, made a neat enough sofa for any girl's attic chamber. A newspaper fastened over the window to cover a little more than half-way down, tempered and softened the glare of daylight, and made it seem quite homelike within.

From among the rubbish of boards and sticks I managed to construct a rude but well-proportioned cross, about three feet high, which I covered with the patches of gray,

tufted moss gathered on the mountain that day. I did it quite evenly and neatly with threads and strings that I kept out of sight. I fastened the lower end securely in the bottom of an old chair that had lost its back, and then made a damp hillock of the remaining mosses at the foot of the cross, completely covering the unsightly old relic of a chair. It looked very pretty and suggestive, standing at the foot of our low little bed, and only needed one thing to make it beautiful, and I soon contrived that. Under the mosses at the foot of the cross I put an old tin can filled with water, into which I stuck asters, and low, blooming flowers, and grasses, and trailing plants, then a living vine of morning glory, made to climb and twist about the cross and hang from it.

I called Lu and the children, and we stepped back and admired the homelike beauty of our attic chamber.

I was as glad as any little girl when I awoke in the night and heard the lulling tinkle of the soft rain-drops on the shingles overhead.

The next day the misty rain fell steadily, and I sat there queenlier than Cleopatra in her beautiful barge, sitting on my own footstool, writing letters for the home papers, on a stand of my own manufacture.

The improvised furniture of my room with two gables, was the kind to be enjoyed and rendered useful.

That evening Cousin Judas sang old songs to us, Moore's sweetest melodies, and Lu joined him, and it was one of the happiest evenings I ever spent.

I remember when Judas ceased singing that sweet song, "Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own," his wife, in tears, came and kissed his dear old face, as she put back his hair of iron gray, and said: "Oh, Judy, that's the same dear voice that made me willing to share your poor lot with you."

"It was a glad day for me, Nelly, dear," said the manly voice, with just a little quiver in it.

I looked away. Poor souls! I felt so sorry for them, though I knew they were the richest couple in the State.

Oh, that was such a good visit at poor Cousin Judas's home! It taught me that it is not the house to which the guest is invited and welcomed, or the food or the furniture, that makes the visit a good one. Only "where love is," and where the welcome is sincere and generous, is the visit sure to be good.

Judas visited the old cemetery with me, and took me to all the places of interest, and we did each other good, and were both the happier for having become acquainted.

He still lives, and is as rich and young and bloated as ever, and my heart yearns to meet him once again.

The rich Cousin Luther, who owned the old "humblestead," and the slices off the adjacent farms, lingered a few years, gasping and snatching at the breath of life, and then his little light went out.

His mother, Aunt Heppy, died, too, and her last words were that she be buried in her wine-colored merino, with bows of white ribbon, her false hair combed down low and brushed till it glistened—white silk gloves on, and that "hubby" would wear crapes wide enough to cover the height of his fur hat, with a bow of the same on his breast.

It was a very grand funeral, I heard. Judas and Nelly came over in the vehicle and drove the quadruped. It was the best Judas could do, but the friends made room for them in a shiny black carriage, with glittering wheels and silver-plated harness, while silken-fringed curtains swept above their dazed heads.

So, Judas, "the black sheep of the family," rode grandly for once in his poverty-stricken life—dear, old Judas!

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

OUR CLUB.

BY ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

NO. VII.

THE DOCTOR'S HOMILY.

WHEN the Doctor came in, according to promise, he brought with him a singular addition to our party—a deformed dwarf, with a preposterous cranial development, and with some defect of the vocal organs which rendered his speech unintelligible, save to those accustomed to attend to it.

"A witness, my friends, an eloquent witness to the facts we were discussing last evening, though his speech is untongued," said Dr. Osgood, by way of introduction.

Very evidently the Doctor has a weakness for speech that is untongued, as instanced in his rapt study of Miss Dunbar's expressive face.

We regarded our new member with an interest that went beyond mere curiosity, and carried our sympathies out to the unfortunate everywhere.

He returned our regards with gleams and flashes of intelligence, suggestive of an intellect that might have been singularly bright and keen had it not, like the body, been dwarfed, distorted and its forces scattered by some balking of nature's laws. We pondered in silence what sin could have cast this wreck upon the world; by what human folly this soul, called of God to a high destiny, had been defrauded of its right to perfected organs of expression, denied the development of its powers, and condemned to drag out the period of its earthly existence in the pent-up prison of a body through the dense walls of which it could send no signals and receive no true impressions, catching but scattered and indistinct rays of light, comprehending but vaguely the drift and scope of the hurrying, toiling life in which it seemed to have no part, and waiting in half-conscious misery the end of its dreary, useless probation.

Must it not be that for such as these God had some tender, special care? Must it not be that in the world beyond He gives to them wider opportunity, more gracious and favoring influence, more aids to the growth and perfecting of powers so sadly cramped and fettered and paled here?

We read these questionings as we turned and looked in each other's pitying faces.

"Ah, surely, the Infinite Divine Love will not be baffled by human sinning," answered Jeannette, softly. "The Father above is too good and wise to bind forever on the unoffending the burden of the guilty, and He will find a way in the ascending spirals of eternity to recompense these poor defrauded ones for the loss they suffer here."

"But are we not of those who believe that the fulfilment of the divine plan is hastened by human co-operation?" mildly insinuated the Doctor.

"Thank you for the reminder that we are to lend ourselves to the assistance of God's work," responded Jean, promptly. "Let us not forget to acknowledge, too, your labor of love in the interest of these sad wrecks of humanity, among whom you toil so constantly and zealously that we wonder sometimes whether, in order to attract and hold your attention, it is not necessary to be lame, and halt, and blind, diseased and idiotic."

The Doctor's face glowed with a sudden passion of feeling. "There is nothing under Heaven that I so reverence—I had almost said worship—as a perfect physical organization, clearly and harmoniously developed, and answering with the certainty and precision of a well-tuned instrument to the lightest motion of the spirit," he said, earnestly. "Talk about dedicating temples of wood and stone to God! I feel like declaring with Novalis, 'There is but one temple in the world, and that is the body of man.' At least there is no other that I regard as so sacred; and when I see it desecrated, defiled and laid in ruins by ignorance, superstition and gross, beastly passions, I cannot forbear crying out with a sense of profanation that I would not experience at the ravaging and razing of all the consecrated piles of architecture in Christendom. It is because I do love perfection, Miss Jeannette, because I do hate the deformity with which I wrestle, that I am impelled, with the zeal and constancy and devotion which you are so kind as to impute to me, to give myself unrelentingly to the work of restoring, so far as I may, to their original and purposed power and uses, the broken, diseased, perverted, unclean and loathsome human bodies that drift in my way, feeling that when, under the blessing of Heaven, I have, even in one case, been ministrant to that end, I have assisted in the accomplishment of as mighty a good as he who has builded up a ruined and desolated church—aye, a mightier, for I have helped to make fit for service the holiest temple in which God dwells with man."

"The Doctor is something of a heathen, you see, Jeannette. You must not be led astray by his heresies," warned Templeton, with his warm, sunshiny smile.

"But," said Jeannette, who, however led astray, is pretty certain to return with earnest, persistent purpose to her point again, "after all that is done, Dr. Osgood, what does it suffice if the spirit that reigns in your restored temple be weak, and sickly, and miserable, or beastly and misformed?"

"It would suffice nothing, indeed," the Doctor answered, "if there were not so intimate and subtle a connection between body and spirit that it is not possible to better the condition of one without a corresponding elevation of the other. As I said last night, we must do for the soul diseased, deranged and deformed, precisely what we do, or attempt to do, for the body under similar circumstances—secure for it conditions favorable to the development of qualities, the repression of which has thrown the whole nature out of balance and warped it in wrong directions. A single screw loose in this wonderful human mechanism disarranges its entire action, and brings it under our severest judgment and condemnation, and where we might lend a steady, helpful, strengthening hand, we give the poor, driven, ill-balanced soul a push on its crazy round to ruin and destruction. It seems to me there is nothing in the world so much needed as a wise toleration. When we learn to regard the fault whereby our brother stumbles with thoughtful and patient consideration of its source, and of the influences which have nurtured it, we shall be more chary of blame, more strong to forbear, more wise to help than now, in our virtuous ignorance of everything but the fact that a moral law has been broken, and that it is our Christian duty to assume an attitude of severity toward the unhappy transgressor."

How in the name of justice and mercy did we get the impression that we ought to tear and rend another for his propensity to sin? Not of the Christ whom some of us profess to follow, most surely. Search through the records of our inspired and illustrious leaders, and nowhere shall we find exemplified such divine love and tenderness and forbearance as His. One class alone comes under His sweeping, scathing, blasting denunciation—the self-righteous, self-seeking, hypocritical Pharisees, standing religiously aloof from the suffering and sinful, and thanking God devoutly that they are not as other men, extortioners, adulterers and wine-bibbers, but giving tithes of all they possess, fasting twice a week, praying in the synagogues, doing all things in obedience to the letter of the law. One can hear the thrilling, electric voice of this grandest Hero of the ages thundering down through the tumult and storm of the centuries with its fateful prophecy of ‘Woe! woe! to them that shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against men; that bind grievous burdens on the shoulders of the weak and lift not a finger to move them; that tithe the mint, and anise, and cummin, and omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith, that are outwardly righteous unto men, but within full of hypocrisy and iniquity.’ On these fall the weight of His wrath and condemnation; but to the tempted, the failing and the fallen everywhere, His great heart flowed out with an infinite compassion that was, in itself, a proof of His divine nature. He went down to the lowliest and humblest of God’s creatures as brother to brother, walking, talking and breaking bread with publicans and sinners, entering familiarly into their secret trials, temptations, pains, pleasures, feeling out their needs, beating against their limitations, knowing their weaknesses and hidden impulses to sin, yet without scorn for the vilest, His divine pity, His all-embracing sympathy, His upholding hand extended to those cast out and hunted down to perdition by the world’s contempt and persecutions, His forgiveness falling with heavenly benediction on the contrite and sorrowing, the sweetness of His mercy, the inspiration of His trust outflowing to penitent thief, and harlot, and prodigal, in whom, through all the stain of their pollution, He recognized the germs of divine possibilities, and to whom He brought the healing and salvation of a hope in the gospel of a regenerate and enlightened spiritual liberty. I tell you, my friends, the world will never comprehend the length and breadth and fulness of the mission of Jesus Christ until it has accepted the lesson of His sublime life which teaches, if it teaches anything, that the aim of all being is progress toward a purer, higher state, that our superior gifts of heart and intellect, our invulnerable virtues, our clear and lofty perceptions of truth and right are as nothing in the sight of Almighty God if we do not use them to supplement the imperfections and deficiencies and failures of our weaker and less fortunate brother, on whom has descended the blight of circumstances that he could not control, the penalty of laws that he never transgressed, the suffering for evil propensities to which he was involuntarily and unconsciously born and which he as involuntarily and unconsciously exercises. I tell you, our Christianity is all a vain show, an empty boast, if we do not carry its light and strength down to the lowest and feeblest, and sinfulness of fellow-creatures in our midst, striving, with the gentleness of a love that serves no selfish ends, to draw them up, step by step, to purer aims and heavenlier heights. Let none of us imagine that we ourselves may rise while any whom we have power to help

struggle unheeded or despised below us. This great human brotherhood is so bound together by the indissoluble ties of nature and of spirit that not one of us, as has been written, can live or die to himself—not one but must be held in some way responsible for the well-being and well-doing of some other. If we believe Christ took upon Himself the burden of our sins, so must we in justification of our faith take upon ourselves the burdens of those more weak, and fallen, and degraded, becoming to them interpreters of the living Gospel of Love, whose glorious light and warmth has only just begun to penetrate the world’s darkened sphere, whose infinite power and magnitude the world has only just begun to feel and grasp. For, I say again, we arrive at a true and perfect understanding of the grand, beautiful and significant mission of the Christ only through the infusion and outworking in our lives of the inspired Spirit and sublime teaching of *His* life—love, active and untiring, going out in perpetual blessing and helpfulness to all the oppressed, down-trodden and unequal of God’s earth.”

We had been regarding the Doctor with that supercilious stare with which we who pride ourselves on the soundness of our doctrines are prone to favor those whose opinions we have been used to consider as unsafe and untenable, if not utterly heterodox; but the thrill of love and earnestness in the speaker’s voice, the glow of impassioned feeling in his face presently brought a flush of shame surging up from guilty hearts to conscious foreheads, and our eyes drooped after that triest they have when our thought turns inward with remorseful questionings.

Had this man a quicker perception of Christian duty—a greater zeal and enthusiasm in good works than those select souls who freely and indiscriminately applied to him the harsh epithets of skeptic—infidel—unbeliever? Tried by his lofty standard, was it not possible that we—even we—who missed no occasion to rebuke him for his heresies, might fall far short of our profession? Judged by their fruits, was not his life of active use richer and sweeter and stronger and purer than ours of dead, musty, mouldering, traditionary faith? Proven by its practical worth and its broad, tender humanity, was not his religion as wholesome and helpful and saving, and his wisdom as directly and legitimately and divinely derived as ours? Viewed in the light of his clear, shining example of love and fidelity in all his relations with mankind, did not our intolerant spirit of criticism, our ceaseless quarrel with opinions, our self-righteous refusal of fellowship look small and mean and contemptible, showing our pitiable lack of the Christian principles of humility, charity, sweetness, liberality to which we lay claim?

Into the midst of these silent speculations broke suddenly and softly a woman’s low, smothered sob, and we saw that Miss Dunbar had hidden her face upon the table by which she was sitting, and that she was visibly struggling with some strong emotion which she could not at will suppress.

Instantly our hearts responded with a thrill of sympathy to this inarticulate voice of a grief none the less touching because it was mysterious, and we felt ourselves involuntarily drawn toward our unhappy friend with a compassion which no words were delicate enough to express, for we knew instinctively that she would shrink from the slightest demonstration of pity, so galling and intolerable to sensitive natures that would rather conceal their hurts and suffer them alone.

Even the Doctor’s protégé, with his cloudy intellect,

seemed to have a vague perception of this, for, pausing in his idle roving about the room and his curious, absorbed, dim-comprehending study of the pictures and ornaments that had fixed and held his attention through all the talk, he came and stood behind the lady's chair, wringing his feeble hands in mute distress and expressing in dumb pantomime his unobtrusive sympathy with a trouble which may have been in his darkly-working mind subtly associated with the strange, inexplicable *something* which isolated him from his fellows—the sad, perplexing difference which he realized with a dull, dreary sense of pain, but strove in vain to understand.

As if she felt the weight of all this unspoken commiseration, Miss Dunbar, with a strong effort, choked down the sobs that had for a moment overmastered her, lifted her head, dashed away her tears and looked around with a deprecating air at her silent sympathizers.

"Pardon me," she said, with sweet humility, "I did not think to betray such weakness. But it came over me all at once, while the Doctor talked, how many wretched souls there are whose real infirmities the world does not know, who are all their lives cruelly misjudged, because the secret motive that governs and perhaps compels their action is never understood. God only knows the suffering of such. Weighed down perpetually by the consciousness of the hidden failing which makes their inner life a prolonged tragedy, they withdraw into themselves, holding aloof from their fellows with a coldness and outward show of indifference that belies their actually warm, generous, social natures, growing morose, melancholy, bitter, losing sight of their once high aims, letting slip feebly, slowly, sadly, their once lofty ambitions and noble resolves, sinking into that dreary supine state of discouragement in which there seems no longer power of resistance, spirit to aspire, firmness to struggle, faith to sustain, and in all the world no loving, friendly, pitying human helper swift to apprehend their ills, ready to sympathize and support, eager and strong to aid."

"Nay, but believe me, that last is a misconception," the Doctor hastened to say, with a look of more than professional interest at the girl's apathetic face from which all emotion was as studiously discharged as from the slow, dreary, monotonous voice in which the complaint had been uttered. "The world, though we rail at its hardness, coldness and uncharitableness, is all alive with just such loving, friendly, pitying human helpers, swift and ready and strong in comprehension, sympathy and aid. In spite of what I have said of the intolerant and censorious spirit exercised toward the weak and stumbling, I believe it is a result of ignorance, and of a lack of consideration, rather than of hardened and depraved sensibilities; and while I condemn it, as I have in no measured or uncertain terms, I feel that it is nevertheless a fault of mortal nature, demanding the forbearance and charity of which it is itself the failure. Under all this severe criticism and harsh judgment, there must be, and there is, a substratum of tender human feeling which answers with divine certainty to the touch of human need. If we make our appeal, letting our hearts go out in love and trust to one another, leaning on those who are strong where we are weak, upholding those who are weak where we are strong, we shall find and feel the drawing of those fine, invisible chords of sympathy which bind us all together in the indissoluble bonds of fellowship, close as the love of God, which is symbolised therein. Let affection and confidence be manifested, and from the hardest nature will gush forth a responsive current as miraculously as

the water from the rock smitten by the rod of God's prophet. For, selfish as we seem, we do live in and through and for each other, and our highest successes and our saddest failures are achieved and suffered in and through the lives inseparably bound with ours. Good or evil, our influence rebounds to us, and we reap in ourselves the reward of our works with others, growing in grace and strength and glory as we have helped our brother to grow, or stumbling into the pit we have thoughtlessly or deliberately dug for his impulsive feet. Standing or falling, then, we cannot stand or fall alone. The deed we do, the word we speak, the thought we think, bears infinite, unending, though unconscious relation to the surrounding forces of spirit and of matter. The drawing of a breath, the lifting of a finger, vibrates to the centre of the Universe. And in this wonderful power and susceptibility to influence, this marvellous capacity for growth, and not less in this fatal tendency to retrograde and deteriorate, we find a proof of what our spiritual instinct teaches us, that the true and grand aim of life is culture, the development of all that is lovely, tender, sweet, noble, exalted, and God-like in human character, the repression of everything vile, ugly, deformed and subversive of order, harmony and beauty. We may seem to have other objects, and to pursue them with more or less eagerness and zeal, but the real end of all our strivings is human perfection, and only as we consciously labor toward the accomplishment of that end in ourselves and in our fellows, do we attain to peace and satisfaction. Here are evils thrust upon us which we must fight valiantly or be overcome; and whatever our individual cross, my friends" (the Doctor addressed us all, but his eyes were upon Mrs. Dunbar's slowly-brightening face), "we must not crucify our hopes, our aspirations and our faith thereon. If sometime in the heat and peril of the day its weight overpowers you, and you feel yourself sinking under the long strain and pressure of your burden, rest it for a little on the shoulder of your stronger brother, and walk free and glad, conscious that in the toiling of the long, changeful way there will come an hour when he also will need the touch of a friendly hand, the echo of a cheering word, to aid him in the carrying of his. So, in this loving exchange of crosses, and tender communion of interests and aims, we shall feel the uplifting of angels' wings as we climb the heavy heights whose heads are ever bathed in heavenly light. I am not, as you know, what the world calls a religious man; I do not understand much about the saving power of creeds, nor do I comprehend, as it is explained, the Gospel plan of redemption; but my heart thrills under the divine command, 'Love ye one another,' and 'Bear each other's burdens.'"

FLOWERS IN NORWAY.—A traveller in the far north of Europe says: "Hardy wild flowers abound, though their number is not great, and there seems to be no effort whatever to cultivate flowers out-of-doors. Judge then, if you can, how strange it seems to find these Norwegians passionately fond of flowers! Every window is literally filled with them. The table on which I write has its contribution both in growing and in cut flowers, and nearly every meal is taken in their presence. The graves at the cemeteries are the only unsheltered places where cultivated flowers are to be found, and here they seem almost as abundant as in the home-window. Not that they thrive well, but that loving hands constantly renew the supply. No sooner has frost cut down the tender stem than another treasure is brought from the warm fireside as a fresh sacrifice."

HOME-LIFE AND CHARACTER.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPASSIWAY POTTS.
No. XI.

I MUST tell you now, just in the nick of time, how to mend a half worn coat, and make it last as long as it has already. You know the back part of a coat never wears out now-days, neither does the upper part of the sleeve. That was the way with the deacon's coat. I told Ida I would buy her the nicest pair of slippers in Pottsville, if she'd do her whole duty by that coat. The sleeves were badly worn. She took them out of the coat entirely, so as to have a chance to do her work well. She seemed willing to pay all that the slippers were worth. First thing, the sleeves were ripped open half-way up, shaken and brushed well, and the worn part cut out to above the elbow, and used for a pattern to cut a new half. Then she cut off three or four inches from the lower end of the upper half of the sleeve, and set in a new piece, and sponged and pressed her seams well, and made the work look very smooth and neat. The shabby collar was covered with black velvet, and the frayed edges of the coat bound with galloon.

Positively, that coat is just as nice as it was the day—I was going to say, the day it came home from the tailor's; but I forgot, it never went away from home to be made. Ida was the handy little tailor who out and made it herself. Now, very often a coat is so worn out in front that the buttonholes hang all in tags, and the wife will hold it up a moment in dismay, shake her head, and toss it among the carpet-rags, as beyond the skill of any needle.

Why, to make that as good as new, is as easy as to fall off a log.

Cut away all the worn part; begin upon the breast, and take out a strip four or five inches wide, if need be, all the way down; use the part you cut out for a pattern, over which to cut the new, making allowance for seams.

After the cloth is sewed in, then cut a new piece of lining for the under side; be careful and not let it draw or pucker, and every time you make a seam dampen and press it honestly. If for every-day wear, and you cannot match the cloth, never mind it, it will look very well, and will speak volumes for your skilful fingers, even though the color be different. Men's clothes cost so much, that we should try and make them last as long as possible. I have told you all I know about making pantaloons, and mending them, so that they won't look like "old patched trousers."

The deacon's Sunday suit has been patched four or five times, but we did it so nicely that nobody'd dream of such a thing. When he's passing round his hat for contribution-money, on Sundays, he looks every bit as well as the other deacons in their sixty-dollar rigs.

In making coats, it frequently happens that the lining and quilting out of an old coat can be used again to a good advantage. The last coat we made was lined throughout the body with the substantial-quilted lining of a worn-out overcoat.

We always dreaded the making of a vest more than the making of coat or pantaloons. We didn't know which to do first, but were materially aided by the formula given by a woman who seems to know everything.

She wrote thus: In cutting a vest, pin your patterns upon the cloth, folded double, as in cutting pants, taking care to have the nap run the right way. After the fronts are out, cut from the pieces the collar, facings and pocket-welts. Then cut your back linings and pockets.

Before removing the patterns from the fronts, mark carefully with chalk, or a thread, the places of the pockets and the buttons and the buttonholes, remembering that the buttonholes of a vest, when on a person, come on the left side, and the buttons on the right.

Very much of the ease and the success in making a vest depends on the order in which the various parts are put together. This is much more important than in making pantaloons.

First stitch up and press the little gore beneath the pocket. Cut the places for pockets, sew on the welts and insert the pockets, and press. Next, upon the right side baste a strip of strong brown linen under the places for the buttons, and sew them on strongly. Then sew on the lining of the collar to the outside front of the vest. Stitch on the facings down the front and bottom, and press them. Now sew the outside of the collar to the lining of the vest, and baste upon it whatever padding or buckram you wish to insert. Next, fit the lining and the outside neatly together, and sew all round with the facing-stitch. The right, or button side, is now done. Proceed in the same way with the other side, except the buttonholes, which are wrought last.

What remains is to prepare the back; make and baste on the buckle-straps, sew the back and fronts together at the shoulder and under the arms, sew the collar (lining and outside separate) together at the back of the neck, and face the collar down upon the back lining.

If any woman with common skill with her needle will follow these directions, at the same time examining a well-made vest, she will find that what seemed a task, and quite beyond her powers, has become simply successful and satisfactory.

Before I lay away a vest, I always baste down the collar just the shape I want it to stay—a few long stitches will suffice.

Make your boys be careful how they use their good coats. A new broadcloth or dress-coat should be carefully hung up in a closet or folded and laid away in a drawer, and protected from dust by a cloth laid over it. As long as it can be made to retain the shape around the collar and lappets which the tailor gave it, so long will it have a new and stylish appearance. A new overcoat may be damaged more by a muddy ride in an open buggy than by three years of careful wear. Leggings are a great protection to nice pantaloons in muddy weather. Pantaloons should be turned wrong-side out when they are hung up in a closet.

In getting ready to make up winter clothing, use as good material as you can afford, but if, through economy or necessity, or because you have such material on hand, or are making over a large pair of pantaloons into smaller ones, then, by all means, use good, thick linings. Why, the good substantial lining is sometimes the best part of a pair of pantaloons, the warmest.

It is a wise plan to cut out a good pile of garments in one day; you can cut to a better advantage than when

you have your material all before you, and know just what you want.

After cutting out, roll up separately with thread, buttons, lining, hooks and eyes, tapes and whatever else will be needed to make them. Mark each roll so you will know just what it is, then when you begin to make up your work will move off with surprising dispatch.

A good many of you acted on my suggestion last fall and made your own winter hats. I heard all about it, and how surprised your aunts and cousins were who saw you at church first, in your new hats, as gay as a flock of larks on the wing. And some of them, the aunts and the cousins, in their old fussy frowny hats, dug each other in the ribs and whispered: "I do declare for it! if there ain't Ephraim's girls rigged out as peart as butterflies in spick span new hats! it's too bad the way Ephraim and Margut do 'low them girls to go in debt!"

Now wasn't that funny? Go in debt! I guess they found out their mistake, and then somebody's girls had admiring looks bestowed upon them.

I made Lily a new hat at that same time, and all the girls gathered about her and said, "that's the prettiest hat you ever had, Diddle. What a charming hat!"

It cost me nothing except for the frame and some fresh, new flowers. I took an old velvet bonnet and used the plumes, and lace, and a braid of mixed satin and velvet, to hide the places that stamped my fingers as not skilled in millinery. I thought I would treat the new hat to a beautiful new red rose. I paid eleven shillings for the flower—not that I admire such stunning roses myself, but to please her; she is young and full of life and loves pretty things. Her taste is not very good yet, but she will outgrow such a lavish admiration of the bright and beautiful things as she acquires a more cultivated taste.

For a half-dollar I bought a small, fine red rose, dainty, looking almost as though dew-drops stood on it, then a half-dozen other tiny ones, just the bare roses and stems, the kind that milliners use often when they are arranging a cluster of flowers. After I came home I made a cluster of roses out of this dewy rose and the half-dozen small ones, and some leaves, and it was so beautiful and rare, and looked so shy and modest, that we, Lily and all of us, thought it was so much prettier than the large one that cost so much more. So, when you make your hats again this fall, remember and have a cluster of little roses. Any good milliner will permit you to cull all over her stock, if you do it kindly and politely, and pay her what she asks for your purchases.

If you were careful of your last winter hats you can use some or all of the velvet again. If the velvet needs freshening up and renovating, you must hold the wrong side over steam, and while damp draw the wrong side across a clean, hot stove-pipe several times. This is the best way known to press velvets, and handle it as little as possible. Be careful when you wear a veil or nubia over your hat not to crush the flowers, or, if you can as well as not, put your flowers on with a view to this.

In this day of cooking-stoves it is very common to hear people say: "We can't have such corn-bread and pone and board-cakes as we used to have baked about the old kitchen fire-places, in Dutch ovens and bake-kettles." Why Granny Greenstreet says we can and she knows, sure!

She says she bakes just as good pone as she did fifty

years ago, and this is how she does it, in the same little bake-kettle, too.

She makes a good hot bark fire and lays the oven lid on top of the stove to heat. When she is ready to go to baking she puts a couple of shovelfuls of coals on top of the stove, and sets her bake-kettle on them, just like the old way of baking on the hearth, puts the lid on and lays coals on top of it, the half-forgotten way of forty years ago. Corn-bread baked this way seems moister and better and sweeter than any way we make it now. She bakes bannocks or board-cake on a smooth board, the old way that she and Uncle Greeny liked when they were children, by having a good fire in the stove and opening the front doors—they have a grate inside—lifting the stove hearth away and standing the board pretty close up, they will bake quite as well as they did the old way.

Lily has a girl-correspondent in Massachusetts, a sprightly, energetic little creature, as all those Yankee girls are. Lily's grandfather and the grandfather of the Yankee girl are first cousins. I say: "I don't see how you can make Jenny seem like any relation whatever."

"Why, Pipey!" she replies, almost indignant at my presumption; "I can detect the Potts blood in every sentence she writes; she's real Pottsey and clever! Why, I can smell the blood of the Pottses before I open her letters!"

I told Lily to ask her dear cousin how the New Englanders got up their Thanksgiving dinners; what they had for dinner at her father's on the last Thanksgiving.

We Ohio folks don't have the good old Yankee formula, but we mean to now, since Jenny has told us.

First, is roast turkey, prepared just as nicely as possible; roast goose cooked the same way, only the dressing is made of mashed potatoes seasoned with pepper, salt, butter and onions, if the family like. Have a nice gravy. The chicken-pie is made in a large-sized milk-pan, layers of chicken seasoned with pepper, salt and butter, and the light crust on top, at least half an inch in thickness, cooked in the liquor in which the chicken was boiled. Bake three or four hours, cover with a brown paper if it bakes too fast. Baked beans; everybody knows how that's done. Pumpkin-pies—like we all make them, of good, rich milk, fresh eggs, sugar and finely-stewed pumpkin. Heat the pumpkin scalding hot before you pour it into the crust, no danger then of the crust being soggy. Bake in a hot oven. Mince and apple pies; well, everybody knows how to make them, or ought to know. The apple-pies, to be good, should be eaten the same day they are baked.

And last, either a plum-pudding or a baked Indian pudding.

For the latter boil one quart of milk and turn it on a pint of sifted Indian meal. Stir it in well so as to scald the meal; then mix three tablespoonfuls of wheat flour with a pint of milk by pouring the milk gradually upon the flour, that it may be free from lumps. Turn the two mixtures together and mingle them well. When the whole is just lukewarm, beat three eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar, stir them into the pudding, add two spoonfuls of salt, two of cinnamon and two of melted butter. If the pudding is liked very rich, let it bake five or six minutes, then add a half pound of raisins and half a pint of cream, the latter to be absorbed by the raisins.

For oyster patties, stew large, fresh oysters, take the yolk of an egg, boiled hard and grated, a bit of butter

and enough oyster liquor to cover them. Let them boil a minute, and set them away to cool. Then make some rich puff paste, and bake in small tin patty-pans. When cool, put them on a platter, and lay two or three oysters on each shell of paste.

Lily has been peeping over my shoulder, and she says it will never do to leave out the plum pudding, especially as she wrote to Jenny for the formula.

I say: "Oh, it occupies so much space, and I guess everybody knows how it is made." But to please her I will put it in.

Break up two dozen of bakers' soft crackers, and pour on these three pints of rich milk. When swelled, add two pounds of stoned raisins, one pound and a half of currants, previously washed and dried, three quarters of a pound of citron, half a spoonful of pounded cloves, allspice, and cinnamon, a little salt, one quart of milk, and fifteen eggs. Baked in a deep earthen pan, or in a milk-pan filled two-thirds full, and set in a brick oven, and allowed to remain until the oven is cold. To be eaten with sweet liquid sauce. The making and baking require a good deal of skill and care. If any is left, it can be cut into slices and warmed, with a bit of butter and the sauce poured over.

Gossips and Sunday visitors are my bugbears. Ugh! Now there's Ruth Crane, she'll gossip faster'n a horse can run. I always dread to see Ruth come, with her work-basket on her arm and her steel-rimmed spectacles on her forehead. She was here yesterday, and it is no wonder that I feel so low-spirited to-day—she always leaves me that way every time we meet. I am almost powerless in her hands, though I try to fight bravely and to keep her off at a distance.

"How awful bad you're lookin' now-days, Pipsey," said she; "w'y you look e'enamost as old as the deacon himself; you look so kind o' leathery and yellor an' peaked, and you're gittin' down right hump-shouldered. I do declare for it, now!"

That was shot number one. Now I had been flattering myself, what with dressing warm, and eating beefsteak, and bathing twice a week, and going out in the fresh air every day, and sleeping in a well-ventilated, large bedroom, that I was really appearing unusually well. I think so yet. But I said: "Yes, I'm growing older every day, and I suppose I am wearing out; but I keep as cheerful as I can, and try to keep my heart young."

"Well, I do 'no' 'bout that; 'pears kind o' out o' place to see chit-rupin', gigglin' old folks," said she, taking out her knitting and settling herself cosily in the wide-armed rocker.

"Well, I don't know but it does," I replied, laughing. I wasn't at all diverted; I only laughed to hide the scorch.

"How do you all get along, anyhow?" she said, through her nose. "You've got a new dress, I see, Pipsy, an' if you'd known what fady stuff it was you'd never bought it. Old Mrs. Patterson has one like it, an' it's faded with the second washing till you wouldn't know what color on earth to call it; it's a kind of a grizzly-gray, grimy, dust color. That old hat Sam Watson wears is 'bout the color of it."

"Well, it'll make good carpet-rags, then; mix it alongside of bright red, and it would make a real pretty stripe," said I, good naturedly, forcing another laugh.

"Lawk! it would spile the looks of a hull web o' carpet

for my likin'," said she, sniffing up her sled-runner of a nose until she did look too funny.

At dinner she handed back her cup and laughed in a smart way, saying: "You forgot an' put cream in my coffee; none of us folks over at the Willers uses cream at all; we think it makes coffee taste so calfy." When the biscuit was passed to her, she reached out her hand to take one, drew it back, reached again, and then hesitated, saying: "I'm not over-fond o' biscuit; if you've any old scrap, o' bread I'd ruther have it; don't care if 'twas baked in Methusalar's day, so it's bread. Biscuit always lays on my stummick so."

I rose from the table, went down cellar and brought some up to her. My heart was all a-flutter, and I was out of breath by the time I sat down to the table again.

"Why, now!" said Ruth, "you've the heaves like any pore old critter that plows and harrers all day. My! bet you're a-fallin'. I do r'aly b'leve you look older than the deacon hisself. What hair-dye do you use? Christadore's?" and she essayed to speak low enough that the family might not hear.

"I never used hair-dye of any kind; nothing goes on my hair but water," I said, in reply.

"Now, Pipsey! don't you tell that! Look out! You know why Annynias and Sophia was slain, don't ye?" and she reached over and thrust her bony knuckles into my tenderest side, with a laugh that could have been mistaken for any other kind of a noise.

She knew Elder Nutt had befriended us the time Humbug ran away, and she knew he had stayed all night at our house once since, and she embraced the opportunity of reminding me of him.

"That's bad, the story that's out on the elder," said she, in the afternoon after she had resumed her knitting. I didn't know what she meant, and didn't want to know, and I said, "People cannot live so that flaws will not be found in their characters, or their deportment."

"Yes, that's so; but then there must be something to make the story out of—stories don't grow out'n nothin'; you know."

I dropped the pie-pan that I was washing, and said, "How careless;" but, still, I didn't throw the irrepressible old gal off the subject.

"S'pose you hear the story 'bout the elder?" said she, leaning over and and peering into the pantry at me.

"I've not seen anybody lately, nor heard any gossip at all; I've been kept pretty busy at home, I had a lot of stocking-yarn to double and twist, and the winter's knitting to plan, and the dried fruits to put away; and, really, I've had no time for much else but hard work."

And here I smiled softly to myself, thinking how nicely I had thrown her off the track; but Ruth Crane is a match for the old lad himself.

"They say the elder has a wife living, and that he is trying to get a divorce from her," said she, looking over the rim of her spectacles at me. I finished as though I had touched hot iron. I didn't know what to do, so I dropped the tin pan and a set of pewter spoons, clattering down on the floor at my feet, glad of any pretext to hide the tumult in my heart and the glitter in my eyes. "There's nothin' very attractive about the elder," she continued; "and if that story is true, I'd quicker think his wife was the one wantin' the divorce. I know if he was my man I'd get one if it laid in my power."

"How do you like the new paper in our kitchen?" I said, eager to turn the conversation.

"Well, I can't say that I like it; it's too gloomy. I

never liked a yellor color or small flowers. I like lots o' green an' big poppies and wide stripes, 't makes a room look so gay an' heartsome."

Turn whichever way I would that woman would head me. I was utterly miserable. She had something to say about every person, and everything, and she said nothing in a kindly spirit. I couldn't break right out and say "be still! you worry everybody!"

Ruth Crane was a lone woman; in sickness and in death her services were invaluable, and they were most freely given. Her childhood had been chilled by poverty and neglect and lack of friends—circumstances frowned upon her and her spiritual nature grew distorted and dwarfed. Poor soul! I couldn't scold her or turn away from her, though I tried to close my eyes and ears on her faults and shortcomings.

About catarrhs. I've quit using all kinds of catarrh medicine. I am thankful that I found out where I stood before it was too late.

I will learn from another's experience how to shun the rock on which he split all to pieces. I was suffering one time with severe pain in my head, when Brother and Sister Hartman called here to stay all night on their way home from a communion season with the church over at the Willows. As soon as they came and found that I was sick, Brother Hartman said: "I'll make you think I came along to-day like a ministering angel, for I have something in my pocket that'll cure your head in less than half an hour."

He gave me a big pinch of a fine powder and told me to lay it in the palm of my hand and snuff it up my nose suddenly. Oh, it seemed to turn my whole head into a flame that threatened to consume me! If it had been liquid fire it wouldn't have hurt any worse. I opened my mouth, and closed my eyes, and capered like a frantic sheep. When I was able to open my wet, red eyes, there sat Brother Hartman convulsed with laughter. For a few moments I felt as though nothing would ever console me but to see the church withdraw the hand of fellowship from Brother Hartman, that sinful man.

"Pooh! look at me!" said he, and he snuffed freely out of the satanic little box. It never made his eyes water or his nose blink any more than if his head had been made of sheet-iron. "You see," said he, "I use this snuff daily for my catarrh. I couldn't stand it any better at first than you. It is a wonderful medicine, though its properties cannot be appreciated fully, and yet I can't induce any poor sufferer to make use of this remedy. It will burn out the worst case of catarrh in a few months' time."

I said, "the inside of your head is as tender and susceptible, I presume, as the inside of your mouth, or your eyes, almost."

"Oh, no!" he said; "and then the preparation of kian pepper is only meant to act on the catarrh. I've got so I don't mind how much I snuff of it; it don't fire me up like it used to."

This happened years ago, but I had not forgotten it. A few weeks since the brother called here to eat a hearty Baptist dinner with us as he was going home from the Huron Association.

He came into the kitchen first; we were cooking a boiled dinner that day, and I said: "Brother, go into the room with granny and the deacon, out of these kitchen-y smells; I'm afraid it'll give you the headache."

"Oh, Sister Potts! since I saw you last it has pleased the Lord, in His wisdom, to take away from me the sense of smell entirely," said he, in a stuffy, nosy voice, that sounded as though his head was in a poke, and that poke away down in the farthest corner of the cellar.

There was no need of sticking that daring, bold piece of effrontery upon the Lord, and calling it "His wisdom," and I right up and told him the Lord was my friend, and I felt it obligatory upon me to take His part when I heard Him assailed after that fashion, by a weak brother who had dared to meddle with, and ruthlessly handle some of His finest machinery. I told him if a child played with fire, he got burnt, if he played with a razor, he cut himself; he had tampered with something of more importance than either, and the result was with him.

He shook his head doggedly and set his square jaws together, saying: "If I doubted the goodness of my Father in Heaven as you do, Sister Potts, I'd pray for the bowel of the earth to open and swallow me. I believe," and here he tipped back his hat until his yellow forehead shone like a brass knocker, "that the Lord knows just how many hairs is on all our heads, as well as I know how many buttons is on my breeches. I believe He watches us all the time, and when, through pride, our hearts swells big, He gives us a reminder in one way or another, just as I'd nudge my wife in meetin' to bring her to a sense of her duty in the houseen of the Lord. If we are too high-minded, He brings us down a peg, if we set too much store by our worldly possession, He shows us by His own redomitable will that all things come from Him, and to Him alone are we indebted. I was prospered—craps and stock smiled upon me—things was a-yieldin' and a-doublin' themselves abundantly, and I—I say it to my shame—I was like the Egyptians, I was a-worshippin' the goold calf-ah, when, lo, the Lord saw me a-spilen-eh in my prosperity, and He retch'd down His everlasting will-ah, and took from me the sense of smell-ah. Henceforth to me a rose is no more a rose-ah, a pink is no more a pink-ah, a dead sheep-ah is just as good in my pore smitten nostrils-ah."

And weary with much trumpeting the exalted voice of the poor brother sounded as though the symbolic poke in the corner of the cellar had been shaken up or kicked viciously.

Poor Brother Hartman! all revenge had gone out of my sinful heart, and I did feel most profoundly sorry for him.

Last night the deacon and the girls and myself went down to Pottsville to prayer-meeting. I observed that Brother Hartman was there, and all the evening he sat like a glum frog, never taking any part at all. I thought, perhaps, he had somewhat against some of the brethren, his face looked so injured and so sanctimonious.

On the way home I asked the deacon why the brother didn't take up his cross.

"Oh, didn't you know the reason? a sword hangs over his head, suspended by a single hair. The poor fellow lost the sense of smell some time ago and now he is threatened daily the loss of his voice. We will never hear him pour out his rapturous joy any more in the swelling tunes of China, or Mear, or Coronation, never hear his voice in the covenant or the prayer-meeting. It's hard for Brother Hartman, but we'll all have to submit to the ways of Providence, that are sometimes dark and past finding out."

"Providence!" There it was again! Blaming where no blame was due. If the wise brother chose to stuff his head full of cayenne pepper and squills, I don't think it was very gentlemanly to lay the blame on the best Friend we have; but I didn't want to disagree with Deacon

Potts—good man! Well, let others profit by this wayward example, and see that it is not well to take important matters into our own bungling hands, when such momentous results are pending.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

CATHARINE DE MEDICI.

PRINCESS, QUEEN AND QUEEN MOTHER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

IF any student of modern history were asked to name the two women who were most conspicuous for the evil and crime which they accomplished on the stage of the sixteenth century—that age so remarkable for its great women in palaces and on thrones—I suppose the reply would not be long in coming, and that it would inevitably be Mary Tudor and Catharine de Medici.

The Florentine woman and the English-Spanish one, who never looked upon each other's faces, but who sat on thrones at the same time—the one under the lilies of France, the other under the Lion of England—the difference between whose ages was only three or four birthdays, were alike the shame and curse of the nations they governed; they filled their land with slaughtered victims and flaming holocausts. At the door of the one lies the awful night of St. Bartholomew, at that of the other the fires of Smithfield!

Yet the two crowned women, who will stand forever at the bar of history with that dreadful judgment upon their memories, seem to have been as unlike as possible in temperament and constitution.

The Florentine woman brought to the French capital all the Italian grace and brightness, the winning charm of manner, the keen penetration, the social adroitness, the fine power of adaptation, the delicate intuition which she inherited from her illustrious ancestry, and which were the very opposite of Mary Tudor's fierce passions and narrow, bigoted obstinacy.

Hard and cruel as she was, deceit, subterfuge seems to have been foreign to the nature of the eldest daughter of Henry VIII. In this respect she resembled that old Welsh Owen beyond whom the records of the Tudor family could hardly ascend, and who appears to have been a coarse, brave, honest soldier. He must have had an eloquent tongue with his handsome figure, for he managed to win the heart of the young widowed queen of the greatest of the Lancasters; and so he laid the foundations of the fortunes of his race, though he spoiled his own.

You have already seen something of the character of the eldest daughter of Henry VIII.; something, too, of those unhappy circumstances of her youth, which, no doubt, gave a stronger bias to the worst tendencies of her moral constitution, and exerted a powerful and most unhappy influence on her career during the five years in which she sat on the throne of England.

It is the purpose of my present article to bring before you the woman who wore the French crown with an Italian heart beneath; who, for so many years, as queen and regent and queen dowager, was supreme at the court, and swayed the destinies of France; whose dark, subtle, scheming brain was always at work with plot and in-

trigue; who wove her webs silent and steady as the fates; a woman with the falsest of hearts and the smoothest of tongues; who was at once fierce and plausible, smooth and revengeful; who nurtured her long wrath under soft words and beaming smiles; who plunged France into the political blunder and the eternal infamy of St. Bartholomew; and who lived long enough to see the failure of all her plans, and to follow all her sons to the grave except that miserable favorite, who fell by the hand of the assassin at last, and with whom the name of Valois perished.

Yet she came to France, that fair Florentine girl, before she had reached her fourteenth birthday.

Did you ever think of her landing in her childish innocence and wondering curiosity in the harbor of Marseilles? You know the French court never believed their haughty, magnificent monarch, Francis I., would bring himself to consent to such a mesalliance as the union of the second of his sons with the daughter of the Medici, the Florentine house, which had laid the foundations of its vast wealth in commercial enterprises. The proud monarch must have thought the bridal a real humiliation to the line of Valois. But Francis had counted the cost. We all know the ruling passion of his life was the humbling of his great rival, Charles V., the cold, hard, greedy Spanish king and German emperor, who was own cousin to Mary Tudor.

Francis had set his heart on gaining possession of some of the rich Italian cities in the strong grip of his rival. To one or two of these the French monarch had as good or a better claim than the Spanish one; but it was of immense importance to the former to gain the pope over to his own side in the great contest. Catharine was the niece of Clement VII.; and in this you have the key to the whole story.

This was why the young Florentine with her fair, girlish face and her dark, bright, wondering eyes, landed one autumn day of 1533 in the sunny harbor of Marseilles, to wed the second son of the royal line of Valois.

What a time they made for her coming, that young daughter of the Medici! Since it was settled that she was to wed the son of their king, it should be done with splendid fêtings and royal honors. Three hundred cannon thundered out their welcomes over the blue waters when she set foot on the shore; the old streets through which the vast processions wound with music and waving of banners, were hung with rare tapestries; the hot-blooded French nature went wild, and fairly bubbled over in its greetings to that young girl, who had come over the blue Mediterranean to be the bride of the second of the princes.

One cannot help looking at her with a profound and sad curiosity as she stands there. Whatever she was afterward, she was so young, and fair, and innocent at that time! She was to have dark days before her, too, at that old palace of the Louvre, where her home was to be.

Jealousies, envies, hatreds were to poison the atmosphere around her, and to fill her young life with bitterness. It was true she was to be an apt pupil in all that was darkest and worst in that old home of the kings.

But, just then, I fancy her heart was full of girlish eagerness and pride and gladness, over all the splendor and welcomes and rejoicings—with a pang of regret, it may be, for the beautiful Florentine home she had left behind forever.

When she remembered it, afterward, it must have seemed to her sometimes, I fancy, that she had paid dearly for all the pomp and pleasure of that day at Marseilles.

The pope, whose power had made his niece's marriage, died in a short time after she came to France, and the young orphan-girl had now no relatives powerful enough to intimidate or influence the royal family of France. The young Valois knew perfectly well the reasons which had induced his father to consent to this marriage. He was not fond of his young Florentine wife, and he was bent on repudiating her and wedding the beautiful daughter of the Guises, Marie of Lorraine, who afterward became, you remember, the wife of James Stuart, and the mother of Mary, Queen of Scotland.

The sudden death of the dauphin made Catharine de Medici's husband heir to the throne of France, and, of course, elevated her own position greatly at the court.

But the foreign princess had no friends to use their power in her behalf, and her fall at that time seemed almost assured. She must have had a miserable life of it, wandering among the stately halls of the old Louvre, and seeing the day drawing closer when she must be hurled from her high place into obscurity and dishonor.

But the young Italian was not of a nature to yield her rights without a struggle. No doubt her position at court, and her unhappiness, had developed precociously her intense ambition and her marvellous capacity for weaving her own plots in the dark. Her situation made her desperate. She resolved to appeal to the pity and chivalry of her father-in-law. The way in which she did it showed her wonderful subtle penetration, and showed, too, that she had already learned to read the characters, the virtues and the weaknesses of those with whom she was brought in contact, and over whom it was for her interest to exercise a soft but powerful influence. The first of the house of Valois was the best of his race. All the rest were a bad brood enough; and Francis I. had many and terrible faults. He was selfish, tyrannical, and occasionally that hot blood of his could flame into savage cruelty. But the haughty, magnificent French king was, all his life, capable of an act of magnanimous generosity. A noble deed dazzled his imagination, and the romantic and chivalrous impulses of his soul would not be appealed to in vain.

His daughter-in-law chose her time and place well. One day the king, walking through his palace halls, was startled by the swift-gliding of a girlish figure before him, which dropped with clasped hands at his feet. It must have been a touching spectacle. It was the wife of Henry of Valois who lay in her youth and loveliness and misery at the feet of the French king. It was precisely the kind of scene and appeal most likely to touch the heart of the chivalrous Francis.

It was a terrible crisis for Catharine de Medici. Her fate hung on the decision of her father-in-law. On that moment, on the way the young wife told her story—it rested whether she should ascend the throne, and wear the lilies

of France, or become a repudiated, forsaken wife, like that other Catharine, a little way across the channel—the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Francis was deeply touched by the sight before him, and eagerly inquired its meaning. History has not told us with what passionate, pleading words Catharine de Medici sobbed out the story of her wrongs and misery, and implored that she might be spared from the doom the dauphin was preparing for her.

Francis listened and gazed on the young, lovely girl. The generous, chivalric side of his nature was touched to the quick. He tenderly raised Catharine, and solemnly gave her his word—"the word of a king"—that no harm should be done her; that he would maintain her rights to the throne and crown of her husband. Catharine knew then that her fortunes were secured; Henry of Valois would never dare to dispute the fiat of a father whose will was absolute throughout France. However the dauphin may have chafed against the decree which held him to his Florentine wife, he yielded obedience to it.

Yet, I have sometimes thought if Francis I. could have looked far along the century at that moment, when Catharine de Medici lay in her beauty and misery at his feet, and seen all the sorrow and infamy that lovely, sobbing girl was to bring upon the name and race of Valois; what long misery her dark political courses would entail on the French nation, the imperious monarch, in his swift rage and horror, would have been very likely to draw his sword and plunge it into her heart.

But the king might have felt no deeper horror than Catharine de Medici herself, could she have seen her long future at that moment. She was so young, you know, and the black night of St. Bartholomew lay so far away in those dim years when the century should be in its waning.

It is, of course, quite impossible, within the limits of this article, to trace the career of Catharine during her reign or her long regency.

The lovely Florentine girl reached the highest summit of her ambitions. When her father-in-law died, her husband ascended the throne, and Catharine de Medici wore the crown of France. The children which had been denied to the first years of her marriage, were born to her now in rapid succession. A large household of goodly sons and fair daughters made bright the old Palace of St. Germaine with the faces and voices of childhood.

It was here that Mary Queen of Scots came, the betrothed of the Dauphin, to be educated as the future Queen of France; it was here, too, that Jeanne of Navarre, the niece of Francis I., the mother of Henry IV., the noblest woman of that age, the only one who read, with her clear, penetrating intellect, the character and motives of Catharine de Medici, passed much of her childhood.

Henry II. did not inherit the best qualities of his father. He had none of the dazzling, social gifts, of the captivating graces of person and manner which made Francis I. the most adored of monarchs, and which threw a veil over the great vices of the man. Henry had always been silent, moody, cold—he was worthy to be the father of that bad brood of sons, with whom the race of Valois died out. The husband of Catharine de Medici seems to have been unscrupulous, false, selfish and heartless, while the plan which he laid and communicated in secrecy to the Prince of Orange, when that nobleman was riding with him in the wood of Vincennes, for the extermination of the Huguenots, brands his memory with infamy.

With her keen insight and her marvellous adroitness,

Catharine succeeded in adapting herself to her husband. She was not only the sharer of his throne, the mother of his children, she was the trusted councillor in all those political schemes and plots, for the aggrandizement of the house of Valois, which filled his reign; she was also the bland and indulgent friend of his mistresses.

To a presence of imperial majesty Catharine united a rare grace and fascination of manner. The beautiful Italian captivated all who were brought within the spell of her presence. She had the wit, the keenness, the rare conversational powers of the Medici; but beneath that majesty of bearing, that charm of speech and manner, lay the hard, fierce, revengeful nature, which, once aroused, could long bide its time, but made its deadly spring at last.

Henry II. made a tragic end, at last. The world was by so much the better off, when the lance of Count Montgomery slipped that night of the grand French and Spanish tournament, which Henry gave to close the series of splendid festivities in honor of the marriage of his daughter to the proud and sullen Philip of Spain.

The lance pierced the French king's visor, and entered his brain. He reeled in his saddle before the breathless, horrified multitude, before the splendid crowd of courtiers and the group of Spanish cavaliers; before the royal family—his wife and the princes and princesses, boys and girls still, though the eldest sat with his fair young bride, where the lilies of France and the thistles of Scotland and the arms of England blazed over her.

The monarch was borne out senseless and dying, and a few days later Catharine de Medici was a widow, and the boy, Francis II., and the beautiful girl, Mary of Scotland, with her sixteen birthdays, were king and queen of France.

Mary's French relatives, those Guises, who so often shook the house of Valois to its foundations, came at once into power. They hated and feared Catharine de Medici. They undermined her influence with her son, they affronted her pride and in a thousand ways those six haughty, powerful uncles of the young Scotch queen, made the mother of the boy-king, himself weak in mind and body, feel their insolent authority. Years afterward Mary Stuart was made to pay, in her long, foreign captivity, a terrible reckoning for that brief day of her young pride and splendor, when she wore the lilies and sat on the throne of France.

A very brief day it was for the young queen with her Scotch nativity and her French heart. In two years her husband died suddenly. The Valois sons were not a long-lived race.

Catharine de Medici grasped the reins of power once more, and this time with none to interfere. She could pursue her schemes for the aggrandizement of her house, she could weave her plots and shape her courses in the dark. Nobody could stand in her way. France, with all its interests, religious, political, commercial, with its army and navy, lay at the mercy of the Florentine woman, for she was regent of the kingdom during the long minority of her son, Charles IX.

It was a pleasant Saturday evening that 23d of August 1572. It was nearly forty years since the young daughter of the Medici, with her pleased, girlish face, and the smile in her dark, Italian eyes, first stepped ashore in the sunny harbor of Marseilles.

Her history of all these years is the history of France; in a wide sense, the history of Europe.

The great century had gone stormily on its way, through its wakening springs, and blossoming summers

and ripening autumns. Mighty convulsions, civil and religious, had heaved and torn the age, and the woman who stood all this time at the helm of France had taken "Machiavelli a Prince" for her gospel!

Catharine de Medici's schemes and policy were always selfish. There was no breadth, no generosity, no broad grasp of affairs possible to that dark, plotting, Italian nature.

She could not understand the new religious movement which was shaking not only France, but the civilized world to its centre.

It is true the queen-mother, when it suited her plans, made advances to the Huguenots, discussed theology with their leaders and listened to their sermons.

Her early education, her Italian tastes, the whole color of her genius, no doubt, inclined her to the religion of her ancestors, but she was ready to sacrifice everything to her ambitions, her jealousies, her interests.

She loved power; not the shadow, not the pomp and splendor, even, without the reality. For this she plotted, undermined, betrayed, for this she was willing to sell everything; to sacrifice the safety of France, the lives and fortunes of all who stood in her way, and to risk for the glory and aggrandizement of the house of Valois everything human and divine.

With all her graciousness and softness, revenge, hatred, cruelty lay at the bottom of this woman's soul. They flamed up fiercely on occasion.

But it is likely that those who were brought into frequent intercourse with the queen-mother never suspected the worst side of the woman. Her guile was of the subtle, panther-like kind, which only springs when it is sure of its victim.

She had, during his minority, exercised an almost absolute control over her son, Charles IX. He was a strange, gloomy, brooding boy, bursting out occasionally into the wildest paroxysms of passion. He feared his mother, and seems to have had a kind of instinctive knowledge of her real character; and there were times when the proud woman yielded in terror to the wild bursts of her son's wrath. But she was sure to regain her influence over him, and to mould him to her own purposes in the end. Yet there were gleams of a softer, better nature, of noble impulses in the elder of the three living sons of Catharine de Medici.

There seemed a taint of madness in the crowned youth, and his mother understood this, and knew how to appeal to it when the time was ripe.

And on this summer night of 1572, the mother of Charles IX. had made up her mind to leave no stone unturned to rouse into its utmost ecstasy of fear and fury this savage madness in the nature of the young king.

Catharine de Medici must have been driven to desperation before she came to this conclusion. She dreaded the bursts of wild, volcanic rage which slumbered in the soul of her young son.

Her position at this time was one to fill the soul of the queen-mother with the greatest alarm. She saw the power, which was the strongest ambition of her life, about to pass from her grasp.

All her long plottings, her subterfuge, her tacking and veering, her diplomatic coquetries, her inclining to one and then to the other of the great religious parties of the realm seemed now about to end in disaster and defeat to this coveted power of hers.

In vain she had tried to put off the evil day, and given the youngest and loveliest of her daughters, Mar-

garet of Valois, to Henry, the son of the woman she feared and hated, the Protestant queen of Navarre.

The old, gay, holiday-loving city of Paris had gone half wild over this union of Catholic princess and Protestant king. It had celebrated the bridal with all sorts of festivities and rejoicings.

The young bridegroom had come from his home amid the mountains around Béarn with a long train of cavaliers, composed of the flower and pride of his kingdom.

One thinks of that long, gay company clattering over the green country highways in the pleasant summer weather, the young boy-king at the head of the splendid cavalcade on his way to wed his beautiful bride; one thinks of the brave knights and noble gentlemen and gallant soldiers, and across the long centuries, one's heart aches for them, thinking to what dark doom they were going in that gay Paris to which they were bound on their bridal errand.

AM the great Protestant leaders and chieftains of the Huguenots assembled in Paris to witness the nuptials of Valois and Navarre. No true patriot could fail to rejoice over it, for France had been torn and wasted again and again by the dreadful religious wars of the few preceding years.

After such a proof of his good faith as this giving the youngest and loveliest of his beautiful sisters to wife to his Protestant cousin, nobody could doubt that Charles IX. was sincere in the marked favor which he had of late shown the Huguenots.

It is true that Jeanne of Navarre, brought up from her birth with the royal family, and reading their characters with that clear, fine penetration which was one of her marked qualities, had shown the utmost repugnance to this union. In vain the friends who surrounded her, the leaders and military chieftains of the Huguenots, represented to the noblest woman of her country and age the grandeur of the opportunity which was now afforded her to heal the divisions in France, by consenting to this union of her son with the sister of the king.

That inveterate distrust of Catharine de Medici, fostered by long, intimate knowledge of the queen-mother, could not be overcome. In vain she made her graceful overtures and sent her loving messages to Jeanne of Navarre. The latter remembered the time when she had stolen secretly from the French court with her young son, and made her long, swift, breathless flight, scarcely drawing rein until she was safe with her boy among the rugged mountains around Béarn, away from the dreaded influences of the corrupt court of Catharine de Medici.

Remembering that time—remembering, too, the subtle, revengeful nature of the Florentine woman—Jeanne of Navarre always looked up with that brave, calm, noble face of hers, and asked in her clear, steady tones: "Can the queen, who never forgives, forgive me?"

But the pressure of circumstances was at last too strong for the woman. The prayers of her court, the needs of the nation, compelled her to yield.

She left her son, exacting from him a most solemn promise that he would not quit the kingdom until summoned by herself. She came to Paris to make preparations for the marriage. Charles received his relative with transports of affectionate delight.

Everything went smoothly on the surface, until suddenly the Queen of Navarre sickened, and in a few days the only woman whose keen, clear insight had read the soul of Catharine de Medici was in her grave.

There were dark rumors of poison, quickly smothered.

There is no real evidence of their truth. The Queen of Navarre had not been well for some time before her journey to Paris. The suddenness of her death, under the circumstances, necessarily causes a dark suspicion to cling to Catharine de Medici; one which has never been wholly cleared up; but there are no historical proofs that she was concerned in the death of the Protestant queen.

The latter's friends must have fully exonerated the king's mother from any suspicion, for the preparations for the marriage went on as before. The boy-king, with his long cavalcade from his rugged mountains, the Huguenot princes and leaders, with their followers, crowded into Paris. The gray-haired Admiral Coligny, the young Prince Condé, Rochefoucauld, the Count de Montgomery, the touch of whose fatal lance had cost Henry II. his life, all gathered within the walls of the old city to witness the royal marriage. It was consummated with public rejoicings, amid the splendor and pomp of the court.

The young king and the queen-mother received the Huguenots with the most flattering cordiality. The long train of the Prince of Navarre was lodged at the Louvre. No mark of attention, no royal hospitality was forgotten, which could inspire the absolute confidence of the powerful Huguenot body assembled in the city.

Catharine de Medici moved in the midst of the splendid ceremonials a proud and stately figure, with her soft words and her dark, smiling, Florentine eyes, and the false, treacherous, cruel soul under all.

She saw that the Huguenots were gaining daily a stronger influence over her son, while her own seemed as steadily declining. The reins of power were slipping from her hands into those of the staunch, noble old Admiral Coligny.

The young king loaded the Huguenot leader with attentions, listened to his counsels, constantly desired his presence at court, and became daily more estranged from his mother and her policy.

The admiral's whole soul was bent on inducing the king to openly range himself on the side of the Protestants, to pour his armies into the Netherlands and crush the legions of Philip of Spain.

With what fiery eloquence the grand old man pleaded his cause, and shook the soul of Charles IX. as he roused all that was best in that stormy, ill-balanced nature!

Catharine watched and brooded. She saw her son grow colder, her policy thwarted, her opinions neglected at the council board. All that was evil and fierce in that dark, treacherous, cruel soul was aroused. She resolved to make one desperate throw for her lost power.

You know how the shot succeeded which was to have cost Coligny his life. It only wounded him. If any suspicion existed that the queen-mother was concerned in the attempted assassination, it was not strong enough to put the Huguenots on their guard.

The admiral still lived; he would soon recover. The king visited the old nobleman's sick-bed, and had a long private interview with him. The Protestant nobles, the highest princes of the realm, crowded around the couch of their leader, passionate with indignation and grief. In a little while the crime might be traced from the assassin to its instigators. That would be the death-knell of Catharine's influence with the king. The base, fierce soul of the woman turned to bay at last.

The summer stars were shining peacefully over the old city when Catharine de Medici glided through the halls of the Louvre to the chamber of the king.

She had a work to do that night, and she did it well.

She roused his terrors; she worked on his fears; she inflamed, with all the cunning of her base, subtle, cruel soul, the stormy passions of that wild nature.

There was no lie so false or foul that she stuck at it. She actually made the young king believe that the Protestant leaders were a band of traitors, pledged to hurl him from his throne, and take his life, in vengeance for the shot that had wounded Coligny; that their plan was to set the crown of France on the head of the brother whom Charles hated—the handsome, base Henry III.

Had he been older and wiser, the king would have seen the glaring absurdities of this story, but his judgment was immature, and it was his mother who told him. At last he believed her, though it cost hours of that summer midnight to bring him to the point which alone would satisfy the fears and the vengeance of Catharine de Medici, and that was the slaughter of the Huguenot leaders!

Charles went mad at last, and in a paroxysm of wild frenzy, burst out: "Kill all the Huguenots in

France—kill them all, that no one be left to reproach me!"

It was past midnight when Catharine went out from the royal chambers of the Louvre. The summer stars were shining in solemn peace over the old, slumbering city, and over the pale face of the queen-mother shone the dark Italian eyes, gleaming with fierce exultation.

She had done her work. She had the order of Charles IX. for the slaughter.

Yether daughter was the five-days' bride of the Huguenot king; his vast train was lodged under the palace-roof, sleeping unarmed and secure; the leaders of his army were her most honored guests.

Think of that! She must have thought of it, too, as she glided on through the old halls of the Louvre that summer midnight.

A little later the bell of St. Germaine L'Auverrois pealed through the darkness. It was the signal for that deed, at whose mention the world still shudders—the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew!

RELIGIOUS READING.

ABIDE IN ME.

BY RICHMOND.

I SHALL not soon forget that Sunday evening. Our minister had called in to sit an hour, and we were talking on a subject in which both felt a deep interest, when my daughter, who was in the next room above, commenced singing, in her low, sweet way, that beautiful hymn, "ABIDE WITH ME," accompanying herself on the parlor organ. Our conversation ceased, and we both leaned back in our chairs, giving up our hearts to the tender and sacred feelings awakened by the hymn and the music. Never had a song of Zion so held and impressed me. Every word seemed to have a new and deeper meaning, as verse after verse came from her lips:

Abide with me; fast falls the even-tide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
Change and decay in all around I see,
Oh, Thou, who changest not—abide with me.

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me oft as I left Thee;
On to the close, oh, Lord, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power;
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through clouds and sunshine—oh, abide with me!

Hold on Thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life and death, oh, Lord, abide with me!

With the last line voice and music ceased, leaving me in a kind of holy ecstasy—silent and absorbed. The very sphere of Heaven seemed to be around us. I had but

one thought, one prayer, and that was repeating and repeating itself like an echo in my soul, "Oh, Lord, abide with me!"

"That, and nothing more," I said, at length, breaking the spell of silence—"Abide with me!"

A faint sigh came from the minister's lips; and then he answered, with a seriousness that surprised me at the moment as much as his words: "We must have more than that."

"More than the abiding presence of our Lord and Saviour?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; He must abide in us!"

I felt the light of a new and higher truth flash into my soul.

"Religious sentiments, as expressed in our beautiful hymns, does not always lead us into practical truth," he added. "There are laws of spiritual life as exact as any laws of natural life. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can we, except we abide in Christ. This is the law of spiritual life. We, as branches, must abide in the vine, and receive our life from the vine. It is not the Lord's mere presence that saves us. Only the Lord's life in us can do that."

He paused and waited some moments for my answer. But my thoughts were too busy—he had set them in a new direction.

"You see the difference?" he said.

"Clearly," I replied.

"Our Lord did not use a mere figure of speech, but a divine symbol; and He dwells upon and repeats it over and over again, so that there may be no doubt of His meaning. As the branch is in the vine, so must we be in Him—organically united, with His life flowing into us, and making us fruitful."

"What a thought!" I said, half in amazement, at the great significance of what was crowding in upon my mind. "Not *with*, but *in* the Lord."

"Even so. 'I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one.' To be regenerated is to be born from above; to have a new life take the place of the old, natural, selfish life. We are wild vines by nature, and must be grafted on to the Living Vine, and draw out

lives from that. And what is the nature of this new life? We have it in a word—*love*. Not love of ourselves, but love for one another. 'As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you; continue ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in His love. This is my commandment, That ye love one another as I have loved you.'

The minister ceased speaking, and we were both silent for a long time.

"And this is the way of salvation," I said, at length, taking a deep breath as I spoke.

"I know of no other way, and can preach no other in peril of my soul," he answered, with impressive seriousness. "No mere adjoining of a man to the church can possibly save him. Its rites, and ordinances, and sacraments are all spiritual helps, if used aright, but only the life of the Living Vine flowing into his soul and filling him with the life of Heaven, can save him. He must not be a dead branch, but fruitful in good works. If not fruitful—if he abide not in the vine—he is cast forth as a branch and is withered."

"How shall we know that we are in the Living Vine?" I asked.

"He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit," he replied, using the Lord's own words. "Now, if the life that is in the branch be divine and unselfish, the fruit will be loving deeds. Pride, worldly ambition, devotion to self, envyings, hatreds, cruelty—these do not flow in from the Living Vine; and we may know that if they are in our hearts we are as dead branches, and in danger of being cut off. It is all very plain and simple. No one need be in doubt. The symbol is so apparent in its meaning that a child may understand it."

"And yet," I said, "who of us bears such fruit as our Lord bore when in visible presence among men. 'These things I command you, that ye love one another.' Over and over again, He gives this injunction. His love was ever running over in blessings. But ours is not."

"We are but weak and shrivelled branches; with little of the Lord's life in us," the minister returned. "But if we bear any fruit, small and feeble and flavorless though it be, the divine Husbandman will purge us that we bear

more and better fruit. Herein lies our hope. The fruit we must bear is good living; and good living in the world is a life of justice and charity. 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,' must be the rule of our conduct toward all. If this be not the rule of our lives, we may be very sure that we are not in organic union with the Living Vine. No matter how high our place may be in the visible church; no matter how exact we are in honoring all her external requirements, if our love for the neighbor is not strong enough to make us just and merciful toward him, we have in us no ground of hope. Our Lord must not only abide with us, but in us."

Never since that evening, when meditating on spiritual things, has the symbol of the vine and its branches failed to be present in my thoughts; and I see as I never saw before, that my only hope of Heaven lies in such a union with the Vine as will make its life flow into my soul—the life of love. Not the love of self; but a love that seeks, like God, to delight itself in blessing.

HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

OUR spiritual houses, the mansions in our Father's house which we shall afterward inhabit—houses not made with hands, eternal in the heavens—are being built day by day by our prayers, our faith, our loving thoughts, our useful and unselfish deeds.

Kind feelings toward the neighbor, acts of civility and charity, unconnected with the hope of reward, deeds of self-sacrifice, generous emotions, pure affections, the spirit of forgiveness, reverence for God, obedience to law, humility, patience; these build up the heavenly character in the soul and the future heavenly mansions in which we will reside.

THE SACRAMENT.

HOWEVER much Christians may differ in their opinions concerning the meaning and efficacy of the sacrament, the Lord's Supper is, to all men, a visible memorial and witness of the fact that Christ not only gave, but continually gives Himself for the life of the world, and that the Christian life must be sustained by a continuous reception and assimilation of Christ's life.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BEN BOWEN'S TEXT.

ONCE said to Ben Bowen, a boy of ten, "Ben, can't you wheel this bag of rags to the weaver's for me?"

"No, ma'am," came right out pat.

"Why not, you have nothing to do?"

"Yes, I hev, too," said Ben, eyeing the great wheelbarrow and the rags askance.

"What have you got to do, I would like to know?"

"Grow, for one thing," said Ben, promptly, and he trotted off by the side of his obedient hoop, all unconscious that he had given out his text, and then retired, leaving his hearer to make up a sermon to suit herself.

Here it is. It may be a tangled mass of hit and miss, but I assure you a woman who has just got fifty pounds of carpet-rags ready for the weaver is not in much of a mood for sermon-writing, especially when the text has been given by a boy of ten, in just the way Ben gave it. Nevertheless, I am not Ben's mother, and I did not feel

called upon to order Ben to wheel the rags in order to keep the parental rein stiff, so, I decided to look at the matter after this fashion. Here was a boy, just free from a tiresome day at school. He felt like stretching himself. He needed to stretch himself. He was tired all over. You sit on a board all day, and see how you like it. It is not laziness which makes boys so disinclined to labor between the close of school and supper-time. It is purely tiredness. Give him some light job after supper, and be decent in your manner toward him, and he will do it willingly and well. But don't make up your mind that he has nothing on hand except to do your bidding. Don't overtax him. Don't dwarf him in body, for, if you do, you are responsible for a correspondingly dwarfed mind and soul. Think of it!

At babyhood Ben was a sprout. He is a sapling now. At eighteen, if he does well, he will be a tree. His special business thus far has been to grow, and will be for

eight years to come. The sapling may blossom and bear fruit, if it wants to, just enough to give us a foretaste of what the flavor will be. We don't expect much of it, however, but growth. We expect too much of our children, and that is why we get so little. It vexes me to hear parents urge a little boy to be a man. If they say a *little man*, well enough, for that means a boy. I say, be boys while you are boys. A man is no better than a boy, so far as I know. If a house-plant blossoms too fast, we pinch off the tops, buds, blossoms, and all, in order that it may get its growth.

How often we hear it said of a young slip, "It is blossoming itself to death." So is it with some boys. I dislike to see one of your decidedly *mature* boys, one who uses as big words at ten as his father does at fifty. Such boys seldom grow tall and portly. They look little and old always.

I was a teacher once, and in my school there was a girl of fifteen, who was a living rebuke to me. I never laughed in her presence, only in my sleeves—I did not dare to. She was ten years my junior, by the almanac; but you would have taken her to be at least ten years my senior. Her parents are stout and large; she is little and stunted. She was a smart child. They saw it, and pushed her. The sapling ran to fruit, the fuchsia to flowers. I don't believe in it.

Another word while we are on this subject. Don't tie a clothes-line to two young saplings, and then scold because they cannot lift their tiny branches high enough to keep the clothes from dragging. The clothes-line has no business there, any way. It is hardly safe to fasten it to old trees, it may kill them. Have mercy on the sapling,

then. Don't put a man's burden on a boy's back, and find fault because he is not tall enough to lift it free from the ground. Drag it, boy!—I would; it would make it a *little* easier. In Heaven's name, let us take the shackles off, and let our children grow!

How does it happen that we find great souls in well-developed bodies? God is impartial. He does not dwarf a body, and then dwarf a soul to match it. Let us make the temples fit, and God himself will not despise to dwell therein.

A word more about Ben. He belongs to a family of eight children. His left shoulder is higher than his right. He looks as though he had a weight in his right hand always. Here is the cause: He brings all the water that is used by the family, from a spring a long way off. His big brothers wear shiny boots, and don't bring water. They are above such menial service. Ben has a brother Tom, who is twelve, and his right shoulder is higher than his left. He saws all the wood. The big brothers wear gloves; they never saw wood. Katy, the girl of fourteen, is round-shouldered, very. Well she may be. She has tended the five babies that came after her, and it takes a sight of lifting to get *one* fat, chubby baby on his feet. The creeping spell is tedious enough to break a grown-up back. What wonder then that five such sieges have curved little Katy's spine. But the two big brothers are pale, languid and miserable. They are clerks. They get no out-door exercise; for, between counter hours they read dime novels. I believe in division of labor, but not after this fashion. Yours, truly,

In behalf of the boys,

Mrs. B. C. RUDN.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

PRAYER AND POTATOES.*

"If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"
—JAMES II. 15, 16.

AN old lady sat in her old arm-chair,
With wrinkled face and dishevel'd hair,
And pale and hunger-worn features;
For days and for weeks her only fare,
As she sat there in her old arm-chair,
Had been nothing but potatoes.

And now they were gone: of bad or good
Not one was left for the old lady's food,
Of these her stock of potatoes;
And she sigh'd and said, "What shall I do?
Where shall I send, and to whom shall I go
To get some more potatoes?"

And she thought of the deacon over the way,
The deacon so ready to worship and pray,
Whose cellar was full of potatoes;
And she said, "I will send for the deacon to come,
He'll not mind much to give me some
Of such a store of potatoes."

And the deacon came over as fast as he could,
Thinking to do the old lady some good,
But never thought once of potatoes;

He ask'd her directly to tell her *chief* want,
And she, simple soul, expecting a grant,
Immediately answer'd, "Potatoes."

But the deacon's religion went not that way,
He was more accusom'd to preach and to pray,
Than to give of his hoarded potatoes;
So, not hearing, of course, what the old lady said,
He rose to pray with uncover'd head;
But *she* only thought of potatoes.

He pray'd for patience, for wisdom and grace,
But when he pray'd, "O Lord give her peace,"
She audibly sigh'd, "Give potatoes;"
And at the end of each prayer that he said,
He heard or he thought that he heard, in its stead,
The same request for potatoes.

The deacon was troubled—knew not what to do;
'Twas embarrassing, very, to have her act so
About "those carnal potatoes!"
So ending his prayer, he started for home;
As the door closed behind him, he heard a deep groan,
"Oh, give to the hungry, potatoes."

And that groan followed him all the way home;
In the midst of the night it haunted his room,
"Oh, give to the hungry, potatoes;"
He could bear it no longer—arose and dress'd,
From his well-fill'd cellar taking in haste
A bag of his best potatoes.

Again he went to the widow's lone hut.
Her sleepless eyes she had not yet shut,
But there she sat in her old arm-chair,
With the same wan features, the same sad air;

* Of this poem—a fragment of a charity sermon, preached in Dorchester, Massachusetts, some twelve or fourteen years ago—John G. Whittier wrote: "It is more valuable than some epics. I am not sure but it is more to the Master's purpose than any learned theological tome which has been published since it was written."

So, entering in, he poured on the floor
A bushel or more from his goodly store
Of the very best potatoes.

The widow's heart leap'd up for joy,
Her face was haggard and wan no more.

"Now," said the deacon, "shall we pray?"
"Yes," said the widow, "now you may;"
And he kneel'd him down on the sanded floor,
Where he had poured his goodly store;
And such a prayer the deacon pray'd
As never before his lips essay'd;
No longer embarrass'd, but free and full,
He pour'd out the voice of a liberal soul,
And the widow responded aloud, "Amen!"
But said no more of potatoes.

And would you who hear this simple tale
Pray for the poor, and praying, "prevail,"
Then preface your prayers with alms and good deeds;
Search out the poor, with their cares and their needs;
Pray for peace, and grace, and heavenly food,
For wisdom and guidance, for these are all good,
But don't forget the potatoes.

OUTGROWN.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

NAY, you wrong her, my friend, she's not fickle; her
love she has simply outgrown;
One can read the whole matter, translating her heart by
the light of one's own.

Can you bear me to talk with you frankly? There is
much that my heart would say,
And you know we were children together, have quarrelled
and "made up" in play.

And so, for the sake of old friendship, I venture to tell
you the truth,
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our
earlier youth.

Five summers ago, when you wooed her, you stood on the
selfsame plane,
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your souls
could be parted again.

She loved you at that time entirely, in the bloom of her
life's early May,
And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does not love
you to day.

Nature never stands still, nor souls either; they ever go
up or go down;
And hers has been steadily soaring—but how has it been
with your own?

She has struggled, and yearned, and aspired—grown
purer and wiser each year,
The stars are not farther above you in yon luminous
atmosphere.

For she whom you crowned with fresh roses down yonder,
five summers ago,
Has learned that the first of our duties to God and our-
selves is to grow.

Her eyes they are sweeter and calmer, but their vision is
clearer as well,
Her voice has a tenderer cadence, but is pure as a silver
bell.

Her face has the look worn by those who with God and
His angels have talked;
The white robes she wears are less white than the spirits
with whom she has walked.

And you? have you aimed at the highest? have you, too,
aspired and prayed?
Have you looked upon evil unsullied? have you con-
quered it undismayed?

Have you, too, grown purer and wiser, as the months and
the years have rolled on?
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph
of victory won?

Nay, hear me! The truth cannot harm you. When to-
day in her presence you stood,
Was the hand that you gave her as white and clean as
that of her womanhood?

Go measure yourself by her standard. Look back on the
years that have fled;
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of
her girlhood is dead.

She cannot look down to her lover; her love, like her
soul, aspires;
He must stand by her side, or above her, who would
kindle its holy fires.

Now, farewell! For the sake of old friendship, I have
ventured to tell you the truth,
As plainly, perhaps, and as bluntly, as I might in our
earlier youth.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

BY MRS. ELLEN H. GATES,
Author of "Your Mission."

LET us gather up the sunbeams,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air!

If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now!

Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strawn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by!

MANNA.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

TWAS in the night that manna fell,
That fed the hosts of Israel.

Enough for each day's fullest store,
And largest need—enough, no more.

For wilful waste, for prideful show,
God sent not angels' food below.

Still in our nights of deep distress
The manna falls our hearts to bless.

And, famished, as we cry for bread,
With heavenly food our lives are fed.

And each day's need finds each day's store
Enough. Dear Lord, what want we more?

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

TOO HOT!

DID you ever know of any little children too impatient to eat their breakfasts properly? I can bring several to mind; and here we have a picture of one who cannot wait for her tea to cool. She cannot be hungry, for, if she was, she would eat her warm crisp roll first, instead of leaving it lying on her plate. She is round and rosy, and her hair is brushed and tied nicely back from her forehead; and if she were to sit up properly in her chair, and take her elbows off the table, she would really look like a little lady.

But she finds her tea too hot; and, instead of waiting patiently, she pours it out into the saucer, and raising it up with both hands, she draws her mouth up into the funniest shape, while she blows the tea to cool it.

I am sure somebody must be laughing at her. I am, for one, and you are, for another, and you, and you.

But think a minute. Do you never do the same thing, or something quite as bad, yourselves? I know one little girl—a very nice little girl she is, too, in a great many ways—who sometimes uses her fingers instead of her fork; and another who occasionally forgets to say "Please" when she wants anything at table. And I once saw a little boy who gobbled his victuals down—gobbled is the only word I can think of that describes his way of eating, because it means taking great mouthfuls and swallowing them whole—just as though he was afraid he wouldn't get enough, unless he ate faster than other people did. I have known little children to have to be sent away from breakfast, because they came to their places with dirty faces and uncombed hair.

These are all really bad habits—bad, because they disgust everybody who sees them, and because no lady or gentleman ever has such habits. And if children do not learn to be mannerly and polite at table while they are young, they will find the lesson much harder when they get older.

CELESTIAL FIREWORKS.

IT has for some time been known that the throngs of shooting-stars, with which the sky is now and then bespangled, are running a race around the sun, just as our planets do; and it has been conjectured that these meteors without tails and the comets with tails, are, notwithstand-

ing this difference, related to each other, being Scotch cousins, at least; if not cousins-german. There is, however, no reason to suppose that the meteors are *developed* out of the comets, as Darwin tells us our tailless race is developed out of the long-tailed monkeys.

More lately it has been found that the courses or *orbits* of the different groups of the shooting-stars correspond in some degree with those of the more distant planets. These family groups have been discovered to be on very familiar terms with the planets; that is, at certain seasons they approach them very closely, just as children go near to their parents to wish them good-morning and good-evening.

Now, astronomers, observing this state of affairs, have set forth a new theory, no less than this: That the comets and meteors are the little children (some of them rather

wild ones) of the larger planets, Saturn, Jupiter, Uranus, Neptune. Such little planets as Earth, Venus, Mercury and Mars are not deemed large enough to have any progeny.

It is generally believed that the Sun is our father, or more strictly, our grandfather, the father of our mother Earth. He shot us forth into the universe as red-hot balls of molten matter, such as he is still seen to be disgorging; and after the heat of our youth was over, we cooled down into our present temperate and sober condition.

The larger and more distant planets, though grown up and larger than we are, have not

yet arrived at their cool period. They are still somewhat fiery, but not so much so as formerly. Some time ago, no one can say how long, they were almost suns themselves, and shot forth the comets and shooting-stars. They were more fortunate than that other planet which was so full of matter, that, like an orator, it could not contain itself, and exploded into the asteroids. They simply got rid of some of their superfluous gas, and have doubtless ever since felt wonderfully relieved.

This is quite a new light in which to regard our planetary cousins, but it is the only one which explains their intimate connection with the shooting-stars. If it is true, we ought to change the names and call the planets *shooting-stars*, and the meteors *shot-stars*. It is a curious circumstance that the meteors were probably shot backward the comets forward.

Thus, while we have sky-rockets in the shape of comets,



and Saturn resembles a wheel, the other large planets may be compared to Roman candles. They have discharged various beautiful bodies, all flaming hot; but now, at last, having lost their youthful ardor, are active no longer.

ROBBING.

WHEN Charlie was a little boy, he was one day in the field with the hired man, when he espied a bird's nest on the limb of a tree.

"Oh, what is that?" said Charlie.

The man told him, but Charlie could not be satisfied. He wanted to look into the curious thing. There, in the bottom of the nest, lay a beautiful little bird, not old enough to fly. Charlie had never seen anything like it before. How beautiful it was! How he wanted to carry it home! The man could not pacify him, so he took the nest from the tree, and let Charlie carry it home to his mother.

How happy the little boy was as he carried along the little bird! Was it not all his own? What a prize it was, with its bright feathers and pretty eyes!

When Charlie arrived at the house, he cried: "Mamma, see my baby birdie! Isn't it cunning?"

"Yes, it is pretty," said his mother; "but, how badly its mother must feel."

"Why will she feel bad?" asked Charlie.

"Because you have robbed her of her house, and the only little one she had. How should I feel if some bad man were to come and take away my home and my little boy?"

Charlie saw the point, and began to cry. Soon he ran to the door and called to Peter to carry back the poor bird's house and her baby before she cried for it.

PORCO, OR ITALIAN BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

SEVERAL persons, male and female, join hands so as to form a circle, and one person, who is blindfolded, is placed in the centre, with a small stick in his or her hand. The players dance round the hoodwinked person, who tries to touch one of them with the wand, and if he succeeds, the ring of people stops. The player then grunts like a pig—hence the name of the game—crows, or imitates some animal, and the person touched must endeavor to imitate the noise as closely as possible, without discovering his or herself. If the party touched is discovered, then the hoodwinked player transfers the bandage and the stick to that player, and takes the vacant place in the ring of persons, who once more resume their dance, until another player is touched.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

A PEEP INTO MONTANA WINDOWS.

BY SUSAN SKYLIGHT.

I HAD been washing nearly all day, when my HOME MAGAZINE came. I sat down immediately to cut the leaves, and look for "Other People's Windows," and see if there wasn't a light in some of them for me, to make me forget my weary, aching limbs; the first thing that attracted my attention was "Pipsey," letting the last window close right down flat on my head, but it didn't hurt very bad, and I verily believe was better for me than a dose of medicine, for I laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks at my new name.

But, for fear you think that rugs are all I know how to make, I will give you my recipe for making biscuit. Put your flour into a pan and hollow it out in the centre, put in a teaspoonful of salt and a quart of buttermilk, then dissolve two level teaspoons of soda in boiling water, and pour in, mixing quickly. Roll out to an inch thickness, and spread lard or fresh butter evenly all over the surface. Roll it up, mix lightly, roll out again and out into biscuits and bake immediately. Our folks call them shingle biscuit. They are equally good made with sweet milk and yeast powders, or cream of tartar and soda.

Taking into account "Pipsey's" fondness for cake, I will tell you how I make it when I have a certain visitor, who is very particular, and likes to have more than one kind.

Take five eggs, one cup of sugar, one pint of sour cream, season with nutmeg, stir all together, and sift in enough flour to make a tolerable stiff batter, then dissolve a teaspoon level full of soda and stir in; now, have your cake-tins ready, and pour into one enough for a cake, then take another tin and put in a layer of batter, and then drop some kind of preserves or fruit into about three places, put on another layer of batter and some more fruit, then cover with batter; now take what is left, stir in a little lemon or vanilla, spread thinly on pie-tins,

bake, and spread jelly between them, and you will have three different kinds of cake for tea, without much trouble; besides, the gratitude of the woman who will think you took so much pains for her.

So, you think you are even with me, do you, "Pipsey?" Well, now, I don't hardly believe you are; for, if you haven't got children enough of "graduated sizes" to make your cotton stockings over for, I do not see how you have enough to wear them out on as wash-rags, unless you are very extravagant in that line.

I wore a flannel dress all winter, with sleeves that were made to fit close, and were lined; and when I wanted to wear another dress, with looser or thinner sleeves, I was afraid of taking cold, so I took an old pair of cotton stockings and cut the feet off, and run a hem at the lower end and ripped the one at the upper end, and basted them to the inside of the armhole of my dress; they fit so snug and warm, and I never yet took cold taking off my flannel dress.

Some of the neighbors had a good deal of fun, laughing at my boy John about baking my bread; but, let them laugh, they can't take away the knowledge he has gained of housekeeping. But, in the meantime, we will have a little revenge of our own, by taking a peep through their windows.

Yes, there it is just the same. Mrs. Dewdrop going her endless—and I had well nigh said *thankless*—round of work. Oh, how often my heart has ached for her, as she went from morning till night, with weary, aching limbs, while in the bar-room sat husband and son, who could so well have lightened her burdens, had they been so disposed. I have known her many a time to ask for wood and water, and then have to get it herself. I tell you, there are more Ezekial Pratts and Brutus Bodkins in this world than you might think for; but, sometimes, when I feel in a different mood, it seems to me that it is all her own fault; it appears to me that it is a duty we

owe to ourselves and to our family to teach them early the virtue of self-reliance, and also to teach them to give up their own will sometimes to that of others, not depend on "mother" to think and do everything.

Mrs. Dewdrop has one married daughter, who, even now, after several years of married-life, has to go to "mother" to out and fit her own and her children's clothes. Now, it seems to me it would have been more conducive to the self-respect, comfort and happiness of all concerned if they had been taught to rely on their own judgment in early life. But the end is not here, for "mother" cannot live always—and there is no one else on earth who can take her place. See to it, mothers, that all your daughters are taught all the necessary branches of home education, and more than all else, to exercise their judgment early. Think with what pride they will say in after-life, "My mother taught me to do all these things, and I don't have to depend on strangers to show me how."

I make all my own soap (except that to wash the children), and I will give you my recipe. Take one box of concentrated lye ("Quaker City" is the best), knock off one end and put it into a stove-kettle, with one gallon of water; then weigh four pounds of grease, and put it in another kettle with a gallon of water; let the grease and lye boil till the lye is dissolved, then dip the lye, a pint at a time, into the grease kettle till you get it nearly all in, then mix the contents of both kettles, and add more water, and boil till it looks like honey, then take it off and fill both kettles with cold water, and stir thoroughly; the next morning turn it out on a table and cut in cakes to dry. After it gets dry it will not injure calico any more than soap you get at the stores. Don't put salt in it, or it will injure your hands.

WHAT WE SHOULD EAT.

THOSE who expect to think, should not eat much food which simply produces warmth and fat, such as ham, fat pork, white bread, butter, rice, tapioca and starch. These contain very little phosphatic food, being carbonaceous.

The proper food for laboring men—we mean those who have to exercise muscular strength chiefly—should be that which contains the greatest amount of nitrogen. Among these barley and cheese stand high. The red flesh of the ox or sheep, and bolted bread, are the leading articles. Men who train prize-fighters seem to understand much better than others how to build up physical strength and endurance. When their battle or their race is ended, they lay aside their unbolted bread and fruit, their lean beef and mutton, and fall into their old habits of liquor-drinking and eating of starch-bearing articles, such as rice, fine bread, pudding, with fat meat and butter, and they soon become as fat and lazy as these carbonaceous articles can make them.

RECIPES.

NEAPOLITAN CAKE.—First make your black cake after the following recipe: One cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of strong coffee, four and a half cups of sifted flour, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, two of cinnamon, two of cloves and one of mace, one pound of raisins, one pound of currants, and one-fourth pound of citron. More fruit makes the cake handsomer, but that quantity will do. Bake the cake in round pans with *straight* sides. The loaves should be one and a half inches in thickness after baking. Next make a white cake as follows: One cup of butter, four cups of

powdered white sugar, two cups of sweet milk, two cups of corn-starch mixed with flour, four and a half cups of sifted flour, the whites of eight eggs, six teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Flavor slightly with bitter almonds. Bake in the same pans that were previously used for the black cake, and have the loaves as nearly as possible of the same thickness. After the cake is all cold, each black loaf should be spread with a thick coating of lemon and sugar, made as follows: The white of one egg thoroughly beaten; the grated rind of two and the juice of three lemons, and powdered sugar enough to make a thick frosting; then lay a white loaf upon each black one, and frost as you would any other loaf, being particular to use no other flavoring than lemon in the frosting. The result is elegant loaves, half of black and half of white cake, which are equally tempting both to the eye and the palate.

GUMBO.—A Southern correspondent of *Hearth and Home* gives this recipe for gumbo: "To make gumbo, take a chicken and fry it brown, using plenty of flour; have a quart of okra cut fine, put a tablespoonful of lard in your soup-pot—which must be lined with porcelain, or the soup will be dark—pour in the cut okra with about a tablespoonful of flour, stir it constantly for five or ten minutes, put in your fried chicken, pour on two gallons of boiling water, salt and pepper to your taste, and after boiling hard for about fifteen minutes, put the pot on the back of the stove and let it simmer at least an hour. Have ready a dish of plain rice (that is seasoned only with salt), put some into each plate before serving the gumbo, and you will have not only a palatable but a very nutritious dish."

She adds two more recipes, which we copy: "Rice is considered here a necessity. In 'my old Kentucky home' it was cooked with milk and sugar, flavored with nutmeg and eaten as dessert. Here we take two quarts of water, a large spoonful of lard, a teaspoonful each of salt and black pepper, and a large coffee-cup of rice picked from all impurities and well washed. Put all in a saucepan together and cover it. Occasionally shake it, but do not stir it. When the water has nearly boiled out take the cover off, put saucepan on the back of the stove until the water completely boils out. Every grain stands to itself, and it is very nice and wholesome with gravy.

"Another Southern dish is clabber and curd. We have clabber for supper, with cream and sugar. I have regular curd drippers—large tin-cups, with a number of holes in the lower part. In the evening I fill as many drippers with clabber as I want cakes of curd for breakfast, and the next morning I have firm curd, or cottage cheese. Eat it with cream and sugar. Another way is to pour boiling water on the clabber. The curd and whey soon separate, but then the whey must be thrown away. When you drip the curd, the whey answers the purpose of cream of tartar in biscuit or corn-bread."

A CEMENT of great adhesiveness is made by mixing six parts of powdered graphite with three parts of slaked lime, eight parts of sulphate of baryta, and seven parts of linseed-oil varnish, stirring the liquid to uniform consistency.

FRUIT.—Fruit should be used as part of a meal—with children and healthy adults, just before breakfast and dinner are the best times. Invalids will find it safer, especially with juicy fruit, to take it about the middle of the meal, other dishes preceding and succeeding it. This refers chiefly to uncooked fruit. When cooked and served hot, fruit may be safely taken at any period of the meal.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.

ALLETTA would have been a very pretty girl, but for the dark freckles that sprinkled her whole face over. Her arms were as white as snow, but it made her angry to even look in the glass at herself. The whole study of her life became how to rid herself of her freckles. She tried one specific after another, but the only effect seemed to be to turn her once soft skin into parchment. She next tried to cover the freckles up with enamels and powders, and in this she was more successful. But the trouble and expense was so great that she could not "make herself up" more than once a day. So for the remainder of the time she must be invisible. This was particularly troublesome, as Alletta's parents were by no means rich. Her hard-working mother did her own housework, and a great deal of sewing for her pampered daughter besides.

With all Letty's skill, she could not make her painting look exactly like fair flesh and blood. There was an unnatural glisten to the white surface, that told plainly that it was artificial. To disguise this, she always wore the thickest veils that fashion would permit, and in the most suffocating August days never ventured to raise it for a breath of fresh air. She could never enjoy the luxury of a cool laving of her face in water after she was "made up." She even slept with that crust on her skin, under the fancy that it would improve her complexion.

"You will be pale enough to suit you after awhile," said a friend, "if you continue to use white lead as a cosmetic! White in death, or from paralysis."

But Letty would not heed any warnings. She was fully enslaved by her folly. Her skin came at last to look, when just washed, like a cracked east of plaster of Paris. She was about to be married to a young man—whom she had taken great care never to meet except in the evening—when she was stricken down with paralysis, and is now a helpless burden on the hands of her mother.

There have been many similar examples of the effects of these cosmetics, and girls may far better endure the ills of a poor complexion than run such risks in their attempts to beautify it.

HELEN.

ONE CURE FOR FRETFULNESS.

GOOD John Wesley puts the matter of fretting in a strong light. "I dare no more fret," he says, "than I dare curse and swear. To have people at my ears always murmuring and fretting at everything, is like tearing the flesh from my bones. By the grace of God I am discontented at nothing; I see God sitting on His throne and ruling all things."

This was a most happy frame of mind; but how uncommon! How many acquaintances have we who, when things go "contrariwise," do not fret about it? To come a little nearer, how many of us take our grievances with a quiet, uncomplaining spirit?

There is one thing that will greatly help us about overcoming this habit of fretfulness. It is not a help that we are likely to give the credit to that it deserves. Yet it will do its work faithfully if we will only employ it. It is a cheap and easily accessible agent. It is simply more

out-door air. No doubt this was a greater help to Wesley than he ever surmised. Had he been shut up in a close study for six days in the week, he would quite likely have grown discontented with many things about him. His five thousand miles of travel yearly enabled him to keep his mind and spirits fresh and cheerful, and so fitted him for labors that to another might seem Herculean.

Luther well understood the benefit of out-door air, when wearied out and depressed, and would rush out anywhere rather than stay in his study and let the mind prey on itself.

Women need this advice more than men, as their work is mostly in-doors. But there are few in moderate health who cannot find some time every day to go out for an hour in the open air, if they will but make the effort. Do your errand yourself, rather than send by another. It will do you good in two ways. Your errand will be better done if you attend to it yourself, and you will have the blessed influence of the out-door air and sunshine to send the purified blood coursing brightly through your veins, giving health and cheer to body and mind. If an invalid, and unable to go out, let the out-door air come in to you, and its effect will be almost as cheering. J. E. M'C.

A NEEDED REFORM.

HOW rarely do we find at home that courteous consideration of speech and manner which prevails in society. A man will speak to his wife in a tone of voice that would be felt as an insult if used elsewhere and to any other woman; and a wife will be as disregarding of right feeling and courtesy toward her husband. Brothers and sisters chafe, and criticize, and find fault with each other in a way that would not be tolerated for a moment if they ventured on such a freedom with the people they meet outside of their homes.

It needs no argument to show that this is wrong. Are the feelings of those we love to be less regarded than the feelings of strangers? Shall we weigh the meaning of our words, and be careful in utterance when among outside people, and fling them about thoughtlessly or ill-naturedly at home, to hurt, and wound, and annoy? Ah! the home peace and home comfort are perpetually broken for lack of consideration in this thing!

Reader, how is it with you? Are you as guarded in speech at home as when in society, lest you should wound by a too freely spoken sentiment? Are you as careful of the feelings and considerate of the comfort of your husband, your wife, your brother or sister, or your dependant, as of the stranger or acquaintance you meet abroad?

Think of these things. It is for want of reflection that so little good feeling and kindly intercourse prevails at home. Begin to think right about this matter. It is the first step toward living right.

AUNT.

THE warm sunshine and the gentle zephyr may melt the glacier which has bid defiance to the howling tempest; so the voice of kindness will touch the heart which no severity could subdue.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

"It is good to give thanks unto the Lord."

J. A. P. SCHULZE

mf

1. We plough the fer - tile mea - dows, And sow the fur - row'd land, But

cres.

yet the wav - ing har - vest De - pends on God's own hand; It is His mer - cy

gives us The sun - shine and the rain; That paints in ver - dant beau - ty

cres. *f* CHORUS.

The mountain and the plain. Ev' - ry blessing we en - joy Comes to us from God.

cres. *f*

Then praise His name, Then praise His name, For He is ev - er good, For He is ev - er good.

2. By Him were all things fashioned,
Around us and afar;
He made the earth and ocean,
And ev'ry shining star;
He made the pleasant spring-time,
The summer bright and warm,
The golden days of autumn,
The winter and the storm.—CHORUS.

3. He makes the glorious sunset,
The moon to sail on high;
He bids the breezes fan us,
And stormy clouds to fly;
He gives us ev'ry blessing;
To Him our lives we owe;
He sent His Son to save us.
From sin, and death, and woe.—CHORUS.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

In the latitude of Philadelphia, and farther south, it is still possible to take much pleasure in a garden. If the work of September and October has been carefully performed, the garden in November will make a fine appearance, in spite of slight frosts. It will take heavy and continuous frosts to injure the Petunias and Marigolds; while the Chrysanthemums should be now in full bloom. A fine variety of Chrysanthemums are always desirable, as they will not lose their beauty until the snow comes to bury them. We saw a bouquet of these flowers gathered but a few days before Christmas in a latitude a little south of Philadelphia.

There is one feature of a garden at this season of the year which many people overlook entirely; and that is the beautiful display often made by the autumn leaves. It is sometimes far richer than any display of flowers. If the garden is kept in good order, all dead plants and leaves removed, the sight is sometimes dazzling. The different shade-trees all have their peculiar and beautiful autumn hues; and the same is true of shrubbery, while the evergreens, which are usually placed in every garden, (but which should be used sparingly, nevertheless, or else the effect is very heavy), produce a beautiful contrast in color.

If the fall work has been somewhat neglected in the preceding month, much of it can be finished in this; only there is liability of winter setting in and putting a stop to operations.

Dahlias must be taken up before the weather becomes very cold, and the tubers stored in a dry cellar. The tubers should not be separated from the main stalk, and each stalk should be carefully labelled with its name or color.

The tender varieties of roses had best be removed to the cellar, or else bent down and covered with sod. Those half-hardy should be protected with straw. Many monthlies will endure the winters without protection; and will bloom all the better the succeeding year by having their growth cut back by the cold.

It is well to cover beds in which seeds have been sown, with a light litter. If the litter is too heavy, or retains much moisture, it will rot out the plants beneath it. A thin layer of leaves, or a light scattering of coarse manure will serve the purpose excellently.

Bulbs can still be planted this month for spring blooming, and summer bulbs can be removed from the ground before hard frosts, dried and packed away in a dry place where they will not freeze.

Walks and roads can be laid out and made this month with advantage, and trees and shrubbery can be transplanted with quite as good if not a better chance of growing, than in the spring.

Most people like flowers in the house in winter, yet many think they are a great deal of trouble and expense. Yet there is nothing easier to get or to take care of. They need not even be put in pots, if pots are not handy. A wooden box will do just as well. The most successful winter garden I ever had was in a wooden box about two feet long, one foot wide and six inches deep. When I made my last clearing in my garden before I gave it entirely up to the destruction of winter, I transplanted into this box Verbenas, Maurandias, Petunias, Passion-Flower vines, and I know not what else. I planted them just as

thick as I could put their roots together without actually touching, so that every part of the box was filled. To make up for this lack of space I gave them liquid manure moderately, kept them well-watered, light, and as cool as a coal stove would allow me. They grew rapidly, and after they had taken a rest from their summer's blooming, they blossomed beautifully and continuously until spring, when, after frosts were gone, I transferred them back to the garden, and they continued their bloom during the summer.

In transplanting a Petunia for winter blooming, it is best, after having selected a handsome specimen, to cut off the branches, and cut the main stalk down pretty well. It will immediately start to make a new growth, which will blossom in due season. It is well, however, to take young seedling plants of Petunias, Maurandias, etc., which have grown from self-sown seeds, as they are not so likely to be injured by transplanting, and they will soon grow to the desired size.

In this same box could be put a variety of bulbs for winter flowering. I know this crowding is entirely contrary to all established rules of floriculture, but I have been so successful in my experiments that I have no hesitation in recommending it to others who have little space, and perhaps still less time to devote to winter gardening.

November is the month in which to secure bright-colored autumn leaves with which to make decorations for the house in winter. Any one with taste and ingenuity can almost furnish a room with these beautiful things. Ferns can be pressed to serve in bouquets, and grasses and mosses can be worked into the choicest ornaments if one only knows how.

The leaves are gathered, and pressed at once with a hot iron, by which means they retain their beauty of color. Then they are attached to fine wire, and formed into various devices. They can be made into frames for pictures, into shields, crosses, wreaths and decorations of all sorts. This need not be done at once. The leaves, after being gathered and pressed, can be laid away until time is found to arrange them.

The American Smilax, a vine that grows wild and in great abundance along the Atlantic coast, and which is remarkable for its brilliancy of autumn coloring, will, of itself, almost decorate a room. Its long sprays will drape windows, doorways, pictures and mantels, and they will retain their form and color for a long time. This branch of winter gardening is really too much neglected. These adornments always give an air of taste and refinement to a dwelling, and they are so simple, and such a pleasure to arrange.

PLUCK THE FLOWERS.—All lovers of flowers must remember that one blossom allowed to mature "or go to seed" injures the plant more than a dozen buds. Cut your flowers, then, all of them, before they begin to fade. Adorn your room with them; put them on your tables; send bouquets to your friends who have no flowers, or exchange favors with those who have. All roses, after they have ceased to bloom, should be cut back, that the strength of the root may go to forming new roots for next year. On bushes not a seed should be allowed to mature.

A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

I WOULD not give a straw for a man's religion, whose every dog and cat are not the better for it.

A LITTLE girl was once asked the following question: "What is faith?" She replied, "Doing God's will and asking no questions."

NEVER put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure.

A MAN shows of what material he is made, and what nobility of spirit, and God-like control over himself he does not possess, when, for caprice, or in a fit of passion, he abuses the helpless or innocent, because he has the power.

IDLENESS and luxury produce premature decay much faster than many trades that are regarded as the most fatal to longevity. Labor in general, instead of shortening the term of life, increases it. It is the lack of occupation that destroys so many of the wealthy.

EACH animal has its little work to do; even the tiny insect does its little part, and does it faithfully. The ant, toiling so steadily and perseveringly to build its house, to be thoughtlessly trampled on by careless feet, teaches us a lesson we should all do well to profit by.

LOVE and passion are too often confounded. They are quite distinct. Love elevates and refines, passion degrades and depresses; love enlarges the heart, passion narrows the mind. And even in the case of what is called passionate love, there is too much which is of the earth, earthy. Pure affection is a sentiment free from taint of any kind, and is as rare as pure charity.

It is a good thing to believe; it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upward, our minds will themselves grow upward; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises; so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverence of excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire.

IN training horses, as in boys,
Find them where you will,
If you beat and pound and bang them,
You will find it all "up hill."

If you lead them kindly onward
When they seek to go astray,
You will find that they will love you,
And work better every day.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

"FIXED" STARS.—The so-called fixed stars are known no longer to be motionless, but to travel over distances so great and at such rapidity that the mind fails in the contemplation of them; and yet the observations of centuries have failed to detect real changes in position other than are extremely small—so minute, indeed, that only about thirty stars have, by astronomical calculation, been shown to have moved more than one second of arc annually, while in others a motion of but a few seconds in a century has been detected.

THE STARS OF HEAVEN.—The number of stars visible to the naked eye in the entire circuit of the heavens has been usually estimated at about 6,000. An ordinary opera-glass will exhibit something like ten times that number. A comparatively small telescope easily shows 200,000; while there are telescopes in existence with which, there is reason to believe, not fewer than 25,000,000 stars are visible. And yet, when all these are seen and numbered, the eye will have visited but a mere speck in the illimitable bounds of space.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CHURCH BELLS.—Dr. Ferdinand Rahles suggests the use of steel bars as a substitute for cast bells. They are, he says, introduced in the United States and Germany with great success. The cost, compared with that of manufactured cast bells, is very trivial. They can be made of any dimensions, weight and power of sound. Every note or harmony can be produced more easily, and the tuning is obtained more precisely than in cast bells. In addition to their being a cheap and effective substitute for church bells, they are also equally applicable to places where large bells are required, such as dockyards, on board of vessels, steamboat piers, railways and manufactories.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

"If you don't want the soot, don't go up the chimney," was the reply of an editor to "respectable" parties, who requested him not to mention the fact that they had been arraigned in the police courts.

SIR WALTER SCOTT's faithful servant, Tom, said to him one day, "They are fine novels of yours; they are invaluable to me. When I come home very tired, and take up one of them, I'm asleep directly."

So WITTY a compliment is rarely met with as that of Sydney Smith's to his friends Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe: "Ah, there you are!—the cuff that every one would be glad to wear, and the tie that no one would loose."

THE beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every end,
The end of every race?
Letter E.

YOU name me once, and I am famed
For deeds of noble daring;
You name me twice, and I am found
In savage customs sharing?
Tar-tar.

JOHN RANDOLPH met a personal enemy in the street one day who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying he never turned out for a rascal. "I do," returned Randolph, stepping aside and politely raising his hat. "Pass on."

Two men disputing about the pronunciation of the word "either"—one saying it was ee-ther, the other i-ther—agreed to refer the matter to the first person they met, who happened to be an Irishman, and who confounded both by declaring, "it's nayther, for it's ayther."

CONUNDRUMS.

At what time by the clock is a pun most effective?
When it strikes one!

What wind should a hungry sailor wish for? One that blows fowl and chops about!

Why are deaf people like India shawls? Because you can't make them here (hear)!

Why is a joint company not like a watch? Because it does not go on after it is wound up!

What is the cheapest way of procuring a fiddle? Buy some castor-oil and you will get a vial-in (violin)!

Why, when you are going out of town, does a railroad conductor cut a hole in your ticket? To let you pass through!

What animal took most luggage into the ark, and which the least? The elephant who had his trunk; while the fox and the cock had only a brush and a comb between them!

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

HAY FEVER.

A PHYSICIAN, writing to the *Scientific American* about this troublesome complaint, with which certain persons are afflicted, says that relief may be obtained from the inhalation of the vapor of poppy leaves. He says:

"The tea should be made to boil in an ordinary tea-kettle, and the steam, issuing from the nozzle, breathed deep into the lungs—and this should be continued until relief is obtained. If the poppy-heads cannot be had, half a teaspoonful of laudanum may be added to a pint of water, and the steam from this mixture inhaled. At the same time attention should be given to the general health; only digestive and nutritive food should be eaten, because an attack is much aggravated by overloaded stomach or bowels.

"In conclusion, let us add, for the benefit of those who are subject to yearly attacks, that much good is done by preparing the lungs for the coming hay season. If a teaspoonful of alum be dissolved in a pint of water, and the spray from this mixture be breathed into the lungs for several minutes every day for a month before the expected onset, it will brace up the lungs and make them less susceptible to the irritation of hay-dust."

SLEEP.

THE *Ladies' Repository* has a few sensible suggestions on the value of sleep, which are well worth considering:

"Tired nature's sweet restorer." Take enough of it—in the fore-part of the night, if possible. "Midnight oil" is a great humbug and health-destroyer. Sleep! It is nature's time to carry on the processes of assimilation—to manufacture food into blood, and blood into healthful tissue. The time for repose is the time for the repair of waste. A man is taller in the morning than he is at nightfall; his brain is clearer, his step more elastic, his nerve steadier, his muscles more energetic. Give children plenty of sleep. Put them to bed early. Shut out the glare of gas, and resist the appeals to "sit up," to go to night parties, night concerts, night Sunday-school exhibitions, night meetings. Send them to bed betimes, and give them sound sleep, sound nerves, sound

constitutions. Night-air is bad. Malarias are abroad, and there is no kindly sun to dispel the noxious vapors, and war upon the deadly venoms. Sleep in the upper stories, in the largest rooms of the house, and the best ventilated. Let a child have its sleep out in the morning. Never wake it till it wakes of its own accord. Some young men and young women have to get up at six to go to employments. It will not do for such to sit up till eleven or twelve the night before. Sleep till the eyes open of their own accord. It is hard for a boy or girl to be called to dress and go about business when the tired, sleepy and unrested eyes feel as if they were "full of sticks."

Different persons require different amounts of sleep. Some want six hours, some seven, some nine. General Grant wants nine, and said, at the siege of Vicksburg, he could get but seven, and it almost killed him. John Wesley found that he could do with six, and fixed his hours of rest between ten and four; and, by example, if not by precept, put the whole Methodist preaching fraternity into the same inexorable strait-jacket. John Wesley became thus the author of a fearful waste of life and energy. He killed off whole generations of preachers, who undertook to sleep six hours because this exceptional bundle of animated iron-wires could do with six. The strong require much sleep, the weak and feeble more.

Sleep should be graded by periods of life, and, perhaps, by temperaments; but no one man's experience is a guide for any other. The average has been given as follows: The infant sleeps twenty hours, and wakes four; the old man wakes twenty, and sleeps four; in middle life seven to nine hours sleep are requisite to keep up the balance between waste and supply. Nervous persons find it difficult to sleep. Such should nurse the hours of rest with great care; avoid tea, coffee, and stimulants before retiring; avoid hard, exciting studies of an evening; avoid excitements of all kinds, and court quiet, music, genial conversation, and soothing employments or meditations. Above all, go to sleep when the first fit of drowsiness comes on. Roused out of that, one may lie awake for hours, and roll and toss, and not be able to entice sleep to the uneasy pillow.

DRESS AND FASHION.

AMONG the most desirable materials for fall overdresses are camel's-hair cloth, and the American material that so closely resembles it, without being so expensive. Scotch tweeds, French cashmeres, French flannels and fine cloths in all the light qualities will be worn in dark green, dark blue, maroon, plum and various shades of brown. If the goods selected for an overdress be smooth in its finish, the skirt may be like it, but if it be woven in a wide twill, the skirt should always be of silk, alpaca or something with a fine surface.

Many fine grades of alpaca are offered, having again become favorites among the ladies. They are worn in the reigning tints, but especially in black. The last-mentioned color is made up with flat side-plaiting, and looks delicate and lady-like, beside being very durable. It does not catch dust, and can be cleaned without fear of spoiling.

No fabric can possibly replace black silk, its texture is as beautiful as ever, and little by little it decreases in costliness; the higher grades can now be purchased at the same price which was asked, a short time ago, for inferior goods. Pretty silks in stripes of color and trimmed with plain silk matching one of the stripes.

All the plainer grades of substantial materials such as mousses, serges, merinoes, empress cloths and poplins are improving in quality in consequence of persistent competition among manufacturers. These goods are made up in

graded tints and in strongly-contrasting shades upon the same garment. The most prevalent of these contrasts are dark and very light blues, dark and very light greens, and dark purples with pale violets, the light shades being in less request. Platings, bows, sashes, etc., are lined with the light colors, and if the dress is woollen, the light tint may also be woollen, though thin silks are most desirable.

An effort is being made to banish ruffles and flounces, but very few will adopt the close drapery, as it is very trying to the figure.

White corduroy will be worn a great deal for children's garments. It can be washed, and if shaken out and dried without being ironed, will sustain no injury. On this account it is most desirable for the little ones.

Ladies will wear half-loose sacques of velvet, beaver cloth and French broadcloth. They are made with cuffs and collar of silk or velvet.

Among jackets for misses there is one with a pretty double-breasted front and a half-fitting back. One of blue cloth would be appropriately finished with white braid and white pearl buttons.

Lace veils are still worn, although one of the latest novelties consists of a small piece of white net dotted with black chenille.

Grenadine and silk ties are still in vogue, tied in loose sailor knots; some have fringed and tasselled ends.

The crowns of hats and bonnets are wider as well as somewhat lower than they have been for the past year; coronet rims are larger, wider and higher than ever; and they not unfrequently begin higher upon the crown, in order to leave space for a twist of velvet or silk, a wreath of flowers or a bordering composed of feathers.

Black velvet bonnets will be worn almost universally, and the plumes and flowers will correspond to the costume, provided it be a colored one.

Jet and steel make a very elegant combination, and will be much worn with feathers and ribbons.

Lace scarfs will prevail to some extent during the fall months; they are worn long and confined at the waist. Others of a similar style are fastened with a knot, and are held in place by what would be called the *fichu* tie.

For the newest styles in ladies' and children's garments we refer to E/Butterick & Co.'s report and illustrations in this number.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1874.

WE give in this number our Prospectus for the coming year, and ask our subscribers to read it carefully. It will be seen that we have in preparation a large number of unusual attractions. All the readers' old favorites have been re-engaged, and new writers added to our corps.

As a Household Magazine, we mean the *Home* to stand without a rival. From all quarters this testimony has come already. Never, since the date of its publication, popular as it has always been, has it found so warm and hearty a reception from the people as since we took our "new departure" in January last. It comes, they say, nearer to the common household want in intelligent American homes than any other periodical ever attempted, and is a periodical which no intelligent or well-ordered family can afford to do without.

This is just what we are aiming to make the *Home Magazine*, and it is gratifying to know that we are successful.

A SUNRISE ON MOUNT LINCOLN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, who accompanies the U. S. Geological Survey in Colorado, gives this glowing description of a Sunrise on Mount Lincoln, which towers up to the height of over fourteen thousand feet:

"The bunks are ranged round the cabin wall in double tiers, and into them rolled twenty-two men, after smoking several hours. The door was closed tight, and the stove set at full blast. Suffocation, we thought, must surely follow; but ere long the wind howled round the cabin, rushing in at every crevice, and we drew our blankets closely round and slept, but not before having given strict injunctions to be aroused at daybreak.

"At the first dawn, wrapping our overcoats closely round us, we commenced climbing up the knoll that alone remained above us, the wind blowing a perfect gale and whistling among the rocks; behind one of these we took refuge on gaining the summit. While awaiting the sun to rise, the eye rested on a scene of cold, massive, rugged grandeur, the peaks looking unusually bare and barren under the gray light of dawn; everything indistinct assumed tremendous proportions, and the mountains seemed to expand in the uncertainty of their outline.

"The golden-fringed clouds soon announced Old Sol's appearance, and a sunrise view of this scenery once seen cannot be forgotten, and if forgotten existence would be a very blank. No pen can depict or pencil portray the parti-colored streaks as the morning light drives away the gloom of night.

"The snow, the very atmosphere, as the sun peers above the horizon, is tinged with all the variations that the colors of the rainbow are susceptible of, and when he has fully risen, the world flooded with his morning light, then is it that the scene attains its most wonderful magnificence. The material here interfered with the cultivation of the æsthetic, and promptings warned us that breakfast must be ready, and reluctantly we repaired to the house.

"The mines were visited with much interest, for excavating the precious metal fourteen thousand feet above the sea bespeaks unusual enterprise and energy on the part of our old fellow-citizen, Captain Breese, of the Washington Grays, who is largely interested in their working, and thinks he has a valuable claim.

"The captain is very proud of his house, which he claims to be located the highest of any in the world, used as a permanent residence. The ore is packed down the mountain

on jacks, held in canvas bags hung over them, while they bring back logs of wood on the return. The wagon-road will soon be completed to the very top, when this will no longer be necessary."

SUNDAY OVERWORK.

THE *Ladies' Repository*, a Methodist family magazine, has the following:

"Sunday was once a day of physical and mental rest. The modern Sunday, especially in the city, is one of fearful labor and excitement. There is class or Sunday-school or love-feast at eight or nine o'clock, preaching at ten or eleven, class at noon, Sunday-school in the afternoon, mission-school or Young Men's Christian Association at three or four, prayer or conference meeting at six, preaching at eight, and often prayer-meeting following the preaching. No wonder men and women are nervous, and the children of such sickly and puny. Gas and excitement are destroying whole generations."

If this be not a greatly overdrawn picture, some of our good people are letting their zeal override their prudence. While Sunday has been wisely and lovingly set apart as a day of rest from common toil, and for spiritual instruction and deeds of charity, its benefits are in danger of being lost as well by excessive devotion to religious exercises as by idle inaction. Restoration of mind and body after the week's labor and care in worldly matters, and opportunity for religious thought and worship and doing good to the neighbor, are the uses for which our Christian Sabbath was appointed; and any observance of the day that hinders or destroys these uses is unwise and hurtful.

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.

IF all would do this, the world would be happier for most of us than it is. Some people seem to do everything in their power to make the worst, instead of the best, of what they have. The difference of conditions in those we meet lies, in most cases, just here.

It is one thing to earn money, and another thing to make the best use of it after it is earned. Good wages or bad wages make small difference in the comfort of some homes. The more a man, who has no idea of thrift or economy, earns, the more he spends uselessly. High wages are a hurt rather than a blessing to such a man, for they only increase his opportunities for self-indulgences that confirm bad habits.

Making the best of things is the art of all arts, without which no trade, profession or calling will ever insure success. It is the secret of order and comfort in our homes. The wife who makes the best of everything her husband's wages procure, becomes the help-meet she promise to be; and the husband who makes the best of his opportunities, working faithfully, intelligently and skilfully, and so getting for his family the largest return for his labor, only fulfils the pledges he gave when taking upon himself the responsibilities of a married man.

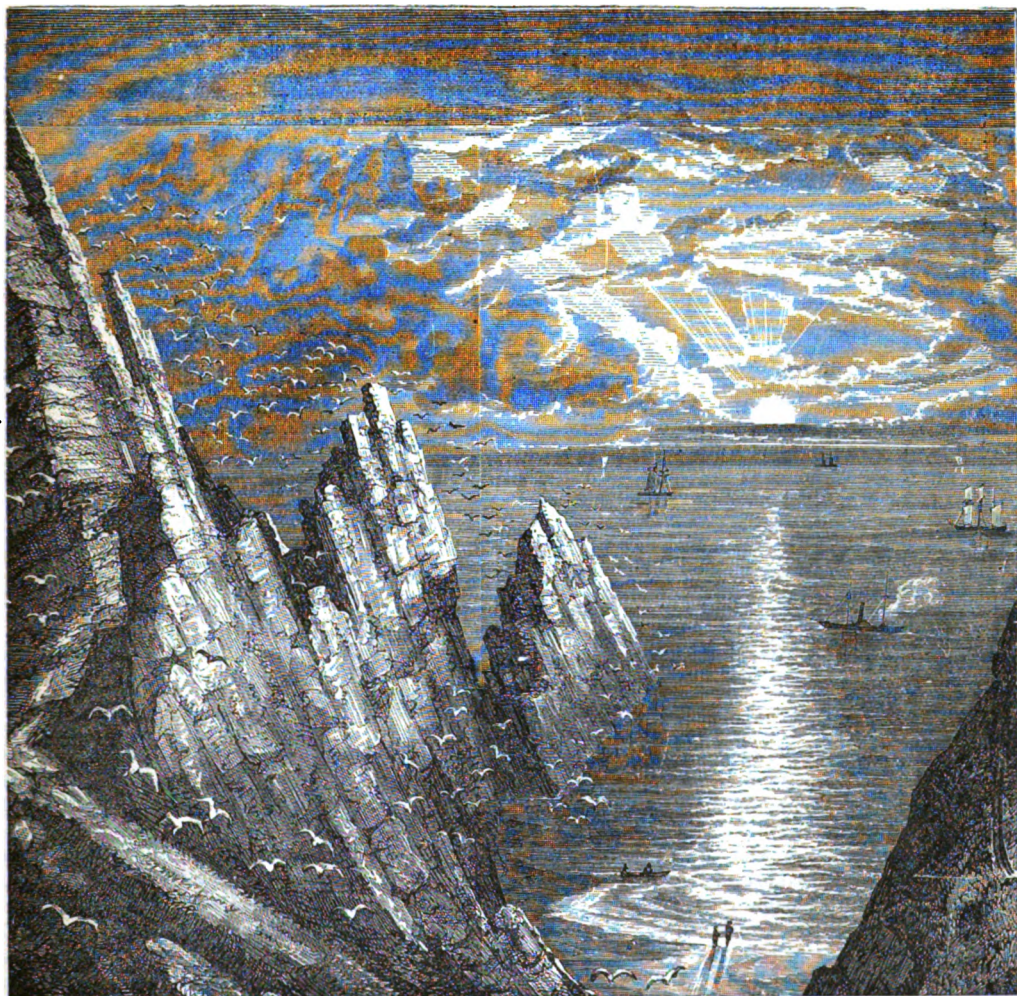
More than half the grumblings and complainings of certain people would never be heard if they had always made the best of what came to them. The world is not half so bad to us as we are to ourselves. In our want of order, care, industry, economy and skill, lie most of our deprivations and our misfortunes.

ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

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A GLORIOUS SUNSET.

EVERY lover of nature has his picture gallery, into which he can go at will for delight and refreshment. Its walls are hung with land scapes of surpassing loveliness, or tender grace, or awful sublimity. From the tiniest flower, perfect as it came from the Creator's hand, to the forest, gorgeous in its autumnal magnificence; from the quiet

valley with its gardens and harvest fields, to the broad savannas and sweeps of mountain ranges, looked upon from some loftier peak—all these, in drawing more perfect, and coloring more exquisite, than a Claude or a Turner ever left upon canvas, are crowded on its walls.

Here are sunsets of such grandeur and glory, that

the soul its silent and entranced before them, as if looking at some heavenly landscape.

How often do I sit before one of those rare celestial pictures that was hung up in my memory many years ago. There were no mountain ranges on which to set the wonderful creation. It rested on the verge of the illimitable sea, that lay almost as smooth as a floor of glass. Words cannot describe the marvellous beauty and variety of form and color; the slow, weird changes, the new aspects, each more sur-

prising than the last, that held me entranced, until, fading, fading, every cloud was gone at last, and not even the faintest outline of the gorgeous scenery remained on the clear canvases of the evening sky, through which the stars looked down and mirrored themselves in the ocean.

But the picture was transferred to my private gallery in all its richness of coloring, and is mine forever to gaze at when I will. A.

BIOGRAPHY, NATURAL HISTORY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

L E. L., who, over forty years ago, charmed the literary world with her graceful poetry, was the daughter of Mr. John Landon, who was descended from an old Herefordshire family. In youth he served in the navy, and spent some time on the coast of Africa; he retired from the naval profession, and became partner in a firm of army agents, but was either unfortunate or unstable in his business pursuits, for he experienced great reverse, chiefly, it is said, from his love of speculation. He married a lady named Bishop, of Welsh extraction, and three children comprised their family—the eldest, Letitia Elizabeth, born in 1802, a son two years her junior and another daughter, who died in early childhood.

The subject of this sketch was a bright, intelligent, affectionate and most wayward child. She learned with wonderful quickness everything that she liked, but some things she never could be taught; simply, perhaps, because she would not learn. Her handwriting was a puzzle to all not initiated, by long practice, into reading it. And with all her love of music and painting, she never could or did acquire even the rudiments of those arts. The French language, history, literature, she was early skilled in; and she exercised her mind in composition at such an early age that her little brother and constant playmate stipulated with her, that she should not require him to listen to more than one story, and one poem of her making, in their play hour. She was placed at school at No. 22 Hans Place, with the Misses Rawdon—ladies who succeeded Miss Mitford's teachers in that same establishment—and there it may be said Miss Landon's life was chiefly passed, for after the school came to the charge of the Misses Lance, she returned to them for some years as an inmate.

Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, was a neighbor of Mr. Landon's, and some of L. E. L.'s poems were shown to him, for his opinion of their merit. He was both pleased and surprised, for the authoress looked a mere child. He determined to publish her fugitive verses in his periodical. The sweetness of the verse, the elegance of the language and the pensive charm of melancholy and mystery combined, made them popular.

It is due to Miss Landon to say that the enthusiasm of her genius was quite equalled by her untiring industry, and that both were stimulated by the wish to help her father in his altered fortunes, and to aid the education of her beloved brother. A more generous, unselfish being than this young votary of song never lived. Fame was no doubt both sweet and dear, but to lighten the cares and promote the welfare of those she loved was far dearer.

In both conversation and manner she was a merry, gay little creature, full of vivacity, and yet her writings were usually very pensive, indeed gloomy. Their great defect was that, showing all the falseness of the world, and the disappointments of life, she did not unfold the remedy—faith and trust in God.

Amid Miss Landon's great triumphs she had also great trials. Her genius aroused envy, and made her some cruel and crafty enemies, who attacked her with base slander. This caused the breaking off of an engagement which her friends had expected would end in marriage, and, under the influence of wounded feeling, the far worse evil arose of her rather suddenly accepting the offer of Major Maclean, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle.

The descriptions she had heard in childhood from her father's lips of Africa had given her a strong desire to visit those regions, and invested them, doubtless, with the romantic hues of her vivid imagination. Many friends lamented her decision, but it was irrevocable. She sailed away from her native land with her husband on the 5th of July, 1838, for Cape Coast.

It is a strange mystery, that a fate as sad as her most gloomy thoughts had ever woven for the heroines of her imagination awaited her in her new home. Just as her genius seemed to be developing higher aspirations and a nobler purpose, her life came to a sudden and melancholy close, only two months after she landed (15th of October). She was found in her bedroom speechless and dying, with a bottle of prussic acid in her hand.

Many theories have been given, but no satisfactory explanation of this mournful incident. She was accustomed to use a preparation of the poison named for spasms, and the majority of her friends believed her death was caused accidentally from an overdose. Others insist that she was unhappy in her new abode,

and that reason had fled. Others hazarded a conjecture that she had offended a native servant who disliked her, and that she was murdered. One thing is certain, silence and gloom spread a veil of darkness over her fate which time has not lifted. She was mourned for with a deep, keen agony of grief. In the full bloom of womanhood, gifted, kind, generous, her fate caused a shock that thrilled through all who had read her early poems, and many of whom were waiting, full of hope, for yet higher efforts of her genius.

I think upon the waste above,
And on the dead below;
I see but human vanity—
I see but human woe.

And cities in their hour of pomp,
The peopled and the proud—
What are they? Mighty sepulchres
To gulf a wretched crowd:

Where wealth and want are both accurst,
Each one the worst to bear;
Where every heart and house are barred
With the same sordid care.



MISS LANDON.

Of all her visions, one alone was realized—a mysterious death and a lonely grave in a distant land.

Read, with knowledge of her mournful death, the following, written ten years before, is a strange provision:—

I know not why I wander forth,
Nor what I wish to see;
For hope, the child of morn and mist,
Has long been veiled from me.

Little reck I for ruined towers—
They may be very fair—
Let poet or let painter rave,
I see but ruin there.

And fairer scenes—the vine-wreathed hill—
A gold and ruby mine—
Grapes, nature's jewels, richly wrought,
Around the autumn's shrine;

The corn-fields' fairy armory,
Where every lance is gold,
And poppies fling upon the wind
Their banner's crimson gold:

The moon—sweet shadow of the sun—
On the lake's tranquil breast—
Too much these gentle scenes contrast
My spirit's own unrest.

And I must be what I have been,
And not what I am now,
Ere these could call a smile, or chase
One shadow from my brow.

I must lay in some nameless sea,
The ghosts of hopes long fled;
Erase dark memory's scroll, and leave
A shining page instead.

I must forget youth's bloom is fled
Ere its own measured hours;
I must forget that summer dies,
Even amid its flowers.

And all around may see me changed,
Beneath a foreign sky;
I may fly scenes, and friends, and foes—
Myself I cannot fly.

In *Noctes Ambrosiana*, Christopher North says, in answer to Tickler, who had remarked, "I love L. E. L.":

"So do I; and being old gentlemen, we may blamelessly make the public our confidante. There is a *passionate purity* in all her feelings that endears to me both her human and poetical character. She is a true enthusiast. Her affections overflow the imagery her fancy lavishes on all the subjects of her song, and color it with a rich and tender light which makes even confusion beautiful, gives a glowing charm to even indistinct conception, and when the thoughts themselves are full-formed and substantial, which they often are, brings them prominently out upon the eye of the soul in flashes that startle us into sudden admiration. The originality of her genius, methinks, is conspicuous in the choice of its subjects; they are unborrowed; and in her least successful poems—as wholes—there is no dearth of poetry. Her execution has not the consummate grace and elegance of Felicia Hemans; but she is very young, and becoming every year she lives, more mistress of her art, and has chiefly to learn how to use her treasures, which, profuse as she has been, are in abundant store. And, in good truth, the fair and happy being has a fertile imagination. I love Miss Landon, for in her, genius does the work of duty; the union of the two is 'beautiful exceedingly;' and virtue is its own reward far beyond the highest meed of praise ever bestowed by critic, though round her fair forehead is already wreathed the immortal laurel."

CORALS.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

IT was for a long time disputed whether corals belonged to the animal or vegetable kingdom, and the question was not fairly decided until the beginning of the last century. The ancients supposed them to be flowers of the sea, that, if taken out of their native element, lost their bright coloring, and were transformed into dingy stones. A young French physician, Peyssonnel, observing how they moved their arms and expanded and contracted at will, was the first to discover their real nature, but the truth and value of his discovery were not admitted by the savants until twenty years afterward.

Their birth, their life, their death (if we may so call it), all are deeply interesting. During the hot summer months, when the waters teem with life, the parent animal throws out myriads of tiny, jelly-like spawn, and these for a while move at will, then settle down, as if weary, on some stationary body. Gradually their form changes, becoming more star-like, tentacles surrounding the mouth as leaves the heart of a flower. Each of these ray-like parts then pushes out extensions, and these again become tiny stars that establish their own existence by means of an independent mouth. The little animal adheres to the rock by a close-fitting foot, formed from lime, deposited by itself; and upon this slender foundation rises layer after layer, until a tree with wide-spreading, beautiful branches has sprung up, as it were, miraculously. From the hard stone, buds forth living, sensitive animals, instead of leaves and flowers, but with such bright colors and delicate forms as justified the belief of the ancients.

What we call coral is their dwelling. How they build it we know not, except that they absorb unceasingly the tiny particles of lime contained in all salt water, and deposit them one by one in the interior. In the precious coral, the *isis nobilis* of science, this substance hardens and thickens until a tree is formed, as large as a man's waist frequently. There is something mysterious and suggestive in the life of this little creature, moving, feeding, producing others, then turned into stone and buried in its own rocky house, while countless generations build new abodes on its grave, and in their turn pass away and are followed by others.

The animal itself can only be seen in its native element. To examine a branch of living coral, it must be taken from the sea and placed in a vessel of salt water without exposure to the air. Nothing but a mass of grayish substance is distinguishable at first, and sometimes it is hours before a sign of life appears. Nor will the coral ever display its form and colors in daylight; you must carry it to a dark place. Then, after waiting and watching until patience is nearly exhausted, you will finally observe its club-shaped extremity wrinkle up into little rings. Then take your magnifying glass, and that will disclose eight star-shaped indentations, brightening every moment in tint, growing and swelling and stretching out into leaf-like arms, edged with delicate fringes, until at last the resemblance to a beautiful flower is complete. Art never produced such brilliant colors. The body and arms seem carved out of transparent crystal, and are surrounded by a red so resplendent as almost to dazzle the beholder. One no sooner unfolds than others and others follow, until the branch is fairly crowded with these living blossoms. Their activity is ceaseless, and the variety of their movements exceedingly beautiful. Now the corolla is a half-opened bell, with white leaflets rising from a deep-red crown, now an urn with classic outlines, then a wheel with eight spokes, and so on through infinite changes.

Touch the vessel ever so lightly that contains these

wonders, and the scene changes instantaneously. The arms fold themselves up and draw in toward the centre, their fringes vanish, the red lips close, and the branch assumes its original aspect of dinginess. These strange little animals are very sensitive, and can neither bear heat nor light, nor the slightest touch of a foreign body, and though they close up so quickly that one cannot follow the process, they will not unfold again for hours.

Yet their structure appears simple enough. Each one is seated in the red, leathery substance, out of which his tiny cell is hollowed, and by means of his moveable arms and their cilia, creates a little whirlpool before his mouth, seizing thus the infusoria that serve him as food, together with the particles of lime needed for his house. After taking the first taste of whatever he seizes, he throws out all that is useless, and sends the surplus down into the common receptacle, from whence it is afterward distributed equally through countless channels into all parts of the tree. For the coral polypus is a perfect socialist and communist, and it is only by the common labor of myriads of these tiny creatures that the coral branch is formed which becomes the jewel of commerce. The thick red bark that covers their cells is the bond that holds them together, and through its little openings and net-works passes a nutritious juice of milky whiteness that oozes out when the covering is cut, and is called by the fishermen coral milk. It is propelled onward and upward by microscopic cilia, similar to those in the inner vessels of the human frame, and thus we find the almost unknown body of this stone animal as fearfully and wonderfully made as that of our own.

The coral that furnishes man with costly jewels is found principally in the Mediterranean. It is sought by a strange class of men, mostly Italians, who sail year after year, without compass or telescope, to the precise place where, far down in the deep, lie masses of rock, amid whose crevices are the coveted coral branches. The fishing is done with a large net, and the process is thus described by one who witnessed it:

"This net is fastened by a stout rope to the stern of the vessel. At the end of the rope hangs first an iron cross, consisting of two hollow tubes laid crosswise, through which strong ash-poles are thrust, then to this are fastened a number of old sardine nets, and countless ends and bits of wide-meshed pieces of rope as thick as a finger—the whole apparatus a mass of rags and rotten net-work. When the sea is quiet, these are let down to a depth of sixty or even a hundred fathoms, where they slowly spread and unfold themselves over a vast extent. The sail is hoisted, and the vessel drifts slowly before the wind; or, in a calm, the men are set to work at the oars. The captain's purpose is to wrap as large a number of his fluttering pieces of net-work as he can around the branches of coral below, to tear them by main force from the parent stems, and to wind them up together with the fragments of rock to which they are attached. Sometimes the nets are caught between rocks, and the boat must tack and veer in all directions to try

to loosen them; at others the captain makes desperate efforts to creep in between overhanging rocks, into a narrow cleft, for there, in eternal shade and almost inaccessible recesses, they believe they find the largest and most valuable coral branches. Thus they try and drift along, they work and toil and draw up, perhaps, twenty times a day, and each time it is a mere lottery. The nets, when full, are carefully heaved on board, and their precious treasures picked out and sent to Leghorn, Naples or Genoa, where they are speedily worked up into every kind of ornament."

The madrepores, who have been at work for countless generations in the Pacific Ocean, are a kindred race of the true coral. They are not beautiful, nor do they furnish man with jewels, but the work they have done far exceeds in magnitude that accomplished by their more pretentious brethren. It is ever so in nature, the humbler are the more useful, the smaller the more powerful. Would not man do well to ponder this truth, when tempted to complain that his sphere of action is limited, his means for doing good circumscribed? These little coral architects, so insignificant that when drawn out of the water one can hardly perceive them, have erected colossal structures against which the winds and waves vainly beat, and by whose side the pyramids of Egypt would dwindle into dwarfish proportions.

These circular coral reefs seem like enchanted islands. An inland lake is enclosed by a ring of bright green, and its waters being shallow shine brilliantly in the golden floods of light that fall upon it, whilst outside the dark billows of the angry sea approach in long lines of breakers, tossing their foaming white crests against the impregnable barriers. Above is a clear, blue heaven, and all around the dark ocean and the hazy air blend harmoniously into each other. The contrast is beautiful beyond all similar scenes; within, all is peace and soft, mirror-like beauty; without, all is strife and eternal warfare.

Year after year, generation after generation, the small and lowly polypi work at their heaven-appointed task, in quiet and silence, with modest industry and untiring energy; the tempest beats upon their fragile homes, and the mighty waves thunder against them like armies of giants, but the living force, though so small, conquers at last. Their great works form huge barriers in continuation of the coast, or gigantic rings of rock upon which soil is formed, plants spring up, and a habitation is finally formed for man himself. Were their existence not limited by certain local boundaries and fixed conditions of temperature, they would have filled up the basins of the great ocean long ago. For, with the exception of a few rare varieties, corals cannot live unless permanently covered with water, or continually bathed by breakers, nor can they exist below a depth of two hundred feet, partly because the weight of water above them would be fatal to all kind of life, and partly because they require a higher temperature than that which prevails at so great a depth.

Above all, belonging to the animal kingdom, they need oxygen to support their life, and this food is not attainable where the air cannot impart it to the water directly by contact with the surface, or send it, by the agitation of the waves, down to a certain limited depth.

Perhaps nature has given us, no better illustration of patient energy and silent endurance than this of the coral. Even the jewels we wear are eloquent with beautiful teachings, and remind us silently of the ocean-homes from whence they were torn, and the myriads of tiny creatures that through countless ages lived and toiled there with such glorious results.

STAR-FISH.

BY E. CHARDON.

SOME philosopher has said that "nature never leaps, she always steps." This fact is never more evident than when examining the lower forms of animal life, which seem most curiously allied both in habits and appearance to the vegetable kingdom. In inspecting the fossils which remain to us as relics of the Palaeozoic seas, there are to be seen myriads of *Crinoidæ*, which seem to be a connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Of these crinoids but two varieties, so far as naturalists have been able to discover, have continued

the living tissue which surrounds it. The arms branch out from the calyx. In fact, the animal is a star-fish fixed to a stem—the fixed star of the ocean world. It has no mouth, and its digestive apparatus is very rudimentary. Its pedicle is slender, angular and jointed. The animal can balance itself in any

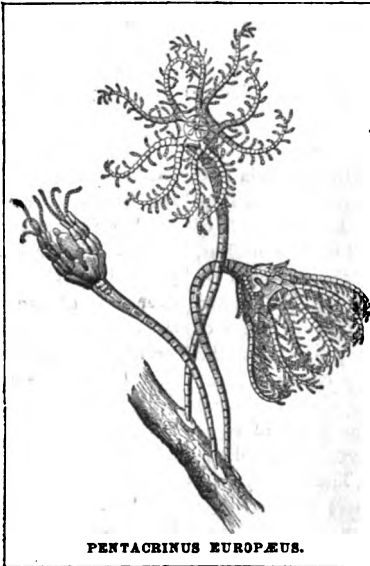
position, and appears to enjoy a kind of sensibility."

The second species of these zoophytes is the *Pentacrinus Europæus*, which is found in European waters, and which bears a strong family likeness to the creature just described, only it is much smaller.

It will be seen at a glance what a curious resemblance this living creature bears to a flower. There is the closed and the partially-opened bud and the full-developed flower.

The star-fish proper, or *Asterias*, are scarcely less wonderful in their forms and modes of life. The different varieties present different forms, but they all agree in the geometrical figures which they present—that of being five-pointed or rayed. Some of these fish are rounded in form, others flattened, yet most of them present triangular shaped rays, though some few varieties have simply five arms of more or less length proceeding from a circular or pentagonal disc.

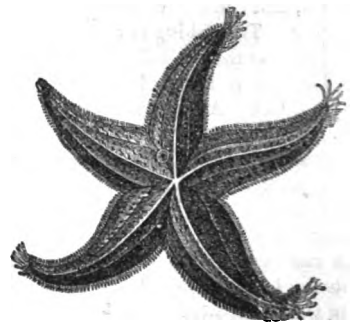
These star-fish are among the most numerous of the population of the ocean, but are never found in



PENTACRINUS EUROPÆUS.



STAR-FISH.



THE VIOLET ASTERIA.
(*Uraster violaceus*.)

their existence up to the present time. One of these, which is fished up at great depths from the neighborhood of the Antilles, is known as the *marine palm*. A French naturalist thus describes it: "This curious animal resembles a flower borne upon a stem, the calyx of the flower being the head of the animal. The stem has a calcareous core, which is secreted by

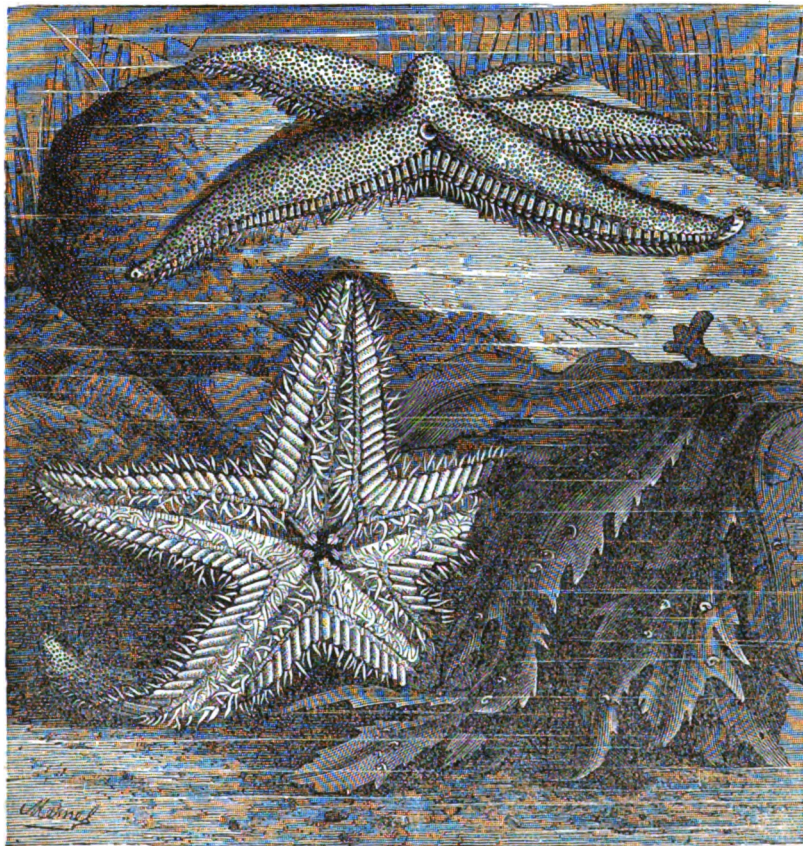
fresh water. They are, in fact, the scavengers of the sea, eating voraciously all kinds of dead and decaying flesh.

Though beautiful in form they are not so brilliant in color as the sea-anemones. Yet they present a variety of hues, displaying different though not brilliant shades of yellow, red and violet.

The mouth of the star fish is in the centre of its lower surface. This mouth opens directly into its stomach, which is a large sack extending into each arm. They seize their prey alive and swallow it at a single mouthful. If the victim is too large to pass through the mouth, then the stomach inverts itself and envelops it. According to Professor Rymer Jones they even devour oysters, seizing the oyster by their rays, inverting their stomach upon it until the unhappy mollusk is entirely enfolded. Then from the pores of the stomach there exudes a poisonous

bright red globules, surrounded by a defense of spiny cilia. Their vision must be very imperfect, however, as the most careful observers have been unable to discover any lens in them.

The star-fishes propagate their species by eggs, which they produce in vast numbers. The mother carries them in a cavity formed by a curvature of the body and the rays. They pass the period of gestation without taking food, as the mouth is covered. An eminent naturalist thus describes the young star-fish: "The young come out of the egg very unlike



UPPER AND UNDER SURFACE OF A STAR-FISH (*Astropecten spinulosus*).

fluid which overcomes the oyster, forcing it to open its shell, when it becomes an easy prey.

On the lower surface of the a-teria are numerous finger-like protuberances which serve the creature in the capacity of feet, though its powers of locomotion are very limited.

When an asteria is turned upon its back it pushes out these feet like so many worms, feeling here and there until it touches ground. Then it slowly attaches these feet, and when a sufficient number are fixed, it turns itself over.

The eyes of these creatures are placed at the extremity of the arms on the under surface. They are

the parent. They have no rays, are ovoid in shape and are provided with vibratory cilia, which give them the appearance of infusoria. They swim with great activity. At the end of a certain time the rays bud out of the upper part of the body in the shape of four tiny arms, by means of which the little star fish fixes itself to its mother. As yet the members are only temporary; the body gradually flattens itself out and becomes a disc, at first round, upon the surface of which, toward the middle, spring up without any particular order, glo-ular protuberances, which are the rudiments of the suckers; these appear to form six concentric rays. At last the body begins to

become pentagonal in form, and more or less like a star; the rays grow out at the angles, and the animal is complete."

The asterias possess, in common with the sea anemones, the property of supplying deficient members. If by any means it is deprived of one or more of its arms, the missing member or members are supplied by a new growth. Still more wonderful, the amputated arm will gradually develop four more arms, a mouth will form at the point of conjunction, and thus an entire new animal is created.

A star-fish found in the Mediterranean—the *Luidia ciliaris*—when it is attacked destroys itself by throwing off its arms and then breaking its disc in pieces.

MY PALACE IN DREAMLAND.

BY IDA PALMER.

I LIVE in a stately palace,
Beyond this world's confines,
Where it is ever summer,
And the sunlight always shines.

Its walls in gilded splendor
Arise in the radiant light,
That bathes its domes and pillars
In glory strange and bright.

It stands in a wonderful garden,
Where lemons and spices grow;
Where myrtles adorn the pathways,
And beautiful fountains flow.



A STAR-FISH PROJECTING RAYS OR ARMS.

It is not stated whether each of these members go to the formation of a new fish, but no doubt such is the case.

The asterias are no exception to the rule that all animals, terrestrial or marine, are subjected to the annoyance of parasites. These parasitic creatures are usually of a lower order than those they infest; but in the case of the asterias this rule does not hold. In the stomach of the *Culeita discoidea* is found a parasitic fish called the *Oxybates Brandesii*, a vertebrate animal, while the star fish belongs to the invertebrata.

SOME people buy things they don't want, because they are great bargains; but what you do not want is dear at any price.

NEVER open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter.

The brightest of flowers there blossom
The greenest of trees grow there,
And ever o'er all its beauty
Shineth the sunlight fair.

Far off and faint in the distance,
The chiming bells I hear;
Ever on softest breezes
Floateth their music clear.

The cool, still waters wander
Close to my palace stair;
And for idle floating and dreaming
A boat lies waiting there.

Rest; I can here enjoy it,
No trouble cometh nigh;
Never enters my palace,
The shadow of a sigh.

For it was built in dreamland,
When the world was out of sight,
With all its care and sorrow,
And dreary shadow of night.

"IN THE BEGINNING."

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

FOURTH PAPER.

THE Quaternary Epoch, which follows upon the Tertiary Epoch, brings the history of the creation of the world almost down to our times. This epoch has three chronological divisions: the European Deluge, the Glacial Period, and the Creation of Man, and subsequent Asiatic Deluge. Some geologists make two divisions, calling them the Post-Pliocene Period and the Recent or Pleistocene Period.

It must be understood that there were no strong demarcations between the epochs—no convulsions of nature to tell when one ended and another began. The changes of the earth went on gradually, and it was only when this slow and no doubt imperceptible progress had accomplished an entire revolution, or at least a radical change, in the condition of the earth, that one epoch gave place to another.

The beginning of the Post-Pliocene Period found the same flora and fauna upon the earth that had distinguished the Pliocene Period, and the physical features of the globe were still the same. Gigantic elephants still trod the earth, and the hippopotami and the two-horned rhinoceros lived in the rivers and morasses. There were three species of Bos, one of which was hairy and bore a mane; deer of gigantic size, and other animals, species of which still exist. We find a lion, as large as the largest African lion of the present day, which hunted its prey in the British jungles. The *Machairoches*, an animal of the feline race, was probably the most ferocious and destructive of the carnivora. There were bears, surpassing in size those of the Rocky Mountains, hyenas, and two species of beaver.

In a cavern in England some six hundred feet in length, have been found a large quantity of fossil bones belonging to all those animals.

The remains of the *Mammoth* are met with in all portions of the world, from the equator to the frigid zone. The mammoth was from sixteen to eighteen feet in height. Its monstrous tusks were from ten to fifteen feet in length, and were much curved, with a spiral turn outward. Its body was thickly covered with long, shaggy hair, with a heavy mane upon its neck and back.

Fossil ivory was found in Greece at a very early period. Some of the bones of the elephant bear a strong resemblance to those of man, and have often been mistaken for human bones. Thus the Greeks took the patella of a fossil elephant for the knee-bone of Ajax.

Time and time again the world has been startled by the announcement of the finding of the remains of giants; but these remains have always, when examined by scientific men, proved to be those of the mammoth.

In 1663, the naturalist Leibnitz composed out of some remains which were brought to him a strange animal carrying a horn in the middle of its forehead,

which he called the *fossil unicorn*. Investigation, however, proved that these remains belonged to the mammoth, and the horn was one of the creature's tusks thus fantastically located.

But the place where these remains are found most plentifully is on the northern coast of Siberia, though all through Russia they are more or less numerous. We are told by a traveller that an entire island in this locality, which is about a hundred miles in length, "except three or four small rocky mountains, is a mixture of ice and sand; and, as the shores fall, from the heat of the sun thawing them, the tusks and bones of the mammoth are found in great abundance. To use Chooïnoff's own expression, the island is formed of the bones of this extraordinary animal, mixed with the horns and heads of the buffalo, or something like it, and some horns of the rhinoceros."

New Siberia and the Lachen Islands, off the mouth of the river Lena, are for the most part an agglomeration of sand, ice and the teeth and tusks of mammoths. The commerce in fossil ivory from these sources is an extensive and profitable one. Tusks are here found weighing from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds.

There is a tradition that these huge creatures lived and burrowed under ground. This tradition is held in Russia and Siberia, and the same legend exists among the Chinese. This can hardly be accounted possible, however.

A Russian traveller gives an account of finding an entire mammoth's head frozen; and a still more extraordinary discovery was made by the Russian naturalist Adams, in 1806. "In 1799, a Tungusian chief, while seeking for mammoth horns on the banks of the Lake Onoul, perceived among the blocks of ice a shapeless mass, not at all resembling the large pieces of floating wood which are commonly found there. The following year he noticed that this mass was more disengaged from the blocks of ice and had two projecting parts, but he was still unable to make out what it could be. Toward the end of the following summer one entire side of the animal and one of his tusks were quite free from the ice. But the succeeding summer of 1802, which was less warm and more windy than common, caused the mammoth to remain buried in the ice, which had scarcely melted at all. At length, toward the end of the fifth year (1803), the ice between the earth and the mammoth having melted faster than the rest, the plane of its support became inclined, and this enormous mass fell by its own weight on a bank of sand."

Two years afterward, Mr. Adams found the huge creature in the same place, but somewhat mutilated, its flesh having been cut and torn away in many places, but its skeleton was intact. The head was covered with a dry skin, one of the ears was furnished with a tuft of hair, and the balls of the eyes were still distinguishable. Its back had a long, flowing mane. Mr. Adams collected all that remained of the huge creature, and sent it to the museum at St. Petersburg, where it is still to be seen.

There is a debate among naturalists how these

bones are found in this cold locality in such numbers. One writer says: "The animals seem to have perished suddenly; enveloped in ice at the moment of their death, their bodies have been preserved from

Gulf of Mexico. The East Indies is almost the only country where they have not been discovered.

The most remarkable creatures of the Post Plio-



IDEAL AMERICAN LANDSCAPE OF THE QUATERNARY PERIOD.

decomposition by the continued action of the cold."

Germany abounds with fossil remains of these gigantic elephants. They are found in all parts of Europe, in Canada, Oregon, and as far south as the

cene Period were, however, the *Glyptodon*, the gigantic *Megatherium*, the *Mylodon*, and the *Megalonyx*. These were all edentates, living on insects and the tender leaves of plants.

The *Glyptodon* belonged to the Armadillo family,

and was clothed in a hard, scaly shell, or coat of mail. Specimens of this mammal have been found not less than nine feet in length. The *Schistopleuron* was similar in appearance and habits to the *Glyptodon*.

The *Megatherium*, remains of which are found in Paraguay, was allied to the existing genus of Sloths. It fed on roots, branches and leaves of trees, and burrowed deep in the ground. Its body was twelve or thirteen feet in length, and between five and six feet high. It was an enormous, heavily-built animal, armed with gigantic claws.

The *Mylodon* was also an edentate, resembling the Sloth.

In the engraving will be seen an ideal landscape of the Quaternary Epoch. On the right hand is a *Megatherium*, in the foreground a *Glyptodon*. A *Mylodon* is gnawing a tree in the centre of the picture, and on the left is a *Mastodon*.

The mineral deposits of this age are called "preglacial."

This epoch, like the one which precedes it, was characterized by violent changes in the appearance of the earth's surface. Land was suddenly elevated by an upward movement of the terrestrial crust, and thus chains of mountains were found. Again land suddenly or gradually sank below the sea level, perhaps to arise again at some distant period. These phenomena were always necessarily accompanied by inundations; the water disturbed by these unusual motions of the earth's crust, rushing in violent waves mingled with earth, sand and mud, and as it retreated leaving behind it the marks of its fury. Sometimes the rocky strata indicate many successive deposits. These deluges were, no doubt, comparatively frequent and local in their character. Two deluges, however, stand out prominent from the rest, as being more general. The first of these two occurred in the north of Europe, where it was produced by the upheaval of the mountains of Norway. The wave spread from thence and carried its ravages into those regions now known as Sweden, European Russia and the north of Germany, sweeping before it all the loose soil on the surface, and covering the whole of Scandinavia with a mantle of transported soil.

The second European deluge is supposed to have been the result of the upheaval of the Alps. It has filled with debris and transported material the valleys of France, Germany and Italy, over a circumference which has the Alps for its centre.

These two deluges must have interfered seriously with animated nature. No doubt in this wholesale destruction many varieties became extinct. Numerous caves are found filled with the bones of all species of animals, which some geologists hold to have drifted into or sought refuge in the caves and perished during the general inundation.

Closely following these convulsions came a period even yet more destructive of animal and vegetable life. It is known as the glacial period, during which the northern and central parts of Europe which extend from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean and the

Danube were visited by sudden and severe cold. The plains of Europe which had recently displayed a tropical vegetation, became covered with ice and snow. Science is yet unable to attribute an adequate cause to this sudden change in the temperature of the globe. Agassiz says of this period: "A vast mantle of ice and snow covered the plains, the valleys and the seas. All the springs were dried up; the rivers ceased to flow. To the movements of a numerous and animated creation succeeded the silence of death." Great numbers of animals perished from cold, and some races were entirely annihilated. Evidences of glacial action are found in all the regions of northern and central Europe. In England erratic blocks (as these stones are called which have wandered from any cause from their original bed,) of granite are found which were derived from the mountains of Norway. These blocks were borne by a glacier across the Baltic and the North Seas. "Boulder" is another term for these erratic blocks. So that wherever huge, smooth-worn stones are found at a distance from their parent bed, it is safe to infer the action of glaciers.

Such extensive glaciers as we have reason to believe were in Europe at that period, could only have existed where the temperature of the air was several degrees below zero. So some idea of the intense cold may be formed. That it was sudden as well as intense is held by Cuvier, who says, speaking of the bodies of the quadrupeds which the ice had seized, and in which they have been preserved, with their hair, flesh and skin, up to the present time: "If they had not been frozen as soon as killed, putrefaction would have decomposed them; and, on the other hand, this eternal frost could not have previously prevailed in the place where they died; for they could not have lived in such a temperature. It was, therefore, at the same instant when these animals perished that the country that they inhabited was rendered glacial. These events must have been sudden, instantaneous and without any gradation."

The glacial period had passed away and given place to a normal temperature when man was created. It is difficult to decide where man first appeared upon the scene. In India there is a tradition that at the head waters of the Indus, on the northern slopes of the Himalayas, humanity first made its appearance. It is certain that in this locality are still in existence evidences of the existence of a very rude race of men. Here are found a vast number of caves bearing traces of having been the dwellings of human beings before they had learned the art of building in its rudest forms.

Geologists are divided in opinion as to the exact period of man's appearance upon the earth. Flint knives have been found in bone beds mixed up with fossil remains of elephants, rhinoceros, bears and other animals which existed prior to man, but no human bones are found. There are various theories as to the presence of these knives. Flint knives, together with human remains, have been found in

various places, indicating very great antiquity. In the peat in Ireland great numbers of oval and spear-shaped instruments are found. In the midden heaps along the Scandinavian coast, consisting of cast away shells, mixed with the bones of quadrupeds, birds and fishes, are found flint knives, pieces of pottery and ashes. Mounds are found in America showing a very ancient origin.

The chronological periods of pre-historic man have been designated the Age of Stone, the Age of Bronze and the Age of Iron. It is an interesting study to trace out the slow yet sure progress which aboriginal man made in the arts and sciences. The witnesses of this progress are few yet undeniable. They are graven in the rock and imbedded in the ground. M. Marlot, a French scientist, assigns to the oldest or stone period, an age of from five thousand to seven thousand years, and to the bronze period from three

THE AMERICAN BADGER.

ALL through the northern portion of the United States, from Maine to the Rocky Mountains, lives a curious animal called a badger, about the size of a dog, but looking more like a large mole than a dog. It has also many of the habits of a mole, for it lives in holes in the ground, and when in danger can make its way through sandy soil as fast as a mole. In the winter it never leaves its hole, and as it lives in a cold region, it remains from November till April in a semi-torpid state, the same as a bear. Though it eats little or nothing during the winter, it is still very fat when it comes out of its hole in the spring.

The burrows of the badgers are troublesome to travellers, especially in the winter. When the ground is covered with snow they cannot be seen, and horsemen frequently stumble into them.



thousand to four thousand, still there is no reliable data for estimating their exact extent.

The Asiatic deluge, which, according to the tradition of various nations, occurred about five thousand years ago, brings us to the close of the Quaternary Epoch. This deluge, though extensive, was still local in its character. It was the result of the upheaval of the mountains of western Asia, prominent among which is the volcanic cone of Ararat with the vast plateau on which it rests, altogether seventeen thousand three hundred and twenty-three feet above the sea. We have the Jewish record of this Asiatic deluge in the seventh chapter of Genesis. The *Vedas*, the sacred books of the Hindoos, speak of this deluge; and Confucius speaks of the waters flowing back, "which, being raised to the heavens, washed the feet of the highest mountains, covered the less elevated hills and inundated the plains."

The badger's nose is long and thin, intended especially for burrowing; its ears are short and round, and its tail short. Its head is covered with short, coarse hair, but its body is furnished with soft, fine, silky fur more than four inches in length. It is of a mottled gray above, and whitish on the under surface. Its fur is valuable.

It lives on smaller burrowing animals, such as moles and marmots, which it digs out of their nests in the ground. It also eats vegetables; and, judging from the picture, it seems particularly fond of honey, and not at all frightened by the swarm of bees which are buzzing angrily about the thief which has stolen their property.

The strength of its forefeet and claws is so great that one which had put only its head and shoulders into a hole could not be drawn out by the utmost efforts of two stout young men.

OUR CLUB.

BY ANNIE L. MUSEY.

NO. VIII.

WAYS AND MEANS.

"HOW shall I help to right the things that are going wrong?

And what can I do to hurry the promised time of peace?

The day of work is short, and the night of sleep is long,

And whether to pray or preach, or whether to sing a song,

To sow in my neighbor's field, or to seek the golden fleece,

Or to sit with my hands in my lap and wish that sin would cease.

"I think, sometimes, it were best just to let the Lord alone; I think some people forget He was here before they came; It's a little for His glory and a great deal more for their own; That they peddle their petty schemes, and blate, and babble, and groan;

I sometimes think it were best, and I were less to blame, Should I sit with my hands in my lap, in my face a crimson shame."

Templeton read aloud these stanzas from his daily paper with the supreme enjoyment of a man who finds his sentiments expressed exactly to his satisfaction.

Templeton, by the way, reads only the poetry which is sandwiched between the grave leaders, market reports and current items in his daily budget of news, arguing from the bare fact of its existence there, that it must be quick and vital with the spirit of this nineteenth century; no hidden sphynx riddle skulking on tortured feet, but of clear, open, practical significance to the living, acting, matter-of-fact men and women of to-day.

To be sure, he would candidly admit that, tried by the principles of pure art, there might be very little of the genius of real poesy in these electric sparks thrown off by the thundering iron presses which belch forth songs by the million for every day in the year; but then he as stoutly maintains that no poetry which would not translate into sound, sensible prose has any message or meaning whatever for him.

"Well," said the Professor, breaking into our host's impressive pause, "are we expected to put on the coat your poet holds up to our view?"

"I'm not certain but it might fit some of us if we were humble enough to try it," Templeton returned. "For there's no question that we do meddle a great deal too much with matters quite outside our jurisdiction, vainly presuming if they were under the direction and control of our judgment they would be more wisely ordered and more justly governed."

"It's natural, you know, when we see things going wrong, to feel that we could set them right a little better than anybody else if we could only have the chance," said Jeannette. "It is no doubt a weakness of our human nature; but without this comfortable faith in our sagacity and powers of performance, we should be incapable of accomplishing or attempting any necessary work of reform."

"But

"I think, sometimes, it were best just to let the Lord alone; I think some people forget He was here before they came," quoted Templeton again. "Don't you suppose all these wrongs that we worry and clamor over would

get righted all the same, and just as soon, or a little sooner, if we would go quietly about our business? Do you believe any good comes of all this blustering and aimless running to and fro, this rallying and shouting and frantic appeal, this mad hue and cry against evils which we will persist in viewing in our own partial and one-sided way, from our own narrow and obstructed standpoint, and which we are determined to eradicate in our own manner, by our own means, in our own time, according to our own preconceived ideas of right, justice and the eternal fitness of things? Would it not show a more humble, wise, reverent and believing spirit if we would be willing to trust the affairs we were not formed to govern to the care, guidance and correction of the Almighty Power above us?—if, in fact, we would take the excellent advice of Bailey's Muralizing Devil:

'Leave off these airs,

Know your place—speak to God—and say for once,
Go first, Lord!"

"But then we suppose that the Lord works mediately, my honored host," said the Professor, mildly, "and consequently our active co-operation is essential to the accomplishment of His designs. We are the instruments by which He effects His purposes; and while it may be the part of some of us to sit with our hands in our lap, as your poet thinks it is best, there are others who from nature, choice and election are pushed to the extreme of active service, who are no doubt often over zealous and disastrously busy in the performance of good works, but whose very mistakes are, in a way which we are far too near-sighted to perceive, made subservient to the plans of the grand Master. We may, and we do, each act freely of our own will and pleasure, choosing our own parts, and performing them in our own manner; but the controlling wisdom of a power unseen and overruling will adjust all to ends broader and farther reaching than any for which we strive. So, though our own petty designs are frustrated, the universal and eternal plan is always triumphant, and the real, permanent good is secured through our efforts, however contrarily we may have aimed."

"Well, I must say it requires a great stretch of faith to perceive or believe that the efforts of a certain class of peculiarly active people in this world are ministrant to the growth and development of good in any sense or form, since their whole intent and purpose seems to be, and their whole action in effect is, to block the wheels of progress if they may not turn them back," said Sherwood, as sneering and cynical as ever, perhaps a trifle more so, since the Falconer was not there to counter-check his carping with her pert criticisms. "Take now, for instance," he went on, "that very considerable body of religionists who carry themselves as though they were the Lord's vicegerents on earth, specially delegated to do His work, to interpret His word, and to execute His law on offenders; whose system of faith is a sort of Procrustean bedstead, to the measure of which its compelled occupants, by dint of incessant

clipping, stretching and cramping, are made to conform, or, refusing so to be converted to mere stocks and stones by the suppression of individual thought and freedom, are driven out with stripes and persecutions, and the damning brand of 'heretic,' 'infidel' and 'unbeliever,' frightening the good folks in their way who dare not, against this official sentence of excommunication, credit the white innocence of their lives, nor trust the pure influence of their example."

"These are they," Templeton subjoined, "who are full of wranglings and disputes, who contend loudly and angrily over some trivial point in the letter of the law, while they do open violence to its blessed spirit; who are piously but perpetually stirring up strife, and setting brother against brother, breeding distempers, ill humors, evil passions and murderous impulses in tempted hearts under sacred names, kindling the fires of hell on the very altars consecrated to the service of God. Truly, one cannot but wonder how the works of such are to be incorporated with use and honor in the general scheme of good, how they are to be made contributive to the universal foundation of brotherly love, whose overflow is to irrigate this sin-stricken world, wash it clean of corruption, vivify, beautify and make it to bud and blossom as the rose. I confess, most excellent man, I do not comprehend the breadth and scope of your philosophy, nor have I the necessary grace and wisdom to discern how it is possible to serve the Lord by following the devil."

The Professor smiled. "Oh, ye of little faith!" he said. "Well, well. But there is no stumbling-block so hard to get over, I grant, as the evils of the professedly good, the sins that are committed, the wrongs that are perpetuated, the persecutions that are devised and visited in the name, for the glory, and under the banner of the all-patient, all-enduring Christ. It may be that the motive lying at the heart of the deeds which confound us is honest and fair, though the spirit of the doer is not informed and in-filled with the pure wisdom, penetrated and impelled by the divine love and power of the Gospel, whose warm light strikes down the long, dark, stormful, death-strewn passage of the centuries with the same serene, clear, hopeful, steady luster of the star which guided the Magi of the East to the cradle of its God-begotten Founder and Revealer. But however that may be, we cannot look back over the history of the Church, written too often with the sword and in blood, without perceiving that even the acts of violence and fiendish cruelty perpetrated in the name of Religion, from the most selfish, malignant and wicked of motives, have been somehow appropriated to good uses, and adjusted to wise ends, if no farther (in our sight) than to bring out against their black background the beautiful examples of Christian faith, the sublime heroisms and the painful martyrdoms cheerfully and uncomplainingly borne for love's sake, dashing the darkness of ignorance and superstition with a starry radiance that will thrill the faint, failing hearts of tempted humanity with courage and hope, saving them from the deadness of doubt and despair,

while trials and temptations endure. And even the strifes, dissensions, bickerings and hair-breadth divisions in faith, at this present time are not without their weight and significance in the perfect economies of God, drawing us gradually and insensibly to an appreciation and comprehension of the real nature and essence of harmony and of universal brotherhood, the striving together for a common good, with reverent regard for individual difference of character and method, in reaching the same results."

"Ah, this blessed optimism of yours, my dear Professor, drives you often to very far-fetched and inconsequent conclusions," laughed Templeton.

"Do you think so? And yet my optimism differs from yours only in regarding present conditions as favorable in the highest degree and contributing always to the end desired and designed, while you, with equal faith in the final triumph of good, think the millennium would be sooner reached if things were thus and so—as, for instance, if people would mind their own business—which, indeed, appears 'a consummation devoutly to be wished.' But, the fact is, it is the business of some people to mind the business of other folks. There's no telling into what follies, extravagancies and wickednesses some of us might run if it were not for this beneficent system of espionage with its outlying force of busybodies, overseers and censors supervising our affairs and keeping us in proper bounds. Now there's our good Doctor—bless him, and I wish he were here this moment to speak for himself!"—(Miss Dunbar's eloquent face flushed up as though her heart responded with no uncertain throb to the friendly wish), "he is one of those elect souls ordained and sent forth with the commission to look into the lives of the dwellers about him, to unearth their mouldy mysteries, to probe their ulcerous secrets and lay open their diseased moral and physical organisms to the wholesome influence of air and light. Why, such a man is a terror to the evil community into which he enters, and we miserable wretches who have need to call his professional services in aid may well shrink and shiver when his keen, searching eye cuts like a knife to our guilty consciences, and his close-probing inquiry goes down with firm, merciless point to the heart of our difficulty, for it is certain we shall not escape until he has traced out the subtle connection between effect and cause, and laid his finger on the particular sin for which we are suffering the retributive justice of outraged law. Nor has he any specific which we can swallow in haste, or with impunity return to our transgressions again. Obedience is the uncompromising rule in his school of practice—the unpalatable potion which he relentlessly urges upon all reckless violators of nature's laws."

"It is not for this characteristic that I find fault with the Doctor," Templeton said. "It is his radical, fanatical, mad-dog way of treating things which are sacred to other people, if not to him, that strikes me so disagreeably and forces me, against my will, to take up arms against him."

"True, true," the Professor admitted, "the Doctor

is no respecter of names, customs, principalities or powers—not he. Whenever he sees a wrong, be it in high places or in low, he aims at it boldly and does not mind who winces or what mighty potentate he brings to the ground. He is pitiless in his assault upon and exposure of shams of every sort, taking a keen delight, evidently, in stripping off hypocritical dignities and showing us the bald, unlovely realities of things to which we bow in ignorant homage. And yet, for whatever is intrinsically good and true in this world, not one of us, I think, can outdo the Doctor in reverent respect, and with all his rash, offensive and affrighting meddlesomeness, he is singularly delicate about intruding or commenting on any affair of purely personal concern, restricting his interference and his denunciations mainly to matters affecting the public weal.”

“Oh, unquestionably our worthy friend is a power for good,” Templeton allowed, “but there is no denying he is an exceedingly uncomfortable person to have about, with his upsetting and confounding theories, and his audacious prying into all the mysteries of heaven and earth. One would be glad sometimes to take life in an easy, quiet, enjoyable way, without the distraction of attending to the movements of its complex machinery, and without the feeling that something would run wrong if we did not stand perpetually on guard and make incessant clamor over our rights, duties, responsibilities and Heaven knows what Babel of names, about the exact significance of which we do not bother our brains.”

“Ah, there it is!” said Jeannette. “We mouth great words and play, like children at mimic battle, pleased with our loud noise which is stunning enough to bring order out of chaos, if sound and fustian could do it. One does, indeed, weary of all this bluster and confusion of tongues. I dare say you have heard me express the same wish often enough before, but, if we only *could* have a little less talk, and a little more earnest doing!”

“What an anomaly in nature—a woman wearied of too much talk,” commented Sherwood, maliciously. “Why, inconsiderate lady, how do you suppose the cause of your strong-minded sisters would have flourished without this infernal clatter of tongues pressing it again and again on the tortured ear?”

“Why, as to that,” responded Jean, who, since her association with the Professor, seems to have parted with a little of her aggressiveness, while he possibly has gained in that quality. “As to that, the present lull in the wordy contest regarding woman’s place, power, privilege, duty, and so forth, augurs to my mind a more speedy solution and settlement of that vexed problem than anything which has gone before. Indeed, so full is the air of propitious signs in this hour of charmed silence that I should not be surprised at any moment to hear the proclamation of universal emancipation sounding through the land, or to wake any fine morning and find myself invested with the embarrassing rights of

citizenship and powers of the ballot, in my first use of which, like a bird with new-fledged wings, I shall doubtless tumble from my high nest to the ground.”

“Yes, dear,” assented the Professor—whether to the latter clause of his dear’s remarks we could not tell—“but you must remember that it was the ‘wordy contest’ going before which paved the way to the easy triumph you anticipate and will very soon enjoy. There is no victory of any worth without preceding violence. We have to conquer our domain before we may possess it, and it is the loud alarum of drums and braying of trumpets that spurs on our straggling and half-hearted forces until, at last, in the fainter sounds of the closing battle and retreating foe we come into our conquest, so quietly, so easily, that we blush to remember the tumult that we made to gain it. And yet, without question, it was needful and fulfilled an ordained part in our necessary struggle. We come to pleasant places often by unpleasant ways, and though we may fret ourselves later over the beautiful paths by which it seems we might have reached our eminence, it is a great deal more philosophical to consider the uses and advantages of our actual experience in attaining the final happy result.”

“But, for myself,” said Templeton, “I am a man of peace and take no delight in riots, turmoils, agitations, the thunder of drums, clash of bayonets and rattle of musketry. When I do good I don’t like to do it by fighting somebody’s wrong, but rather by giving aid and comfort to some poor over-ridden soul whom your brutal, beastly, tramping armies, in their abrieking, ravaging march of reform, have left bruised and bleeding by the way. I don’t want to spend my strength in combating evil—which is a negative sort of good works—while there are daily and unlimited opportunities for doing simple, pure, peaceful deeds of love.”

“Do them, my man of peace, do them!” exclaimed the Professor, in a glow of enthusiasm. “What is there in the world to hinder? It is your blessed privilege to choose your own work and to perform it in your own way. Every man has his calling. And for these others who love to strive with wrongs—there is room for them, too, and they may go in at the battle with shouts and flying banners, if so pleases them—it is none of your concern. You have your method of work, they have theirs, and which is of greater value, or which serves best the purposes of the Master, we may not say. When we rise to a higher point of vision we may see how all our diverse schemes harmonise and operate together for the highest good, but here, and now, we must satisfy ourselves with believing it, and, faithfully fulfilling our own tasks, leave others unmolested to the choice and fulfilling of theirs.

“And now is it not time that this committee on ways and means resolved into a working committee?”

And as our discussion over the breakfast-table had been unusually prolonged, we rose, on the Professor’s hint.

LIZARDS.

MY former home was in a richly-wooded and well-watered district, which consequently abounded with wild animals of all kinds. I was a very lonely child, and had no young companions as most children have; and, being constantly thrown upon myself, with not always very happy thoughts to bear me company, I found all my happiness and recreation out of doors; wild things were friends to me, and somehow I always felt as if they could sympathize with me better than people did.

I first saw the lizards basking in the sun upon the sloping side of the wooden coping of a little bridge, upon which a lane near my home crossed a small stream; some of them were, I should think, more than six inches long, and beautifully marked; others smaller and darker: at the slightest movement they vanished like lightning. Day after day through that summer I went down to look for the lizards; they were never to be seen except on sunny days, and after rain more frequently than in dry weather. Fights between them were not uncommon, and I have seen them bite each other's tails fiercely; in the early part of the summer mutilated tails and toes are rife amongst them.

All the lizard tribe appear to be gregarious; at least, when you see one you may be pretty certain there are others near. They frequent decayed wood, most probably from finding wood-lice and other insects on which they feed.

I remember finding a full-grown lizard in the crevice of an old gate-post, and made a dash to catch him. I got firm hold of his tail, and tried to pull him back from a hole to which he was making his way, but he was not willing to submit to capture without a struggle. To my unfeigned astonishment and dismay he preferred the loss of his tail to that of his liberty, for he left it all in my hand, while he darted off tailless, and made good his escape.

The lizard tribe, like most other reptiles, hibernate, or remain torpid during the winter; but the water efts or newts show themselves earlier in the year than their land cousins. I should think all lizards would eat worms; water-efts take them voraciously, though very fond of flies and raw meat.

It is curious toward the close of a hot summer day to stand by a pond in which these creatures abound, and hear the incessant snapping noise, like the breaking of small sticks, caused by the rapid closing of their jaws upon the luckless gnats that throng the surface of the water.

One day I caught a land-ef, and wishing to ascertain if it could swim, I ran to a pond, and put it gently in; it swam for a short distance with quite as much agility and apparent ease as its amphibious relatives. I was not aware that there were water-efts in that pond, but the next morning I found my land friend on the bank near the spot where I had placed him the night before, in company, and apparently on friendly terms, with a water-ef, who was much the smaller of the two. A short time after I

passed the place, and found the water eft dead, but his companion had disappeared.

The well-known tradition that the snake tribe may be attracted and fascinated by music is probably familiar to most young people. In the Campagna about Rome, where lizards of all kinds are plentiful, beautiful emerald-green ones may be seen displaying their glittering coats in the warm southern sun, and creeping about the moss covered stones, which are all that remain of some once stately temple, or luxurious villa. These green lizards were formerly caught and tamed by the peasantry, and afterward sold as specimens; and I remember hearing it casually observed in conversation, by one who had long been resident at Rome, that the principal means employed in their capture is whistling clearly and softly, which (our informant stated) so fascinated them that they lost their natural timidity, and were easily taken.

Child as I was, I listened eagerly, and determined when summer came to try if my friends at the bridge were equally susceptible. Summer came, and with it appeared the lizards in their old haunts. Whistling in the peculiar monotonous way I had heard, I approached, expecting them to dart away as usual; but no! not even when my shadow lay full upon them did they stir. I had never seen them so closely before. I put my hand amongst them and scared them away, then recommenced whistling as before, and out they all came, slowly at first and cautiously, but gradually growing bolder; and even when I was actually bending over them they held their ground. After this I constantly repeated the experiment, and always with the same result; and I have frequently coaxed them out by whistling, when, owing to a cloudy sky, they had shut themselves up at home.

Seventeen years have come and gone since I paid my last visit to my friends, and since then I have had a large share of trouble, anxiety and suffering; out often, through hours of weakness and loneliness, the memory of those free childish rambles rises fresh as a pleasant dream; and though I may never again be permitted to turn a fresh page in the book I used to love so dearly, the recollection of what I have read there will ever be one of my richest treasures.

Oh! young friends, study Nature wherever and whenever you can; and try to study her in a *lowly spirit*, if only for the sake of the refreshing memory of her green fields when you are weary and footsore on the world's highway—you may not always have the book before you.—*Aunt Judy's Magazine*.

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

* * *

We rise by the things that are under our feet:
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

J. G. HOLLAND

THE STORY-TELLER.

OUT OF DARKNESS.

BY M. E. COMSTOCK.

"RIGHT out of the cold, dark earth the crocus springs. From darkness morning shines. Something of beauty and of joy may emerge from the coldness and the darkness of my life."

Thus spoke the orphan Hildreth as she arose from the sad reverie that had, unawares, overtaken her. Hildreth's home was just two rooms. It was very different from the home that had been hers a few years before. After her mother's death and after Rob, her only brother, went away, disappearing suddenly, giving no clue to his whereabouts and leaving debts behind, the clouds had fallen thick about her path. Joyous, manly, well-beloved Rob, regarded as the soul of honor by all who knew him, had never before been known to have a debt in the world. Dissipated habits he had none. What strange snare had overtaken him? He had taken with him everything he possessed; everything he had a claim upon that could be converted into money; and he left no word or clue to the cause of his disappearance. The gray-haired father, who had been infirm for many years, sank under this blow. Hildreth saw the daisies growing on his grave, and went forth alone to battle with poverty and loneliness. Hildreth found enough to do, for she knew well how to work. She had never been accustomed to do anything by halves. She put her character into her work. It had been easy to spend and be spent for her dear ones. She missed her wings now. It seemed to her sometimes that she must sink. It was rarely that she allowed reverie to overtake her. There were griefs in her heart that we will not intrude upon. She dared not look inside, at times. She dared only look above.

"It is eating out my life," she said, "this gloomy sorrow that feeds upon my heart. Bereft of kindred, I will make close friends with nature. Perhaps the universal mother will speak to me, her child."

The snow still lay in patches on the hillsides and in the woods, but green things lay concealed beneath it. Hildreth's well-protected hands guided her trowel successfully, and treasures of the sleeping spring-time emerged beneath her skilful touch. Bright were the red berries and delicate were the tinted mosses and fresh and green the trailing vines with which she returned laden.

"I found them all out there under the snow," she said to Spirry, the big Maltese cat that sprang from the rocking-chair and stretched himself as she came in.

"Can you help me spread these pretty things, Spirry? Oh, Bub, my hands are cold! You have let the fire go out, you sleepy cat! Here is one coal I have raked up and here are more right under

the white ashes. How they glow! Come, kindle up and warm me. I am very cold!" and Hildreth knelt and coaxed the embers into a ruddy glow.

"Fire under white ashes and green things under snow," spoke the orphan, and the while she spoke she put the shining evergreen vines in the windows where the sunshine came. She twined them also around pictures of the Saviour and of her mother.

"I'll ask old Aunty Nestor down to tea, it looks so bright!" said Hildreth. She had sat down and thought how happy the green things and the wood-fire looked until she grew afraid to sit and think any longer.

Old Aunty Nestor, as everybody called her, came. It had been many a day since she had been invited out to tea. She had put on her best black dress and her Sunday cap. Her sweet, faded blue eyes had quite a holiday look in them as she came in leaning on her crutch. Hildreth wondered she had never remarked before how much the gentlewoman Madam Nestor looked.

With the help of her crutch she hitched softly along where the vines and mosses were and she touched them gently as she might have stroked a baby.

"Poor little children of the woods," she said. "Your Father kept you close through all the snows and storms and kept your life warm in you!"

Hildreth looked up quick at this and color sped into her cheek. She had never heard aunty speak like this before. But, then, she had never heard her talk at all, except before Thomas's wife; and how could any one speak like this in the presence of Thomas's loud-voiced wife?

"Do you think the Heavenly Father did keep the green things safe and warm through the winter's snows and storms?"

"Certain, child; or how should you have found them safe to-day?"

The dear little lady sat down in the rocking chair before the grated stove and Hildreth sat down on the rug at her feet. Hildreth was afraid Aunty Nestor would not understand, but courage came to her and she spoke again.

"Do you think that, perhaps, then, the Heavenly Father takes care of the tender, little things, the hopes and plans and sympathies and such things in our hearts that get such awful chills every day and curl themselves all up and lie still?"

"Certain, child; every one of them! He keeps them safe and means that they shall blossom by and by."

Hildreth drew closer and Aunty Nestor took a little red woollen stocking out of her pocket and began knitting for one of Thomas's children.

"Like enough now you don't think there's any green things in my life; it looks pretty wintry to

you, Hildreth," said the sweet little old lady. "You are young and strong limbed. You take your little basket of lunch and leave your snug, cheery room and go the office and do your day's work every day. You know you are a good accountant, and they praise your books and pay you. Thomas told me what he heard them say in the office. You are independent, and life is all before you. Now I am a lame, old woman, living with a daughter-in-law and six children in a rickety tenement house with five families in it. Now, my dear, you can't see any green thing in my life." There was a little pause, in which the wood-fire crackled, and Spirry purred softly. "I never speak of John, never," and her voice lowered, and a new quality and strength came into it. "But for all that there isn't a day but that I think just how his voice used to sound in the morning when he used to say, 'Good-bye, my darling!' when he went to his day's work, or off on one of his trips. I never say anything about it, but the louder Thomas's wife scolds the deeper sound the low words that he used to say."

Hildreth laid her head in Aunt Nestor's lap.

"Just you keep your pleasant little thoughts, even if the outside life is so cold it won't do to let them show themselves. I know I'm a wintry little old woman. I wonder that you asked me down here to tea. I seem like a little sharp piece of ice to myself sometimes when the house is all disorderly and they talk so very loud. But the pleasant times come back to me—the time when we moved into the new house, and then the time when I had my set of china, and we had everybody come to tea-drinkings, and the pretty wedding we gave Ann. It all comes back. And then there's the hope of going to John some day. It is pleasant to think of the old times, but it is better still to think of the new time that will surely come. It has been promised, my dear."

By and by Hildreth set out the little round table. On it she put slices of bread and thin bits of smoked beef and caraway cakes, and when the cheerful kettle sang she brought out the tea-caddy and made the fragrant tea.

Hildreth was putting a lump of sugar in Aunt Nestor's second cup as they sat and chatted, when somebody knocked smartly at the door. It was the doctor. Nurse Underwood had formerly lived in the room that Hildreth rented now. The doctor had come for Nurse Underwood.

"Come in, doctor," said Aunt Nestor, "I can tell you about Nurse Underwood."

The doctor came in. He was very tired. He looked ready to drop. Hildreth set a chair, and he sat down and began to dry his wet feet before the fire while he talked.

"Yes; I had a hard pull myself. Was able to leave my bed only day before yesterday. But what could I do? I took my first two rides to see patients, wrapped up like a mummy, and flopped down when I got home as though I never should get up again. But what is a man to do? The sick and dying are all around us. Edward Rich died last night. Ho-

bart Hull, did you ask for? He is going to weather it through, but his wife is down with the fever."

Hildreth poured a cup of hot tea, and stood with it in one hand and the sugar-bowl in the other before the doctor.

The doctor took it mechanically, helped himself to sugar, quaffed the beverage, and never looked at Hildreth. The doctor was perplexed and anxious.

"I don't know *what* to do," he said, rising, "since Nurse Underwood can't be had. The woman will die if she doesn't have the best of care."

"I will go and take care of her," said Hildreth, with her quiet, customary decision.

The doctor fairly looked at Hildreth for the first time.

"Strong nerves?" he asked, and he felt her pulse. "Can you do as you are told?" speaking crisply.

"If I am told clearly," replied the girl.

"My dear," sweetly, anxiously piped up Aunt Nestor's motherly little thin voice, "you work days, you know. You will fall sick yourself if you sit up nights; and, besides, she will want care night and day, too."

"There will be holiday at the office to-morrow. Next day will be Sunday. In that time the doctor can look for some one else."

Hildreth went.

The patient was delirious. She was a beautiful woman. Surroundings bespoke wealth and culture. Some mental trouble had been undermining strength, the doctor said, rendering greater the danger from the epidemic. "A perfect icicle of a woman," the doctor described her, who "with a daughter and a son had lived some years among them, but had made no friends."

Hildreth laid her cool, firm hand on the fevered brow. The muscles of the face slowly relaxed their tension. The doctor wrote something on a slip of paper and handed it to Hildreth.

"Remember what I told you," he said.

He turned back when he had reached the door, looked at his patient, looked at Hildreth.

"You'll do," he said, and was gone.

That night the crisis passed, leaving the patient weak and helpless as an infant. Hildreth ministered unweariedly. Her own soul went out to the sufferer in sweetest compassion and sympathy. She gave more than careful nursing. She gave something of the vitality of her own spirit. Her tones were love tones. Her touch had healing in it, for it was inspired by the tenderness of love.

The cold, proud woman grieved like a child when she found that Hildreth was gone back to her employment, and another had taken her place by the bedside.

"She did not kiss me good-bye; if she did, I was asleep," she said, complainingly. "Send for her to come back," she pleaded with the doctor.

The little strength that had been gained seemed ebbing, and the good doctor was alarmed about his patient, and found a substitute to keep books, and represented to the firm that he "could not find a

substitute to keep the breath of life in a dying woman," and the humane gentlemen could do no less than acquiesce and let their best accountant go as nurse again to oblige the well-beloved doctor in a difficult and critical case.

"My good angel, you are come back!" said the sick woman, in a tone no one had heard her use for many years, it was full of love and gladness, and she wept hot tears as Hildreth came and took her hand.

"Mamma is greatly changed," said the daughter to her brother. "She is just the same to me, but she is so tender to that strong, sweet girl that calmed her in her ravings. I never saw her loving to any one before, not even to us, when we were little!"

"Oh, Hildreth," said the sick woman, one day when she awoke and found the maiden sitting beside her, "the sight of your comforting face makes me feel so warm and rested here," and she put her hand to her heart. "The cold, dead weight has been here so long I did not know there could be any other feeling!" and tears streamed from her beautiful eyes.

"Dear, sweet lady," said Hildreth, "there is always fresh life ready to germinate, green things ready to spring forth when the snow is melted away. God keeps them for us in our hearts through all 'the winter of our-discontent.'"

"Ah, but it needs the hand of human love to let the warm life in! My heart has been frozen, Hildreth. A cruel wrong—but I cannot speak of it—I never can. It froze me, Hildreth; except one place in my soul, where the molten lava always flowed and seared me through and through. Oh, Hildreth, I have been in many lands, but nothing did me good, although I tried all means to get back mental health, until you came and loved me like an angel. Your little, soft, sweet prayers and loving tones and touches woke long-forgotten feelings. I can feel my seared and frozen heart put out little, pale blossoms of the spring-time when you are by. Your human hand brings Heaven's light and warmth into the cold and darkness. Stay with me, Hildreth."

When the invalid had nearly regained accustomed strength this request was renewed. "Make your home with me; be as a sister to me. I can never spare you, Hildreth," pleaded the beautiful woman.

Hildreth had left her key and her monthly rose and Spirry, the cat, with Aunt Nestor when she shut up her rooms. Spirry had passed through melancholy experiences with Thomas's children, notwithstanding Aunt Nestor's promises and best precautions. Spirry had become a sadder and a wiser cat. His gladness to see Hildreth on her return knew no bounds. When Aunt Nestor saw Hildreth she rose in great agitation. The dear little canary bird of a woman trembled like an aspen leaf as she leaned on her crutch and tears rained down her face so that she could scarcely speak.

"Oh, it wasn't true!" she said. "The ship wasn't

lost! I mean the ship was lost but some lives were saved, and John has come home! John has come home!" and she hid her face on Hildreth's shoulder and Hildreth put her arm around her and supported her. "He had to go to India, they wouldn't let him off and he had to stay so long and his letters were lost on the way; but he has come!"

The white-haired, bronzed, kindly-faced old man soon came in. He was well knit, erect and glad as a boy. It was beautiful to see the love that showed itself in every act for his "bonnie Kathie," as Hildreth overheard him call Aunt Nestor. He seemed to know Hildreth from previous accounts of her.

"We are going to housekeeping," he said, "and my wife and I want you to come and live with us. We have fixed it up right snug. You may have any room you like in the house and do as you like at all times."

The kind old man gallantly took Spirry-cat in one arm and the monthly rose with three buds and two blossoms on it in the other and went down-stairs and kindled Hildreth's fire for her.

"My wife says you have been as good as a daughter to her ever since you came here, and the sight of you, she says, has made her heart feel chirp and blossomy in her trouble ever since you came into the house," said John Nestor. "We would really feel obliged to you if you would come and stay with us. My wife has told you all about us and I've come home forehanded. I have taken the Rivers place, and we're going to live in it as soon as we can get things together."

"The pretty cottage with the piazzas and vines?"

"Yes, the one close by the doctor's place."

"Oh, I'm so glad, for Aunt Nestor!" said Hildreth, rejoicingly.

The maiden sat in her cheerful room and the light shone softly on the pictures of the Saviour and of her mother.

"I only reached out of my own darkness to put away a little, a very little of the trouble in other lives. I could not do much at most, and lo! what has rewarded me! How beautiful are the green things of love and sympathy that hide under the snow of our everyday lives. Oh, to know better how to bring green things to light in wintry lives!"

The rose shed its fragrance on the air. Spirry purred softly. A glad cat he was! The hickory-fire snapped loudly.

There was a tap at the door and the boy who brought Hildreth's mail handed her a magazine and a letter. The superscription was neat, correct, business-like. Hildreth recognized the familiar hand.

"They are getting impatient for my return to the office," she said, mentally. "I intend to be with them to-morrow again."

Hildreth gazed mutely at the concisely-worded note a much longer time than simple perusal required. It was an offer of marriage from the head of the firm that employed her. Hildreth finally dropped it in her lap and sat as motionless as a statue.

"I do not love this man, and, of course, I cannot even think of marrying him," said the orphan. "It is very comfortable to be convinced in my own mind that his convenience, his judgment, rather than his heart, must have dictated this note. He will not suffer," and Hildreth drew writing materials toward her, and courteously, concisely in the manner in which it had been made, declined the offer.

A few days later Hildreth received another letter. It was from an old and valued friend of her family, one who had acted as her father's man of business. This letter informed her of the rise in value of land she had in vain endeavored to make sale of, regarding it hardly worth the taxes she was obliged to pay upon it. The discovery of a lead mine upon it put Hildreth unequivocally in possession of a handsome fortune. For particulars regarding the best means of rendering it available, she was referred to the head of the firm for whom she was employed. That gentleman had, for certain business reasons, been consulted, and was in possession of the facts of the case, himself owning land adjoining. He could aid her decision as regarded a sale of the property, or in taking measures for the working of the mine.

Hildreth's cheek flushed hotly as she read these concluding clauses of the letter.

"My Heavenly Father," she said, devoutly, "I thank Thee that Thou didst not permit me for one instant to entertain that profane and mercenary offer of marriage!"

Hildreth sat long in thought. Then she rose and stood before the picture of her mother.

"A few weeks ago I could not realize that I had a friend in the world. Three homes have been urged upon me within a few days. Two have been offered from true and loving hearts. Which shall I do? Shall I go to the strange, sweet, gifted woman, who so enlists my sympathies, and live with her in her beautiful home as a sister? Shall I go and take rooms with the warm-hearted, loving friends in their pretty nest among the vines, and put fresh, new little pleasures into their lives, as a daughter might—all of us living there close under the good doctor's wing, perhaps helping in his work among the suffering? or shall I make a true home of my own, now, and receive others—a beautiful home, a woman's home all my own and by myself, in some sweet place beloved by Nature, the dear, universal mother?"

Under the influence of the magnetic, sweetly-smiling eyes of the portrait, Hildreth had spoken aloud—a habit lonely people will sometimes fall into—and the questioning, the seeking for light as to her future course had been almost like a prayer.

"There are these three courses inviting me—which shall it be?"

"Neither," spoke a manly voice of one who, finding the door ajar, had entered and stood there unperceived. "Hildreth, darling sis, don't start. Yes, I'm Rob. Don't cry. I'm worthy, through repentance, to be received, or I wouldn't come. I have suffered, Hildreth!" and strong, manly arms enfolded her lovingly, and tears and kisses had their way be-

tween reunited brother and sister. The sweetly-smiling eyes of the portrait seemed to light up with new sympathy as they sat late into the night and talked of the years between them, wherein their hitherto undivided lives had taken coloring new and strange.

"It was my enthusiastic admiration for the captain that got me into trouble," Rob went on, when they had chatted long that never-to-be-forgotten night; "and my pride and self-will helped it on. Father tried to keep me from going to the barracks so much. I suppose my knack at private theatricals and such things amused them in their monotony, and their flattery must have turned my head. They praised my music, and my recitations, and my horsemanship, until I got quite made over. But it was my real love for the captain, who flattered me by giving me, so young a man, his confidence, always professing to me that I was the truest, most responsive friend he ever had, that swamped me at last."

"He had strong magnetic power," said Hildreth. "Nearly every one felt it—even those who had no respect for him."

"I wouldn't believe a word against him. I trusted him. He was in a tight fix, and I contracted debts for him, not letting his name even appear; for at that time it was in ill odor. And I gave him my name, too, our good family name, on paper, to be used at his discretion. He said he could pay—he but asked a little time. I believed in him so! Oh," and Rob got up and walked the floor in excitement, "I can hardly believe him now to be the scamp I know he is!" and the devoted, enthusiastic trust of a youthful, chivalric spirit struggled with the sharp truth that had come deeply home to him.

"When I found how the case really stood; when I saw what a tool I had been, I despised myself. I ought to have paid the penalty by staying right there and telling the truth, and working it out. But my pride wouldn't let me, and I was weak enough to want to screen him a little longer. I thought he might come out right and explain everything at last. I thought I could better earn the money elsewhere to discharge the claims, and when you did not answer my full, long letter, giving all the particulars, oh, Hildreth, that was a dark time! But, somehow, I believed through it all you believed in me. I thought father's family pride was up, and he would not let you write."

"It is so strange, so hard that we never received that letter. But, Rob, I *did* believe in you through it all."

"Bless you for that."

"And so did our father, though he was crushed."

"Oh, my father!" and sobs had their bitter way.

"Oh, what misery I wrought, Hildreth, for us all!"

"You were more sinned against than sinning; but hearts that are bound together should confide fully, always. There is danger always in the darkness of concealment."

"I thought I would write once more, but after

everything turned against me so, my pride wouldn't let me. I had earned nearly enough to come home when I fell sick and was taken to the hospital, and it was all taken from me. I was robbed outright, and had to begin all over again. And it was such a drawback that I mended so slowly. And the sting of your not writing was worse than all."

"As your not writing, as we supposed, was the hardest part for us."

Robert's experiences and vicissitudes, the account of his going to the old home and learning of his father's death and Hildreth's removal; his surprise and grief upon learning that his sister's earnings had been used to discharge the claims against him; his full payment of the remaining liabilities, and liberal refunding of Hildreth's noble advance in his name; all these things can be but briefly touched upon here.

Robert made a beautiful home, where Hildreth presided until one whom the brother's heart approved, one worthy of our Hildreth, won her, and then the daughter of the beautiful woman whose whole nature had been quickened and brought back to life through Hildreth's ministry came, and with her mother's inherited grace, beauty and talent, and a true, loving heart, blessed it as Robert's wife.

Aunt Neator and her good husband John were at Hildreth's wedding, and are frequent guests.

Hildreth's life is full of blessing. From remembered dark hours of her loneliness, light has sprung for others wherever her hand could let it in. Her imperishable treasures are the fresh, green, living things of gratitude and almost worshipping affection which she has sought and found under the snows of chilled, repressed human lives. Strong tendrils from hearts that were ready to perish twine around her and her home. She brings them forth in beauty. She strengthens them with love.

INSUBORDINATION;

OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XIV.

TRoubles of a RUNAWAY APPRENTICE.

"WHAT luck, Ike?" was the first salutation I met from my two fellow-runaways.

"None at all," I replied, despondingly.

"This is rather a poor kind of a business, I'm thinking," said Bill, with an effort to seem indifferent. But I could see that he was far from being easy in mind.

"Poor enough," I said, 'as far as I have had anything to do with it. I wish I was safely back in Baltimore again.'

"Well, I can't just say that I do," replied Tom. 'I'm a free man now, and free I'm determined to stay. I'm going to quit the trade; what do you think of that?'

"Going to quit the trade!" I said, in surprise. 'Well, and what then?'

"Why, I mean to go to sea; for there is no chance of getting work here. Every boss shoemaker in the place suspects me of being a runaway apprentice, and won't have anything to do with me."

"But how are you going to get on board of a vessel?" I asked.

"That's easy enough. A schooner sails from here to-morrow for Norfolk; and the captain says he will give me a passage down; and when once there, he says, there will be chances enough to get to sea, either in the United States or merchant service. I want Bill to go, but he's afraid of salt water. Won't you go? I think I can get you a passage down."

"To this I shook my head. I never had much idea of going to sea."

"And what are you going to do, Bill?" I asked.

"Me?" he said, with a slight uneasy emotion. 'Why—why—seeing no chance of getting any work here, for every boss that I've been to see will have nothing to do with me, I have agreed to keep bar in a tavern.'

"Keep bar!" I said, in surprise; for, bad as I was, I had always thought it degrading to mix liquor for every drunken fellow and worthless negro.

"It's a fact," said Bill, rather sadly. 'I never thought I would come to this, but I must do it or starve.'

"When do you begin?" I asked.

"The present bar-keeper has become so worthless, that he is to be sent away this afternoon, and then I shall commence."

"You'd better go with me," said Tom.

"Bill shook his head."

"Suppose we all go back," said I.

"Never!" replied Tom, emphatically; and,

"Never," added Bill, with less heartiness.

"After wandering about for awhile we went down to the wharf on the Potomac, where lay the vessel in which Tom was to sail for Norfolk. The captain, who seemed to have taken a liking to him, wanted us all to stay to dinner. After this was over, we shook hands with Tom, who was to leave in the morning, and Bill and I went back to the city, a little melancholy at parting with an old companion, and at the doubtful prospect before us."

"As we entered the city, near the market house, Bill pointed to a sign before a low, dirty-looking grog-shop, on which were the words: 'LAFAYETTE HOTEL AND TRAVELLER'S RETREAT.'

"That's the place," he said.

"What place?" I asked, for I did not understand him.

"Why, the tavern where I am going."

"Don't call that a tavern, Bill," said I. 'It's nothing but a low, mean, dirty grog-shop.'

"Well, that's the place," he said, 'any how. You know the old copy the master set us at night school—Necessity knows no law.'

"I did not reply, for I felt too bad. In a few moments we were at the door, and I went in with him. The appearance here was even worse than it was outside. The room was small, with a counter and

lattice work on one side. A row of decanters occupied one shelf, and below this were three barrels, marked, 'WHISKY,' 'BRANDY,' and 'RUM.' The upper shelves behind the counter were filled with a medley that it would be hard to describe. There were apples, cakes, herrings, onions, and tumblers containing marbles, slate-pencils, thimbles, etc. In the window were several decanters of liquor, with lemons between them, some cakes and some herrings. At the end of the row of shelves hung several strings of onions. This was the tavern! The inmates consisted of a red-faced man behind the counter, who greeted Bill as we entered with a kind word and a smile, two men playing dominoes at a table, a negro drinking at the counter, and a man half drunk lounging upon a bench. The fumes of the place, at first, made me feel sick; but in a little while I could breathe the air more freely. The keeper of the shop drew us some liquor, and after I had taken a glass I began to feel much happier than I had been for several days. Bill took his place as bar-keeper, and drew liquor and mixed punches and slings with a dexterity that seemed to gratify the owner of the place very much, for he looked upon every movement with a peculiar smile. I stayed until nearly night, and then went over again to Georgetown. The old lady seemed glad to see me, and asked why I had not been to dinner. I made some excuse, but did not give the true reason.

"I think I have got you some work," she said. "I went to see an old friend of mine in the trade, and he said he thought he could seat you."

"I was, of course, very much pleased at this intelligence, and in the morning Mrs. Armor went with me to the shop where work had been promised. I was surprised and confused on entering to find myself in the same shop where, but two or three days before, I had falsely stated that I had served my time in Washington.

"This is the young man I was speaking to you about," said my kind old friend, advancing to the counter, behind which stood the boss, busy at the cutting-board.

"I am sorry to tell you, Mrs. Armor," said the man, gravely, "that I can't seat him in my shop, eying me at the same time with a forbidding aspect.

"And why not?" she asked.

"Because he is a runaway apprentice, and a liar to boot!" replied the man, in a half angry tone.

"Mrs. Armor turned upon me a look of doubt and inquiry; and, thus appealed to, I said: 'I am sorry to say, Mrs. Armor, that, when questioned here a few days ago, I said that I had served my time in Washington. But what could I say? If I had confessed that I had left my master, what chance would there have been for work?'

"You understand now, sir, how he is situated, and why he tried to mislead you," said the old woman, turning to the owner of the shop. "He has been very badly treated, and almost forced to leave his master. He must have work or he can't live.

Won't you give him just a little? Without money or friends in a strange place!"

"No, I will not give him a bit of work!" he replied. "Let him go home to his master and behave himself. A boy that will lie about one thing will lie about another. And if you'll take my advice, Mrs. Armor, you'll turn him out of doors and tell him to go about his business."

"Never!" said the old woman, as she turned away, and we left the shop together.

"We walked along in silence until we came to her house, which we entered, and then she said kindly: 'Isaac, you mustn't be discouraged. All the people in Georgetown ain't like that man, if he is an old friend of mine. You must stay here until something turns up in your favor; and that will be right soon, I am sure.'

"I hope so," I said, gloomily. But I felt too bad to say much.

"After supper that night I went over to the city to see Bill. I found him busy behind the counter, mixing liquor for several persons who stood around the bar. He seemed cheerful, and even pleased, with his new employment; for he chatted away as lively as any of the noisy inmates of the tavern. He did not see me when I entered, for the room was pretty full, and as I retired to the back part, near a table where some men were playing cards and others throwing dice, I had a chance to look on without being observed. I soon saw him pour out some brandy in a glass, and, after adding some sugar and water, turn it off himself. I now saw that his face was flushed, and his manner excited.

"Getting tipsy, as I live!" I said, laughing to myself. At that moment his eye rested upon me, and I advanced to the bar.

"What'll you drink, Ike?" was his first salutation.

"Give me some brandy toddy," I said.

"That's the stuff for you. It'll do your heart good, Ike," he said, as he pushed my glass across the counter.

"I drank it off at a single draught, and soon began to feel my spirits rising. Bill was kept busy for the next hour by the constant calls of customers, and I had but little chance to talk with him. I sat near the table most of this time, looking at the keeper of the place and another man, who were playing cards. They had a good deal of money staked, and the tavern-keeper won at almost every game. The man with whom he was playing was a stout countryman, who grew more and more restless and excited every moment. Suddenly he sprang from the table.

"You have cheated me!" he cried, with a bitter oath, clenching his fist.

"You are a liar!" retorted the tavern-keeper, also springing up, and seizing the countryman by the throat. In the next moment a powerful blow from the latter knocked him at full length upon the floor.

"He was soon upon his feet again, his face inflamed, and his eyes flashing fire. With a dreadful oath, he hurled a chair, which he had seized, in ris-

ing, at the head of his antagonist, who, in turn, fell to the floor. Without giving him an opportunity to rise, the tavern-keeper kicked him in the face and stomach three or four times, causing the blood to gush from his mouth and nose. Then dragging him to the door, he dashed him into the street, swearing that if he come in again he would murder him. The man did not attempt to re-enter, and I felt greatly relieved. While the scuffle was going on, I had gone inside of the bar. Already, Bill seemed to have a degree of relish for such scenes.

"He's a whole team, isn't he?" he said, alluding to the keeper of the house. I felt no inclination to reply, and so remained silent. In a few minutes I went away, resolving never again to enter the place. Still more troubled in mind, I hastened along the lonesome way back to Georgetown. In the course of the next few weeks I got some work, and nearly all of the money I earned I gave to my kind old friend. Every now and then my desire to see Bill would return, and then I would go over to the city and spend an evening at the 'Lafayette Hotel.' Bill had learned to play cards, and dominoes, and to handle the dice-box. He would always insist upon my playing, and I ~~soon~~ grew fond of the pastime. Some little stake was always necessary to keep up the interest of the game, and this created a desire to be winner, and at last for the profits of successful playing. But I could rarely get ahead of Bill, who would win and pocket my money with as much pleasure as if I had been a stranger or his enemy. This continued until, one night, in returning from the city, I was caught in a heavy thunder-shower. From that night, for two or three months, I was unable to do anything at all. I had a long spell of sickness, and suffered much. But never once, during that time, did Mrs. Armor treat me with coldness. She continued to act like a mother. When I was able to go about, I could get no work. My clothes were nearly all worn out, and I did not want to be a burden any longer upon my old friend. As I said before, she gave me money enough to pay my passage as far as Fredericksburg. I did not see Bill before I started. To tell the truth, I was afraid that he would persuade me to take a game, and win my passage-money."

When Isaac had finished his story, which was listened to with much interest, Mr. Illerton remarked that runaway apprentices generally had a pretty hard time of it.

"Indeed they have, sir," returned Isaac.

"And I hope you will be happier when you go back," said Anne.

"I hope I shall, Miss Anne," replied the boy. "If I don't, I suppose it will be my own fault."

"I think it will, Isaac," she said. "For I am sure Mr. and Mrs. Hardamer will be very kind to you if you will only try to please them."

"Yes, that they will, Isaac, I can assure you," added Mrs. Anderson.

"How glad I shall be to get home once more!" said the boy, warming with the idea.

When the steamboat drew up to Potomac-Creek, Mr. Illerton handed Isaac a ticket for his passage back to Washington, and also slipped a bank-note into his hand, with an injunction not to forget his old friend in Georgetown. The tears stood in the eyes of the boy as he shook hands with Anne and Genevieve. But the parting was hurried and brief, and he was soon left alone, to linger for hours in the cabin of the steamboat before he was again on his way back. On his arrival in Washington, he went over to Georgetown to see Mrs. Armor.

"Why, bless my heart, Isaac, what has brought you back so soon?" exclaimed the old woman, in surprise, as he entered her humble abode.

"I am going home," was Isaac's brief answer.

"Perhaps it's the best thing you can do," said Mrs. Armor, her face brightening up. "I have often thought so, but I couldn't find the heart to urge it upon you. But what has made you change your mind?"

Isaac related the interview which had taken place on board of the steamboat, and ended by saying: "Here is the note which Mr. Illerton gave me. You see it is for fifty dollars. Get it changed and let me have as much as will carry me to Baltimore. The rest you will keep as part pay for what you have done for me."

The old woman was poor, and the charge Isaac had been to her, she had felt a good deal; still she did not want to take the boy's money, much as she stood in need of it.

"I don't think I can take it, Isaac," she said. "You want clothes very badly, and had better get yourself some."

"I won't have a dollar more than will carry me to Baltimore!" replied Isaac, emphatically. "So you will have to keep it."

The old woman did not reply. "A good deed is never lost," were the words which came into her thoughts; and she looked upon Isaac with a new feeling of regard, and with something of regret at the separation soon to take place.

CHAPTER XV.

GETTING HOME AGAIN.

"WHY, how do you do, Mr. Wilkins?" said Mr. Hardamer, who had opened his front door in answer to a rap, a few evenings after Genevieve had left with her husband for a new home in Virginia. "Come, walk in. It's a long time since I've seen you in my house. It does one good to meet his old friend, now and then, when he has time for a social chat. But my old friends have grown pretty scarce of late." The closing sentence was uttered in a lower, and somewhat desponding tone.

"But adversity tries the stuff our friends are made of," replied the individual addressed; "and it is almost worth the pain to have all false ones driven from around us."

"True, sir, true!" said Mr. Hardamer. "But, come, walk into the back room."

The appearance of Mr. Wilkins, after a suspension of his visits for a whole year, surprised both Geneva and Gertrude. The former received him with an easy, cheerful, unembarrassed manner, that made him at home with her; the latter, suddenly conceiving the idea that her old beau was on a wife-hunting expedition, and feeling a willingness to accept him in despair of making a better match, affected numerous smiling airs and attractive graces, and accorded to him a wordy welcome.

The conversation during the evening was, of course, general, and, after spending an agreeable hour or two, Mr. Wilkins went away, singularly pleased with his visit, and very much inclined to call again in a very short time. He had dropped in half out of curiosity to see what kind of a figure the high-minded young ladies cut under the new order of things, and partly for the want of some way in which to pass the evening.

"Mr. Wilkins has improved very much since he was here before, don't you think he has?" said Gertrude to her sister, after they had retired to their chamber.

"I don't know but that he has improved some," replied Geneva. "But it is some time since he was here and, perhaps, we see a little differently."

"He's as different as can be!" said Gertrude, in a positive tone; "and I give you fair notice that I'm going to set my cap for him. He's my old beau, any how! And so I shall expect that you'll not go to pushing yourself in between us."

"You needn't be afraid of that," replied Geneva, in a quiet tone. "But, really, Gertrude, I would wait a little, if I were you, to see whether he had any serious intentions. If he should have none, and you should allow your feelings to become too much interested, it will only cause you trouble."

"Oh, fiddlestick! What do you suppose he came here for?" said Gertrude, in a tone slightly irritated. "He's my old beau, and has come, of course, to renew the acquaintance. Didn't you see how peculiarly he smiled whenever he spoke to me. I believe he always did love me; and if it hadn't been that I had chances above him in view we would have been married and settled down long ago. Heigh ho! Well," ran on the matrimony-struck young lady, "I never thought it would have come to this; but the crooked stick has to be taken sometimes. Any how, I expect he is beginning to do pretty well in business, and I'll make a bargain with him, beforehand, that as soon as he is well enough off he is to quit the business and go to storekeeping. And then I can hold my head up with any of them. But I'll never keep company with Anne Earnest, or, rather, that Illerton's wife, see if I do. I despise her and her husband, too!"

Geneva did not reply, and her sister went on.

"He's an elegant-looking man, that's certain. Illerton looks like a fool alongside of him; and I don't believe, any how, that he's half as rich as he's made out to be. I wonder if he will come again to-morrow night," she continued, glancing at herself

in the glass. "I hope he won't be ashamed to be seen coming into this screwed-up kind of a place. I am mad at pa every time I think about this dirty alley!"

"But he can't help it, you know, Gertrude," interposed her sister.

"What's the reason he can't, I'd like to know?" replied Gertrude, warming at this implied rebuke. "Couldn't he get as good a house and at as cheap a rent in an open street a little way up town? Be sure he could! And he crept in here on purpose to mortify us! I know him!"

"Well, any how, I wouldn't talk so," said Geneva, soothingly.

"What's the reason you wouldn't, ha?" replied Gertrude, evidently getting angry. "Oh, I forgot! you've begun to play pious. I'd go and join the church, if I was you. You'd make an acceptable member, no doubt!"

To this sneer, Geneva, though strongly tempted, made no reply. She felt a good deal irritated, as well as pained, but, happily, she controlled herself, and remained silent.

On the second evening after his visit Mr. Wilkins called again. From assiduous attention to business, he had obtained a good run of custom. And this was rapidly increasing. His stand was among the best in the city, and his customers men who paid promptly, and were willing to pay a good price for a good article. Since his first visit Mr. Hardamer had mentioned these things in his family, and Gertrude was more inflamed than ever with a desire to secure so valuable a prize, notwithstanding he was a shoe-maker. On this evening, in anticipation of a visit, she had dressed herself with extra care, and arrayed her face with extra smiles. But it so happened that Mr. Wilkins's eye would wander naturally from the silk dress of Gertrude to the plain calico one of Geneva—from her head, dressed off with a wreath of flowers, to that of her sister, upon which the dark hair was plainly parted; from the face set off with artificial smiles, to the one where an expression of meek thought ever rested. Geneva's countenance appeared to him much changed. Its aspect, though calm, indicated the existence of painful thoughts, and interested him exceedingly. He felt different when looking upon or conversing with Gertrude, and was annoyed by her manner toward him.

"It's a delightful evening, Mr. Wilkins," said the latter, during a slight pause, allowing her face to expand into what she conceived to be a most fascinating smile.

"Yes, it is very pleasant," he replied, deliberately, the recollection forcing itself upon him more strongly at every word that without it was foggy, and the air filled with a penetrating mist. "It is a little foggy, but, still, it is mild and pleasant."

Gertrude saw that she had made a blunder, but still she had gained what she wanted, the particular attention of the young man, and therefore cared little for it.

"Have you been to any parties lately?" she said, now that she had his ear.

"Not very lately," he replied. "Let me see. Yes; I was at one week before last."

"Ah, indeed! Where was it?" she asked, with animation.

"At Mr. Berlin's," replied Wilkins.

"Indeed! Have they begun to give parties? Why, the girls are mere children yet," said Gertrude, affecting surprise.

"Caroline is quite a womanly sort of a body, and entertained the company with ease. She is getting to be a favorite with the young men," remarked Mr. Wilkins.

This did not exactly please Gertrude, and she replied, "I never saw much of her that was interesting. Indeed, I have always looked upon her as forward beyond her years."

Mr. Wilkins was less pleased with this remark than any he had heard, either on the present or preceding evening, and he turned with a feeling of relief toward Genevra, who made some observation intended to divert the conversation from the censorious turn it had taken. Directing his remarks toward her, he elicited replies and observations that caused her to rise every moment more and more in his estimation. This, of course, did not escape the lynx-eyed observation of Gertrude, and her jealous and indignant feelings were kindled into an active flame. After he had gone Gertrude went up to her chamber, for she could not feel at ease in the company of her father and mother, or Genevra, since the latter had so suddenly changed, and sat with them usually, during the evenings, but little.

It was near ten o'clock, and while Mr. and Mrs. Hardamer, with their daughter, were engaged in some pleasing conversation, that a low and hesitating knock was heard at the front door. On opening it, Mr. Hardamer saw a pale-looking and poorly-dressed lad, who seemed disposed to shrink out of the circle of light made by the candle he held in his hand.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" said Mr. Hardamer, not recognizing at the moment his old apprentice.

"Don't you know me?" said Isaac, in a hesitating voice—for it was he.

"Ike! Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Hardamer, holding the light close to the face of the boy. "Well, what do you want?" he added, in a sterner tone.

"I have a letter for you from Genevieve," said Isaac.

"From Genevieve! Then come in, and let me have it," replied the old man, in a kinder tone.

Isaac entered, and was ushered, in a moment, into the room where sat Mrs. Hardamer and Genevra.

"Bless me, Isaac, is that you?" said Mrs. Hardamer.

"Yes, ma'am, it's me, I believe," said the boy, sadly.

"Come, take a seat," said Mr. Hardamer, "and let's have the letter you say you've got."

Isaac drew a letter from his pocket, the seal of which Mr. Hardamer broke, and then read aloud. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR FATHER:—I have met with Isaac, and have persuaded him to go home. He will hand you this. From what he has told me he has suffered a good deal since he went away, and is anxious to get back again. Speak kindly to him. I have pledged myself for his reception—and for the sake of your absent child, do not let him be punished in any way. I am sure he will be both industrious and obedient, and try all he can to please you. Thomas, he tells me, has gone to sea, and William is keeping bar in a grog-shop in Washington, and is turning out badly. Give to mother and sisters my affectionate regards and believe me ever your obedient child,
"GENEVIEVE."

After finishing the letter old Mr. Hardamer went up to Isaac, and extending his hand, said, "Welcome home again, my boy! You have brought a good recommendation."

The unexpected manner of his old master broke down the feelings of the boy still more, and in spite of all his efforts to restrain himself, he burst into tears.

"I will try and please you," said he, with an effort, as he regained some command over himself. "I confess that I acted wrong when I went away. But I have suffered enough for it. I am willing to make up all the time I have lost."

"If you come back in that spirit, Isaac," replied Mr. Hardamer, a good deal moved, "we shall, I am, sure, get along well enough. We have both, no doubt, been a little to blame for the past. But," he said, in a more lively tone, "'let has beens be has beens,' and for the future let us all try to do better, and to be better."

After Isaac had related where he had been, and what he had done while away, Mrs. Hardamer handed him a light and directed him in his way to the garret, where Jimmy slept, and whose bed he was now to share. It was after eleven o'clock when Isaac entered the garret. The noise of opening the door awoke the little boy, who, raising up, looked with surprise upon the apparition of his old fellow-apprentice.

"Well, Jimmy, you see I'm back again," said Isaac, setting down the candle with an air of confidence and satisfaction, for he began already to feel about one hundred per cent. better than he had felt for some months.

"I'm glad of it," replied Jimmy, as soon as his eyes were fairly open, and he comprehended the meaning of Isaac's unexpected presence; "for you'll like things now a great deal better than you used to."

"Well, I'm glad, too, Jimmy. And, so things are different from what they used to be?"

"Oh, yes, indeed are they," said the little boy, earnestly. "Why, I haven't been scolded nor beat for a long time. When Mr. Hardamer tells me to do anything, he doesn't speak so loud and cross as he used to, nor threaten to give me the stirrup. And Mrs. Hardamer is different, too. I get a great many more good things to eat than we used to—and she

takes care of my clothes, and gets me new ones, too. I'm glad you've come back, for I know you'll like it better than you did. But I hope you won't plague any of them, like you used to."

"No, indeed, Jimmy, that I will not," replied Isaac, warmly. "But, hasn't the old man got no other boy but you?"

"No, I'm the only one yet," said Jimmy.

"The shop's been moved since I went away. Where is it now?" asked Isaac.

"We're down in South street. Mr. Hardamer got a cheap little shop down there, and so he moved away from Market street."

"Have you much work, now?" asked Isaac, continuing his interrogations.

"Yes, we've got as much as we can do."

"How many jours have you?"

"We've got six," replied Jimmy; "and Mr. Hardamer was just saying yesterday that he would have to seat another."

"Well, I'll save him that trouble," said Isaac, with an air and tone of satisfaction. "But how are the girls, Jimmy? The old man and woman are certainly very much changed, and I should think, from what I saw of Genevra this evening, that she is a little altered."

"She's been different for a week or so," replied Jimmy. "And I hope it will last. But Gertrude is pretty ugly yet. The others are about the same. But, you know they never used to trouble us much. Genevieve's husband has come and taken her away. And she was so glad to go; and all the family, except Gertrude, seemed so pleased with him, that I am sure he must have changed, too. I was very sorry when she went away, for she has been very good to me. And Anne, she has married Mr. Illerton," continued the boy, his whole manner changing to a lively exhibition of delight. "Everybody loves her. And she didn't forget me, neither. I went to see her after she was married, and she told me that she was going away for a little while, but would come back to live, and that if I would be a good boy she would always be glad to see me. And I know she will. If it was for nothing else, I would behave myself just to please her."

"And so would I, Jimmy," replied Isaac, with warmth. "It was she that persuaded me to come home, or else I wouldn't have been here now."

"She persuaded you! Why, where did you see her?" asked the little boy, in surprise.

Isaac referred to the meeting on board of the steamboat—and the two boys continued to talk over the past for an hour before they fell off to sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHOWING A PREFERENCE.

WHEN Genevra went to her room on the night of Mr. Wilkins's second visit, she was surprised to find Gertrude still sitting up, with a countenance indicating great perturbation of mind.

"I thought you were in bed and asleep long ago," she said.

"Did you, indeed!" responded Gertrude, with a sneer.

To this Genevra did not reply, and her sister broke out passionately: "You're a mean, sneaking snake in the grass, so you are!"

"Really, I don't know what you mean, Gertrude!" she replied, pained exceedingly at this unexpected outbreak, and no little irritated at the sudden and unaccountable charge.

"Oh, no, of course not!" responded Gertrude. "Hypocrites are always very innocent! But I can see through all your tricks as clear as daylight. Didn't I tell you night before last that Mr. Wilkins came here to see me, and yet you tried to draw him off all you could? Do you suppose I couldn't see through you, ha?" and Gertrude walked about the small bed-chamber enveloped in a perfect atmosphere of angry excitement.

Here was a new difficulty for Genevra, whose good resolutions were of a very recent date. She was conscious of feeling gratified with the attentions paid her by Mr. Wilkins, and of being pleased with his conversation, and this rendered her position still more embarrassing. For some moments, owing to a powerful struggle in her mind, she remained silent. At length she said slowly, while a slight shade of sadness was in the tone of her voice: "Indéed, Gertrude, you bring a wrong charge against me. I made not the slightest effort to divert Mr. Wilkins's attention from you."

"It's a lie!" responded Gertrude, in a positive, angry tone, while her face burned and her eyes flashed.

Genevra felt for a moment a wild indignation; but, almost involuntarily, she turned her thoughts upward, and in the silence of a troubled heart uttered this prayer: "Deliver me from evil."

Instantly she felt a consciousness that in silence was her only hope for self-control; and sealing the words within her lips that were fast rising upon her tongue, she quickly disrobed, got into bed and turned her face to the wall.

Gertrude's anger had reached its culminating point, up to which it had suddenly ascended, and now it began slowly to decline. She, too, prepared for rest, and in a few minutes put out the light and got into the same bed with her sister. Still she was so much excited, and kept indulging her angry feelings against her sister so constantly, that she felt no inclination to sleep. Nor could Genevra, although she lay perfectly quiet, find oblivion for her troubled thoughts in refreshing slumber. It was probably an hour after Gertrude had lain down, and while she was still kept awake by the agitation of her feelings, that her sister, who she had supposed fast asleep, suddenly sobbed out, though vainly endeavoring to control herself. Genevra's thoughts had been busy with many painful reminiscences; and these, with the disturbance produced by her sister's unkind remarks, had kept her awake. Gradually she fell into

a state of nervous, half-dreamy wretchedness. In vain did she try to force from her thoughts the ideas and images that distressed her. They constantly recurred, upon every effort to banish them, in new forms and with added pain. In the end, she lost the control of her feelings and sobbed aloud. For more than a minute this continued, before she could restrain the passionate outbreak. Gertrude was startled for a moment, and something like a shade of regret for what she had said passed through her mind. But evil thoughts quickly displaced the momentary good impression, and she hardened her heart against her sister, and experienced an emotion of pleasure at having given her pain. But Geneva soon regained her self-control. The sudden ebullition subsided, and a peaceful calm fell upon her spirit. In a few minutes more her senses were locked in quiet and refreshing sleep. The same sweet slumber did not visit the eyelids of Gertrude. Many frightful dreams started her from her pillow; and more than once, when thus suddenly awakened, did she shrink, trembling with a strange supernatural fear, close to the side of her sister. When the morning dawned she blessed the light that relieved her from the terrors of an imagination that gave form to the evil thoughts and feelings which she delighted to cherish.

A few days afterward, Gertrude was invited to spend the evening out, and it so happened that Mr. Wilkins dropped in after night, and found Geneva alone. He was more pleased at this than he was even willing to acknowledge to himself. And, notwithstanding the sad rating which Gertrude had given her, Geneva felt a secret delight, which she in vain endeavored to banish.

The conversation that passed between them during the evening was mainly of a general character; but almost involuntarily did each examine the words and tone of the other, as if in search of some meaning concealed beneath the uttered sentiments. The visit closed by an invitation from Mr. Wilkins to attend with him a concert to be given on the succeeding evening. Geneva, of course, accepted the invitation. But now a new source of trouble and difficulty presented itself. Such a marked preference for her company would, doubtless, so exasperate Gertrude as to cause most unpleasant consequences. While still seated, after Mr. Wilkins had gone away, turning and turning the difficulty over in her mind, without seeing any way of escape, her sister came home.

"Has anybody been here?" she asked, fixing her eyes upon Geneva.

For a moment the perplexed girl hesitated, and then replied: "Yes, Mr. Wilkins has been here."

"He has?" said Gertrude, in a tone indicating surprise, disappointment and rising anger against her sister.

"Yes," was the brief reply of Geneva, who felt a little irritated at the manner and assumption of her sister, as well as troubled at the aspect of things.

"You sent him word, I suppose, that I was out," said Gertrude, making the charge with a manner

that indicated her belief in the truth of what she alleged.

"Why, Gertrude?" responded Geneva, suddenly rising to her feet.

"You needn't put on that hypocritical face, young lady. I know you!" said Gertrude, with a sneer. "You're just the one for such a mean, low-lived trick. But never mind, I'll be even with you!"

And, so saying, Gertrude took up a light and hurried off to her chamber. Mrs. Hardamer's attention had been attracted by the loud and angry tone of Gertrude's voice, and she was just on the eve of coming down to see what was the matter, when that young lady hurried past her chamber door. A feeling of uneasiness still prompted her to descend. She found Geneva with her head buried in her arms, which were resting on the table before her.

"Geneva, what is the matter, child?" she asked, in a voice of concern.

Geneva lifted her head, and her mother perceived that the tears were fast flowing from her eyes.

"Tell me, my child, what is the matter?" she repeated, more anxiously.

As soon as Geneva could so far control her feelings as to speak, she said: "Gertrude has been talking very unkindly to me; and it seems as if I could not bear it."

"What was it about?" asked Mrs. Hardamer.

Geneva hesitated a moment or two, and then said: "I would rather not say, mother, just now; but indeed I am not to blame, for I have not done what she charges against me."

"Then, Geneva," replied her mother, "if you have done nothing, it will all come right at last. But do not, let me beg of you, engage in any quarrel or dispute with Gertrude. No good, but much harm, can come from it. I would rather see you suffer wrong in silence, than have any jarring with your sister. I cannot tell you, my child, how greatly your recent effort to do right has affected your father and myself. Do not disappoint us in the hope we daily cherish, that you will never again give way to wrong desires and passions."

"I will try and not disappoint you," replied Geneva, the tears starting afresh. "But I find it so hard to keep down my feelings, when anything happens to irritate me. I am sometimes afraid that all my efforts will be of no use. And to think of being as I have been—oh, mother! I wouldn't for all the world act and think and feel as I once did!" and she looked eagerly into her mother's eyes, with an expression that asked, as plainly as words, for some direction, or some power of self-control.

Mrs. Hardamer, in her efforts to act from higher motives than such as had governed her for so many years, encountered as painful difficulties as those against which Geneva had to struggle. And she, too, had felt the insufficiency of human effort. But, in the sincere desire for a change of character, a desire created out of the very painfulness of her former state, a new light had dawned upon her. From an almost paralyzing sense of human weakness, had

sprung a confiding trust in that Being who is Goodness itself and Wisdom itself. And she had, many times, when sorely tempted, lifted almost involuntarily her heart, and breathed an inward prayer for help. Nor had she failed to remark that, after this silent invocation for aid, the evil that was struggling within her had less power, and soon retired, leaving her mind in a state of great tranquillity. Her first thought, when Geneva ceased speaking, was to direct her to the same source for that power which she did not herself possess, and she said: "I have already learned, my dear child, that our own efforts to shun evil will soon prove insufficient to protect us in temptation. We must look to Him who is the source of all good; and, if we do so, then we shall be able to conquer. In no other way, I am sure, can we successfully fight against our constant propensity to give way to anger or selfishness."

And, as Mrs. Hardamer endeavored to point out the right way to her child, her own mind was enlightened, and she saw more clearly the truth she was endeavoring to impart. In this she realized what thousands have experienced, but few observed, viz., that so soon as we make the effort, from motives of regard to others, to give to them right and timely instruction, our own minds become enlightened.

When Geneva went up to her chamber her sister had already retired. No word was uttered by either, and in a short time she sunk away into a peaceful slumber. On the next day her greatest trouble was the anticipated effect the knowledge of her invitation to attend the concert with Mr. Wilkins that evening would have upon Gertrude. One thing she resolved, and that was to seal her lips in silence, no matter what her sister might say to her. After turning over the matter in her mind, she determined to ask her mother's advice, and, accordingly, stated her difficulty. Mrs. Hardamer thought a few moments, and then said: "I will manage this for you, Geneva. Let me inform Gertrude first of your invitation, and perhaps I can prevent her ill-temper from breaking forth."

Geneva was, of course, very glad of this interference, and felt a good deal relieved in mind. Gertrude was bitter in her language against her when Mrs. Hardamer told her that she was going to a concert that night with Mr. Wilkins. But there was something in her mother's tone and manner that soon checked a further expression of angry feelings.

"And remember," said Mrs. Hardamer, in closing, "that you must not use any improper language to Geneva. You have accused her falsely, and there you must rest. Neither your father nor myself can any longer suffer you to quarrel as you have done. We are both positive in this and will be obeyed."

The way in which this was uttered carried with it, to the mind of Gertrude, a conviction that she must yield at least a degree of external obedience; but it in no way modified the feelings of resentment which she bore toward her sister. These she still cherished with added rancor.

Happily relieved from an unpleasant collision with her sister, Geneva dressed herself, and, when Mr. Wilkins came for her, was ready to go with him. Gertrude did not show herself when he called. She was in her chamber chewing the cud of bitter and evil fancies.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP.

IT was probably a month from the time in which the incidents of the last chapter occurred that Mr. Wilkins dropped into the shop of old Mr. Hardamer. After a conversation of some ten or fifteen minutes on the ordinary topics of the day, the former said: "I've been thinking for the last week or so of making a proposition to you."

"Well, what is it?" said Mr. Hardamer.

"I don't know what you will think of it," replied the other, "but it strikes me if we were to unite our shops it would be better for both of us."

"Why, as to that," said Mr. Hardamer, "I don't know what to say. I have never thought of anything of the kind; but, as you have, suppose you state some of the advantages."

"Well, they are just these, as I think," replied Mr. Wilkins. "My shop is larger and a better stand than yours. Your custom is not half what it would be, if you were where I am, and mine is hardly enough to justify my expenses. If we join, your custom will, I am sure, double, and mine cannot fall off; so that it must be advantageous to both of us. I could then do all the out-doors' work, which would be a relief to you, of course. And the business would not then suffer while I was away from the shop."

"That all seems to look very well," said Mr. Hardamer, "and, at first sight, it seems to me that such an arrangement would be advantageous to both of us. Still, I should like to turn it over in my mind for a few days."

"That, of course, you ought to do," said Mr. Wilkins.

"By Saturday I will give you an answer, one way or the other," said Mr. Hardamer, "and, in the meantime, do you look at the subject in every possible light."

On Saturday, Mr. Wilkins called in again, when Mr. Hardamer said: "Well, I have thought a good deal of your proposition since you were here, and the more I think about it, the better I like it. My own affairs are assuming a brighter aspect, and I know your business to be good. And let me say to you, Mr. Wilkins, that there is no man in the business with whom I would have any connection, except yourself."

"I thank you, warmly, for your good opinion," replied Mr. Wilkins. "I have, also, thought much of the subject since I mentioned it to you, and see no reason for not entering, as soon as each one of us can suitably arrange his own business, into the co-partnership. And this matter in a fair way of settle-

ment, I might as well say to you that, if you have no objections, I should be pleased to form with you a closer alliance. I like your daughter Geneva."

"And if she likes you, why there's an end of the matter," said Hardamer, with a broad smile of satisfaction, which he could not conceal.

That evening Mr. Wilkins called in to see Geneva, as he was now in the habit of doing almost every evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Hardamer left them, as usual, alone. Gertrude was ensconced in her chamber, in no amiable mood, a place of refuge from the presence of Mr. Wilkins, which she did not fail to seek whenever that gentleman was announced.

"I've got a letter here from Genevieve," said Mr. Hardamer to his wife, after they were alone, drawing from his pocket the welcome epistle.

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Hardamer, with pleased surprise, "then read it, for I am very anxious to hear from her."

Mr. Hardamer put on his spectacles, and after unfolding the letter, read:

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER.—Four pleasant weeks have hurried by, like so many days; and now I must lay aside everything and write to you, for I know that you are very anxious to hear from your child. Four weeks! It does not seem possible that it is so long since I left you. But happy days pass swiftly. I have found Mr. Anderson's mother everything that my heart could desire. She loves him with great tenderness, and has received me as if I were her own child. Mr. Anderson has two sisters, one of them married and away from home; the other single and with us. She is a good girl, and seems to delight in anything that pleases either her brother or myself. I never saw a family where there was such harmony and good feeling between all the members. Mr. Anderson, who, although he has no diploma, has a license from some medical college, intends practising medicine in this county, and has given notice to that effect. He seems to be very much liked here; although he was formerly, as you know too well, very wild and inconsiderate. Already he has had several calls, and the neighbors say that he will do well.

"Mr. Illerton's father lives close by us, and Anne spent a whole month with them. She has just gone home. They were all delighted with her. She promised me that she would call and see you; I hope she will, frequently, for I know you will like her very much; and she will be of so much use to Geneva, who, I sincerely hope, is still trying to do right. Speak to her affectionately from me, and tell her that only by perseverance in the good way she has entered, can she possibly find happiness."

"Heaven bless her!" said the old man, wiping his eyes, as he finished reading the letter from which the above is an extract. "She's no happier than she deserves to be."

After a brief pause, to collect her thoughts and feelings, Mrs. Hardamer said: "I have too, a little

pleasant news. Mr. Wilkins has offered himself to Geneva."

"I'm a little ahead of you there," replied Mr. Hardamer, smiling. "He has made proposals to me for her hand; and, besides that, we have agreed to go into business together."

"Why, when did all that happen?" exclaimed Mrs. Hardamer, in surprise and pleasure.

"It all happened to-day. And a good day's business I should call it," said Mr. Hardamer, a little proudly.

Sometime within a month from that evening, a small wedding party assembled at Mr. Hardamer's. Among those present, and as pleased as any, were Isaac Wilson and little Jimmy. Both were neatly dressed, and both wore cheerful countenances. From the quiet, happy face of this newly-wedded child the old man's eyes often turned to those of his only two apprentices, and an occasional sad thought would cross his mind, as memory called up the forms of two others who might have been there and as cheerful, too, if he had extended to them that care and watchful regard which a master should always have over his apprentices. But he banished such thoughts as quickly as possible. Gertrude forced herself, from pride and maidenly shame, to appear pleased. She kissed the cheek of her sister, after the ceremony was performed; but the act was not from love. It was only for the eyes of others. In her heart she cherished feelings toward Geneva so nearly allied to hate, that, if they could have been separated from all associated affections and presented to her in their true character, she would have been startled at their hideous deformity. Ever and anon, as her eye would rest upon the happy face of her sister and then glance from it to the manly countenance of her husband, would she feel fresh pangs of jealous indignation. But Geneva was too much absorbed in her own delight to see that any one present was disturbed. She was even deceived by her sister's manner toward her, and fondly thought that she, too, had seen her error and had resolved to cultivate kinder and gentler sympathies. But we turn away from the pleasant scene, in which was but one troubled heart, and that one troubled because evil thoughts and desires were cherished.

The new and brighter aspect which affairs had now assumed had the effect to encourage Mrs. Hardamer. She, too, like her husband, could not help glancing back, and, in noting the changes of a year, she found the words again recurring to her thoughts, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." The troubles and disappointments which she had experienced had been wonderfully effective in tearing the scales from her eyes. And now, that there seemed to have come the dawn of a better day, her resolutions to perform all known duties were strengthened, because, in the new light which had broken upon her mind, she saw clearly that only in the way of duty could there be true happiness. Never, until recently, since her children were babes, had she found as much pleasure as pain in their company. Her own, as well

as their unhappy tempers, had created a condition of things the very opposite of domestic tranquility. But the example of Genevieve had done a great deal toward correcting much that was wrong in the disposition of her three younger sisters.

The gradual process of change which had been going on in Mrs. Hardamer's own mind also had its good effect. And, since Genevra had tried to put away some of her evils, there had been a different sphere pervading her whole family—a sphere which none but Gertrude could resist—and her resistance was becoming every day more feeble, because she found it a vain resistance. And, with this wonderful change, both Mr. and Mrs. Hardamer saw that a condition of worldly prosperity was also opening before them. But, trouble had done its legitimate office. They no longer looked to riches and to the privileges of wealth as the true sources of happiness. A state of freedom from evil affections, bringing eternal peace, they saw to be the only state truly desirable. With this, riches would prove a blessing—without it, a curse.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

THE double co-partnership formed by Mr. Wilkins none of the parties had cause to regret. His wife still persevered in her efforts to act from higher motives than the mere selfish ones that had ruled her so long. The business had increased since he and Mr. Hardamer joined their shops, even more than either of them had anticipated. Work came in upon them with a rapidity and steadiness that made it necessary, in a few months, to nearly double their force. In the present was cheerfulness and contentment, and in prospect a high degree of prosperity.

Leaving now the different members of this family to act out in their legitimate spheres, their several duties, we will briefly sketch an incident or two in the lives of some other characters introduced in the course of the story, and then assign the whole to the reader.

It was probably about twelve months from the time of Genevra's marriage that a man of dissipated appearance, though perfectly sober, applied at the shop of Messrs. Hardamer & Wilkins for work. The trade was brisk, and hands in demand, and so the journeyman was promptly seated. He gave his name as Wilson. There was little in his appearance that was prepossessing, for he was miserably clad, and his countenance indicated the free indulgence of sensual passions. Still, he did not seem to be a bold transgressor; for he rarely joined in the conversation of the shop; and he certainly showed a disposition to reform at least one bad habit, for he resolutely refused to touch any kind of intoxicating drink. Gradually his looks improved, and after he had obtained new clothes he presented the appearance of a respectable man. Still, he went out but little, and always seemed to be thinking about something that troubled him.

"Come, Wilson, let's have a plate of oysters and some brandy punch," said one of the journeymen to him on a Saturday evening. "It does one good, now and then, to indulge a little."

"No, I would rather not," said Wilson.

"Oh, nonsense, come along! I believe you're actually afraid to drink," urged the other, with a slight expression of ridicule. "If the truth was known, it would be found, I expect, that you are an old bruiser at the bottle, and are afraid to touch it for fear of getting drunk."

"I expect it would," replied Wilson, gravely, while a shade of sadness flitted over his countenance.

"Then you won't go with me?" said his fellow-journeyman.

"No, indeed, that I will not!" responded Wilson, positively. "A burnt child, they say, dreads the fire."

"Well, you can do as you like," said the other; "but, thank fortune, I am man enough to drink when I please, and leave off when I please."

Wilson did not reply, and the other went out, leaving him alone with Isaac.

"Well, I'm glad you didn't go," said Isaac, warmly, after the tempting and ridiculing journeyman had gone out. "I have never felt like touching any kind of liquor since I saw my old fellow-apprentice, Bill Grimes, turn to mixing it for niggers and dirty blackguards in Washington."

"Were you ever at Washington, Isaac?" asked Wilson, with evident interest.

"Yes, I was there once, and I don't care if I never see the place again."

"Why so?"

"Because, if I must tell you, I was once fool enough to run away from my master, and foot it all the way to Washington. And a sorry enough time I had of it. Nobody would give me any work, and I believe I should have died if it hadn't been for one of the best old women in the world, over in Georgetown, who took me in and acted toward me just like a mother."

"You were fortunate in that part of your adventure, certainly," remarked Wilson, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking Isaac in the face. "What was the kind old woman's name?"

"Her name was Mrs. Armor," replied Isaac.

"Mrs. Armor," repeated the journeyman, in a mechanical and abstracted tone. Then seeming to rouse himself, he said, "And so she was kind to you?"

"Indeed she was. She took me into her house and kept me while I was sick and had nothing to do; and, though she was very poor herself, never seemed to begrudge me anything. And when I couldn't get any work in Georgetown, she gave me money enough to take me to Fredricksburg, where there was a seat of work vacant."

The journeyman still sat shading his eyes with his hand, but did not reply, and Isaac continued, "One reason why she was so good to me, I believe, was because she had a son who had left his master and

gone off, she didn't know where; for she said she hadn't heard from him in a good many years. How she seemed to love that son! Not a day passed that she didn't speak of him, and wonder where he was, and what he was doing. She said she never would die in peace until she had seen him; but sometimes she would talk about his being dead, and then the tears used to roll down her cheeks in great drops."

A sound, as of a sob, checked Isaac in his narration, and he looked up inquiringly into the journeyman's face; but the shadow from his hand concealed its expression, and defied the keen glance of the boy. But, somehow or other, he did not feel inclined to say more, and no further questions being asked, he remained silent.

On the next morning Wilson applied to Mr. Hardamer to be paid off, and left the shop with about thirty dollars in his pocket and a new suit of clothes on his back.

Late in the afternoon of the same day he descended from a stage that drove up to Gadsby's Hotel, in Washington, and stepping off at a quick pace up the avenue, was soon passing over toward Georgetown. The sun was just setting as he reached the elevated ground by the President's house, which gave him a full view of the Heights of Georgetown, and, heaving a sigh, he hurried on with a quickened pace.

Not long after he stood before a small and poor looking house, at the upper end of the town, and with a flushed face and agitated frame, knocked at the door. It was opened by an old woman, who looked at him inquiringly.

"Does Mrs. Armor live here?" he asked.

"Yea, sir, that is my name," she replied. "Will you walk in?"

He entered, and Mrs. Armor closed the door.

"And, so you don't know me, mother?" he said, while his voice trembled and his whole frame shook.

"John! my son! Oh, is it you?" exclaimed Mrs. Armor, suddenly, lifting her eyes and hands, and then throwing her arms around his neck.

"Yes, mother, it is your erring son, at last returned," he said, giving way to tears.

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the mother, looking upward, as she withdrew her arms from the neck of her son, and clasped her hands together.

It was a little over ten years from the time the incidents mentioned in the last chapter occurred, that four men were seated at a table in a drinking house in the vilest part of New Orleans playing cards. They appeared to be strangers. One of them was a sailor, and almost every word he uttered was coupled with some disgusting expletive or shocking oath. The other three seemed to be boatmen, and it was evident that they were men of bad hearts. All four were more than half drunk, and yet exhibited a keen desire to win from each other. The sailor lost frequently, and at every failure of his luck he swore more and more bitterly. At last he threw down a five-dollar bill, his last money. In a few minutes it

passed over to the pile of cash along side of the man who sat next to him.

"If you can beat me, or cheat me, I can whip you!" cried the sailor, as his last bill vanished, and he sprung from the table, and thrust his clenched fist into the face of the man who had won from him.

Quick as thought, a knife glanced in the dim light of the shop, and in the next moment the blood gushed from the side of the sailor. He fell with a groan to the floor. The individual who had stabbed him coolly replaced his knife, and looked on with a drunken and indifferent stare, while others attempted to stop the flow of blood.

"Who is he? Does any one know?" was asked by many voices.

"Ask him his name," cried another, "while he is able to speak."

"Who are you? What is your name?" was shouted in the ear of the wounded man.

"Thomas Peters," he replied, in a feeble tone.

"Tom Peters!" ejaculated the individual who had committed the rash and murderous deed, pressing forward, and bending over to catch a glimpse of the face of the man. A single glance sufficed. In the next moment he glided from the house, and hurried to the residence of a physician.

On the arrival of that individual at the scene of blood, he proceeded to examine into the condition of the wounded man, and soon ascertained that the stab he had received was not mortal. No effort was made to arrest the individual who had committed the act, for all in that den of evil felt a sympathy for any one who had become amenable to law. The physician, after dressing the wound and giving the necessary directions, hurried away, for he hardly felt that his life was safe a moment among the wretches that crowded the room.

After he was gone, the man who had stabbed Peters—the reader's old acquaintance Tom—gave directions to have him removed to a chamber, and provided for at his expense. During the whole night he sat by the bedside of the man whose life he had attempted, sometimes listening to his feeble breathing, sometimes fixing his eyes long and sadly upon the pale face of the insensible sleeper, and sometimes resting his head upon his hand, for an hour at a time, in sad and painful thought.

Toward daylight, Peters became sensible for the first time since the affray, and looked about him wildly.

"What's the matter? Where am I?" he said, with an imprecation, attempting to rise. But he sunk back upon his pillow, exhausted by the effort.

"You made a narrow escape, Tom Peters. But you are safe now," said the individual who had been watching beside him through the night.

"Who are you, ha, that calls me Tom Peters?" replied the wounded man, turning a quick and searching glance upon his companion.

"Don't you know me, Tom?" said that person, rising to his feet, and placing himself so that the

light of the dim lamp would fall upon his countenance.

"I think I know your voice. But that is not the face, surely, of Bill Grimes!" responded Peters, in surprise.

"It may be very much changed from what it was, Tom, but still it is the face of Bill Grimes, your old fellow apprentice, and none other."

"Then we are both a little the worse for wear, I'm thinking. But who was it that stabbed me, ha?" And Peters launched a volley of curses at the head of the murdering villain, as he called him, who had attempted his life.

"I stabbed you, Tom," said the other. "But you roused the devil in me by insinuating that I cheated you. I didn't know it was you, or I'd have cut my hand off before I harmed a hair of your head. But the doctor says you are not dangerous, and I hope you'll soon be out."

"Well, here's my hand, Bill," said Peters, stretching out his arm with a feeble effort. "A sailor never bears malice, and is always true to an old friend."

The other took the proffered hand and grasped it warmly.

After the recovery of Peters, neither he nor Grimes made any attempt to lead a better life, but attached themselves to each other in a kind of evil fraternity, and followed the devices of their own hearts. The end, when it came, was sad enough for both. One died in a drunken fit, of cold and exposure, in a northern city whither he had drifted; and the other, after a year passed in prison for some crime, lost his life in a quarrel. They dropped out of life, no one caring for them, or remembering them, except with pity, contempt or execration.

HID IN A ROSE.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

WE were poor, but not miserably so. Only, we were obliged to do something to live well—worldly well, I should have said; but the doing never hurt or disgraced us, and we managed to live in a pleasant, dainty sort of a way, and neither of us ever thought of finding fault with our circumstances.

We had been a large family once—that was when the old house was new, and all the walks about it were paved with the gold of the sunshine. Now the roof was overgrown with moss, the paint was faded to a dingy kind of no-color, the boards were parting in small, unnoticed places, and the trees had grown so tall under the ministry of sun and rain, and had taken to themselves so many branches, that the sunlight could hardly find a way through.

Alice and Daisy were twins, and twelve years younger than I; two brothers and a little sister, with blue eyes and sunny hair, into which the splendor of the summer heavens had fallen, had been between us, and had died years and years before. Lily was our little sister still, and would wake some day with the sweet child-smile on her pure face! And Dane

and David, the little rosy-cheeked, black-eyed boys, who had chased each other over the hills, and filled the air with merry shouts, they, too, would awake, young and gay as they were twenty years ago!

Twenty summers the wild flowers had blossomed, and the snows of twenty winters had fallen on their little graves, and the dark braids of my hair were already interspersed with silver threads.

It was the birthday of Alice and Daisy, and therefore a holiday; but, as the afternoon wore away, Alice and I took out some work of our own, while Daisy, curled up in the big rocking-chair, with a volume of poems in her hand—Goethe or Uhland, I don't remember which, but some old German whom Daisy admired and quoted to us whenever we gave her an opportunity.

Alice was embroidering a tiny velvet sacque, that was to adorn her own slender figure—and a very marvel it was in my eyes; while I—well, I am not ashamed to own that I was mending the dainty white stockings that just fitted Daisy's pretty feet. You would have loved to look at them; you could imagine so easily the little feet hidden away under the delicate embroidery! Snowy and plump they were, and you would scarcely hear a footfall if she danced from one end of the house to the other.

The afternoon faded into twilight, followed by a quiet evening, until, I think, all at once we all three began to long for a little excitement.

I rolled the stockings up into a little ball and tossed them into Daisy's lap, and for once she, of her own accord, closed the tiny, precious volume, tossing it over to me with a smile which showed that she understood my mood.

By the time I had put the book away in the old-fashioned book-case, standing in the corner, Alice had her work neatly folded and the fire stirred to a cheerful blaze.

"What are we to do?" asked Daisy, saucily, turning her blue eyes toward me, as if I had been unconsciously the disturber of the peace.

"Yes, we were quiet enough," echoed Alice, the color flashing in and out of her fair cheeks; "and why couldn't you have let us alone, Yune?"

I was baptised Yurette, but the sisters always called me Yune.

"Oh, well," I rejoined, "if you are both so sorry to be disturbed, I will go away and amuse myself."

But, before I could take a step, there was Alice holding one hand and Daisy the other, and both of them laughing and talking in a breath.

"Now, Yune, you know we were not in earnest, just as well as we know that you have some new pleasure in store for us. Do tell us, quick!"

I hadn't, really, up to that moment, any definite idea about how we were to amuse ourselves, but I began to stir up my ideas in a sort of eager fashion, while they watched me. Our resources were small, and I almost feared we had exhausted them.

There was a garret full of strange relics, but it was too cold to rummage there; and there was a curious Indian box of bits of scented wood, oddly joined to-

gether, filled, no doubt, with relics that would serve for many a wonderful story; but then we had long had a tacit agreement among ourselves, that the Indian box should be opened only on a Christmas night. And, at last, I had thought of the right thing; there was the wonderful quilt, folded away in the cedar chest. It was made of beautiful silk blossoms, cut of the loveliest colors, sewed on a pure-white ground. In the very centre was a crimson rose, and under this and every other flower, mamma had told us, there was hidden a tiny note written by the friend who had contributed the flower.

It had been our Aunt Margaret's bridal bed-quilt; but she had never used it afterward, because she would not have its splendor spoiled. When she died, eleven years after her marriage, she left the quilt to Daisy—no fingers but hers were to lift the wonderful flower-leaves, or discover the little treasures of *Thought* and *Affection* hidden now for nearly half a century!

As soon as I thought of that, I put away their detaining hands, and ran up-stairs for it. The cedar chest stood in the corner of my room, and raising the lid, I took out the bulky package, carefully tied up in linen, and went back with it. I remember, to this day, as I crossed the hall, how the moonlight shone in through the small panes of the window, making squares of silver on the floor. Over this shining path I walked with my precious burden.

Alice was holding open the door for me as I descended the stairs, and both of them cried out with delight when they saw what I carried.

We pushed back the chairs and table, and spreading it out over the gay floor-cloth, we gathered around it.

The fireshine fell over us with a sweet illumination, met half-way by the paler light from the wax candles; and, no doubt, an artist would have made a bright picture of our eager faces—Alice and Daisy, so fair and beautiful, and even my dark, plain face, more pleasant than usual, with the light of expectation upon it.

"Lift the lily first," said Alice, softly.

And Daisy parted the snowy leaves and pulled out a little pink note, folded cornerwise, and smelling of rose-leaves.

There was a little verse written in pale ink, which Daisy read aloud:

"Flowers to the fair—to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring;
Flowers, sweet and gay and delicate like you—
Emblems of innocence and beauty, too."

"Oh, look at that sunflower, Daisy! Do open that next."

And the yellow disk was pulled apart, and on a bit of blue paper appeared these quaint lines:

"With expectation beating high,
Myself I now desire to spy;
And straight I in a glass surveyed
An antique lady, much decayed,
Whose languid eye and pallid cheek
The conquering power of time bespeak."

But, though deprived of youthful bloom,
Free was my face from peevish gloom.
A cap, though not of modern grace,
Hid my gray hairs and decked my face;
Whoe'er had seen me, must have said,
There goes one cheerful, pleased old maid."

"Oh, Yune! I believe you tucked that in yourself," cried Daisy. "Doesn't it sound just like her, Allie?"

"Indeed, no!" I hastened to say. "I have not meddled with a single flower."

Carefully Daisy's pink-and-white fingers wandered among the flowers—daisies and buttercups and blue-bells—and, curious enough and sad enough were some little effusions, when we remembered that the hands that fashioned the flowers were long ago folded under the real blossoms of spring-time.

"Now, for the great rose!" said Alice, laughing.

But, as Daisy put one little finger under the reddest leaf there came a sudden loud knock at the hall door.

I opened it, but could see nothing for a white gust of snow that swept by me, extinguishing the candle I carried.

"Does Margaret Thane live here?" a strange voice demanded.

"No," said I.

And then I felt two light hands laid upon my shoulders, and turned around to see Daisy standing there, her young face shining with a shy eagerness.

"What is it, Yune?" she said, softly.

"I was directed here," the stranger said again, hesitating a little. "I am looking for Margaret Thane."

"She died years ago," I replied, quickly.

"But that is my name, too," said Daisy, looking at me reproachfully. "Won't you come in?"

And the little hand was reached past me out into the darkness of the wintry night, and before I could collect my scattered wits the young stranger was inside the door, shaking the snow from his coat.

A frank, brave face met my gaze when the cap and mufflers were thrown aside. Brown, curling hair, browner eyes, shaded by dark lashes, and a merry, laughing mouth. The red lips, parting, introduced our strange visitor, by name John Oldbury.

"I am young John," he said, when, the first excitement over, we had settled to sober talk, "and I am sent by old John to translate a letter supposed to be in the possession of Margaret Thane."

"We have been reading old letters all the evening," said Daisy, her blue eyes dancing merrily, "but we haven't found any that required a translation."

"Hush, Daisy!"

I said it softly, as I noticed the admiring gaze of the stranger lingering on her bright face.

But she had deftly unrolled the gay quilt and spread it out at his very feet.

"It is under that red rose," he said, slowly, while I listened in astonishment. "A great many years ago, my uncle, John Oldbury, was in love with your aunt, Mar-

garet Giles; but before he had told her of the one strong passion of his life, she married your father's brother, David Thane. Her friends gave her a flower quilt, and his sister Martha, who was her chosen friend, gave the red rose. Her note was written and hid under its red leaves, but he took it out, and left instead one of his own. He died the other day, and commanded me to find her and read her the note, if she had never read it; but if she was dead and had a namesake, I was to read it to her."

"And I am her namesake! Isn't it funny? We were just going to look for the secret hid under the rose when your knock startled us so," said Daisy, with a laugh and a blush.

"Suppose I keep the note until we are better acquainted?" he said, gayly.

And Daisy, blushing still more brightly, consented.

The days seemed winged things all that winter. John Oldbury put up at the village hotel, and found his way to our quiet house almost every day. Twice a week, Alice and Daisy sped through the smooth, snowy lanes in his pretty sleigh, and their merry voices rang out in musical laughter, treble and glad, when he bade them good-night under the old brown porch.

I dreamed of the ending of the story, and so, perhaps, have you.

It was early in the new year, a night bright with moon and stars, when John Oldbury brought Daisy in from an evening ramble. Daisy was restless and excited.

"John is going home to-morrow," she whispered, leaning over my shoulder.

But he caught the whisper, though he was busy talking to Alice.

"Yes," he said, "my holiday is ended. "But I have never read your letter yet, Miss Daisy."

"Read it now," said Alice, mindful of our Daisy's red cheeks.

"It isn't mine," cried Daisy. "It belongs to a dead Margaret."

"But there is a living Daisy to interpret it," he answered, joyously; and sitting down by Daisy's side, he pulled the yellow, time-worn paper from his pocket.

This is how it ran:

"HONORED MISS MARGARET—As your days of rejoicing begin, my days of hope are ended! Last evening, looking forth from my window, I saw you walking with your sweetheart by the river side, and my soul was sadly troubled. Would to God we might have had such friendly chat—such lover's talk together! For now, when I must say farewell, my heart is overflowing with honest love for you—a love that is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

"JOHN OLDBURY."

"It is an old-fashioned love-letter, Daisy, and I would have made it shorter, if no sweeter."

"What would you have said?" asked Alice.

"I would have said just what I say now. Daisy, I love you. Will you be my dear wife?" And, turning round, he had taken Daisy in his arms, and was kissing her glowing cheeks.

And this was the stranger who had come to us through the snow a short three months before!

I was on my feet, ready for a stern reprimand; but Daisy lifted her blue eyes to mine, brimful of the love she could no longer conceal, and said: "I love him, Yune!"

What could I say then?

That was four years ago to-night. Daisy Oldbury is

here again by the freight with a little brown-eyed Yune asleep on her knees; and between us we read a letter from Alice, who has crossed the wide waters with her heart's beloved.

The gray is thicker in my hair now, and the wrinkles are beginning to deepen on my face.

But baby Yune kisses away every heart-ache, and I never regret the finding of the dear love-secret that blossomed so merrily under the rose!

MISS CARRIE'S MISCARRY.

BY ANNIE L. J.

"DON'T you think Miss Carrie's plans have miscarried?" I asked the "guidman" as we sat at breakfast under the shade of a cherry-tree.

We always eat out of doors in summer time, and enjoy the morning air and song of birds more than any one can imagine who has not tried the experiment.

"I haven't heard a word about it," my husband replied, with his non-committal air. He never does "hear a word," though he always knows everything.

"Well, dear," I began, "that ancient spinster—"

"Come, now, mother, don't," he interrupted, in a reproachful tone. And he always says "mother" to me when he wants to make me feel old.

I began again: "That ancient spinster, who is, I am sure, thirty-six years of age, has been doing her prettiest to win the attentions of one of the students."

"And why not?" asked the guidman.

"Why not?" I echoed. "Yet it is a great pity so much energy should be wasted."

Miss Carrie Coulter was our next-door neighbor, and from the door of Hillside we could see the white walls gleaming through the trees of Willow Place. White it was, inside and out, clean and shining from the ceiling to the cellar, from the market baskets, that were well known without any labels, to the dog "Jip," who had his weekly bath, and ~~stays~~ afterward by the fire.

Mrs. Jemima Coulter was a majestic type of woman—large of frame, stately of demeanor, and every word large and emphatic, a dictionary in itself. I have nothing to do with the sons, for I am married, reader; and although they are all handsome fellows, and one of them once called me "a piece of parlor furniture," I shall not retaliate. It is only of Miss Carrie that I need to write, for she is indeed quite enough for one poor pen to describe and afterward survive.

We were at school together; and although at that time she had a table and chair to herself, as one the teacher honored for her age, while I sat on the benches with Libbie De Winter and the rest, yet now that I am married and have eight children to call me mother, she patronizes me, and speaks of the time she attended school as if it were only yesterday, always adding: "When I was a little girl."

Tall, stately, like her mother, with a little mincing air that had grown with her years, large of features, of the Queen Elizabeth type, and sonorous of voice, she was a character few could pass without noticing.

We are not very well supplied with clergymen in these country villages of Canada, the big lights are all reserved to enlighten the city darkness; and we who, being poor, are surely the "little ones," are left to the tender mercy of the students who are preparing for the ministry at McGill College University.

And such a variety! I have no time to divide and

subdivide them, but their efforts at imitation in oratory, their weak repetitions of the same small exhortation over and over again, had a pitiful as well as a ludicrous appearance; but when they put on airs, and talked farming, with such a knowledge of it as the youngest child present might possess, evidently to suit the capacity of their hearers, I could not endure any more, and remained rigidly at home, where, having such good authority as Emerson, I

"Laughed at the love and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?"

It had so happened this summer that a very handsome agreeable student of about twenty-five had been sent to spend the vacation, and after he had engaged board with Libbie De Winter's grandma—which we all called the "Waters' home"—the young girls of the village were delighted to find him a pleasant companion. He could talk law with Lawyer Tyall, and farming with old Hugh Wideacre, who loved a hearer better than a speaker; he was always ready to fetch a pillow for poor sick Mrs. Langly, or to wheel her baby's carriage, and even went so far as to hoe potatoes for old Mrs. De Winter, when that ambitious old lady, who had long passed her three score and ten, went about her self-imposed task. But the crowning piece of gossip came when he first rowed in the same boat with Carrie Coulter; and the laughing hoydens of eighteen, who never expect they will be old, were amused at the sight of the spinster, smitten for the first time by the little archer at the mature age of thirty-six.

At all times and seasons the "Rosebud," which was the name of Mrs. Coulter's jaunty little boat, was at the minister's disposal; and Miss Carrie, with a coquettish linen suit and pink ribbons, went floating down stream to Mrs. De Winter's, asking as the boat made for shore "if MacAlwyn was wishing a sail this evening;" and with an air of condescension inviting Libbie De Winter to take an oar. And the trio enjoyed those quiet sails over the rippling waters, sometimes reaching a bed of white water-lilies that were idly waiting for loving, admiring hands to gather them in their glorious, tranquil beauty. And Carrie, who had never read "Little Women," yet vaguely dreamed, as Laurie and Amy had done, of rowing in the same boat for life.

Pretty, demure Libbie De Winter never talked much at these times; she rowed splendidly, and joined with a sweet, pathetic voice the quaint hymns they sang, while the student made melody with his exquisite voice, and Carrie was unusually earnest whenever he sang his favorite Sunday-school hymn, which rang out its refrain for earth or Heaven—"Nearer to Thee."

So the summer passed away quietly and pleasantly, and when the September days came, and the students' holidays ended, Miss Carrie had not realized her dream.

"One last sail Mr. MacAlwyn." She held out a white ungloved hand and smiled, sympathetic but glad on hearing that Libbie was prevented by a headache from joining them. (Oh, Libbie, you little hypocrite, with your woman's excuses already.)

The "Rosebud" glided softly on out into the open bay, the old pathless road they knew so well.

Thus an hour passed, with only here and there a snatch at conversation, until turning homeward Miss Carrie remarked: "How very quiet you are this evening, Mr. MacAlwyn!" and then added with a sigh, "but no wonder, for to-morrow you leave us."

"Yes," he replied, with a pleasant smile; "but it is not for long. I shall return, if God spares me, to spend the happy New Year with you; and if I may dare to hope—"

The student's eyes were afar off, watching the glowing sunset, or he would have seen the eager yet repressed look in his listener's face. He blushed a little and appeared embarrassed.

"You may hope," she said, as softly as her stately tones could speak, "you may hope for anything I can give."

His cheek flushed deeper, and he hurried over the next sentence.

"You have been a pleasant companion to my little Libbie, and I hope you will continue her friend while I am away. We are to be married at Christmas."

His proud tone! his "little Libbie!" Carrie Coulter had a dazed look when she responded to his bland "good night," as they parted at the shore. The one dream of her dull womanhood had passed away forever.

"And how do you know all this?" queried the guidman, as I told him the story in fewer words that morning.

"I know," I replied, "because the student told Libbie, and Libbie sometimes makes me her confidante, which accounts for my knowing so much about Miss Carrie's miscarry."

IN A SALOON.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I DON'T know how you feel about it," said a gentleman, speaking to his neighbor, "but I am troubled at this multiplication of saloons. They are coming up to our very doors—intruding themselves into our best neighborhoods. That property over the way has just been sold for twenty-five thousand dollars, and is to be fitted up in the most attractive style as a drinking-saloon. It will be the fashionable place, and draw into its dangerous precincts many of our most promising young men. Neither your sons nor mine will be as safe as they are to-day."

"When it is opened?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

The name of the first speaker was Cleaves, that of his neighbor Alburts. They were engaged in business, and were living in good style in a fashionable part of the city. Both had sons just approaching manhood.

The countenance of Mr. Alburts grew troubled.

"The public indifference to this thing is marvellous," continued Mr. Cleaves. "Just think of it! We have in our city over five thousand places where liquor is sold under the sanction of the law! And there is not a man in this community who does not know that nine-tenths of the pauperism, crime and suffering with which we are cursed springs from their existence."

"I am more afraid of private saloons than these," said Mr. Alburts.

"Private saloons?" returned the neighbor, manifesting a little surprise. "These must be something new. I have not heard of them."

"It is in these private saloons that the appetite is usually first formed," said Mr. Alburts. "There are a great many of them, and they are working a vast amount of harm."

"You mean what are called sample-rooms?"

"No; their keepers do not hang out any signs. They are not open to the public. Only a select few can gain access to any one of them."

"You astonish me," said Mr. Cleaves. "Are you sure about this?"

"Very sure. They have the choicest of liquors, and are usually fitted up in the most elegant manner. Refined and cultivated people of both sexes—chiefly young men and women from eighteen to twenty-five or thirty years of age—are always to be met there. It is the æsthetic and luxurious side of drinking—fascinating and dangerous beyond anything to be found in the most attractive public saloons of our city."

"Are they licensed?"

"No. Our commonwealth gets no revenue from these saloons, many of which dispense liquor in a single night to the value of several hundred dollars. They used to be open only in the evenings, but now many of them are to be found open all the afternoon. I saw your son Edwin coming away from one of these private saloons only yesterday."

"My son Edwin!" exclaimed Mr. Cleaves, with a marked change of countenance.

"Yes. I spoke to him as he was leaving the house. He was in company with an elegantly-dressed young lady, who had also been visiting this saloon. Her color was too high, and her eyes too moist and bright. She had been taking more champagne than was good for her. I know her father and mother very well. It made me feel sorry."

"You astound me more and more. Who was she?"

Mr. Alburdis shook his head. "It would not be right for me to mention names."

"Where is this saloon?"

"I would rather not say. I might get myself into trouble."

"If they are selling liquor without a license," said Mr. Cleaves, "the danger of trouble would be with them, not you."

"I do not mean legal trouble."

"What kind?"

"Social. The people who are engaged in this thing are people of standing and great social influence. Some of them are among my most intimate and valued friends."

"There is some catch in all this. You are playing on my credulity."

"Would to Heaven it were all a mere fiction!" answered Mr. Alburdis, with great seriousness of manner. "But it is not so. These are the places we have most to dread. Here it is that our sons learn first to drink—here they acquire the appetite that leads them captive at last. I am not half so much in fear of a public drinking-house as I am of a private saloon. You may guard your sons against the former, but not against the latter. An open enemy is always less to be dreaded than a secret foe."

A mutual friend coming by at the moment interrupted their conversation.

"I would like to talk with you again about this," said Mr. Cleaves, as they parted.

It so happened that the two gentlemen did not meet again for several weeks. Then it was at a social entertainment given by a wealthy citizen, who stood high in the community as a man of great public spirit and enlarged Christian benevolence. His personal character was held as above reproach. The company assembled in his elegant rooms was made up largely of young people.

As Mr. Alburdis, who had two sons present—one eighteen and the other twenty—was passing to the supper-room, he encountered Mr. Cleaves, who said, in an under-

tone: "Just the man I've been wanting to see! Haven't forgotten that talk—you remember?"

"Oh, yes!"

The crowd pressed them asunder. Ten minutes later they found themselves side by side again. They were in a large dining-room, in the centre of which was a table covered with the choicest wines and every delicacy the season afforded. Around this table a portion of the company, mostly young men and women, had gathered, and laughing voices mingled with the sound of popping corks and the bell-like tinkle of glasses. Freely as water the wine was flowing. Fair maidens smiled sweetly on their young attendants as they received from their hands the foaming champagne. Gray-haired men drank with youths not out of their teens, and mothers with grown-up sons took wine with the fathers of grown-up daughters. It was a "free and easy" in good society—enjoyable in the highest degree, countenanced and encouraged by the "best people" in the city.

There was no restraint upon any. The boy of eighteen filled and refilled his glass as freely and as unquestioned as the man of fifty. The tender young girl, just blushing into womanhood, challenged her companion again and again, and drank with him until both were merry.

All this was passing when Mr. Cleaves and Mr. Alburdis found themselves side by side, each in the act of discussing the good things provided by their liberal host, and each with the flavor of a glass of fine old sherry on his lips.

"Things are getting lively," remarked Mr. Cleaves, with a smile. He liked terrapin and oysters, and he liked especially a good glass of wine. He was enjoying himself.

"They generally do," answered Mr. Alburdis.

"On these occasions?"

"Yes. Good wine and good-eating are apt to make things lively—a little too lively sometimes."

Mr. Cleaves gave a shrug, and slightly lifted his brows.

Just then a voice was heard pitched to a higher key, followed by a merry peal of laughter from a group of girls. Mr. Cleaves changed countenance. He recognized the voice of his son, and looked toward that part of the room from which the sound came. He did not feel pleased at what he saw. A young lady was holding a glass of wine to his son's lips, and the young man was pretending to refuse it.

"I'm for local option," he heard him say, in a loud tone of voice and with mock seriousness. Then came another shout of laughter.

"Don't believe it," cried the fair temptress. "Saw you with a glass of champagne in your hand not three minutes ago. Come, drink it!"

"If I must, I must," answered the young man, with pretended reluctance; and taking the glass, he drank the wine with an evident relish.

A woman past middle life was standing a little way off looking at the gay group. Mr. Alburdis knew her, and was pained by the expression of her face. It was anxious. She was bending forward unconsciously, and her eyes were wistful and troubled.

"Poor mothers!" sighed Mr. Alburdis, speaking to himself. "They are not always happy on these occasions."

Turning to make some further remark to Mr. Cleaves he found the spot vacant where he had been standing. A little while afterward he was by the side of Mrs. Cleaves. It was into her troubled face that he had looked a few

minutes before. He did not find it easy to draw her into conversation. She replied to his remarks briefly, and in an absent kind of way. Every few moments he saw her eyes wander off to some other part of the room, as if in search of somebody. The plate of refreshments she held in her hand was scarcely touched.

"Will you have a glass of wine?" asked Mr. Albutis.

"No, I thank you. No," she replied, with an instinct of rejection in her manner, and a change of countenance that indicated some unhappy associations in her mind.

The loud voice of her son again filled the room, and Mr. Albutis saw lines of pain and humiliation cut themselves into her face. Considerately, he turned from her. As he did so he met another lady who had a son present. She was the wife of a successful banker—a highly-educated and accomplished woman, and a leader in society. He had been more than once at her house on similar occasions. Her eldest son, a young man who had been carefully trained at home, and educated at one of our best colleges, had recently been admitted to the bar. He was beginning life with unusual promise of success. His mother was justly proud of him.

But Mr. Albutis had only passed a few words with this lady, when he discovered that something was wrong with her also, and that her eyes, the moment she had answered to some remark, would go off, half by stealth, as if she did not wish her pre-absorption of interest to be noticed, to another part of the room. Following the direction of her eyes, Mr. Albutis soon discovered what all this meant. Her son was near the lower end of the table, busy with the wine, not attending on any of the young ladies and sipping with them, but in a cluster of young men, drinking champagne with an unseemly relish and abandon that indicated appetite more than sociability.

"Too much wine here," said Mr. Albutis.

The lady turned to him quickly, her face flushing.

"I agree with you," she answered, manifesting an unexpected degree of feeling.

"Is all this right?" he asked.

"No; it is all wrong," replied the lady. She spoke in an undertone, as if not wishing others to hear what she said.

"I have seen the same at your house."

"You will never see it again," was answered; "never, never! I did not understand what I was doing." Then, after a moment's pause, and in a voice dropped to a sad, undertone, "The son of a dear friend came to my last entertainment sober, and went home to his mother drunk. I use plain, hard, homely words. A veil fell from my eyes when I saw that almost heartbroken friend next day, and looked into her desolate face."

"More dangerous to our sons than public drinking-places," said Mr. Albutis.

"A thousand times more dangerous, in my estimation. When my son leaves me in the morning to go to his office, I feel no concern for him because of the drinking-saloons that crowd nearly all the blocks of your city, but I have learned to dread a fashionable party. Not that he shows any special fondness for wine, but I know the danger. Hundreds of our most promising young men drift every year away from safe moorings; and what is to save him more than the rest? I find myself asking with a shiver of pain."

They were too closely surrounded for further conversation on this theme, as they were admonished by the fact

that some of their nearest neighbors were beginning to assume a listening attitude.

For over an hour the tide set toward the supper-room. The crush was great in the beginning, but that portion of the company which cared least for eating and drinking soon came back to the parlors, and left those more interested in the pleasures of appetite than in social intercourse to indulge themselves at will. Most of these were young men and women; a few were past middle-life—gray-haired tipplers and gourmards, whose capacity for eating and drinking was marvellous.

Mr. Albutis and Mr. Cleaves had both returned to the parlors. It was near twelve o'clock when they found themselves standing together in a bay-window.

"Our friends are having a great time up-stairs," remarked the former.

"One would think so by the noise they make," answered Mr. Cleaves. "Just listen to that!"

A loud discourse of voices came ringing down the wide staircase and along the halls.

"I don't call that respectable," said Mr. Albutis, knitting his brow.

"Nor I. I wonder how men and women who claim to be gentlemen and ladies can act in so disgraceful a manner. It is an insult to their host. It is turning his elegant mansion into a hall of revelry."

"Wine and strong drink are great levellers," was replied; "and they always level down—never up. Education, culture, taste, morality, religion, are agencies that continually level upward, but drink and sensual indulgences level the other way. Their action is always unseemly, and their bearing always downward. Make a man half drunk, and you excite his lower nature. It matters little to what class he belongs, his latent coarseness and brutality will reveal themselves."

"It is mortifying to think of it," said Mr. Cleaves; "and humiliating to know that our own sons take part in these orgies."

"There is an evil sader than all this," remarked Mr. Albutis. "The temporary forgetfulness of propriety, the brief exposure of hidden coarseness, are little things compared to the deeper effects that are produced. The down level of the external life is of small moment compared to the down level of instinct and feeling that must surely follow such degradation of conduct as we have to-night—as we so often have in these fashionable gatherings."

A sudden movement at one of the parlor-doors, and the startled question, "What's the matter?" made by a lady near them, brought the two gentlemen from their retreat in the bay-window. As they came forward they heard some one say, in a repressed voice, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Harry."

Then followed a slight scuffle, and then a stern ejaculation, as of some one who had the right to speak with authority. The crowd that pressed to the door was too great for them to get near.

"What is it? What's the trouble?" they asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied a gentleman; "nothing of any consequence. Harry Bowen has been taking too much champagne, and lost his head. But his father has settled him. I wonder at any one inviting him now; he always loses his head."

Down from the supper-room came louder and more confused the sounds of revelry—voices of men and women pitched to a high key, bursts of merriment and snatches of song.

"Come," said Mr. Albutis to his companion, "let us look around;" and the two men left the parlors and went again to the supper-room.

"What's going on here?" asked one of them, pausing at the door of a small ante-room, into which some of the guests were looking curiously. A young man was sitting on the end of a sofa, or rather crouching down into it, with his chin on his breast. He had been tempted to take more wine than he could bear—tempted under repeated challenges to drink from fair young lips.

A glance told the sad story to Mr. Cleaves, and it told him more. He looked upon his own son. His ejaculation of surprise and grief touched the group that had gathered about the entrance of the room, and with an instinct of pity and respect they moved away and shut the door upon father and son. Mr. Albutis did not see his friend again that night.

It was after two o'clock before the last of the revellers went home. The condition of most of these was no better than the condition of those who are last to draw themselves away from the public-houses in the small hours of morning. There is no difference in the effect of deep potations, whether taken in a gentleman's supper-room or in a public drinking-saloon. The question of respectability is another thing, which each will settle for himself, though in the abstract it is difficult to associate respectability with tippling, no matter where it is done.

A few weeks later, Mr. Albutis and Mr. Cleaves were standing at the corner of a street where their ways to business parted, talking earnestly, when a gentleman well known to both came up. He was rich, and had just built for himself a costly residence. It was to be thrown open to his friends on the following night, and the invitations were out. The company was to be very large, and rumor, helped by sundry hints from caterer and wine-merchant, gave many intimations touching the lavish style in which the evening's entertainment was to be served. The wine and liquor bill, it was said, would exceed two thousand dollars.

"You will be at my house-warming to-morrow night?" said the gentleman, in a pleasant, familiar way, addressing Mr. Albutis and Mr. Cleaves, who were old and intimate friends.

The latter, in whose mind the humiliation and sorrow he had experienced but a little while before were still poignant, answered quickly, and in an almost offensive manner: "No, sir. I've done going to drinking-saloons."

"I don't understand you," said the gentleman, his face slightly coloring and his eyes flashing a little.

"You will pardon my free speech, but I can't help it," returned Mr. Cleaves. "The great curse of our city is its drinking-saloons."

"I am aware of that. But I don't propose going into that business. What are you driving after?"

"Is the temptation to young men less where the best of liquors are served in elegant supper-rooms, for nothing, than it is in bars and saloons where every glass has to be paid for?"

There came into the gentleman's face a slight expression of surprise.

"Less," continued Mr. Cleaves, "when surrounded by beauty and fashion? Less when eminent bankers and merchants and men in the learned and sacred professions entice them by word and example to drink?"

The slight expression of surprise which had come into the gentleman's countenance gave place to one of doubt

and perplexity. The sharply-put questions had awakened in his mind some troubling convictions.

"Is a gentleman's dining-room, where he dispenses wines and liquors to his guests, practically less a drinking-saloon than the 'Shades' over at the next corner? We had better look this thing squarely in the face—better call things by their right names. It doesn't alter the quality of a lie to call it a fib, or a bit of romance, or any other fancy name; and so it doesn't make your house nor mine less a drinking-saloon for the time being if we dispense liquor to our guests. The free dispensation is only an incident in the case. The hard, bad, demoralising fact lies back of it all. Forgive this plain speaking. I do not mean you more than others—more than myself; for I am far from blameless in this thing. But I shall be blameless hereafter."

"Good-morning, sir," said the gentleman, turning off with the air of one who had taken offence.

"He will never forgive you for that," remarked Mr. Albutis.

"Maybe not, but I think better of him. If I had taken a moment for reflection, I might have spoken with less freedom. But what is said is said, and cannot be recalled. It will not be wholly lost on him, you may be sure. Ah! if he only had the courage to act on convictions that I saw revealed in his face, he would recall his orders to the wine-merchant, and say to the elegant company that will gather at his house to-morrow night—a company made up of our most prominent and influential citizens and their families—'Ladies and gentlemen, fellow-citizens and friends, I cannot turn my house into a drinking-saloon to entice and hurt your sons and daughters. But I give you a hearty welcome, and set before you the best of God's good gifts that I can find in the market.'"

Mr. Albutis shook his head: "He will never do that. He hasn't the moral courage."

"I'm afraid not. But if he had, what a splendid example he would set! All true men would honor him. It would be a public benefaction beyond estimate."

The grand house-warming came off. Anticipation was not at fault. It was the costliest and most lavish entertainment of the season. Wine was as free as water. But it was noticed by some that the host was not altogether at ease in his mind. He did not invite any one to drink with him, and was not seen to taste wine during the evening.

A few days afterward, meeting with Mr. Cleaves, he extended his hand in a friendly way, saying as he did so, while a grave, faint smile played for a moment about his lips and then faded off: "I have made up my mind to go out of the business."

"What business asked Mr. Cleaves, not understanding him.

"The business of saloon-keeping."

"Oh!"

"Thank you for knocking the scales from my eyes. But for this I should not have seen the half of what passed in my house last week. There were sad and disgraceful things that have troubled my peace ever since."

"Could it be otherwise? Ah! sir, if we put the cup of confusion to the lips of our young men and maidens, what good can we expect to come of it? Do we gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? As is the sowing, so shall be the reaping. If we tempt our young men with wine, and encourage them to drink both by word and example—if we crowd our tables with choicest liquors and invite

them to take of it freely—is it any cause of surprise that so many of them become intemperate? Will your son or mine be the exception? Does station in life give any sure barrier to the encroachments of appetite? These are questions that should be laid to heart.”

“The evil looms up before me with a magnitude never seen before,” returned the other. “What is to be done?”

“Remedies that are of much account are radical,” was replied. “The home drinking-saloons must be closed, and this can only be done by public sentiment. We need

a few independent men and women of high social position who are brave enough to lead off by the exclusion of all intoxicating drinks from their entertainments. You lost a grand opportunity last week.”

The gentleman was silent. Then, with a deeply-drawn sigh, he answered: “I see it; but I was not brave enough.”

Ah, this lack of courage to do right! This slavery to social custom! Who will rise above them, and take the post of honor?—*To-Day.*

HOME-LIFE AND CHARACTER.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSESSWAY POTTS.

No. XII.

I THINK it was the author of Tom Brown at Rugby who said “you can never get a man's best out of him without praise.” We believe that it is downright dishonesty to withhold praise where it is due. How freely do we mete out blame, whether it is merited or not, but how cautious we are in doling out the precious words of praise. Praise is sunshine to a child, and there is no child that does not need it. It is the high reward of one's struggles to do right. Many a shy, sensitive child dies, we believe, of hunger for kind commendation, it feels as though it had nothing to live for. Common justice should influence the parent to give generous praise when a child deserves it. Of course there is a difference in the constitution of children; some cannot bear so much praise as others and some need a great deal; let the praise for good be mixed in with the admonitions for bad behavior in a way that the latter be very kindly administered. We have always found this a successful plan. To let your children see that you trust them and believe in their principles is one of the greatest incentives to good behavior that can be. There is no greater pain to reach the heart of a child than for a parent to say, incredulously: “Now, are you telling me the truth? If I were only sure that what you say is so!”

I remember of my mother speaking to me that way once, and with what blind agony I ran to my bed and hid my face among the pillows and sobbed with a grief that was uncontrollable. I felt as though I had nothing to make me truthful and honest, when she would look in my face scrutinizingly and say that.

The saddest words and the fullest of rebuke that I ever heard come up to me yet, all through the long lapse of shadowed years, with the same memory of their old bitterness clinging to them. One time my father sent me two miles away from home on horseback to see an old, sick woman, one of his long-ago schoolmates. I liked to go on such errands for the sake of the ride over the wild hills.

Not even Grace Greenwood in her most untamed days liked a gallop over country roads any better than I did. And the horse I rode enjoyed it as well as I. She liked the waving of her magnificent mane in the wind and was as proud of it as any lady of her flowing hair. She would fire up as if her paces were set to exhilarating music, and as though her mane was a banner floating in the free air. When I came to the green lane that left the main road and led to the sick woman's cottage, I was assailed by temptation. The tempter would take no denial; he was

wily—he said: “Here you, Pipsey Potts, are in your seventeenth year and you have never yet been out of the county in which you were born. You ought to feel ashamed of it, you'll never know anything except what you read in books. This beautiful October day should not pass by like common days—think how you would enjoy your ride lengthened out into three or four miles more, and that would take you over the line and out of your own county; you'd be quite a traveller then—the adjoining county is level, and stretches out like a beautiful undulating prairie; it would do you good as long as you lived, it would be like a new picture hung on your memory's wall. You can call and see Felicia on your return, and the deacon will most assuredly be delighted with the way you have spent the afternoon.”

I yielded, weakly, the oily-tongued tempter knew the weak places in my nature and he had appealed to them.

The ride was most glorious, it was like a vista that led into a new world—and the new world was beautiful beyond my conception—it was like unto no place I had ever beheld. The very woodlands seemed breezier and balmy, and the airs had a hint of balsamic sweetness that our home-breezes didn't have. Enjoyable! it was the most delightful afternoon I ever lived. It savored a little of stolen sweetness, mayhap. Just after I crossed the line I came to a little, old, picturesque stone church, the walls blotched with patches of moss and lichens, and the roof green and mouldering, and the stone chimney entwined about with tangling ivies that hung in festoons down over the old eaves under which the birds had built and brought forth brood after brood in the by-gone summers. Near by was an old graveyard, with gray, leaning stones and sunken graves and a tumble-down stone fence about it.

I hitched the horse and rested there, and wandered about like old Mortality, spelling out the rude epitaphs, deciphering old dates and scratching the lichens off the faces of the tombstones.

Everything in sight was so new to me and so like an ideal picture. Not far away was a little box of a log cottage nestling close up at the base of a green knoll, and from the foot of the knoll uprose, like outreaching arms, the most luxuriant sweet-briar rose that I ever saw, and it gathered, in one great embrace, nearly the whole of that dear little home-nest. I never beheld anything so perfectly beautiful in the realms of nature, that is, when she is left to her own wild, wilful ways.

And this was the picture framed and hung up on that long-ago October day—the picture that cost me so dearly and brought my head, lowly bowed in shame and remorse, to lie that night upon a pillow of thorns.

I tarried there perhaps two hours, not beholding a

living face, alone, and yet not alone, for my world was densely peopled, and most dearly did I love the immense population that thronged its streets and parks and wide halls and lofty corridors. No, I was never alone, then.

My heart was so full when I started homeward that I didn't want to call at that crooning bedside. I had no desire to; it was late, and I said I'll go another time.

When I reached home, my father said very graciously, "Well, how is Felicia?"

I always called him "papa" when I wanted to conciliate him, and I replied, "Oh, papa, I hope you won't care, but—I was so tempted with the fine day, that, don't you think I rode clear on past her home and went away, a-w-a-y out of the county, and I had such a glorious visit; and then when I came back I felt as if I didn't want to stop. I hope you won't care. I'll go another time. Oh, papa, you know I always did so want to go over the county-line, and I did to-day, and it was so very beautiful that—"

He didn't let me finish my story. I knew by his brightening eyes that a storm was coming, and held my breath in suspense. I didn't think he'd whip me—he hadn't for nearly a year; but I'd far rather he had resorted to a whip, or a strap, than the words that came like a blighting frost.

"You have deceived me most shamefully," he said, in a loud voice, and raising his hand with a gesture that meant a great deal. "You disobeyed me, Pipsissaway! I will never trust you again! I can never feel any confidence in you!—never!" and he went out of the house.

I screamed out in my sorrow; I wrung my hands; his words were branded on my soul as with a hot iron. My stepmother essayed to comfort me by saying, "He's tired; you mustn't mind what he says. Come and have a cup of hot tea, I have it waiting ready for you."

I replied: "You know he never speaks idly—he means all he says. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I do wish I hadn't gone there!"

I couldn't quit crying, and wanted no supper, and went to bed prostrated with this new sorrow. It was a grief that I couldn't control—the words meant so much, too.

Away in the night I heard my mother coaxing him to go to me and take back the stinging rebuke, but he said, "I want she should feel it."

And, though he always did trust me afterward, and reposed the utmost confidence in me, thereby proving that he really did not mean what he said in anger. I did feel the power of those scathing words for many long years; and it is this and like painful remembrances that makes me write in the spirit of love when I charge parents to deal kindly and tenderly and trustfully with their little ones, to blame them cautiously, to withhold not warm words of praise, to guard against injustice, and to make due allowance for the motives that may prompt children to act hastily and thoughtlessly, but not in malice.

Judicious praise is to children what the sunshine is to the ripening fruit. Don't discourage them; don't ascribe motives for inexplicable conduct, on which you may put your own construction. Oh, there is a wonderful incentive to good in trustful eyes and kind words and a beaming smile—an influence born of these that will lift a child right up into a purer and a sunnier and a healthier atmosphere.

A lady wishes to know how to choose good black silk for dresses; and another lady, who knows, says, "Pull out a thread of the filling, and see if it is strong. If it

stands the test, then rub one corner of the silk in the hands as though washing it. If, on holding it up to the light and looking through it you see no traces of the rubbing, be sure the silk is good. The warp and filling should not differ much in size, or it will not wear well. If you choose a figured silk, let the figure be small and well woven in, else it will soon present a frayed appearance, and you will have to pick off the little tags of silk that will dot the breadths. Rep silk wears about as long and as well as any other kind. It does not wrinkle easily, and looks quite as well after being dyed as it did before."

In making up a silk dress never mind all the elaborate fixings of the style of to-day; if you do, you will be running after the latest styles all the time, with your thumb on your finger and your harlequin silk dress on your arm. Let it be made nice and plain, and then, to prevent yourself from looking like a dowdy, or old-fashioned, have some of the modern *fa-de-rales* made separate from the dress to wear with it.

It will soon be the time in the year that churches make donation-parties for their pastors. We want to make one about the middle of December for Brother Jenkins and his family. I have not taken part, publicly, in any donation party for some time. What I give I smuggle through the post-office, or lay on the door-sill, and mystify the recipients, not letting them know who sent the gift. A gift is ten times as good to both parties if presented this way. I never quite believe all the pretty things said to the public ear in the way of thanks for generous donations. I'll warrant, if you were a fly, and heard what the pastor and his wife said, in a chuckling way, after they had retired at night, you'd hear something like this: "Oh, Mary, if I had as many feet as I have toes, I might perhaps sometime wear out all my beautiful embroidered slippers. Did you ever!—did you!—hee-hee-hee!"

"And my cheap jewelry! Hi-hi-hi! Oh, I could measure it by the quart! The poor souls! How much better to have given the worth in money, or muslin, or something that could be worn or eaten—something to feed you and keep you warm and help you to make sermons!"

I knew a gawky boy of seventeen, the son of a very poor minister, to be made his happiest one donation-day, by receiving an old silver watch, badly out of repair. It was given with the best of intentions, and was supposed that the boy would carry the dumb thing for the sake of sporting the dangling chain; but, no! he, a preacher's son, would carry no dead time-piece, and the silversmith's bills for tinkering that old frying-pan of a watch grew to be a positive nuisance and annoyance. Every few days a little bill, "For repairing son's watch," would be presented to the poverty-stricken pastor. His salary did not admit of the keeping of such an expensive luxury.

Another minister's son was the joyful recipient of an old worn-out five-shooter. It was the "dead body" fastened to the whole family; they were all afraid of it. Result, the smart boy, who knew all about being careful with it, and who pooh'd at the idea of his hurting anybody, fired it off prematurely one day, and at night when he counted his fingers he was minus three.

At this season of the year, very frequently, there are busy days in which you almost wish you had another pair of hands to work with; you grudge the time it takes to cook dinner. Well, if you manage it right you can almost save that time by having things prepared the evening before for a cold dinner, and yet it won't be much of a

cold dinner either. No doubt you have as good a plan as mine, but I will suggest a few items for the new wife and housekeeper who is not yet fairly initiated.

Now that the weather is cool, when you make mashed potatoes it won't take much longer to prepare a kettleful at one time. Salt them just right, put in a lump of butter, and a good deal more cream than though they were to be eaten at one meal. Make them quite moist. When you dish them, put them on several plates, about as much on each plate as the family will use at one meal. Smooth them all nicely, the same as for the table, and all you don't want for the present meal set away in a cool place, covered over with a newspaper or a light cloth. Then the next day, the busy one, take a tableknife and slip one of the plates of potatoes off on a pie-pan, and set it in the oven at least half an hour or more. There you will have good hot potatoes for dinner. Cook a quantity of pork or beef on the same plan, all ready for the table, and set away one mess on a plate ready to warm. It will heat too fast in the oven with the potatoes, and will damage the plate. Try my plan—set the plate of meat under the stove on the zinc, with a little tin pan turned over it, that will draw the heat and warm it up as good as new. I make a nice gravy, by the quantity, that's easy warmed over; so is a mince-pie, if you have it; if not, you have apple-pie, and it is better cold. Of course you have good finely-shred cabbage pickled in sweetened vinegar on hand all the time; that is a good relish; then you have baked apples, or ought to have, and a pudding of rice, or corn-starch, or bread-crusts.

So you have nothing to do that busy day but to make hot coffee. If you have fried mush left in slices from breakfast, it can be warmed in the oven and made as good as new, or cold fried eggs can be warmed over, or new ones boiled in a trice.

For supper, have bread and butter, and cold boiled meat, and pickles, and cookies, and hot tea.

I hope, though, for the good of the women's nerves, that these busy days don't come very often; they are real women-killers. If you are sewing, or quilting, or making carpet, or cone and shell frames, don't work immoderately; run out in the fresh air every hour for five minutes at a time, and you'll work with a great deal less wear and tear, and you'll not feel jaded and over-tasked and out of humor.

But if you have a big day's work before you, and want to save all the time you possibly can, cook up your dinner the day before, after the plan I used to find so satisfactory.

The first year I wrote "Other People's Windows," you who were subscribers to the magazine at that time may remember that the series closed perhaps two or three numbers before the end of the year. I have wanted to tell you of it, hoping some suggestion may come to you that will do you or yours good. Ida was taken sick that year, in the latter part of August, with a low nervous fever in connection with lung disease. She had been gradually going down for several weeks. At the end of the first week the family physician despaired of her recovery; it was a complication of diseases, and she was a slight, frail little creature, inheriting consumption on her mother's side. About the time she became so weak, her hearing partially left her, and the sight of any face outside of her own family troubled and excited her. She lay thus for weeks, sometimes sinking away; she could not bear the stimulant of wine or brandy, and in those sinking

spells I always made an outward application of the latter.

She remembers nothing of those wearisome weeks now. A lounge on castors stood near her bed, and to rest her we lifted her frequently from one to the other. To humor her, we allowed her to see no faces outside of the family, except the physician's. He said it was probable that her death would be very sudden. I couldn't let death come upon her like a thief in the night, even though the doctor said it were better so, for fear of the shock. I wanted she should know that she stood on the confines of eternity, and that without a moment's warning, any instant, she might have to go that journey alone.

With her hearing so affected, it was hard to converse with her, and I only talked what was necessary for her good.

One day while I was feeding her, and she was feeling stronger from the exhilarating effects of her little cup of tea, and I thought abler to bear the shock of the dreadful intelligence, I said: "You've been very sick, Sissy; sometimes we thought you wouldn't get well; you seem better to day, but you are not out of danger yet. I don't know how I could bear to lose you;" and the tears came in spite of my efforts to appear strong.

It was new to her. I saw her eyes open wider and her red lips part, and she stared at the wall as though she saw the past behind her and the new life only before her. Her little hand, light as a leaf, slid over my face caressingly, pityingly.

I said calmly: "Death is nothing to be dreaded by the child of God; it comes without terrors to one whose treasures are laid up in Heaven. It is like going a journey into a far country—going off alone; but, Sissy, it is not being separated forever from those you love; the time soon passes, and family reunions soon assemble there. You are not going among strangers, as you would be if you went on any other journey; your little mother is waiting there, and your dear schoolmates, and One who loves you better than all of those whose love was born of earth. Here there is no perfect joy; there, all joys are perfect—there are no tears, or sorrows, or pain, or separation. I often think we dread death with that same drawing back and shuddering that we dread so many things in this world, which, when faced manfully, we find invested with none of the terrors we so much feared. It may be that you'll get well again; but don't desire it, don't expect it; leave all in the hands of One who does all things well, and be patient and cheerful, and look up in perfect faith, and be willing to meet whatever comes. You must think what I shall do with your little earthly possessions if you leave them, and see how calm you can be, and how trustful, while we watch and wait."

Her pure little face was as serene and sweet as a pictured face; there were wet eye-lashes only. That was all the sign I saw indicative of any perturbation of spirit. Oh, I felt so relieved and so cheerful after I had talked with her! I felt twenty years younger, and so much stronger and braver and readier to meet whatever came. Every day, then, we conversed together of the journey—we called it—that poor little sissy expected to go alone. She grew enthusiastic over it, and dwelt long and earnestly upon the glories of the new life.

All arrangements were made—we waited the messenger, Death. The physician was very sad, he was becoming more and more attached to his cheerful little patient. One symptom was good—her beef-broth and her cup of tea both tasted just right. I fed her often, both day and night.

The doctor said this vital fire must be kept up. We had to be very cautious about her taking cold; therein lay the most fatal danger. We could only ventilate the large bed-room from the tops of the windows; and, even then, if a draught of air touched her bed, we had to devise a way of turning it into another direction.

We made ourselves as cheerful as possible. Lily and I would bathe our eyes to take away the traces of tears, and then go to her bedside and tell her something funny to make her laugh. It chanced very opportunely just then that Emily Huntington Miller, of the "Little Corporal"—that sweet poetess and charming story-writer for little children—sent us a cute little book called "Tommy's Week." It is an exquisite account of one week in Tommy's life. Every day we gave sissy two doses of that, and the result was two good hearty laughs, that extended to the very tips of her dead-white fingers. This we did while the physician had no hopes of her recovery. It seems like a dream, now, but that sick-room was a happy place for us three.

One day, when her words were the wildest delirium, and when she sank away, and we had no hope, I stole off to the dining-room, and leaning my head down on my arm, cried bitterly. I thought of the loneliness of the life left me without her. A medical work lay on the stand, I took it up and turned mechanically to the subject of consumption. I glanced it over, and saw nothing new in it. My attention was fixed, however, on a few sentences, in which he strenuously urged abundance of fresh air to those afflicted with lung disease.

I jumped up, startled, saying: "In our efforts to keep her from taking cold, we may be keeping from her the pure, fresh air of heaven—it may be full of healing for that poor little emaciated frame, who knows!"

I went right to her room, saying, gleefully: "Oh, sissy, how would you like to be rolled up like a mummy, all safely, and propped in the rocking-chair and taken out on the back porch? Could you stand it?"

She raised her thin, shadowy hands, saying: "Oh, nothing in this world would please me more! I forget how things are out-doors! I would be so glad!"

We filled the chair with warm pillows, wrapped her all up in a soft comfort, lifted her carefully, and took her out in that cool mid-October day.

She sat in the chair, tilted back, out on the porch among the drifting leaves, the gladdest little creature you ever saw. Only her head was out of the bundle. At first we made her breathe through her nose instead of taking the air directly into her lungs. From that hour she began to improve slowly. We learned from that experience what to do next. Either in the rocker, or on the lounge, she was taken into every room down-stairs. One day the lounge would stand in one room, and perhaps the next day in another, moving her whenever she grew tired or needed amusing. I often took it out into the kitchen and left it there all night, and let her lie and look at the cheerful blaze, and watch me prepare her food, which was done two or three times during the night. Before I would begin to cook breakfast for the boarders—we had six men to do for—I would wheel her into the sitting-room, and while they were eating I would prepare her food. I cannot see now how I ever stood it to be sissy's nurse day and night, with no help only Lily, to wash dishes, iron, sweep and to make beds, but I endured it bravely. I never left her room at night, except twice, during all those weeks. My philosophy is, that the panacea for sorrow is occupation. If your heart is full of a

great grief, give your hands employment—give your thoughts something to dwell upon—work, work.

No man or woman ever died of a broken-heart if there was a busy life. Believing this, I retained our boarders. Had they not been here, our household labors would have stopped; the wheels would have clogged; our sorrow, with which we fought hand-to-hand, would have been the victorious foe we would have succumbed, conquered.

As it was, we came out with our colors flying, and we were brave and strong and full of gratitude.

The doctor told me to use my own judgment in her case, that she was so delicate, her temperament so peculiar, that I would know better what to do than he would.

Well, as soon as she could sit up an hour, she rode a little distance every day in a carriage, thoroughly wrapped up, but with her little face turned out to the fresh, crisp air of the cool October. Rubie would drive to some pretty wild place in the woods and gather gay leaves for her to press and dry. Sometimes they would come home, and the carriage would look like a blase, so heaped up with boughs full of red and yellow leaves.

She was a happy convalescent; beautiful bouquets, the gifts of sympathising friends, filled our rooms; our own house-plants in that chill October burst into the second and most magnificent blooming; everything conspired to make joyous her welcome back to life.

She used to say so touchingly: "I don't see how you can all love me so!"

A new dress, that we had always felt too poor to afford her, lay at the foot of her lounge, and a dainty pair of slippers, too small then for her swollen feet, and a new wrapper, and a box of all kinds of candies, and everything that we thought would please her. She never saw any medicine bottles standing around; everything gloomy or suggestive of sickness or sadness was banished from her sight; we made all as gay and cheerful and pretty as possible.

A beautiful symbol came to us that first day she was out on the back porch. I often think of it. While she sat there a dove flew softly down, making no noise save the gentle whirring of its wings, and came in upon the porch and alighted on a cord that was stretched above our heads, on which we hung our handkerchiefs to dry. It sat there in reach of our hands, and looked down upon us. I was afraid Ida would be startled at the singularity of the occurrence, and I said with a laugh, meant to disarm all fears: "Why, there is one of George's pet pigeons!"

The dove's pretty soft eyes watched us as though tenderly. I was standing behind Sissy's chair brushing her long light hair, and the dove looked on as if it was a connoisseur in beautiful hair. It sat perhaps two or three minutes, and when a hand was reached up to catch it, it fluttered and flew down into the yard at our feet and began picking crumbs like a domesticated bird. After we had put Ida in bed, I looked out, and there was the beautiful sad-eyed dove stepping about daintily in the yard, picking here and there with perfect content. With tears I thought of the messenger doves of thousands of years ago, and my heart was comforted by this mute symbol, and I said: "Perhaps our little dove will not plume her wings, nor leave us, either."

Old as granny is, she learned something new yesterday. She said: "Now, Pipsey, when I read a recipe, and it tells how much cream of tartar to use, and how much

soda, and then says 'milk,' I don't know whether it means sweet milk or sour—how am I to know?"

I said, "well, I don't know much about chemistry, but I know that generally where soda is used it is to neutralize some acid and to form carbonic acid gas, which, rising through the dough, as the cake bakes, gives it lightness. If you use sweet milk, cream of tartar must be mixed with the flour to make an acid for the soda to effervesce with, if you use buttermilk or sour milk, cream of tartar is unnecessary."

Granny made some biscuit; she stirred the ingredients with a wooden spoon till they were mixed as well as possible, and then she handled the mass with the ends of her fingers, hardly mixing it at all, and hustling it off into a hot oven as soon as possible.

Her biscuit did smell deliciously, and we could hardly wait till tea was ready. But that's our luck! no quiet tea alone at Deacon Pottes that time!

"Whoa-h! whoa-h! There!" came in a regular old familiar bray of a voice, and who should be halting at the gate in a top carriage, but that chipper old bonnie-doon of mine, Elder Nutt. Ah-ha! he was coming to talk over "old times;" he was accompanied by one of his members, "a pillow in the church," as the elder calls him, Deacon Valentine Fisher. So, by the time the beast was watered and stabled and the two brethering had washed and brushed off the "dust of travel," and gone through the formula of combing their heads, or, as the poet says, "the place where the hair ought to grow," why by that time the good granny biscuits were quite cold. I hurried and put on my slate-colored allipack and fixed up a little. After tea I went into the sitting-room to entertain the brethering until after father had milked the cows.

Brother Fisher had gone out to take a smoke and only the elder sat there alone. I hesitated modestly—he rose respectfully, on my entrance, and looking very much embarrassed, tried to say something, when, unfortunately, his upper false teeth fell right down in front and filled his mouth. Gorillas!! they are handsome in comparison to the way he looked! I turned aside to fix the window-curtain. Now if I had been young and attractive, I could have accounted for his embarrassment, but before an old gal like me, whose gifts and graces died or faded with the summers of long ago, it was nonsense to think of the like.

"Take a seat here, Miss Pipesey," said he, placing a chair near his own.

"Thank you," said I, taking the chair and standing it a few feet further away.

"You mustn't mind it, or feel too much flattered when I tell you that I have been admiring an old picture of yours in your album for as much as 'leven minutes," and he looked into my face, and snorted out a laugh that loosened his teeth again.

I began to think he was outgrowing his teeth. He shoved them back with a sound that was like shutting down the lid of a box. His good eye was on the side next to me, and I looked up and said: "Oh, I'm not flattered at all." I wanted to turn the subject and I said: "Have you a good state of feeling on religious subjects down in your church at Goose Creek?"

"Reasonable," he replied, and then he added, slowly: "Sister, you know that I am a poor, lonely pilgrim; I wander up an' down this earth, in the language of the Psalmist, 'like a roaring lion—li-on, crying for peace—peace—when there is no peace!' When I looked on that pictur' o' your'n, I thought time was when you had been

harnsome, I was reminded years ago an' you was a ago an' I was a buoyant bo, and broken; misfortun' has rid up agin a projectin' sta astrous consequences," and turned round, facing me, a cheek under his eye, drew dd ribly-mutilated orb. "As I grim similarly sitewated to (who slewed his brother. Cain's mark was on his forrid, while mine's in my face. He could cover his with a hat worn economically, mine stares at people boldly, it is like murder, it 'will out."

I said, softly, wishing to assuage the troubled waters: "It is little matter about the beauty of these perishable bodies of ours, if our souls are true and beautiful, we should prefer that to a handsome face."

"That was what I was trying to say to you, Sister Pipesey," said the elder, rising and setting his chair nearer mine; "beauty's only on the outside—it's only skin deep, as the old sayin' is. This is what I meant when I said I wanted to talk over old times with you. I wanted to ask you, in plain English, whether or no I was repulsive in your sight, and I wanted to tell you that I thought me an' you was congenial sperrits. I felt it in my bones the first time I ever laid my eyes on your face, an' in that perillous hour in which I saved you, when you was thrown like an autumn leaf in the muok at the side o' that corduroy road. Then something whispered in my ear, in thunder tones of duleet melody, that Miss P. Potts was a kindred sperrit-ah. My attractions is all gone—so are thine-ah; the joys of my youth lay behint me—so do your'n-ah; we have both had our ups an' downs in this vale of tears-ah—praise be to the Lord—but with grace in sufficient quantity we shall be able to outride the storms that assail our feeble bark-ah, and we will be landed on the other side-ah of the Jordan of death-ah."

Poor Elder Nutt! he had closed his eye, and thrown his head back, and was as truly inspired as he ever was when in the presence of his congregation at Goose Creek. He was panting and sopping a red silk handkerchief on his expanse of forehead and had just reached over the arm of the chair and taken my hand in his when the door opened suddenly, and Deacon Valentine Fisher came in, redolent of tobacco smoke.

We were all embarrassed, and the more we hem'ed and essayed to say something, the more we couldn't. It was the first time I was ever nonplussed. Brother Fisher sat down on the lounge with his heavy wool hat chucked down solemnly on his head. I don't know how much further he would have put it on, only that two of his ears were in the way.

Brother Nutt tried to talk as though he was only resuming the thread of conversation that we had dropped.

"Yes," he said, "your granny is a remarkable woman, she has always lived a Baptist and I think she will die a Baptist; she's true blue, she was colored in the wool."

Brother Nutt had worked in a factory, and the correct expression clung to him still.

"Yes," he continued, "she is a remarkable woman." He paused, tried to think of a new idea—he ran his fingers through his beard in a thoughtful way, and then, as though struck by a new thought, asked: "Can your grandmother swim? Mine could."

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RELIGIOUS READING.

THE LIFE OF HEAVEN IN THE SOUL.

THE Lord has so constituted us, that all our happiness comes from the exercise of our affections. We all know that we are happiest when our hearts are filled with love, and this happiness comes from the Lord. It is His blessing that flows in while we exercise the affection. And He can communicate it to us in no other way. We are not passive in the reception of good from the Lord. We must voluntarily exercise the faculties He has given us, and in *this exercise* we find the good. Now all persons hope to attain eternal life, and the perfect happiness of Heaven. But this can only be done by exercising those affections of mutual love which constitute the happiness of Heaven. You will never find any other Heaven than that which consists in love to the Lord and the neighbor. No highest angel finds any other happiness than this, or ever will. All the knowledge, and all the wealth, and all the power in the universe, cannot make you happy, by their mere possession. It is only as they become vitalized by love and used as its instruments that they are blessings. As it is only when the pipes of an organ vibrate that we can get music from them, so it is only when our affections act that we can get harmony and happiness from them. If we had all the choicest instruments of music in the world, we could not get a single note from them unless they were played upon; so we can get no heavenly harmony from the soul, that organ of divine workmanship, and of myriads of pipes, unless we play upon it. There is no more music in the best instrument than in the poorest, until it is played upon. To use another illustration, the affections are to the whole man, what the vital forms of seeds are to plants. The seed can only become a tree and bear fruit, by growing. Our affections would spring up and blossom and fill the whole mind, and house and church with fragrance and beauty, and would bear the most precious fruits of heavenly happiness, if we would only exercise them, and let them grow. The life of Heaven would flow into us, and through us, and enriching and blessing others. As we communicate to others, the divine life flows in, brings with it divine blessings, and reveals to us the presence and nature of the Lord.

This life which brings us happiness, does not come in a volume like the current of a mighty river. It is broken into all forms and adapted to our state. The infinite ocean of life exists in the Lord; He gives it to man, as He gives water to the earth. He moulds it into shining rain-drops; into the invisible particles of dew. He breaks it as He breaks the ocean of light, into rays of varying hue. The Lord gives the light to every material object, and as it falls upon it, He breaks it up, giving to each such portions as it can receive, and the power to reflect to others the green and gold and crimson, according to its nature. So He breaks the "bread of Heaven" to man, giving him large or small portions, in high or low forms, according to his ability to receive.

And according to our reception, we know Him. We know the leaf is green, because we receive that form of light from it. So our knowledge of the Lord will be determined by the color of the truth we receive from Him, and the color and form of the truth will be determined by the state of our affections. As we go the Word, the

Lord breaks His truth to us, according to the state of our love for Him. If we have none we shall not see Him—Our eyes will be holden. If there is a little love for Him, we shall have, at least, the feeling of His presence, though our conception of Him may be obscured by evils and falsities. It is of the greatest importance for us to know that our eyes are opened by the affections. Truth is light, but love opens the eyes for its reception. Light is, indeed, necessary to sight. But there is not light enough in the sun to make a man see, from whose eyes the soul has been excluded, by severing the optic nerve; so there is not truth enough in earth or Heaven, or in its divine source, the Lord, to give a man one true conception of His divine character, in whose heart there is no love for Him. Love is the vital force which gives us the power of consciousness. As the Lord breaks it to us, we see Him. And He breaks it to us as fast and as fully, and in the highest forms we can receive it; and our power of reception depends upon the fulness and heartiness with which we communicate to others what the Lord gives to us.

Then let us commune and reason, and walk according to what we know. Let us constrain the Lord, saying "Abide with us." Let our lives as well as our lips say it. And as He sits at meat with us, He will take the bread which we have provided, the affections which we offer to Him, and He will bless them, and through them break to us a larger measure of life. He will give them back to us filled with His own love, and according to the form and degree of our reception, He will reveal Himself to us.

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

FADING LEAVES.

NATURE is sent to teach us by her autumnal parables; and every fading leaf on every tree, with its bud of future growth hid behind it, becomes a solemn text, warning us to "secure while the leaf is yet green, the germ that shall live when the frost of death has destroyed both fruit and flower." As surely as the leaf fades so surely shall we fade. We imagine that our fading is not near. We put far off the evil day; and therefore we are not duly impressed with the thought. But fourscore years are soon cut off and flee away; and how uncertain is our reaching that lonely verge of life, where the flowery meadows and the golden corn-fields slope gradually down into the bare and stony beach that fringes the eternal sea. The coast of death to most is an abrupt precipice; we are cut off in the midst of our days. A thousand unforeseen foes, fatal to life, line our paths on either side, and we have to run the gauntlet daily between them. We began to die the moment we began to live. Our very life itself is nothing else but a succession of dying; and every day and every hour, in the changes within and without which we experience, wears away every part of it.

Should we not imitate, therefore, the example of the leaf, in which the process of preparation for the future keeps pace with the process of decay? Should we not seek to make daily, life-long preparation for the final, the inevitable consummation of our daily, life-long death? Should we not so number our days that we may apply our hearts to heavenly wisdom?—the wisdom of knowing,

and loving, and serving Him who alone can redeem our poor-perishing life from vanity, and change it into the glory and blessedness of a life hid with Christ in God. Apart from Him, the industry of a lifetime is but elaborate trifling, "the costly embroidery of a shroud." United to Him, our labor is not in vain in the Lord, our works shall endure and follow us. Every leaf on the tree

of humanity must fade; but if we are grafted by a living faith in Him whose name is the "Vine," His own gracious promise becomes a living truth to us: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."—*Bible Teaching in Nature*, by Rev. Hugh MacMillan.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

OVERTAXING THE CHILDREN.

WHEN taking a lunch one day in a quiet restaurant in the city, my attention was attracted toward a mother and daughter seated at the little table near me. The young lady had several books in her lap, and was evidently a school-girl. Her shoulders were stooped, her eyes had the appearance of being overstrained, and her whole face wore an expression of weariness and listlessness most painful to see in one so young. Their whole conversation was on the various studies she was pursuing, varied by frequent maternal anxieties respecting her health, which was evidently seriously affected. The young girl seemed peevish and restless when cautioned about overdoing. Some crowning ambition seemed to take possession of her mind—perhaps in connection with an approaching examination—and she would not listen to counsel. Her whole appearance was that of a restless, overtaxed brain-worker.

And it is pitiable to reflect how many teachers of youth we have who encourage just this sort of thing. Brilliant scholars at any sacrifice. A showy examination if the best scholar is struck down with brain fever to pay for it, or if the powers are so paralyzed that half imbecility is the result for the remainder of their lives. It is a fact for parents to see to. They are the patrons, whose voice should be heard in the matter.

When a body of physicians in a large city sign a remonstrance, as was done a few years ago, against a course of training that required five hours close application at school and three at home, it is time for us to move in the matter. A sick child should not be allowed a book except as a pastime. Never send your child to school in the morning with a headache. Send a written excuse, so his standing may be kept good, as it will be with every reasonable teacher, when kept at home by illness. Your child can never grow up *but once*. He can be educated all along through life.

ELEANOR.

THE THREE CALLS.

FLUTTERING, fluttering, fluttering,
Scarlet, yellow, and brown,
Far from the highest tree-top
Cometh a leaflet down.

Shivering, shivering, shivering,
Sparkling, pure and white,
Cometh a starry snowflake
Down from the realms of light.

Cooling, cooling, cooling,
Cometh a baby small,
Into the arms of mother,
Answering love's sweet call.

ALICE HAMILTON.

"KISS ME, MAMMA, DO KISS ME, I CAN'T GO TO SLEEP."

THE child was so sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant that curls at a breath, and shuts its heart from the light."

The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin and the most mournful, large blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock; misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas! that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature; so one day when she had displeased me exceedingly, by repeating an offence, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and, upon sending her to her little couch, I said: "Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very, very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open—I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then—and I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks, and her little red lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for. "Oh, mamma, you *will* kiss me, I *can't* go to sleep if you don't!" she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling, and she held out her little hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said, give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction, that I might impress the fault upon her mind. That was the way I had been trained till I was a most submissive child, and I remembered how often I had thanked my mother since for her straightforward course.

I knelt by the bedside. "Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement. She turned her little grieving face to the wall; I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with half-suppressed sobs, and saying, "Mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this," left the room for the night.

It might have been about twelve when I was awakened by my nurse; apprehensive, I ran eagerly to the child's chamber; I had had a fearful dream.

Ellen did not know me; she was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat, her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at her glances.

From that night a raging fever drank up her life—and what think you was the incessant plaint poured into my anguished heart?—"Oh, kiss me, mother—*do* kiss me, I *can't* go to sleep! You'll kiss your little Ellen, mother, won't you? I *can't* go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll

only kiss me! Oh, kiss me, dear mamma, I can't go to sleep!"

Holy little angel! *she* did go to sleep one gray morning, and she never woke again—never. Her hand was locked in mine, and all my veins grew icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out in the beautiful eyes, whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips; she never knew me, but with her last breath she whispered: "I *will* be good, mother, if only you'll kiss me."

Kiss her! God knows how passionate but unavailing were my kisses upon her cheek and lip after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but only once, that I kissed her. God

knows how I would have yielded up my very life, could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is all unavailing now! She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head, and a rose-bush at her feet; there grow sweet summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky smiles down to-day; and there lies buried the freshness of my heart.

Parents, you should have heard the pathos in the voice of that stricken mother, as she said: "There are plants that spring into greater vigor if the heavy pressure of a footstep crush them; but, oh! there are others that even the pearls of the light dew bend to the earth."

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

A REMARKABLE DUEL.

A GENTLEMAN, travelling in the south of Africa, was one day descending a mountain. Slowly and cautiously he trod; for not only was the mountain very steep, but every now and then some gliding creature appeared and vanished again among the roots and herbage. It might be a lizard bright and quick as a flash, or it might be one of the poisonous serpents with which that country abounds, and to tread on which was almost certain death. Now he held on to a branch while gaining safe footing below; now he leaped on to a projecting ledge of rock; now clung to a root; yet everywhere stopping to observe what was beneath, and around him, and gathering treasures as he went. Heavily laden was he besides, with a musket slung over his shoulder, a butterfly-net in his hand, and a knapsack and cases, and numberless things that go to make up the trappings of a naturalist, hung about his waist. Hands and eyes were alike busy where nature also had been busy, lavishing on every inch of space some strange and wondrous thing worth studying or preserving. Exquisite heaths or other plants must be stowed away in his tin box, then a splendid insect was entrapped, or a bird was brought down.

Thus engaged, the traveller was a long time clambering down the mountain, unmindful, also, of whither his rambles were leading him; when, chancing to look below, he found he was descending into a moist, boggy spot, which he knew would be the very place for the poisonous snakes he was so anxious to avoid, and to escape which would now require his utmost vigilance. Suddenly his attention was attracted by a large bird standing on a flat, sandy part of the bog, and whose actions were unaccountably strange, its movements being as rapid and eccentric as if it were going through gymnastic exercises out there in the savage desert. Quick jumps and steps with its long legs, then a succession of bends and bows, did this strange bird make; then a whirl and a sudden leap back, or a turn in the air. Wings and feet were equally active; yet, with the exception of these singular antics, it remained always on the same mound of sand upon which, at that distance, the man could distinguish no other object likely to occasion such evolutions. The bird was not a turkey, though about the size of one; nor a stalk, nor a crane, nor a vulture, though in some respects slightly resembling each of these. Could it have been picking up insects amidst those strange and rapid motions? The traveller's curiosity was keenly excited. Descending with as much speed as possible, and approaching quietly, so as to ob-

serve without disturbing the proceedings, he now saw that the bird had a very singular crest formed of long feathers, like quill pens at the back of his head; sometimes lying close, and sometimes raised and sticking straight out, as pens do when lawyers' clerks put them behind their ears. Then, by this peculiar crest, the gentleman knew that it was a bird of which he had often heard, but which he had never before seen. "The secretary-bird!" he said to himself, smiling with satisfaction at this good opportunity for observing its habits. And now it was easy to perceive that this remarkable bird was fighting a duel with one of the deadly serpents of that climate, and a fierce and terrible duel it was, equal skill, vigilance and activity being displayed on both sides. The serpent, with its jaws extended, and its poisonous fangs ready for the fatal bite, reared its terrible head, swollen with rage and venom, darting out its forked tongue and glaring with its fiery eyes, while for a moment the bird stood at bay. Then, with one of its large, strong wings spread out before its breast, exactly like a shield, it with its other wing dealt a blow at the raised head of the foe, which struck it to the ground. Quick as lightning was the blow, and quick as lightning the dash which the snake again made at its assailant, though only to expend its venom on the feathers of the wing spread out to shield the breast. Watching its opportunity, the bird, with another sudden movement, again sprang upon the foe, this time to give it a kick and prick and wound it with its talons; then, seizing it with his bill, he tossed it into the air. For a few minutes the reptile lay stunned and powerless, while its assailant stalked warily around, anticipating its slightest movement; for the cunning of the serpent and the swiftness of its gliding motions, rendered it an equal match for its larger and more powerful antagonist. Finding its advantage, the bird now cautiously approached, and again with its wing swept the snake off the ground and tossed it into the air. More bruised and feeble after each fall, the deadly snake at length grew wearied and disabled; till the bird, now feeling itself secure from a stroke of the poison fangs, leaped upon its neck and held it to the ground, while with one blow of his falcon-like bill he split open its skull, and ended this extraordinary duel by gobbling his enemy up.

Such duels are common between the serpent-bird of South Africa and of some other parts where both venomous snakes and secretary-birds are found.

From the swiftness with which the snake-eater runs and hops, having long, stout legs, it is called the "me-

senger-bird;" but among the Dutch settlers at the Cape it is known as *slangen vreter*, the serpent-eater, because it is so useful in destroying the dangerous snakes and other reptiles of the hot countries which it inhabits.

The farmers at the Cape sometimes keep a secretary-bird and tame it, letting it live in the farmyard among the poultry, whose protector from snakes and other reptiles it then becomes. If the serpent-eater be allowed to get hungry, it will not object to a young chicken or two itself; otherwise it will defend them, and wage war only with their common enemies, snakes, rats, lizards, and such thieves.

So valuable are the secretary-birds to the inhabitants of those countries that a punishment is imposed for destroying them; and the people of some of the West Indian islands, where also are poisonous serpents, try to breed them there, on account of their value as snake-eaters.

My young readers will, perhaps, be surprised and sorry to hear that the traveller who watched that combat between the bird and the poisonous snake shot the courageous victor. But, at the time of his travels, very little was known about the secretary-bird, and he, being a naturalist, wished to examine it; so that we are indebted to him for knowing some remarkable peculiarities which he then discovered in it. One was, that at the point of each wing, just whence the stroke would proceed, is a hard knob or point of bone, like a spur, growing there as if on purpose for an instrument of attack and defence, and different

from what is found in the wings of any other bird. Its feet, also, are formed to enable it to stand firmly on the loose, soft soil which it frequents; and its legs are peculiarly adapted for the rapid hops and long steps necessary to escape the equally swift motions of the snakes. In fact, the "snake-eater," or secretary-bird, seems formed for the especial purpose of destroying those dangerous serpents; and the pluck and intelligence it displays in attacking them are marvellous, rendering it fully a match for a reptile whose cunning and subtlety are proverbial. The first approach is invariably with one wing extended in front to parry off the stroke of the serpent's fangs, which are as invariably prepared to meet it. Often a

long time is occupied in dodging and watching the wary snake before a single blow with the spur-pointed wing can be safely aimed; and this was, no doubt, what the traveller witnessed in descending the mountain. The wings, long and powerful, are used not only for attack and defence, but also in place of hands, or rather, perhaps, as a shovel, when, with a peculiar sweep, the snake is tossed on them to fall bruised and disabled. Should the wearied snake attempt to give up the battle and crawl away, the bird anticipates its escape, and with a swift hop is in front again, with his wing defiantly spread to cut off retreat. Though one bite of the poisonous fangs would speedily end his existence, yet, as food, those venomous

snakes are not injurious to him. This is one of those wise and wonderful provisions of the Almighty which we find wherever we turn to study His works; and but for this safety in feeding on them, how could such dangerous creatures ever be kept under? They would soon increase to a degree fatal to all other animals.

Another peculiarity in the secretary-bird is its enormous appetite. A perfect cormorant is it! That naturalist who shot the snake-eater on purpose to learn and to tell to others all he could respecting it, found in its crop a sufficient proof that it was a reptile-killer indeed! You will scarcely believe the number of creatures it must have eaten that same day; for half of them had not begun to be digested, and all were sufficiently sound for him easily to distinguish them. Three snakes as long as his arm, besides the large

one just killed, eleven lizards and eleven little young tortoises, besides numberless large insects, such as locusts, grasshoppers, beetles, etc., which were only as so many sugarplums to the serpent-eater!

So, now, you can understand the use and importance of this wonderful bird in hot countries, where, if all the insects and reptiles which are hatched should live without molestation, there would be no room for any other animals; and certainly not for human beings.

Keep company with persons rather above than beneath yourself; for gold in the same pocket with silver loseth both its color and weight.



HOW GAS IS MADE.

IT is very easy to make gas, but it costs much trouble to purify it, that it may burn well and give off no noxious odors. Below is a sort of gas catechism, which conveys a good deal of important "light" on this subject:

"How do they make gas?"

"First, they put about two bushels of bituminous coal in a long air-tight retort. This retort is heated red-hot, when the gas bursts out of it, as you see it burst out of soft coal when on the parlor-fire. The gas passes off through pipes. A ton of coal will make ten thousand cubic feet of gas. The gas, as it leaves the coal, is very impure."

"How do they purify it?"

"First, while hot, it is run off into another building; then it is forced through long, perpendicular pipes, surrounded with cold water. This cools the gas, when a good deal of tar condenses from it and runs down to the bottom of the perpendicular boiler, half full of wood laid crosswise. Then ten thousand streams of cold water are spouted through the boiler. Through the mist and rain, and between the wet sticks of wood the gas passes, coming out washed and cleansed. The ammonia condenses, joins the water and falls to the bottom."

"What next?"

"Well, next, the gas is purified. It is passed through vats of lime and oxide of iron, which takes out the carbonic acid and ammonia."

"What next?"

"The gas is now pure. It passes through the big station-meter, then through the main and pipes, till it reaches the gas-jets in your room. Then it burns, while you all scold because it does not burn better."

PARLOR MAGIC.

THE PENETRATIVE SIXPENCE.—You profess that you will make a sixpence pass through the table. To perform this feat you must have a handkerchief, in one corner of which is sewed a sixpence, or a counter the exact size of

one. Take it out of your pocket, and ask one of the company to lend you a sixpence, which you must seem to carefully wrap up in the middle of the handkerchief, but instead of which, you keep it in the palm of your hand, and in its stead, wrap up the corner, in which the other sixpence or counter is sewn, in the midst of the handkerchief, and bid the person from whom you borrowed the sixpence feel that it is there. You then lay it under a hat upon the table, take a glass in the hand in which you have concealed the sixpence, and hold it under the table. Give three knocks upon the table, crying "Presto! come quickly!" Then drop the sixpence into the glass; bring the glass from under the table, and exhibit the sixpence to the spectators. You lastly take the handkerchief from under the hat and shake it, taking care to hold it by the corner in which the counter or sixpence was sewn.

THE VANISHING SIXPENCE.—Having previously stuck a small piece of white wax on the nail of your middle finger, lay a sixpence on the palm of your hand, and, addressing the company, state that it shall vanish at the word of command. "Many persons," you observe, "perform this feat by letting the sixpence fall into their sleeve; but to convince you that I shall not have recourse to any such mean deception, I will turn up my cuffs." You then close your hand, and bringing the waxed nail in contact with the sixpence, it will firmly adhere to it. You then blow your hand, and cry "Begone!" and suddenly opening it, and exhibiting the palm you show that the sixpence has vanished. If you borrow the sixpence of any of the company, take care to rub off the wax before you restore it to the owner.

THE MULTIPLYING COIN.—Let a tumbler be half-filled with water; put a sixpence in it; and holding a plate over the top, turn the glass upside down. The sixpence will fall down on the plate and appear to be a shilling; while at the same time a sixpence will seem to be swimming in the water. If a shilling is put in the glass, it will have the appearance of a half-crown and a shilling; and if a half-crown were put in, it would seem to be a crown piece and a half-crown.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

AUNT PATIENCE MEETS PIPSISIWAY POTTS AT THE STATE FAIR.

SAYS I to my son John: "We must go the State Fair. I don't s'pose it'll be much, compared to what sich things used to be, but a body must be public-spirited, and then you can take along your flying machine, and who knows but the governor, or some other one-legged man, will bespeak one."

So my son John and I started. He was most afeard to carry his model for fear somebody might steal the idea afore he'd got the patent on it; but I says, "Nobody could understand it, unless you explained it, and you mind keep a close mouth." So my son John and I went to Mansfield. When we got there it rained big guns, and I was so afraid the paper wings of the model would git wet, that I told John he should jist take a cold chicken out of my basket and stay at the station-house, while I went to Cousin Jim Long's and stayed all night. Cousin Jim keeps a tavern, that's what we used ter call it. Now they scold me and say: "You must say hotel, aunt." But I

jest say I don't see the sense o' changin' names when the thing is all the same. Well, they call their hotel the St. Peter's, but that didn't scare me one bit. So I spread my blue cotton umberil, and took my basket with my new cap and my home-knit socks and my luncheon in it and I started up to the St. Peter's. It was a good half a mile, and I felt pretty well tuckered out afore I got to it.

Well, I du declare, when I got there, it was jist like a hive o' bees swarmin', or a swarm o' greenheads round the cattle-yard. So many men was a runnin' round here and there, and bells was ringin', and waiters was a jumpin', and you'd a thought the house was afire, there was sich a scramble.

I panted up the stairs to the sittin'-room, and there was a number of ladies, lookin' for all the world like hens that hed jist got in out of a shower; their skirts feel so kind o' meek like, and I see one of 'em, kind o' sly, tryin' to pull a *New York Tribune* out of her placket. But, laws, it was so wet, it all fell to pieces, and that is jist the pint why she wanted to git shut on't. I heard her say: "If I live till ter-morrer, Jeremiah shall git me

a reg'lar bustle. I was that shamed when I felt my skirts begin to flat down, that I could a hid my head in an ash heap. If he don't, I'll file a bill for deforce on the ground of extreme cruelty."

I looked at her over my spectacles in a sort o' rebukin' way, an' says I: "Does your Jeremiah ever git drunk?" "Not he," says she.

"Wall, then," says I, "you must hev the heart of an ostrich if you could think o' sich a wicked thing, jist for the want of what makes you look more like a camel than a human."

She looked at me kind o' strange, an', says she to one of her mates: "Did you ever hear tell of the man that got rich a-mindin' his own business?"

I didn't appear to take any notice of her imperdence, and jist then one of the waiters came along, and so, says I: "Will you tell Cousin Jim, with my compliments, that his Aunt Patience is here, and she wants a room?"

You see they all call me Aunt Patience, from oldest to youngest.

By and by he came back and a real scrumpshus clerk with him, and he says: "Mr. Long is very sorry, but he hasn't a spare room in this house, nor a spare corner nuther. But you can git lodged in a private house, and he'll send a boy round to carry your basket."

"Give him my thanks, an' tell him I'm proper sorry," says I, "but I make no doubt it's jist so."

Wall, I waited awhile, and them wimen looked kinder respectful after that. I tell you it's a great thing to be well connected. Wall, I waited, but as no boy came, and I see 'em dodgin' round with sarrers, a carryin' drink; iced tea and sich, I suppose, I concluded I'd best not wait. So I tuck up my basket, an' went out, sayin' to myself: "What a blessed thing it is to be able to paddle my own canoe, Aunt Patience." The water was a-pourin' down the gutters, and I e'n a'most tumbled into the ditch two or three times, but I had good, strong shoes, and so I didn't mind if I dhd set my foot in a puddle. And then, you see, my skirts was short, so had no fear of gittin' drabbled. I didn't git the name rightly, so I had to make inquiry of everybody I met, but, bless you, what is your tongue for if you don't ask questions with it when you want to know things. So, at last, I found the place. I rung the bell, and a nice little gal came to the door, and I said to her: "My cousin, Mr. Long, of the St. Peter's, he sent me to stay with you, 'cause his house was so full. He was dreadful sorry, but I thought I might as well come 'round here as to hev him turn his reg'lar custom away on my account."

The young lady took me in, jist as perlit as possible.

"Will you hev a cup of tea?" says she.

"No matter, unless it's perfectly handy," says I; "don't let me make you any trouble."

"Oh, yes," says she, "I will order it while you lay off your things."

So I laid off my things and washed my face and put on my cap, and when I came inter the dining-room, she came bringin' along a big book. Thinks I, she wants my autergraf, an' she shall hev it, an' if I can think of any kind o' pretty verse, I'll write it down.

"Your name, please," says she, lookin' up and smiling sweet like. "And it will be two dollars for tea and lodgin' and breakfast."

I was kind o' 'stonished like, but she looked so as though she was really givin' me a great present, that I jist writ my name and handed out the two dollars, jist what I got for my last churnin' of butter. But as I hadn't spent so

much a pleasurin' nigh upon twenty years, I thought I wouldn't try to beat her down.

And then, poor things, I see how it was. They needed new paper for the parlor, and a new carpet and sich, so I thought it was jist kind of a charity for them.

The tea wasn't no great shakes, I can tell you. It was cold Bohea, I allers drink green to home, and the bread was that dry that it a'most stopped up my nose, and the butter looked like what we used ter call bleached cotton, when I was a gal, and the sas was mighty sour, but the gal looked so sweet and benevolent like, that I felt all the time that she was obligin' me, and not I her.

By and by we went up-stairs to bed. The front room was spread all over the floor with mattresses and blankets which I see as the door was open, and I begun to open my eyes as I went along through the hall. I knew my face is pretty expressive, but I r'ally did not think I hed spoken out, when the girl she speaks up very cheerful like, an' she says, as she opened the door into a good-sized room: "You see our regular beds are all full, but we can make it real nice an' comfortable on the floor." I should a felt it a real hardship to bring my old bones down to that hard bed ef she hadn't spoke up so sweet like, and I said to myself, how pleasant words du make hard things easy. But it all turned out jist right, for there was some ladies from the south-eastern part of the State, and they'd heard of me when I used to write reg'lar for the *Cultivator*, and so next mornin' I went with them, and one of 'em says to me: "I'm on one of the committees, and I can take you in with me and it sha'n't cost you a cent."

I was proper glad of that, and I told her I'd git some real old-fashioned caraway cookies, and if she liked 'em made with sorghum molasses, she should have a real feast when she got hungry.

We went round to see things arly, before the committees had all got there. Jist as I was a-lookin' around to see if I could find anybody I knew, who should I see in the vegetable department, a-lookin' at the bread an' cakes, but my old friend and fellow-writer Pipsissway Potts. But didn't she look natural, though! Jist the same lilac-colored calash that she had on when I see her twenty years ago, and her alapacky that she had sich a time gittin' made a year ago last winter. Why, I knew it in a minit.*

I wanted to see ef she'd know me, so I said: "Good mornin', ma'am. You seem to be a judgin' the bread."

"Yes," says she, "and I'm proper troubled. You see this loaf looks kind o' white-livered, and it's dreadful light, but I do kind o' like to see bread have some color to it. Yet I don't want to hurt anybody's feelin's."

"Well," says I, "if color's what you want, I'm sure that other loaf will satisfy you, for it looks as though it might have been made in South Carliny, and hadn't got much amalgamated."

She looked up kind o' surprised like, and then she sprung at me, an', says she: "If this ain't Aunt Patience. There is so much more on you than there was twenty year ago, that I shouldn't 'a' known you but for that word 'amalgamation.'"

"Wall," says I, "there ain't any too much of you, any

* We have a letter from "Pipsy," under date of September 15th, in which she says: "I had a good time at our State Fair, only fourteen miles distant. Was one of a committee on bread and butter one day, and on pictures the next." So it's all true about her meeting with "Aunt Patience."—Ede. Home Mag.

way. You look as though you hadn't been r'ally well for a long time. I wonder if your conscience is quite clear about that blessed Deacon Skyles?"

"Hush," said she, castin' a side glance toward a pile of pumpkins and cabbages.

I looked that way, and there was the deacon himself. He had on a stove-pipe hat that he sat on the crown of his head so far that it crowded down his ears till they set out so that he had a wonderful likeness to the gorilla, I do declare. He wore a kind of an old velveteen coat, and an old butternut-colored jacket, and a pair of army trousers, palish blue, you know, and rolled up to the top of his big brogans. He was a leanin' kind o' pensive like, half huggin' a tremendous big squash, and at the same time a chawin' terbaccer dreadful fast, so that the juice ran down on both sides of his chin, which was shaved, and it actually run onto his shirt bussum.

As he looked up kind a-implorin' like to Pipsey, I could not help pityin' on him. Says I to her: "Pipsey, that man is onhappily married, and I fear his affections ain't entirely weaned from your charms. His wife don't smart him up one bit."

I thought she was a little tender over it, but maybe it was her cattarrh, for she took out a big silk bandana handkerchief and blowed her nose, and then she took out her snuff-box and took a pinch of powdered blood-root. Says she: "I can't be too thankful to that blessed friend that sent me the receipt for makin' this. It's been a world of comfort to me in my trials."

But I wouldn't be put off so. Says I: "Can you look on a feller critter, reduced to sich a state of despair, and not feel that a single woman is really in danger of doin' great harm? Now that man's blighted affections must be a source of trouble to your conscience. My advice is for you to marry, the first opportunity. Why ther's my nephew, Bijah Long. It r'ally seems providential. He's single, you know, has a good farm, six Devon cows, and every one of 'em's got a premium calf; and he'd be a good perrvider, and he's sure to be on the fair grounds."

Pipsey got dreadful red in the face. I could see she wasn't so much inclined to say no as she was to Deacon Skyles. So I jest turned the conversation, for by this time the other committee women had come, and a man with a book. I s'pose they thought the women wouldn't know how to make such important entries.

"Wall," says I, "what are you goin' to do about a premium on bread? If my granddarter Jerushy couldn't make better than this, I'd shet her up in a dark closet."

Says Pipsey: "But we must be charitable to the poor woman who tried so hard to get this loaf baked," a patten' the dark one. "I dare say her baby cried, and she had to let it stand in the oven a mite too long. But you know a little scorch on the crust is good for dispepsy, and I am going to put on a card, and write on it, 'Commended.'"

And, as true as you live, she did do it. Wall, it didn't cost much trouble, and I dare say it made the poor woman comfortable, for, ten to one, she haint heard her husband say that since the blessed honeymoon went down.

I didn't say anything more; but when I looked round to see Deacon Skyles, he was half lyin' on the cabbages, and his right arm flung kind o' tenderly over the squash. It was affectin'. But I spied Bijah not fur off, and went for him, for I was determined that such a woman as Pipsey, who knows how to do so many kinds o' work, hadn't orto be left to waste her sweetnin' on the desert air, as the poet says.

Jest as I was goin' for Bijah, who should come along

but the president of the society, and with him the governor. I do declare, Pipsey was so astonished that she gave her calash a sudden flirt, and it fell right off, and down tumbled her hair. The deceivin' thing stood there convicted, for her head wasn't no more bald than mine; and, more than that, her hair was that long it would have covered her all over, like that woman they tell about that Peepin' Tom looked at through an auger-hole. But she scrambled it up, and put on her calash, and the governor he smiled like; and then he was introduced, and he said so many kind things that I quite took to him. His ways to the farmer folks is affectionate.

So when he turned round to me, and asked if he had really the pleasure of seein' Aunt Patience, I made my best courtesy, and said: "Yes, sir, that's my name, and I'm jest as proud ter say so as though it was Eugenia, or any highfalutin' name. And sence we're speaking of highfalutin' things," says I, "perhaps you'd like to see the moddle of my son's flyin' machine. I du think Providence is a helpin' with wonderful inventions all them that has stood on the right side, and it would be an appropriate tribute to heroes if somebody could get up a real nice flyin' machine that would carry 'em about easier a sight than walkin'."

Says the governor: "What a beautiful thought!" And I took him right aroun' to where I see my son John, and he showed him just the plan of it—shaped like a duck, only hollow in the back for seats, and the wings are like a great condor's, that can be filled with gas—and anybody knows that gas is the main thing to take one up in the world. I didn't say this to the governor, for fear he might take it as kind of personal, you know.

Wall, this interruption perverted me from introducin' Bijah, but I've got my heart set on it, and mean ter bring it about yet. It's a burnin' shame that sich a woman as Pipsey should live single, when so many poor forlorn widowers with families and bachelors with cows are wantin' good, profitable housekeepers.

If my son John should perfect his flyin' machine, I shouldn't be surprised if we want to France this fall.

AUNT PATIENCE.

CALICO FOLKS.

SOME people, like some prints, run up and down. Give them their own way, and they will accomplish something. But try to turn them this way or that, and they fall short. They do not work up to advantage. They are not as useful as those who can adapt themselves to the wishes and wants of others. If you wish to make them useful in a sewing society or a caucus, you have to turn down your pattern, scrimp and piece, in order to make anything of them, and then you have nothing pretty or showy when done. There will be sure to be a gore running the wrong way, or something to spoil the effect. There always will be leaders in every movement. There ought to be; there must be. And it is no easy matter to know how to get the best service out of a calico man that figures up and down, and scant pattern at that. Some people are like damaged prints. If you try to make anything of them, they just drop to pieces. You can't count on them. Some people wear well, wash well, and make themselves useful in some shape as long as there is a shred of them left. They are beautiful, and look like new up to the very last. You tell me they are our healthy, cheery people, and that it is no virtue in them that they are fast colors, but rather an extra touch on the part of Providence. Sometimes this is so. More

times, however, it is a virtue to be healthy and cheery in these days of excesses. To be *temperate* in all things means health and good cheer. These cheery people adapt themselves to the changes in society and manners as easily as a bright calico full skirt adapts itself to gores, overskirt, shirt waist, and then works up for the children, and finally turns up in a bed-quilt, because it is so pretty. Take some old ladies, for instance. When they find the kitchen work growing too heavy, how gently they will slip into a silk wrapper, and entertain the company in the parlor. By and by, wishing for more quiet, they retire to the family sitting-room and trot the baby. Next, take to knitting in the corner. Then sit by the window in the old easy chair, and read the Bible, and keep track of their spectacles. Finally, they take quietly to their beds, and drop into a sweet slumber, and smile that it has all ended so peacefully, while true mourners bow their heads and call them "blessed."

Such an end comes only to those who are true all through, like a piece of gingham, with both sides alike. If such people happen to be turned inside out, and their motives exposed, there is no disgrace attending it. They have no reason to quake at exposure. But how we do rub at the outside of the cup.

My father once had a large old tenant house. One fall he let it to a family of foreigners, just landed. On going over there one morning, just after a drizzling rain storm, he found the house full of smoke, and three thick women, with short skirts, jackets and stiff caps, tearing strips of cloth and pasting them over the cracks, to keep the smoke back. He saw at once that the house was on fire. They said something about "drei tag," which, upon examination, he interpreted to mean that the fire had been smouldering among the old-fashioned hard wood beams for three days. Many a man who to-day is guarding his mouth so closely in order that there may be no smell of smoke, treasures a consuming fire that will burn to the surface in time, in spite of all his pasting, and the favoring elements even. While my father stood talking, a little flame darted up through the roof, a strong wind arose, and, in what seemed no time, the old tenant house was in ashes. It went all the faster for having been so thoroughly scorched inside, before the breaking out.

Apply the lesson, it is plain enough. There is a perceptible smell of smoke in almost every man's mouth now-a-days. What a spontaneous combustion must be going on inside. And what a conflagration we may expect if smoke is any sign of fire. MRS. B. C. RUDZ.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

IT is said of the late John Quincy Adams that he never went to bed without repeating this little prayer, the first taught him by the mother whose memory was so dear to him to the last.

There are two little poems, descriptive of a child saying this prayer, that are among the tenderest in our language, and we give them both. The first is from *Putnam's Magazine* (now merged into *Scribner's Monthly*):

Golden head, so lowly bending,
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half-shut, half-opened,
Lisping out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half-asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake,"
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Oh, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to Heaven, record it there.

If, of all that has been written,
I could choose what might be mine,
It should be that child's petition,
Rising to the throne divine.

Where the other originally appeared we do not know. It is called "*The Unfinished Prayer*," and is equally tender and beautiful:

"Now I lay,"—repeat it, darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep,"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord—" The sound came faintly,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep;"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

A LETTER.

DEAR "HOME."—I have been lately looking over some of the writings of that gifted woman "Pipsey Potts," and their occasional strange pathos gives me a touch of sadness. Not so much for the misunderstood, longing child in them, as for the poor, blinded, tolling mother, who allows herself to sell her birthright, the highest and most glorious privilege of maternity, that of being the trusted friend and helper of her children—the one to whom they would always come, feeling that she would understand them and sympathize with them in everything as no one else could—for the barren privilege of working for their material comforts alone.

Parents may make the lives of their children very happy, though they have not the means to satisfy their intellectual or æsthetic cravings. My parents were early settlers in the far West and they toiled early and late in making a home, and every child had his or her appointed labor. I have no recollection of the time when I commenced to "tend" baby, set table, wash dishes and dust.

But I thank God that my parents, though poor, loved beauty as well as neatness. My mother rarely ever went to "big meeting" (almost her only indulgence) without bringing me home a few seeds or a slip of some flower she thought I would like, or a new pattern for a patch-work quilt.

I don't know whether it was policy or necessity that made her always say she had no time for such things; but I know that she gave them to me, and said it was "girls' work" to take care of such things; and caring for them filled my life as nothing else did. I had the front of our cabin covered with morning glories, and no

roses that ever bloomed were more beautiful than my red and white roses, and the hollyhocks, and the pinks and ragged robins, and marigolds, and Johnny-jump-ups and the bouncing Bettys! Oh, I doubt if Vick himself sees more beauty in all his flowers than I did in mine; and if they could have spoken, what secrets they could have told, for they alone knew my dreams of a home filled with love, things of beauty and books!

Our library was the Bible, some school books and a few religious tracts, to which my father added a volume of sermons, or something similar, as he could, and borrowed and read "out loud," an occasional newspaper, or book of travel or adventure. Books were a want of my life, which has never yet been wholly satisfied, for though I, too, made old bachelors' pants, and washed their shirts, and taught district schools, yet, before that time, misfortune and death had found their way into our home, and

even my feeble efforts were needed to keep the wolf from the door, and to save the little home we all loved so well. And then, while I was still young, I went to help make another home, and the old wants and aspirations had to be put in the background while the new cares were met.

But every life has its compensations; and though our posts may be filled with ghosts of dreams that never took forms, and hopes that were never fulfilled, yet our Father will gather them all up, and, if they were pure and true, we will receive double in that day for all we have seemed to lose while here.

Oh, I am gladder and gladder every year of my life that I have no more power to choose than I have. And to-day, if the power to choose all for myself were offered to me, I should prefer to lay my hand in that of the All-wise, and say: "Father, I do not know; choose for me, and lead me."

POLLY HAWTHORNE.

CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.

1. Ca - rel, sweetly ca - rol, A Sa-viour born to - day; Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh,

bear them far a - way. Ca - rol, sweet-ly ca - rol, Till earth's re-mot - est bound Shall

CHORUS.
hear the migh-ty cho - rus, And e - cho back the sound. Ca - rol, sweetly ca - rol,
Ca - rol, sweet-ly

Ca - rol sweet-ly to - day; Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.
Ca - rol, ca - rol,
Ca - rol sweet-ly to - day.

2. Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the angel throng,
O'er the vales of Judah,
Awoke the Heavenly song.
Carol, sweetly carol,
Good-will, and peace, and love,
Glory in the highest,
To God who reigns above.—CHORUS.

3. Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time;
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime.
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in lucid numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming love.—CHORUS.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

NO JEWELLED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

NO jewelled beauty is my love,
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness,
She needs no other grace.
Her smiles and voice around my life
In light and music twine,
And dear, oh, very dear to me,
Is this sweet love of mine.

Oh, joy! to know there's one fond heart
Beats ever true to me;
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
In sweetest melody:
My soul upsprings, a Deity!
To hear her voice divine,
And dear, oh, very dear to me,
Is this sweet love of mine.

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,
'Twas all for her I throw;
And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,
I'll twine it on her brow.
There may be forms more beautiful,
And souls of sunnier shine,
But none, oh, none so dear to me
As this sweet love of mine.

CUPID'S ARROW.

BY ELIZA COOK.

YOUNG Cupid went storming to Vulcan on day,
And besought him to look at his arrow.
" 'Tis useless," he cried; "you must mend it, I say!
'Tisn't fit to let fly at a sparrow.
There's something that's wrong in the shaft or the dart,
For it flutters, quite false to my aim;
'Tis an age since it fairly went home to the heart,
And the world really jests at my name.

"I have straighten'd, I've bent, I've tried all, I declare;
I've perfumed it with sweetest of sighs;
'Tis feathered with ringlets my mother might wear,
And the barb gleams with light from young eyes;
But it falls without touching—I'll break it, I vow,
For there's Hymen beginning to pout;
He's complaining his torch burns so dull and so low
That Zephyr might puff it right out."

Little Cupid went on with his pitiful tale,
Till Vulcan the weapon restored.
"There, take it, young sir; try it now—if it fail
I will ask neither fee nor reward."
The urpin shot out, and rare havoc he made;
The wounded and dead were untold;
But no wonder the rogue had such slaughtering trade,
For the arrow was laden with gold.

"INTO THY HANDS."

BY MRS. JULIA C. E. DORR.

INTO Thy hands, O Father! Now at last,
Wearied with struggling and with long unrest,
Vext by remembrances of conflicts past,
And by a host of present cares oppress,

I come to Thee and cry, Thy will be done!
Take Thou the burden I have borne too long;
Into Thy hands, O mighty, loving One,
My weakness gives its all, for Thou art strong!

For life—for death. I cannot see the way;
I blindly wander on to meet the night;
The path grows steeper, and the dying day
Soon with its shadows will shut out the light.

Hold Thou my hand, O Father! I am tired
As a young child that wearies of the road;
And the far heights, toward which I once aspired,
Have lost the glory with which erst they glowed.

Take Thou my life, and mould it to Thy will;
Into Thy hands commit I all my way;
Fain would I lift each cup that Thou dost fill,
Nor from its brim my pale lips ever stay.

Take Thou my life. I lay it at Thy feet;
And in my death my sure support be thou;
So shall I sink to slumber calm and sweet
And wake at morn before Thy face to bow.

SLEEP.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

MY God, I thank thee for the bath of sleep.
That wraps in balm my weary heart and brain,
And drowns within its waters still and deep
My sorrow and my pain.

I thank Thee for my dreams, which loose the bond
That binds my spirit to its daily load,
And give it angel wings to fly beyond
Its slumber-bound abode.

I thank Thee for these glimpses of the clime
That lies beyond the boundaries of sense,
Where I shall wash away the stains of time
In floods of recompense—

Where, when this body sleeps to wake no more,
My soul shall rise to everlasting dreams,
And find unreal all I saw before,
And real all that seems.

HARVEST SONG.

BY REV. C. DAY NOBLE.

THE old earth offers her fatness still,
The sky its showers and shine;
Rock and river their life distil,
To sweeten the corn and wine.

The seed we scattered with hopeful hand
Has ripened to tenfold more;
And far and wide through a smiling land
We gather the golden store.

Nature has honored her ancient word,
Heaven its blessing supplied;
Over the land let songs be heard,
And labor be glorified.

Gather the circle and heap the board,
Safe are we from war or dearth;
Into our confident hearts are poured
Thanks and peace and kindly mirth.

MAKE straight the path before thy feet,
And walk within it firm and fleet,
And thou shalt see, in vision sweet
And constant as the love supreme,
With closer gaze and brighter beam,
The peaceful Heaven that fills thy dream.

HOLLAND.

THE REFORMER.

THE DRESS QUESTION.

BY JANE O. DE FOREST.

NUMEROUS articles are yearly written upon this subject, but most of them seem to do but little good, as they are usually either wholesale denunciations of women for following fashions and spending money extravagantly, or go to the other extreme, and propose some half-masculine attire, the adoption of which few women will seriously consider for a moment. That there is great and pressing need of a reform in the dress of a majority of women, cannot be doubted, but it is chiefly because so few know or heed the teachings of physiology.

In regard to great extravagances in dress, concerning which so many anathemas have been uttered, it is safe to affirm that by far the larger portion of the women who spend more for dress than they can afford, do so to please their fathers, husbands, brothers and other masculine friends.

It is generally claimed that women dress extravagantly to rival each other, rather than for the eyes of men; but this idea is evidently no more reliable than many others which all are accustomed to hear advanced.

The writer is acquainted with intelligent, reliable and well-dressed ladies, who declare that their dress is far too plain and inexpensive to suit their husbands. That there are women who are wholly given up to extremes of fashion and reckless expenditure in dress, because of their own vanity, cannot be doubted; but where one such woman is found, ten of "these extravagantly-dressed creatures," who exceed "Solomon in all his glory," are thus "decked out" to please the fancy or gratify the pride of some man. Gentlemen of real or pretended wealth usually delight in displaying grand and richly-furnished mansions, fine horses and carriages, and the costly attire of wives and daughters.

To be counted the sole owners of so much elegance is sufficient compensation to many men who spend their days in dingy offices and counting-rooms.

Instead of being the confidants and helpmeets of their husbands, most richly-dressed wives are mere "lay figures," who are expected to add to the general display. Scores of women who dress far beyond their real pecuniary ability have always been kept in utter ignorance in regard to the business of their husbands. They are not wilfully extravagant, and would gladly live within their means were they permitted to know the exact family income. The time-honored notion—not yet exploded in this enlightened century—that women are an inferior order of beings, quite unfit to be trusted with weighty affairs of finance, but should be treated as grown-up children and parlor ornaments, is the foundation of their extravagance in dress.

Coming now to the most important part of the dress question—namely, its effect upon the health—it may be remarked that women are faulty in this respect because of false notions of beauty, an ignorance of physiology, and sheer laziness. They imagine that a slender waist is beautiful, no matter how disproportioned to the rest of the figure; consequently, from early youth till past middle life, they compress their chests. Many of them know but little or nothing of the delicate mechanism of their own

bodies, and hence do not realize that they are sapping the very foundations of health by wearing their clothing too tight and improperly suspended. Again, there are other women who do know the truth, but, to quote Miss Ophelia, are too "shiftless" to make the necessary alterations, were they to relieve the hips from the oppressive and absolutely killing weight of clothing which is there suspended, or have to prepare the extra under and outer garments needed during our increasingly cold winters. This branch of the "dress question" has, at the present time, urgent claims for the attention of American women, and if by a few plain and earnest words I can induce the readers of our truly excellent "HOME MAGAZINE" to think earnestly and act promptly in regard to any defects which they are still permitting in their clothing, my reward will indeed be "exceeding great."

Do not place me among the "panta-lunatics;" I am not, and never have been, an admirer of the so-called "Reform Dress." It may, no doubt, be worn to an advantage while performing labor about the house, and women who have already broken their health by an indulgence in all the follies of dress, may do well to wear it while engaged in household duties, but the sight of a woman "in pants" parading the streets is quite as ludicrous as the spectacle of a woman with an enormous hump on her back, wiping up the filth of the streets with her long skirts; though, as far as modesty and cleanliness is concerned, the first certainly carries off the palm. A prominent Ohio clergyman recently said in a sermon that any woman who would sweep the streets with her dresses was vulgar. It is a hard saying, but isn't it more than half true?

There is no necessity of following either of these extreme modes of dress. Because you are too sensible, and modest, and cleanly to wear the enormous bustles now in vogue, and to use your dresses for street-sweeping, it does not follow that you must therefore make a guy of yourself à la Dr. Mary Walker. A lady may be dressed becomingly, and at the same time healthfully, if she chooses.

Physicians state that within the last few years six new diseases have been introduced among women. This statement is not at all surprising, when we recollect that during the last dozen or fifteen years the wearing of corsets has been revived, and is now almost universal among women. "But I don't lace myself," is the indignant ejaculation from each corseted reader. Perhaps not, though every woman who does, *always* denies it. Granting that you do not buy a twenty-inch WOMAN-KILLER, and call in assistance to squeeze yourself into it, is it not probable that you would be troubled to expand your lungs to their fullest capacity? Granting that you really are among the number who positively do wear their corsets loose, are you not aware that they weaken the muscles of the chest, press down upon the vital organs of the abdomen, while they furnish no suitable support for your skirts? Several years ago a corset was in market which had shoulder-straps, also a skirt-supporter at the hips, but these advantages evidently did not make it popular, as the slender "GLOVE-FITTING" corsets are the prevailing styles in our stores. Home-made shoulder-straps, or ladies' suspenders, or patent skirt-supporters, are worn by some, but, without doubt, the under-garment

fitted like a dress lining, with large buttons for attaching the skirts is preferable to anything else.

One of the most beneficial of modern fashions has been the skeleton hoop-skirt. Before its introduction, five or six skirts were often worn, usually suspended at the hips alone, but with its advent, there was no farther necessity for more than two, an upper and an under one, thus removing a great weight, as well as saving much hard laundry work. At one time they reached an inconvenient and often immodest size, but since then have decreased to a sensible, convenient form. The short walking dress introduced several years ago, was an immense relief to dress-burdened women, and it not seem possible that any would be so foolish as to return to their former bondage. That they were occasionally worn too short to look becoming, is no reason why long skirts should again be dragging the streets.

With the return of this most odious fashion, hoop skirts have lost favor, and are seldom worn by fashionable young ladies, hence an additional weight of skirts is again necessary, and there is nothing to prevent the hampering of the limbs by the long limp drapery, thus making locomotion at once difficult and ungainly.

At no recent date have the fashions been more thoroughly combined to render women uncomfortable and ridiculous. The present style of dressing the hair, though not injurious to the health, is most absurd and unbecoming. Six years ago the little "waterfalls" were worn very high, making many an otherwise handsome woman look almost idiotic. Those "top-knots" soon "came down," however, and after a year or two of sensible hairdressing, the immense *chignons*, injuring hair and head by their weight and soiling collars, dresses and ribbons because of their length, ruled the day. Then again a slight respite, ladies wearing the hair coiled at the back of the head in braids or twists, *the only really becoming way of dressing the hair*. Just now, the fashion followers are again indulging in "high" hairdressing. Imagine the head of the Venus di Medici crowned with a "top-knot!" *Bandeaux* across the head and the shell combs are becoming accessories to most ladies, provided the hair is arranged at the back of the head, just high enough to escape a moderate ruff, and all women who prefer the rulings of good taste to those of fickle fashion, will permit the feathered tribe to monopolize the cultivation of "top-knots."

A lady wearing a white muslin underwaist of ample size, with a hoop-skirt snugly buttoned thereon and with the skirts of all street-dresses short enough to clear the ground, will not find it necessary to save her health by going into bloomers. The becoming basque waists, which are now so extensively worn, also tend to increase the weight of clothing about the hips, as the dress skirts are usually worn separate. Where the material is very light, the support given by the underwaist and hoop-skirt will be sufficient, but in most cases, the skirt-band should be fastened to the inner seams of the basque, or better still, for a winter dress have a waist-lining made and sew on the skirt in the old style, then with basque worn over that, both lightness and warmth will be secured.

Not only are women injuring their health and shortening their lives by wearing tight clothing and suspending it improperly, but also by dressing too thinly in cold weather. While it is true that there is yearly improvement among women in this respect, it is none the less certain that the majority of them are deserving of grave censure. I have had ample opportunity to learn how

careless mothers are about dressing their daughters warmly. Many a poor, shivering girl have I seen in the school-room during our cold winters. These girls were not from poverty-stricken families; they had their rings and lockets and other little articles of adornment. All these things had been remembered, but the warm flannels had been forgotten.

Very many girls are sent to school during the entire winter with cotton hose and cloth gaiters and the remainder of their clothing of corresponding warmth, and, to add to their discomfort, circulation was seriously impeded by the cruel corsets. Such an undermining of the constitutions of American girls is outrageous, and, if the mothers cannot be induced to change this mode of dress, let the fathers exercise some of their boasted authority, and see to it that no money is furnished for finery till their daughters are dressed as warmly and as loosely as their sons.

Every woman and girl should be provided with flannel drawers and wrappers, over which should be worn similar garments of heavy muslin or cotton flannel. The underwaist for winter being made of cotton flannel with long sleeves, completes the comfort, partly furnished by the finely-woven wrapper. Besides this, all women and girls who are frequently out of doors, or are obliged to go into cold rooms, should wear jaunty house saques, then with warm stockings and nice leather shoes, their in-door costumes will be complete.

In their out-door wrappings women are greatly deficient. Contrast the thickness of a man's overcoat, worn as it is over many other warm garments, with a woman's cloak, usually without wadding or lining. Is it strange that women are given to chattering teeth and "the shivers," when they are exposed to the keen wintry air? What wonder that consumption claims so many victims every year, and that women dread the health-giving blasts of winter.

Self-supporting women, who are *obliged* to go out in all kinds of weather, are often quite as careless about procuring warm clothing as the woman of wealth who is never forced to leave her fireside.

The wages of women are generally much lower than those of men; and in most cases this is very unjust, but sometimes employers are correct in claiming, that from ill-health and consequent irregularity of attendance, women do not work as long or as well as men. They can at once obviate this difficulty by wearing loose, properly suspended and warm clothing. In nine cases out of ten we shall hear nothing further concerning their invalidism.

The goat-skin and morocco shoes which ladies wear, though warm and thick enough for the house, are by no means a sufficient protection on a very cold or wet day without, yet many young ladies are very persistent in declining to wear any kind of overshoes, for fear their feet will "look large." These damsels, trudging along in tight, water-soaked shoes, need not for a moment suppose that any man stops to admire the smallness of their feet. If observed at all by the street loungers, they would doubtless be surprised to hear themselves ridiculed as "simpletons," for walking out in such weather without their rubbers.

"I can't help laughing when I see how much clothing you wear," said a young woman, who was shivering about in a calico dress without any winter undergarments, to another young woman who "dressed as warmly as a man." But if she had also been obliged to take a twenty-seven miles sleigh ride on one of the coldest mornings of

last winter, her laughing without doubt would have changed to tears, because of her sufferings, while the sensible woman in an abundance of warm garments scarcely felt the cold.

Women of moderate means often excuse themselves from providing suitable clothing for the winter by saying that they cannot afford it; yet far greater sums are spent for mere show than would be required to furnish a whole family with complete winter outfits. Let no mother plead poverty as a reason for allowing her daughters to go thinly clad, while she loads them with ruffles and overskirts, ribbons and locketts and earrings, etc., etc. The boys will be furnished with plain, warm, substantial clothing, but the poor shivering girls must expect to be warmed by the elaborateness of their toilets. There are hundreds of thoughtless, foolish mothers all over the land, and it is quite time for people to wake up on this subject.

Inquiring one day at a "ladies' furnishing store" for a skirt-supporter recently, advertised in the town by a travelling agent, the polite merchant informed me that he never kept anything of the kind.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because they would not be saleable; most women would prefer an extra bow of ribbon."

Do not understand me as declaring against all articles of adornment; it is the duty of every woman to dress as becomingly as possible; but I do protest most earnestly against sacrificing health and comfort by spending money for trinkets and furbelows, which should be used for the purchase of warm and substantial clothing. After these are provided, "decorate" yourselves as much as you please, provided you keep within the limits of good taste.

Women of America! mothers, sisters, wives and daughters, shall we not have such a speedy and thorough dress reform as will restore our health and strength, prolong our lives, and add immensely to our usefulness? Throw aside those "bracing" corsets; nature provides for that purpose plenty of muscles, which only need to regain their strength. Relieve the weakened, suffering back and hips from their burdens, and stop sweeping the streets with long dresses. Defy old Boreas with plenty of flannel, and prove yourselves women of sense and intelligence, worthy of an existence in this century of progress.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

BREAD.

WE went to the late Ohio State Fair with both eyes wide open, bound to investigate the bread question. We always wanted to make good bread; we desired to excel in it. What to us was music, or poetry, or pretty things, if the bread, the work of our hands, was dark, or sour, or heavy?

We felt about right this morning at breakfast when the professor took the second slice, a broad, beautiful, white slice, clear across the loaf, and, looking down at it affectionately, said: "Miss Rice, you do make such delicious bread! You are really accomplished!"

We settled back into our linen collar, and smiled benignly on the appreciative professor.

Well, we waded through years of turmoil and trial before we reached this delectable height. We tried and tried to make good bread; it was tolerable bread; our family said it was good; but we knew they were partial, our ambition was not satisfied, it was not the best of bread. Sometimes we would give up in despair, and say the making of good bread belonged only to chemists.

None of the bread at the State Fair was just what we had hoped to find, and we were leaving disappointed, when a little lady rushed in with two loaves of excellent quality, baked a pale hazel-nut-brown, soft, white, sweet, and so spongy that you could press them flat and they would puff out again to their usual size. We obtained her recipe, but that was nothing very new, all good bakers use about the same formula.

She used the best of dry yeast. After it was soaked soft, she stirred up a thick batter of flour and warm water, and putting in the soaked yeast set it in a warm place to rise. She arranged so that it would be light about bedtime. An hour or two before this, she boiled potatoes cut in slices with the skins on, pressed them through a colander, and when cool enough not to scald, poured it into the hollow in the centre of the pan of flour, and then put in the light yeast and mixed the two thoroughly.

In the morning she made up her bread, and took the dough out on the bread-board and kneaded it until it was

smooth, say twenty minutes or half an hour. By that time the mass will be so thoroughly kneaded that no flour will be required to prevent it sticking to the bread-board.

When it rises she does not knead it back, the way we usually do, but moulds it out into loaves, with just as little handling as possible.

So I found out two or three new things; one was to boil the potatoes with the skins on, because the best part of them lies next the skin; then the very thorough kneading, and the light handling while moulding into shape.

Now if any troubled housewife reads this, and it teaches her something new, if it lets one ray of light in upon her perplexed mind, I will be very glad; meanwhile, I will whisper to her that which I wouldn't care to let the professor or any of my admiring friends know. I don't make my own dry yeast. I say to an excellent old Dutch lady who excels in all work that her dear old hands take hold of: "If you will keep me in good yeast all the time, I will send you ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE as long as you live." And she does it; and with a clear conscience, and no worry at all, I make the bread that wins devouring praise.

ROSABELLA.

OUR NEIGHBORS' BED-CLOTHES.

I MEAN the warm quilts, and soft blankets, and puffy comfortables that lie heaped up in your own closets; the ones you made, and the ones your mother made. They belong to your neighbors, to the poor widow whose broken windows are mended with boards, and whose little ones creep close together these chilly nights and chatter for want of just one of those blankets that you have been fighting over all the past summer. Fighting the moth, I mean. They belong to her and her children, and to the family of the crippled soldier, and to that brood of motherless ones whose perplexed father knows not which way to turn. The poor man who works on the railroad, or in the mines, or the factory, or the coal bank, he, too, has a right to the contents of your hoarded clothes-press. You cannot kneel in prayer and lift up your face to the All-seeing eye while that fat closet stands there puffing with

fulness. Cedar shavings, and snuff, and camphor, and tobacco, and scalding water have all been brought into requisition in your battles with the moths. Didn't you take the hint when they began their depredations, and see that you had more than the Lord thought was your own? Couldn't you understand the gentle reminder?

I really believe we are working in the service of the devil when we so pitilessly stand guard over such treasures—when our beds are made trebly comfortable, we have no right to the heaps that lie upon our closet shelves. We are selfish if we let our poor neighbors or their little ones suffer. Our hearts hold none of the spirit of Christian love if we do this selfish act. If we cannot love our

neighbor as much as ourselves, we can go a good many steps in that direction, and we will be the gainers thereby.

ROSELLA.

COOKIES.

IF you want to make sugar cookies that will be just as good in one month's time as they are at first, try this well-tested recipe:

Take two eggs, one cup of butter, two cups of white sugar, half a teaspoonful of thick, sour cream, season with cinnamon, roll thin and bake immediately. These can be kept for weeks in a stone jar in a cool place. R.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

IN northern latitudes little or nothing can be done out of doors in the floral department during the month of December. The frost king holds everything bound in icy fetters, and woe to the tender plant which has been left unprotected until this month! Half-hardy plants should, in November, have been protected by a light screen of evergreen boughs, and tender ones, like many species of roses, have been laid down and covered with soda. If the cold weather has not really set in it may not be too late to attend to these things now.

Young evergreens will stand the winter better if branches of cedar or other evergreen boughs are tied in among their branches to partially protect them from the cold. After a snow storm the evergreens must be shaken of the loose snow which lodges in their branches. As beautiful as it looks it must not be allowed to remain, as it will greatly injure the trees.

All trellises and garden seats and wooden boxes or garden ornaments of any sort must be removed from the garden and placed under cover. If they are well oiled with petroleum they will endure much longer.

Plants placed in pits, frames and cellars must not be allowed to get too damp. It is not the intention to promote growth in these places—only to preserve life.

In warmer localities it is possible to do much in the garden even during the winter months. The ground may be spaded and the beds laid out and arranged. Rubbish can be gathered up, walks and drives planned, and the general character of the garden thoroughly studied preparatory to the active work of the spring. In fact, winter is the time to do all the head work of the flower garden; to make selections of trees, plants and seeds for planting, and for deciding the general arrangement of the whole.

In the house there is plenty to do this month. Heat, water and air are the essentials of plant life. Care must be taken that the temperature is not too warm during the day, nor allowed to get too cold at night. The daily temperature should be about 60° or 65°, while at night it should not be more than 15° less than this.

Plants must be watered as often as they need it—no oftener. Few plants will thrive if their roots are kept perpetually in mud. The leaves should be frequently carefully washed to free them from dust which will hinder their growth and injure their vigor.

Plants need air as well as human beings. The windows

should be frequently opened when the temperature is not freezing.

The plants must be daily looked over to prevent their becoming infected by insects. If a plant is infected by the green fly, it must be put under a box or barrel and smoked. If the red spider makes its appearance, as it is very apt to do if the air is dry and warm, the plant must be showered daily. Frequent wetting and a moist atmosphere is the best remedy for these pests.

We have received from Briggs & Brother, of Rochester, New York, their Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue for July, 1873. This pamphlet contains a list of bulbs for fall planting, besides much valuable horticultural matter. Many of the articles, based upon the practical experience of years, are of especial interest, particularly to those who cultivate house plants.

We have also received the fourth number of Vick's Floral Guide for 1873. It contains a full list of seeds suitable for fall planting; also a complete catalogue of fall bulbs, with accurate directions for their management. Vick has always been our favorite among florists on account of his promptness and generosity, and the reliability of his seeds.

CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.

ALADY in Kansas gives her plan of caring for house plants, as follows: "I live in a frame house, and last winter kept fifty pots of different kinds of geraniums, roses, fuchsias and remountant pinks, all of which received the same kind of treatment, and in the spring my plants were more healthy and the leaves a dark green color. Many came to me for slips in preference to the green-houses. Every two weeks all winter I would take a handful of tobacco stems and steep them by pouring boiling water over them until it looked like strong tea, then when the tea cooled enough to bear the hand, I poured it over the plants. Sometimes the leaves would wilt for a few moments and then straighten out and have that bright, fresh look they have in summer after a shower. Then I would weaken the tea a little more and wet the ground in the pots, and I have no red spider nor green fly."

A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

WRONG always punishes, sooner or later, the wrongdoer. There is no escape.

STRONG passions work wonders when there is stronger reason to curb them.

MENTAL pleasures, unlike those of the body, never cloy, and are increased by repetition.

NOTHING elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar, yet superior to our own.

EMPLOYMENT is to man what oil is to machinery; it makes the wheels of existence run smoothly.

HAPPINESS is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on himself.

LUCK whines. Labor whistles. Luck slips down in indigence. Labor strides upward to independence.

Be cheerful, but not light; familiar, rather than intimate; and intimate with a very few and on good grounds.

How many think to atone for the evil they have done by the good they intend to do, and are only virtuous in the prospective.

THE first step to misery is to nourish in ourselves an affection for evil things, and the height of misfortune is to be able to indulge such affections.

If a man would keep both integrity and independence free from temptation, let him keep out of debt. Dr. Franklin says, "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright."

THE chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are to be had on long leases.

ECONOMY is the parent of integrity, of liberty and of ease, and the beautiful sister of temperance, of cheerfulness and health. Profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debt.

"I HOLD it to be a fact," says Pascal, "that if all persons knew what they said of each other, there would not be four friends in the world. This is manifest from the disputes to which indiscreet reports from one to another give rise."

If there be a class of human beings on earth who may properly be denominated low, it is that class who spend without earning, who consume without producing, who dissipate on the earnings of their fathers or relatives, without being anything in and of themselves.

EXCELLENCE is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues indeed no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances, which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.

MONEY.

MONEY borrowed is a foe
Veiled in kindly seeming;
Money wasted is a friend
Lost beyond redeeming;

Hoarded, it is like a guest
Won with anxious seeking,
Giving nothing for his board
Save the care of keeping;

Spent in good, it leaves a joy
Twice its worth behind it;
And who thus hath lost it here,
Shall hereafter find it.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

WHEN Daniel Webster was advised not to enter the legal profession because it was already crowded, he replied "There is room at the top."

A MINISTER asked a tipsy fellow leaning up against a fence, where he expected to go to when he died. "If I can't get along any better than I do now," he replied, "I sha'n't go anywhere."

A GOOD sort of man was recently asked to subscribe for a chandelier for the church. "Now," said he, "what's the use of a chandelier? After you get it, you can't get any one to play on it."

SOME one tells a story of a steamboat passenger watching the revolving light of a lighthouse on the coast, and exclaiming: "Jupiter! the wind blows that light out as fast as the man can strike it!"

"DON'T you think swearing is evil?" "Yes," was replied, "it is very evil, but it belongs to my business." "What is that?" "Liquor-selling. A man can't sell liquor without swearing. It is part of the business."

A GOOD lady who, on the death of her first husband married his brother, has a portrait of the former hanging in her dining-room. One day a visitor, remarking the painting, asked, "Is that a member of your family?" "Oh! that's my poor brother-in-law," was the ingenuous reply.

THACKERAY said that the drollest thing that he ever heard while in this country, and the most characteristically American, was the remark of a New Yorker: "Oh, I have no objection to England, Mr. Thackeray. The only thing I should be afraid of would be to go out at night there, lest I should step off."

"CAN'T you manage to give my son one of the prizes at the exhibition?" asked a mother of a teacher. "No, madam," was the reply; "your son will stand no chance; he obstinately persists in idleness." "Oh, but then," exclaimed the fond mamma, "if that's so, you can give him a prize for perseverance!"

DR. NEALE, when in Vienna, asked the waiter if there were any Baptists in the city, and he was referred to the "head cook." This reminds us of the fur trader, out West, who, after buying skins of the woman, in the absence of her husband, asked if there were any Presbyterians about there. "I guess not," was the reply; my husband never shot any."

A GENTLEMAN in the habit of occasionally using intoxicating drinks, took up an able temperance address, and sat in his family to peruse it. He read it through without saying a word, when he exclaimed, "This man is a fool." He then read it through again, and when again he had finished it, a second time he exclaimed, "This man is a fool or I am." A third time he read it with still greater care, and as he finished the last sentence, exclaimed, "I am the fool;" and never tasted a drop of ardent spirits afterward.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT fish is most valued by a loving wife? Her-ring.

WHEN is a black dog not a black dog? When he's a grey-hound.

WHY is a dog's tail a great novelty? Because no one ever saw it before.

WHAT does man love more than life,
Hate more than death or mortal strife;
That which contented men desire,
Which poor men have, and rich require?
The miser spends, the spendthrift saves,
And all men carry to their graves?

Nothing.

THE OBSERVER.

THE WILD WARDS OF THE NATION.

THE new Indian policy adopted by General Grant, seems to be working admirably. The first step in reform, and one which no other president had ventured upon, was to put the whole "Indian Fund" appropriated by Congress, amounting to some seven millions of dollars annually, entirely outside of politics. This fund was formerly the most convenient and safest of the political funds of each administration. Without even direct corruption, its influence bought up thousands of supporters in every frontier State. The Indian agents and their friends grew rich on their spoils from this appropriation, while the Indians themselves felt that they were wronged and swindled continually. There could be no firm peace or confidence among these wild tribes while this state of things went on.

As an instance of the corruption and swindling that were rife in these agencies, it is only necessary to refer to a single agency, that of the "White Earth" Indian Reservation among the Chippewas of Minnesota. Here the agent received a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, and yet this office was sought for as the second best in the State, the profits being reckoned at twenty thousand dollars per annum! Government and Indians were alike cheated.

What was true of this agency was true of all the rest. The Indian had no one to care for him, no one to see that justice was done. Year after year he was wronged and cheated by Government officials, and all his evil passions kept active.

How to reform the old bad system was one of the difficult problems the president undertook to solve. In a fortunate moment, the Quakers suggested to him that, as the civil and military power had so signally failed in settling the Indian question, that it might be well to let them try to adjust the matter. This brought to the mind of the president the happy thought that, as this branch of administration was essentially a moral one, it would be wise to unite the voluntary philanthropic and religious agencies of the country with the government in the treatment of the matter. With a stroke of his pen, as it were, General Grant put "outside of politics" the whole Indian fund. He recommended and procured the appointment of a committee of well-known and philanthropic citizens to oversee and approve of all contracts and expenditures of money in the Indian Department. These citizens also inspected the agencies, and had various interviews with the Indian leaders. But this was not all. Each prominent religious body or association was allowed to recommend a candidate for the various agencies, and then was expected to oversee the agent's conduct afterward. One agency had a Presbyterian agent, another a Methodist, another an Episcopalian, and so on. In the case of one agency where the employee was suspected of bad practices, the religious society, hearing of it, procured his examination, and, finally, his expulsion before the Government could take it up formally.

Mr. Charles L. Brace, the active philanthropist, has recently made a visit to the "White Earth Agency," referred to above, and his account of what he saw is of the most gratifying character. We copy from his letter in the *Christian Union*:

"In this Reservation of White Earth the head is of the Congregational body, the teachers are employed by the American Missionary Association, and the clergyman—an Indian—is supported by the Episcopalians.

"Through this union of the Government and the religious societies, the highest character, religious devotion and philanthropy are brought into the Indian administration. Many watchful eyes are on every agent. Each employee is placed in his position, not on account of his politics, but from his supposed fitness. A true and wise humanity pervades the whole management. We do not believe that, from top to bottom of this department, there is any corruption which could be known; and we are sure that there is in many branches the highest spirit of humanity, and the most practical and wise method of reform.

"In this agency, for instance, the first object of Major

Smith was to root out the pauper spirit from among the Indians. They were taught that they must earn what they received, and that they should never have from him, if he could help it, gifts of money. Houses were built for them, and they were induced to try these in preference to wigwams. Seed was given, and tools loaned to prepare the ground and plant crops. Cattle were supplied them, and they were taught how to milk and take care of them. A steam saw-mill was put up, and worked by Indian labor. The children were instructed in the school; the youth learned agriculture in the school garden, and others trades in the 'Industrial Home,' while the whole people were gathered in the chapel for religious instruction in pure Chippewa, by a native Indian educated for the purpose.

"Nothing can exceed the wise and practical character of the instruction given. Mrs. Smith, the wife of the chief commissioner, goes right into one cabin and shows the squaws how to make soap. In another, she teaches them to weave the reeds of the swamps into mats. In another, she brings the willow-branches to start basket-making. Here she weeds a garden bed; there she reads the Testament to the dying one; there she labors with some wild and graceful daughter of the forest, to induce her to put on the ugly garments of civilization, here she tries to rescue the ungoverned girl from some seducer and lead her to Christian marriage; and thus this 'object-teaching' goes on with this and other devoted members of the agency.

"As one somewhat of an expert in such matters, I was struck with the wise, practical spirit of the whole work. It was not a matter of sentiment or temporary enthusiasm; but a thoughtful, steady, well-considered effort to raise up the degraded, and reform the vagrant and idle. Every member of the agency seemed animated by a pure spirit of humanity, or inspired by religious devotion.

"After being among them, one felt as if for a time in a purer and higher atmosphere.

"I was struck with the freedom from intemperance among the Indians. 'How do you prevent drunkenness?' I asked.

"'I once asked an old chief how I should do that,' said Mr. Smith, and he answered, '*Give the young men something to do*.' I tried it. I interested them in some cattle, in crops, or some steady occupation, and they stopped drinking. Besides, we follow up a liquor-seller very sharp. It's a five hundred dollar fine, you know, and we've already driven several out of Oak Lake and Detroit, and some we have ruined. I will never spare a fellow who tempts these Indians.'

"There are now one hundred and fifty houses inhabited by Indians on this Reserve, and several hundred acres under cultivation by them. I saw several at work building new houses. The saw-mill turns out several million feet of lumber each year—all the work of Indians. A considerable number of cattle are owned by them.

"The improvement in the habits, morals and appearance of this portion of the tribe, all say, is something marvellous since the new reform began.

"Similar results are to be seen at other agencies among the Chippewas, Winnebagoes, Pah Utes and various wild tribes."

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF PROTESTANTISM.

THE organic unity of Protestantism is impossible. Only on the basis of Christian charity and toleration can it unite and become an irresistible power in the work of evangelization. It is based on the religious freedom of the individual, and the right of private judgment. It does not work by communal force, but from freedom and enlightened reason. It is on this account that it has, in the natural course of things, become broken up and divided into various sects

and denominations, each holding to some peculiar interpretations of doctrinal scripture, or some peculiar form of worship. In the first ardors of conflicting opinions, its different elements were driven apart, and there has been much bitterness and antagonism. But these antagonisms are fast dying out, and all the sects are drawing nearer and nearer together, and holding out to each other the right hand of fellowship. In New York, recently, we had the gratifying spectacle of a communion service at a Presbyterian Church, in which a Dean of the Church of England, a Baptist and a Lutheran minister, officiated at the ceremonial. We are less surprised at this Christian fellowship than at the narrowness and bigotry which could have made the old exclusiveness possible.

A writer, speaking of Protestantism and Romanism, draws this clear and admirably-expressed difference:

"It (Protestantism) cannot accomplish such grand visible results as the Roman Church, because it lacks the centralization and directness of aim and effort which belong to a corporation animated by one purpose and moved by one will. It cannot create a dogmatic or ecclesiastical unity, because it is not a unit, and it tends to the diverse instead of the one. It seems, to the mere spectator, a bundle of antagonisms, an epitome of chaos. But the strength of Protestantism is its weakness. Its glory is in the wealth and completeness, the purity and nobility, of the individual characters it develops and sanctifies. It is a religion of persons. Its divisions and agitations and endless controversies appeal to the reason and conscience of individuals, and tend to educate them to a dignity and self-respect and poise of mind found nowhere else. One reason why it is next to impossible to have an all-embracing Protestant ecclesiasticism is, that the whole genius of the religion tends to create a feeling of independence and personal responsibility and personal loyalty to convictions, which is at war with the fundamental idea and necessities of such an ecclesiasticism. Its men refuse to be merely members. It is impossible to build a cathedral out of statues. The Protestant saints refuse to stand and be adored. The stones of its temples are living, and show their life by walking away."

The church of the "individual" is the grand church of the future. Individual purity, intelligence and Christian activity, when aggregated, will give a sweetness and strength to Christian influence that will make its power irresistible. All the signs of the times indicate the coming of this better Christianity, when every man who calls himself by the name of Christ shall be wise, and pure, and humble, a fitting temple for the living God.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

THE Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in New York in the early part of October, was a very pleasant reunion of Protestant Christians, at which brethren of a common faith, who had too long held themselves apart from each other on questions of church order or technical differences in doctrine, clasped hands in fraternal good-will. The doctrinal platform of the Alliance was narrow—so narrow that many good Christian people could not stand upon it—but the spirit of the meeting was, in the main, all that could be desired. Ingrained sectarianism asserted itself but little in the many able essays that were read, and the discussions that followed; and all those who look to the unity of the Church in the spirit of charity, no matter how wide the external or dogmatic differences may be, have been cheered and encouraged.

No resolutions were passed, nor was anything said or done that favored an organic union of Protestant churches. We had hoped to see some movement or declaration that looked to a recasting of certain doctrinal statements regarded as orthodox, in order to bring them nearer to the common belief than they now are; so that the written creeds, confessions of faith and dogmas of the so-called evangelical churches, might wholly command the rational faith of the people. God has given to every man a rational principle, and freedom for its exercise—and this is what makes him a man. And it is because the Church so often asks him to subordinate his reason to dogmas that he cannot understand, that he is so frequently driven into skepticism and infidelity. One of the enemies to the Church against which the Alliance felt called upon to array its forces, was modern infidelity. It can more easily disarm than conquer this enemy. A true doctrinal system must appeal to a man's reason, and then he will believe because he cannot help it. Blind faith in what counsels and synods may decree as doctrine, is no faith at all; and unless the creeds and doctrines of the churches are in harmony with reason and an enlightened understanding of Scripture, the leading and progressive minds of the age will not, because they cannot, accept them.

Many incidents attendant on this conference are noticeable and encouraging. It was good to see bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church breaking bread with their Presbyterian and Baptist brethren in the Holy Communion, thus setting an example of Christian unity worthy of the name they bear. There was more in this to weaken infidelity than all the arguments and denunciations of the best polemic writers in Christendom.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Arthur Bonnicastle. An American Novel. By J. G. Holland, Author of "Kathrina," etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Dr. Holland's novel, which has been published monthly in *Scribner's Magazine* during the present year, is now issued in book form. It is a pleasant and a thought-provoking story, but it hardly possesses the life and animation which should characterize a work of fiction. It is like a finely-finished essay or philosophical discourse, worthy of its talented author, and demonstrates quite as plainly as did the author's previous effort in the same branch of literature, that novel writing is not what Dr. Holland excels in. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Old Fort Duquesne; or, Captain Jack, the Scout. An Historical Novel, with Copious Notes. By Charles McKnight. Pittsburgh: People's Monthly Publishing Co. The true American novelist should feel no lack of material with which to construct romances. The history of our country presents a rich mine, as yet scarcely developed, of incident and adventure, which should preclude all need of copying or borrowing from foreign sources. We are glad when we see an attempt to work this mine, especially if it be successfully done. "Old Fort Duquesne" revives the history pertaining to the present site of Pittsburgh, and gives a graphic account of Braddock's defeat. It is an ably written story, and will familiarize its readers as no bare page of his-

tory would ever have done, with the stirring events of those times. The story is founded faithfully on fact, and the leading characters are historical ones.

Crooked Places. A Story of Struggles and Hopes. By Edward Garret, author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead. Our readers who have been following this excellent story through the pages of the *HOME MAGAZINE*, can now obtain it in a form suited to make it a permanent addition to the library. We need not speak of the merits of the story. Its author stands among the first of England's best—not her most sensational—novelists. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Peter Stuyvesant, The Last Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. This is the fourth volume of the series of "American Pioneers and Patriots," published by Messrs. Dodd & Mead. It gives the early history of New York from the time of the first discovery of the Hudson River until it was no longer a Dutch possession. The book should be in every family library.

John Godsoe's Legacy. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Struggle for Existence. A Romance. After the German of Robert Byr. By Auber Forestier. Philadelphia: H. N. McKinney & Co.

Against the Stream. The Story of a Heroic Age in England. By the Author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family." New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Hester Morley's Promise. By Heba Stretton, Author of "The Doctor's Dilemma," etc. New York: Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

A Wonderful Woman. A Novel. By May Agnes Fleming, Author of "A Terrible Secret," etc. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates.

We find, besides the books noticed singly, quite a large representation of light literature upon our table this month. The first book whose name we have given above is a fair specimen of the best class of German literature, excellently translated. The author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family," and other books of a like character, furnishes the reader in "Against the Stream" with one of her characteristic romances, in which well-known historical personages are incidentally described. "Hester Morley's Promise" is an average English story, and "A Wonderful Woman" an average American one; and both will probably prove satisfactory to the professional novel reader.

At Our Best. By Sumner Ellis. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is a collection of finished and thoughtful essays, which cannot fail to please the cultivated reader. They are suggestive in style, and with certain touches of humor. The one entitled "The Home" is especially excellent and deserving of attention, touching as it does subjects of the deepest importance to every one.

The Character of St. Paul. By J. S. Howson, D.D. New York: Dodd & Mead. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. This volume contains five sermons or lectures on peculiar traits in the character of St. Paul. It shows careful and comprehensive study of the Scriptures, and an

especial understanding and appreciation of the great apostle of the Gentiles.

The Turning of the Tide; or, Radcliffe Rich and his Patients. By Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. These two volumes represent the juvenile literature of the month. The first is the fifth volume of "The Pleasant Cove" Series, and the second belongs to "The Whispering Pine" Series. Both are handsomely illustrated.

Golden Sunbeams. By D. F. Hodges and J. H. Tenney. Boston: Lee & Shepard. This is a collection of new music for the Sabbath-school, the social meeting and the home circle. While many of the old favorites have been preserved in this book, many of the hymns are new, having been written expressly for it. It will be found well adapted for the purposes for which it is intended.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from the publisher, F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, Ohio, "The Champion Schottisch," for the piano, composed by Charlie Baker. This is one of the prettiest pieces ever published, and no collection of dance music is complete without it. Price 30 cents.

We have also received from the enterprising music publishers, W. H. Boner & Co., 1102 Chestnut St., the following gems of vocal and instrumental music, viz.: "Sing, Sweet Bird," words by S. M. Thornton and music by Wilhelm Ganz, and as sung by that charming young vocalist Susan Galton Kelleher. Also "Tears," a ballad, with words by Tennyson and music by S. D. S., who is also the author of "Prisoner and Swallow," a very pleasing rondinella, and "Ave Verum," all of which we can cheerfully recommend to our music-loving readers. We also have "The Pretty Shepherdess," by Jungmann, and "Watkin's Glen Caprice," by B. Frank Walters, both instrumental. The former is the eleventh of the set of Peerless Harmonies for the piano, which have been noticed in our magazine, such as "Blue Bells of Scotland," etc. As to the latter gem by Walters, his "Sounds from the Ringing Rocks," will recommend his last production, "Watkin's Glen."

DRESS AND FASHION.

AMONG the most sensible and desirable changes that may be noted is a gradual return to round skirts for walking-dresses. The foolish and, for a street costume, the disgusting trailing skirt, will soon, we trust, be a thing of the past, and the new trim French skirt, round, short and narrow, be seen everywhere. The new skirts are "round," inasmuch as they appear to be of the same length all around, instead of trailing slightly behind; short, because they escape the ground; and narrow, because their greatest width is from three yards to three and a quarter. The usual number of narrow gores is used for these skirts, and they are made to cling flatly in front and on the sides by tapes attached to the second side seams, and tied behind the person, or else by wearing them over the new sloping bustles.

The reign of crinoline is over. A fashion authority says: "There was no great display of it at the watering-places; and the nearer you can come to the Pre-Raphaelite styles now adopted by Rosetti's sisters, by the wife of Morris, the poet, and Holman Hunt, the artist's 'better half,' the more charming you are thought to look, and the better you do look. The Byzantine slowness is the order of the day. The kilt-plaited skirts—we mean those that are entirely covered with the kilt-plaiting, running up and down—favor this fashion greatly, and the coming down and flattening of the upstart bustle also adds to the height and apparent slowness. The eye, it would seem, has wearied, at last, of all these distortions of the human shape, and has gone into the adoption of a Josephine style, such as recalls that empress and the days when the consulate struggled to be Grecian and Roman. Look at the statues we have been so long pleased to ignore, and tell us whether we are not capable of better

things than we have seen for years. Let the beautiful American figure assert itself, and away with the hoop and the bustle!"

Plainness of style will be the rule during the coming season. The leading dressmakers say this change may not be marked at present, but will come gradually, and the height of the season will show far more simple dressing than is now seen. This will be specially true of street-dresses, such as the short suits of woollen fabrics that are worn in the morning, afternoon and, indeed, for general day wear, church, shopping, etc.

New features are seen in wool and silk suits. The silk skirts of such suits are sometimes trimmed with silk flounces bound and headed by bands of the camel's-hair used for the overdress; on some silk skirts there are so many camel's-hair bands that it is difficult to tell which is the dress and which the trimming. Redingotes are as long and flat as possible in front, with basque backs, or else a shaped flat trimming that extends the whole length of the back. Many stylish polonaises have the back cut in Marguerite shape with the side body seam beginning in the shoulder instead of in the armhole. Bands of the new silver-marten fur (which is said to be coon-skin) are used for trimming redingotes of diagonal cloths, and a gay fancy is an Indian border like that on India shawls for edging camel's-hair polonaises.

Notwithstanding the introduction of novelties for trimming, the prevailing taste is for long, plain redingotes, without ornament other than necessary buttons, pockets, cuffs and collar, and which depend for their beauty upon their perfection of fit, their adaptability and good material. Some

of these have the round revers collar of velvet or silk, while others are buttoned close to the throat, and finished with a standing silk collar, either made flaring or else in the English shape with turned-over points.

The leading woollens for overdresses this season are heavy, with generally rough surfaces; and in the methods of their weaving all these substantial fabrics resemble the prevailing styles of gentlemen's goods. Some of the ribbed materials look like ribbed beaver cloths, while others are similar to cassimeres; there are also armure coatings, and wide and narrow diagonals that pass under the name of serges. The real camel's-hair cloth is scarcely handsomer than the all-wool Imperial camel's-hair serge, and costs five times as much. The Imperial serges, and serges de Paris, are handsome materials, and the diagonal cloths are inexpensive, though stylish and very durable.

Never was there a season when pretty dress goods were so cheap. Velours, empress cloths, *de bêtes*, merinoes, cashmeres, all-wool satines and serges, French mohairs, substantial alpacas, and many other varieties of really good fabrics are sold at about half what was asked for them two years ago, and are shown in very fine qualities. A serge called the "Duchesse" is very soft and fine, and costs but sixty-two and a-half cents a yard. White *drap d'état*, Thibet, tamise and other substantial and ever-popular goods are proportionately inexpensive.

The time has arrived when flannel has become one of the leading materials for house wear and for children's garments. It is excellent for either purpose, both on account of its warmth and its durability. Serges and camel's-hair goods are now so successfully imitated in flannel, that almost any one but an expert in fabrics would be deceived. There are serge flannels, sacking flannels, and opera, plain and plaid flannels; indeed, while examining this line of goods, one seems to be in a wilderness of fleecy folds which charm the eye with

their soft texture and richly-varied hues. The predominant color is blue, and it is found in a multitude of shades, from the palest tint to the darkest navy-blue. Gray-mixed, drab, slate, plum and other cloth colors are also to be had in serge flannels, as well as in the plainer kinds. Serge flannel shows a diagonal twill like the goods from which it derives its name, and makes very handsome redingotes, wrappers, blouses and jackets. It comes in single and double widths, the former being twenty-six inches wide and costing from forty to eighty cents a yard, while the latter is fifty inches wide and comes as high as one dollar and sixty cents a yard. Cloth flannel, which is a heavy diagonal serge-like goods closely resembling camel's-hair cloth, is fifty-four inches wide and costs from one dollar and seventy-five cents to three dollars and fifty cents; this cloth comes chiefly in the blue shades, and makes elegant redingotes, wrappers and overgarments. Regular wrapper flannel is fifty inches wide, displaying grounds of various colors striped with contrasting shades, and costs one dollar and fifty cents.

Any of the above-mentioned materials, trimmed to suit the taste of the wearer, would be very elegant as well as comfortable if made up by pattern No. 2775,* price fifty cents, or by No. 2715,* price fifty cents. A handsome redingote pattern, by which to cut a blue cloth flannel overgarment, is No. 2751,* price thirty-five cents; this pattern is double-breasted and fits closely, while No. 2821,* price thirty cents, is in the loose front style preferred by many ladies, and is equally as desirable as the first. Like the expensive woollen goods now so fashionable, flannel needs no decorations to give it a stylish air, and for ordinary wear is at once pretty, comfortable and serviceable. The above-mentioned cloth and serge flannels are especially adapted to children's wear, and make very jaunty sailor suits for both boys and girls.

* Patterns of E. Butterick & Co., No. 555 Broadway, New York

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

WITH this number we close our subscription year; and we are sure that every intelligent reader will say that, for 1873, the HOME MAGAZINE has far exceeded in interest and attractiveness any of the preceding volumes. For what it will be in the coming year, we refer to our new Prospectus. In addition to the rich and varied programme there set forth, we have the pleasure of announcing another Serial Story for 1874. It will be from the pen of that rarely gifted American novelist, Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR, whose "*Sibyl Huntington*," "*Expiation*" and "*Farmingdale*," have delighted so many thousands. We congratulate the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE on this accession to our corps of talented writers. Mrs. Dorr is now at work on her new story, the title of which we hope to announce in our next number.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER

Will be one of rare interest. It will contain the opening chapters of Mr. Arthur's new story; and the initial article of the series "My Girls and I," which is going to be very fresh, lively and good. Mrs. Duffey's "Women of All Nations," a series of finely illustrated papers, written in her clear, sensible and attractive style, will also be commenced. "Pipsey" will be there, of course; and Miss Townsend will give us one of her eloquently-written historic portraits. Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, the charming story writer, whose graceful pen is now at work on a serial for the "HOME," will contribute a short story for our January number. "Talks with Mothers" will be commenced; also the promised book on "Flower Culture," from the pen of a lady who has made it her study for years.

Besides all these, the number will be crowded with stories, poems, biographical, scientific, historical, social and literary articles in great variety. The "Home Circle," "House-

keepers' Department," and department of "Dress and Fashion," will be full, sensible, attractive and in every way adapted to the social life, culture and needs of American homes.

As said last month, we mean the "HOME" to stand without a rival as a Household Magazine. Never, since the date of its publication, popular as it has always been, has it found so warm and hearty a reception from the people as since we took our "new departure" in January last. It comes, they say, nearer to the common household want in intelligent American homes than any other periodical ever attempted, and is one which no intelligent or well-ordered family can afford to do without. This is just what we are aiming to make the HOME MAGAZINE, and it is gratifying to know that we are successful.

"AFTERMATH."

THIS is the somewhat singular title of Mr. Longfellow's last volume of poetry. Its meaning is found in the little poem with which the book closes. The farmer's "aftermath" is the second hay harvest he gathers in the same year; and to this the poet would have us believe his latest volume bears comparison.

"When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

"Not the sweet new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom."

"These," says the *Christian Union* in its notice of the new book, "are eloquent and tender words; but the exquisite melody of them, and all the old-time art and grace in the sentiment which they render, are the sufficient refutation, if any were needed, of the argument which they are shapen to enforce. No; our illustrious poet has indeed reached the autumn of his life's year, but it is an autumn laden and most bountiful with golden fruit. And in this autumnal harvesting, in spite of the poet's asseveration, we discover, not

—'the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,'

but all the sweetness and bloom of the summer which has gone.

"The larger part of this volume is made up of the eight concluding stories in 'The Tales of a Wayside Inn.' It is just ten years since the publication of these tales began, and it is safe to say that nearly all cultivated people who read English have grown familiar with their beauty and sadness and mirth; and it will be like the decisive and formal closing of some epoch in human life to have the series brought to an end. How many hundreds of thousands of readers, in all lands shined upon by the sun of good letters, have during these ten years formed a personal intimacy with the little group of tale-tellers in that cosy inn by the wayside. It seems to us that we should know at a glance, anywhere in the world, and greet as old friends, 'the theologian,' 'the Spanish Jew,' 'the student,' 'the Sicilian,' 'the poet,' 'the musician,' and 'the landlord.' In the pang of their separation we ourselves feel a sort of trouble, and we enter with quick sympathy into the gentle melancholy of the lines which dismiss these friendly strangers—no mere airy forms—upon their sundered paths:

'Uprose the sun; and every guest,
Uprisen, was soon equipped and dressed
For journeying home and cityward;
The old stage-coach was at the door,
With horses harnessed, long before
The sunshine reached the withered sward
Beneath the oaks, whose branches hoar
Murmured: "Farewell forevermore."

"Farewell," the portly landlord cried;
"Farewell," the parting guests replied,
But little thought that nevermore
Their feet would pass that threshold o'er;
That nevermore together there
Would they assemble, free from care,
To hear the oak's mysterious roar,
And breathe the wholesome country air.

'Where are they now? What lands and skies
Paint pictures in their friendly eyes?
What hope deludes, what promise cheers,
What pleasant voices fill their ears?
Two are beyond the salt sea waves,
And three already in their graves.
Perchance the living still may look
Into the pages of this book,
And see the days of long ago
Floating and fleeting to and fro,
As in the well-remembered brook
They saw the inverted landscape gleam,
And their own faces, like a dream,
Look up upon them from below.'

A subscriber writes: "I wish to add my testimony to the many in regard to your greatly improved magazine this year. I thought it most excellent before. It is incomparable now."

Referring to our fine steel engravings, a lady says: "They are beautiful, and elicit universal admiration. 'The Angel of Peace' and 'Christian Graces' are particularly attractive, having such rare delicacy and purity of expression. The faces in the last named are studies of which one could scarcely weary; while 'The Wreath of Immortelles' touches a responsive chord in every heart on which Heaven has written, 'Motherless.'"

CONSTANCY.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFY.

"I SLEPT not from eve until morning,
I moistened my pillow with tears;
And in those long hours till the dawning
Was crowded the sorrow of years.
They tell me my lover is faithless,
No longer he mentions my name;
That I must forget him; yet, nathless,
I love him! I love him the same!

"To love and forget may be human,
And it may be a man's part to play;
But, oh, I were less than a woman
If I were to love but a day!
I lived in the thought of him only;
I waited and watched till he came;
Though now I'm forsaken and lonely,
I love him! I love him the same!

"Is the form of his charmer more slender?
And has she an angelic face?
Are her tones more delightful, more tender?—
In her motion a wonderful grace?
Oh, tell if she has brighter hair, or
Soft eyes that more loving can be?
Though she may be younger and fairer,
I know that she loves not like me!

"Oh, nitter and cruel this parting!
Oh, bitter and sad as the grave!
I crush back the tears that are starting,
And try to be patient and brave.
Why stand I here watching and waiting,
And why do I murmur his name?
Why love I when I should be hating?
Oh, I must still love him the same!"

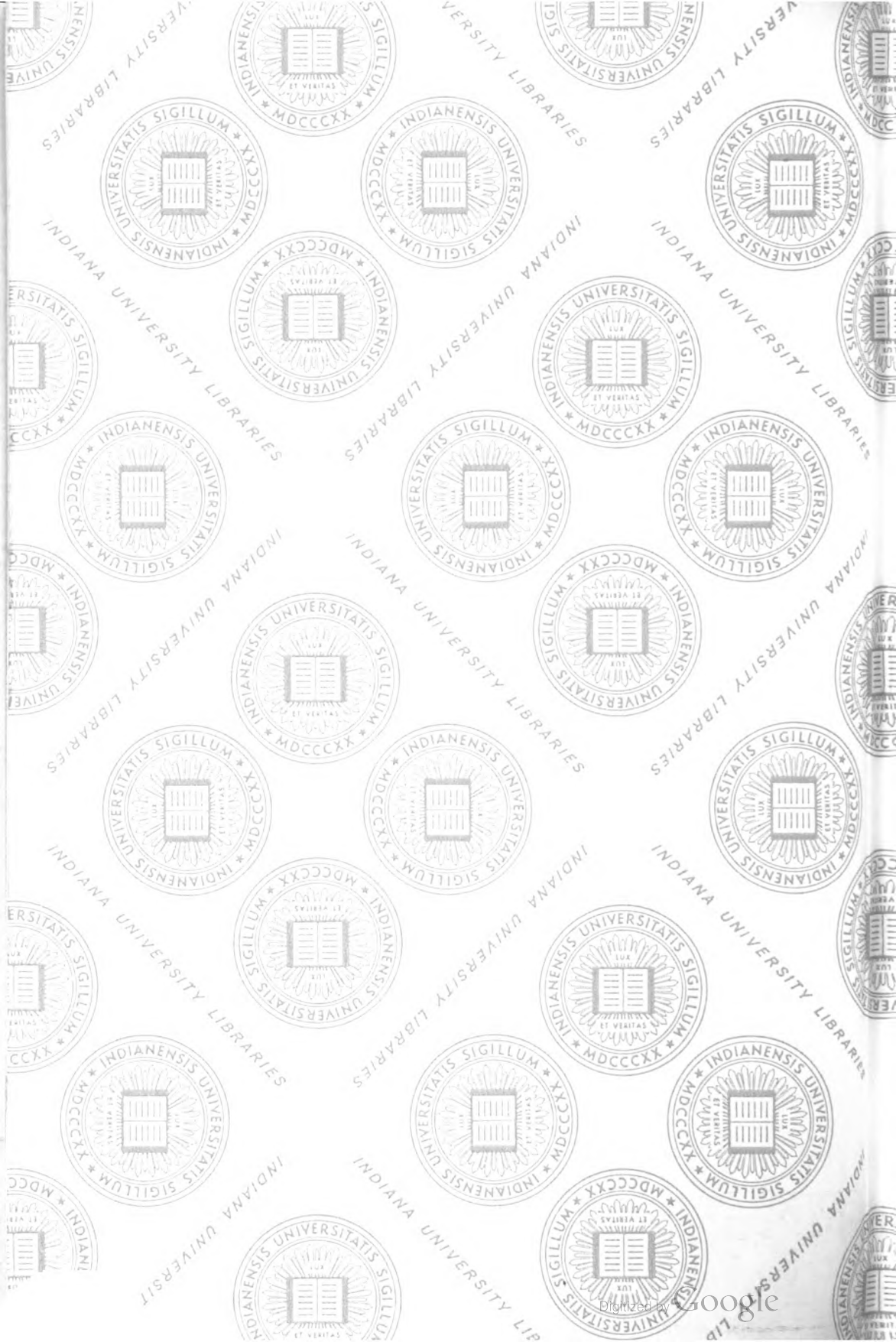
She turned from the casement in sorrow,
Her eyelashes heavy with tears;
Her life on that morn seemed to borrow
The grief and the burden of years.
Then a voice through the stillness was ringing,
And fast-rushing footsteps came:
With her arms round her lover clinging,
She sobbed: "He still loves me the same!"

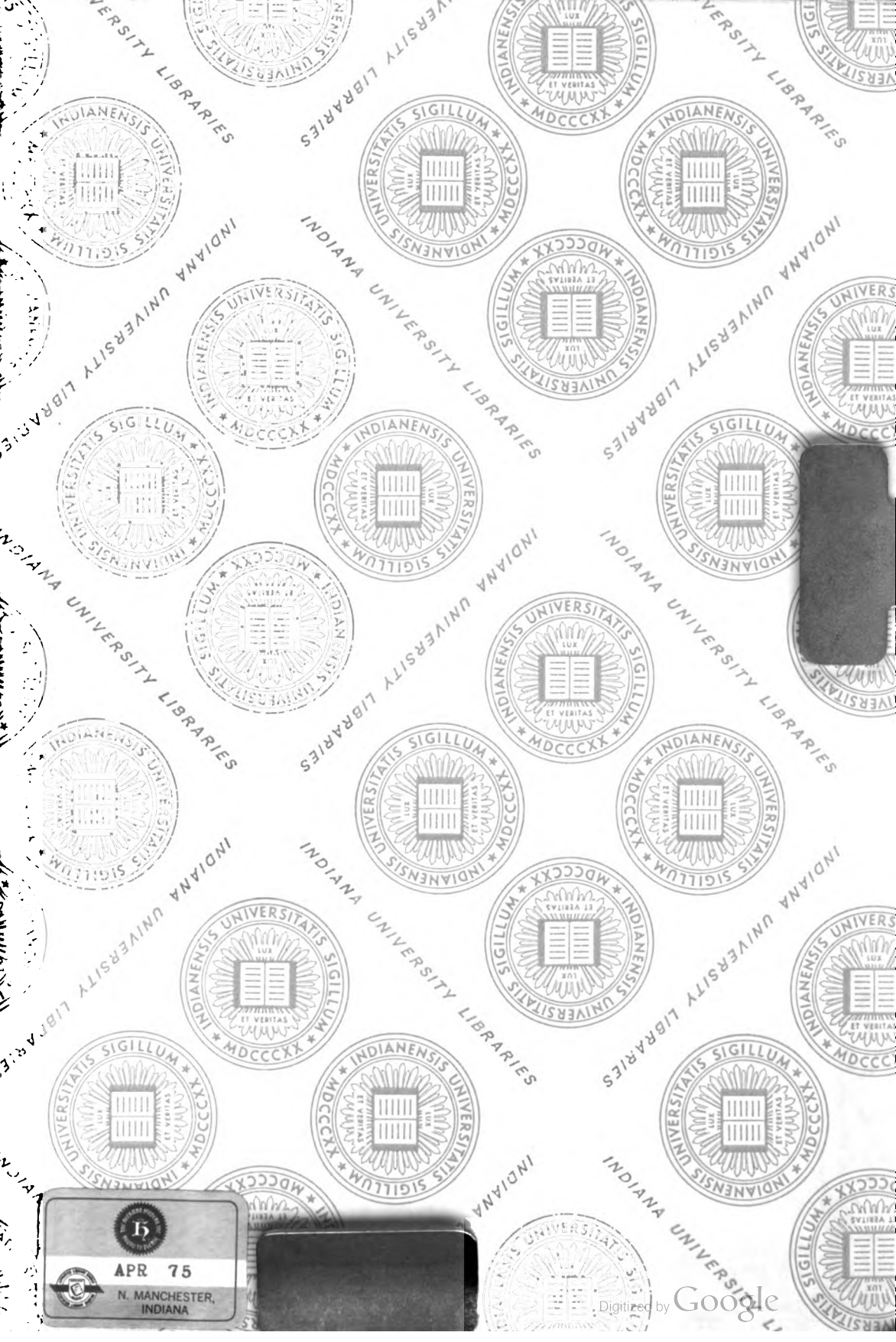
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—The author of "Stepping Heavenward" is Mrs. E. Prentiss. The volume is published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York; and the price is \$1.75. It can be ordered through any bookseller, or direct from the publishers, who will send it by mail on receipt of the price.

—MR. ARTHUR.—DEAR SIR: I think the writing of your last work, 'Cast Adrift,' must have been to you as a crown of thorns. I have only read the chapters given in your much-prized magazine; but they, especially the ones entitled 'Foul Play,' have lain heavy on my heart ever since. It would seem that such creatures as you write of in those awful cellars must be past all hope, till God Himself shall deal with them; but the little children born in the streets—from whose numbers, I suppose, these awful ranks are filled—if we could but save them. There are, of course, many societies already organized with this hope—their work, perhaps, limited by lack of funds. And I thought if you would mention, among your 'Answers to Correspondents,' the name and address of one such; it might serve to direct others of your far-away readers who, as well as myself, feel like asking, 'What wilt Thou have me to do?' though it may be but little."

Answer.—There are several institutions in this city where homeless little ones are taken in and provided for, and where they receive Christian culture as well as the kindest personal care. One of these, to which we would refer our correspondent, or any one else who is moved as she is to help the cast-off, neglected and suffering little ones, is called "The Union School and Children's Home," and is located at the S. E. corner of Twelfth and Fitzwater Streets. A letter addressed to Mrs. J. C. Pechin, vice-president of the "Home," at her residence, 243 S. Thirteenth Street, or at the "Home," corner Twelfth and Fitzwater Streets, will receive prompt attention, and elicit all the information about this institution that may be desired. It has been doing a great and good work for nearly twenty-five years, and has saved thousands of children from a life of misery and crime.







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